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THE
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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—I.

TAKE up again my pen to record the occasional Thoughts which strike a very old observer of current events in the world of change and storm in which we live. When I noted them in the 31st year of the great war (*Obiter Scripta*, Chapman and Hall, 1919) the dominant fact was that "a war of Classes was about to supersede the war of Nations." The Russian Revolution had sent a thrill of expectation through the democracy of the human race. There was coming on, I said, "a new Social Order as deep and as wide as any in the history of civilisation." Nearly two years have passed. And all these things seem to have increased tenfold. Russian revolution has been followed by that of Germany and of Austria. Kingdoms, Constitutions, Churches, peoples are in chaos. Above all, the relations of the great and the small nations, of Capital and of Labour, of trade and taxation, of the State and the citizen, seem about to convulse civilisation.

I never joined the early enthusiasm for a League of Nations. It seemed to me to be *premature*—impossible in the actual moral conditions of nations. In May, 1918, I wrote thus: "A general and peaceful League of Nations will never be formed until the conversion of mankind to a purer moral and religious form of life." It was the dream of an eloquent professor who roused hopes in the people—into which practical statesmen were drawn and almost forced to take part. In the golden age of Democracy the cool sense of political wisdom is swept away. Could nations work in harmony whilst old hatreds, ambitions, fears, jealousies, and greeds remained untamed? So far from taming them, the war had vastly stimulated them. When, after an orgy of glorification, amabilities, and rhetoric, the Nations at last met in conference in Paris, the old passions and desires were bent on mastery...

"The world was kept in the dark whilst for six months the so-called deliberations went on. They were really disputes, changes, compromises, rather than deliberations. The grandiose Covenant of the President with his Fourteen Points was an academic programme with no statesmanship of concrete knowledge and no sight behind it. As applied to the real facts of the world, it needed incessant modification, reservations, exceptions, whereat the splendid enthusiasm of Mr. Wilson was continually baffled by diplomatists, who seemed to be using a tongue that he hardly understood. The statesmen and the soldiers of France insisted on strategic guarantees; Britain was bound to claim separate membership for her Dominions, and had to keep Ireland, Egypt, Syria, and India out of the self-determination formula; Italy was keen for the old Hun doctrine of grab; Japan was out for Pacific islands and a good slice of China. In the midst of these very human Powers the President stood for international Brotherhood. He had a hard time of it!"

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Clearly the only real statesman there was our Prime Minister. His energy, rapid intelligence, versatility, sense of realities, patience, self-command, and debating power over and over again saved the situation and dominated the Conference. He made the President see the hard facts that stood before his visions. He made the "Tiger" feel that soldiers must not override political necessities. He withstood Italian bandits and Polish, Roumanian, and Hungarian ambition. His obvious ignorance of the old Balance of Power, and his fortunate innocence of diplomatic vice made him the proper moderator of a new Europe and the childhood of young nations. These gifts made him as completely master of the Conference as Bismarck ever was at Berlin. It is a misfortune that Mr. Lloyd George is impulsive, almost too much the opportunist, the too-willing servant of the democracy he loves and from which he rose. Withal, he is the new leader of a new time.

* * * * *

Mr. Wilson made fatal mistakes which stamp him as a pretentious amateur in State-craft. He came over with nothing but a vague Utopia, of which he had not worked out either the details or the obstacles. Next, he refused to accept the co-operation of experienced men opposed to him in party, and even of influential men of his own party. He affected to act as an autocrat; and Europe was long ready to accept him as Dictator. He absented himself from his proper duties and his own people, so that for months he saw his authority to speak for America

passing away into bitter opposition and distrust. He dragged the unwieldy Covenant into the Treaty, wasting months when the enemy were regaining their cohesion, and almost risked thereby a renewal of the war. Finally, in the Conference, his ignorance of the European imbroglio and his constant change of plan reduced the action of the Powers to apathy, inconsistencies, procrastination, and discredit.

* * * * *

I am not judging Woodrow Wilson as an American statesman. He is clearly one of the noblest enthusiasts in the public Leaders of the world. His view of the dominant authority of a President of the Republic is entirely right; and his proud insistence on unity of control is a true gospel in these days of anarchic inconstancy and servility to every gust of opinion. As an American President he is a worthy successor of Washington, and for the simpler and localised problems of the Republic he was almost an ideal Chief Executive. But when he came to recast European civilisation, he was the Professor, the essayist, the idealist he ever was; and he undertook a task for which he had no experience, and in which he was at fault. He is a great orator, but no debater: a great moralist, preacher, inspirer—but, like Demosthenes, Cicero, or Burke, he failed when he brought his idealism to compose the world after an awful war and a yet more sinister revolution. Idealists ruin things when they meddle with European convulsions, as the Tsar Alexander, Joseph II., and many more have found. Wilson has gone far to ruin Europe.

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At the moment of the Armistice the victorious Powers were paramount masters, and the Republic and its President were acknowledged as their Head. They could have made—they ought to have made—a conclusive Peace with the enemy in November, or at latest in December. Instead of that, they wasted two months in parades, banquets, oratory, and progresses in which Wilson figured as the Grand Pacificator. In coming to Europe he was bound to show that he had united all parties at home, as did Lloyd George, and that he fully represented the Republic. We took his word for it—till the crash came, like an aeroplane when the pilot has lost control. The tragedy was the result of over-weening arrogance and practical impotence in great statesmanship.

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In the end of 1918 the one thing urgent was Peace. Instead of making peace, Wilson led the nations and their rulers to discuss his vague scheme of a Pacific League, as if the Conference were

an International Congress of Jurists. He went about trying to indoctrinate the public of Europe with the Idealism of Peace much as in America he sought to indoctrinate the citizens with the Idealism, first of Neutrality and then of War to save Democracy. If there is one lesson in strategy the war has taught, is the necessity of suddenness, of rapidity, of unity, of secrecy—the supreme power of Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Cromwell and Foch. But, as dominated by Wilson, the lessons of peace learned by the Conferences were—dilatory discussion, change of plan, impracticable promises, postponed decisions. *Europe America, the world would have hailed a definite peace made in 1918. Wilson forced on us a truly idealist Covenant, which cannot get to work until late in 1920—if it can ever work then. The Paris Conference dragged on like that of Vienna—until Napoleon left Elba. The opponents in the Senate have a very strong case against the Covenant: a practical Peace they would have willingly accepted. Its danger to us all is evident—new wars, unrest, impossible tasks, and disappointment—if not despair—lurk in every class. If, by the double tragedy of Wilson's ignorance, obstinacy, presumption, and his physical collapse, the League of Nations is not yet dead, it is postponed at least for months—whilst chaos is at hand, and the vast burden of the League of Nations is thrown on England and France.

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The war, and many documents, books and revelations of our time, have deeply changed the estimate of Frederick the Great which Carlyle in the 'sixties sought to establish. The King, as we see now, gave a great development to, though he was not at all the author of, Prussian militarism that has brought European civilisation so near to ruin. But, though Frederick enlarged the system he inherited, he is not responsible for the monstrous orgy of public crimes which his successors brought upon the world. One of the latest studies of the Prussian King is the *Life of Frederick the Great* by Norwood Young (Constable and Co., 8vo., 1919). This book, with all its industry and vigorous reasoning, is rather an indictment than an impartial history. Frederick was neither a blunderer, a poltroon, nor a monster—but a consummate master of the evil craft in which he and his contemporaries were steeped. Mr. Young made the same error as Carlyle—for his *Life of Frederick* deals solely with his wars. The three wars occupied only ten of the forty-six years of his reign. Of the thirty-six years of peace in which he reorganised Prussia and raised it to be the best-governed State of the eighteenth century, Carlyle told us not much. Mr. Young tells us almost nothing.

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The estimates of George Eliot called out by her centenary support, I think, what I have said in more than one review of her work that her reputation will surely, but slowly, revive from the depreciation into which younger generations, a new atmosphere, and a more hustling life has cast it down of late. Again, sound criticism agrees with me in holding that her supreme gifts are in her earlier, lesser, and rural romances, not in the greater stories of her famous age. Though *Romola* is artificial, *Middlemarch* overcrowded with banalities, and *Daniel Deronda* unpleasant, her work as a whole will appeal to a cultured and serious audience as having a peculiar and noble form of romance. As do Milton and Wordsworth, she will retain her own body of readers, more select than numerous. And this will be a permanent light in English literature.

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I am deeply interested in the *Outspoken Essays* of the Dean of St. Paul's (Longmans, 1919). The new study of *Our Present Discontents* is indeed an independent survey of our chaotic condition by one who is at once a religious reformer and a social philosopher. It is not for this REVIEW—much less for me—to analyse the essays on St. Paul, the Churches of Rome and of England, Cardinal Newman, Dr. Gore, and personal survival. But the Dean's unsparing review of current Democracy, Patriotism, Birth-rate, the Future of our Race, must command attention and rebuke the popular optimism of politicians and journalists who live by pleasing constituents and readers. The motto of this book, from Euripides, is—*σκληρὸ ἀληθὲς*. Much of it is, indeed, "a hard saying." In such times as ours, what we want are true things, however hard. It is the only chance of life.

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It is a hopeful sign to find a popular Prelate of our ancient Church attacking with resolute vigour and in a scientific spirit such complex social problems as Population, the statistics of birth and maternity, the future of our Race, Emigration, the Empire, Patriotism and international Brotherhood. What popular catchwords, what favourite nostrums, and mendacious fallacies are cut to the bone by the Dean's masterly use of the logical knife! Withal, he speaks as a priest should, his scientific knowledge infused with religion as well as with morality. There is nothing in it of the vagueness of the popular sermon, of the sentimentalism of the philanthropist. It is the voice of a thinker on society who is entirely "outspoken," who is not afraid to tell truths to which the ignorant masses are blind, and which the experienced are apt to conceal or disguise.

* * * * *

The most terrible of his forecasts is the picture he draws of the future of the English race. "We are witnessing the decline of the industrial revolution of 160 years ago. The cancer of Industrialism has begun to mortify, and the end is in sight" (p. 101). In some 200 years, he says, the vicious Industrialism in which we live will have worked out its own exhaustion. The reckless waste of our coal, the concentrating life in unwholesome cities, and the ambition of organised Labour to get more in material value than it chooses to produce—will force our impossible population to be reduced and take to country life to grow food. It is a dismal forecast—depending on the condition—if statesmen, workmen, and capitalists all continue to hold by their present habits and ideas. For my part, I think 200 years rather too liberal a limit of time.

* * * * *

The recent revolution in our Parliamentary system has delivered over Britain and the Empire to millions of men and women who are utterly ignorant both of economic certainties and of international relations. These millions are really tame, well-meaning, potential Bolsheviks—if the essence of Bolshevism is the purpose to give the manual labourers the sole control of all labour and the entire enjoyment of the product of their work. To this Marxian result politicians, philanthropists, and social reformers combine to lead by a series of graduated and disguised surrenders. They promise, compromise, and capitulate. It is the "bedside manner" of our Ministers.

* * * * *

I would not say that mortification has begun, and I look for a recovery of health within two generations rather than 200 years. But in my darker hours I can see a vision of our glorious England reduced, after passing through long and cruel sufferings, to be forced to grow its own food, to live again in pure air and in touch with Nature, and without the rage for artificial enjoyments. Our beautiful, but very moderate, island would be more like Ireland, or even like Holland after its decline at the end of the seventeenth century. Many States of our English race will be prosperous and growing in many parts of the globe. In the meantime, half our present population will enjoy a stationary condition of health, contentment, and peace. The fate of the other half—is silence.

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The Dean, as I have said, is quite as much a reformer in religious as in social organisation. Indeed, the larger part of his book is devoted to movements in Churches, Roman and Anglican,

and to the spiritual problems of mysticism and immortality. With these, in this place, I have no business to deal. But, as a Churchman, Dean Inge is quite as outspoken as he is on Socialism. "A profound reconstruction is demanded," he says. "The new type of Christianity will be more Christian than the old, because it will be more moral" (p. 135, essay on Bishop Gore and the Church of England). We all want to see in detail the Dean's new type of Christianity.

* * * * *

I have enjoyed the essay on the Greek Anthology in Sir Edward Cook's new (and, alas! his last) book, *More Literary Recreations* (Macmillan, 1919)—a very pleasant book of literary criticism, which challenges thought even if we do not accept all its verdicts. His account of these exquisite short poems, and of the incessant attempts to translate them, occupies more than a third of the book. These pages, with about 100 pages on Classical quotations and Pliny's *Letters*, make delightful reading. Would that our young poets of to-day would study these epigrams and mottoes—their clarity, simplicity, restraint, pathos. Not a word is wasted in needless epithets, not a line but has a plain thought, startling in its brevity, and yet haunting the memory by its grace. The history of this wonderful collection is a key to the Greek genius—by the long ages over which it lived, and grew, the various lands and the diverse types of culture in which it flourished.

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The non-scientific public is quite right in taking a lively interest in Professor Einstein's new theory of Space, but quite wrong if they ask to have the theory made plain to them. In detail, it can only be made intelligible to those who are versed in the higher mathematics, and indeed the very recent learning *inter apices* of the highest mathematics. They who carefully study all that has been published by Professor Eddington, Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Crommelin, Professor Wilson Carr, and others in the *Times*, may see three things: (1) that a profound shock has been given to current ideas about Space, Time, and all *absolute* theories about the Universe; (2) that for practical purposes our ordinary geometry and astronomy need hardly any correction; (3) that they who desire to follow out Professor Einstein's vast, subtle, and intricate calculations must steep themselves in the very recent geometry of four dimensions and the like mysterious novelties.

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For myself, making no pretension to such learning, I am interested only in the signal reaction of the new theory on the

general philosophy of the Relative. All the more so, because in this REVIEW, exactly fifty years ago, I wrote an essay to show that all *absolute* ideas about Space, Time, the Universe, or the geometric and physical conditions of the world outside the range of our immediate observations are futile. "We have not, and cannot have, any proof that our laws of nature and of things exist outside of the human mind in the mode in which we conceive them." "Does the Infinite Universe through Space conform to the modes of mind of the human mites which inhabit this planetary speck?" The objective order of the Universe, I wrote, may be utterly different from our conceptions of it: even Space, Time, Æther, Gravitation are only our human ideas, the best explanation of our observations we have yet given. It is possible they are only our dreams. For myself, the Einstein "revolution in science" has given me no shock. It only falls in with the philosophy of Relativity which I have preached all my life.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

LENIN: AN INTERPRETATION.

OUT of the confusion which at present covers all our knowledge of the Russian problem one fact stands clear. From a purely military point of view the star of the Red Armies seems to be in the ascendant. For the moment, at any rate, General Jude-nitch has disappeared as a factor of any importance in the situation. Kolchak is in full retreat, and, like every defeated force in the Russian civil war, is sorely beset not only by the difficulties of his military failure, but also by grave political dangers in his own rear. Denikin is admittedly in a stronger position, but even on this section of their front the Reds are at least holding their own. However unpalatable such an admission may be, few sensible people will deny that, as far as their military power is concerned, the Bolsheviks, both as regards Russia itself and as regards the outside world, are in a far stronger position than at any previous moment in their turbulent career. It will be maintained, however, that in a civil war like that which is now ravaging Russia the actual military situation—that is, the actual gains of territory and extensions of front—are insignificant compared with the political situation which exists in the districts controlled by the respective combatants. This is an axiom which will be readily admitted. Even here, however, unless radical changes are to be made in the internal administration of the Denikin Government, it will hardly be denied that the political machine of the Bolsheviks, however hateful it may be to our conceptions of government, is at least as effective as that of any of their adversaries.

Here is a state of affairs which, if its correctness be admitted (and the recent statements of the Prime Minister bear eloquent testimony to that correctness), must inevitably cause serious misgivings in the minds of the Entente statesmen, and may even lead to a radical change in the ineffective and sometimes double-faced policy which the Entente has pursued towards Russia during the course of the past twelve months. What direction that change of policy may take must be left to the prophets. At this late stage of the day, when the world is weary of war and of the making of wars, an effective intervention in Russian affairs, quite apart from the question of its desirability, seems hardly feasible. Still more impossible is it to attribute any serious significance to the strangely mis-timed and unhappy reference of Mr. Lloyd George to Disraeli and the policy of a weakened Russia.

If such be indeed the policy of the British Government—and, unfortunately, this conviction is gaining ground amongst Russians of all parties—the present economic situation of the whole of Central Europe and the danger of a general European catastrophe of overwhelming magnitude make it difficult to conceive any policy more wicked and more fruitful of disaster than that of wilfully prolonging anarchy in Russia. Few English people, however, will have any illusions regarding the purely opportunistic nature of the Prime Minister's statement.

Are we then to be driven, "as a logical result of the sequence of our mistakes in Russia," into a policy of negotiation with the Bolsheviks? Prinkipo, at any rate, is once more in the air. In view of the ignorance which still prevails in British circles regarding the real nature of Bolshevism as a political force, the moment is therefore singularly opportune for a review of the character and philosophy of the man who may fittingly be described not only as the creator of Bolshevism in Russia, but also as the virtual inspirer and fountain-head of a movement which has penetrated into every civilised country in the world.

* * * * *

Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianoff, or, as he is generally known, Lenin, was born at Simbirsk on the Volga on April 10th, 1870. His father was a State Councillor, and Lenin himself was therefore a "hereditary nobleman." Brought up in the Orthodox faith, the young Lenin was educated at the Simbirsk Gymnasium, and at the age of seventeen entered the Kazan University. In 1887 his father died, and his mother, who had a small estate in the Kazan Government, received a State pension. In the same year Lenin himself was expelled from the University of Kazan and forbidden to reside within the town on account of his participation in a political demonstration organised by the University students. In the same year, too, his brother Alexander was executed as one of the conspirators in a terroristic plot against the life of the reigning Emperor. It is interesting to note that in addition to this brother, another brother, Dmitri, was placed under police supervision at Podolsk in the Government of Moscow. In fact, the whole family, in spite of the father's official position, seems to have been deeply imbued with violent revolutionary sentiments. Lenin's sister Maria was a member of the Russian Social-Democratic Party, and on more than one occasion came into collision with the Russian police on account of her political beliefs. Another sister, Anna, was wedded to a political suspect, while Lenin himself married Nadejda Konstantinovna Krupskaja, a political exile.

In 1891 Lenin entered the Petrograd University, qualified in

law, and, although he never practised, became an "assistant barrister." It was at this stage of his career that he first began writing Socialist articles for the subterranean Press. In 1895 he made the first of his many journeys abroad, where he came into contact with George Valentinovitch Plechanoff, the "father of Russian Social-Democracy" and, like Lenin himself, a pure Russian of noble birth. In 1896 Lenin returned to Russia and was again arrested by the secret police on account of his Socialistic activities amongst the Petrograd workmen. On this occasion he was exiled for three years to Siberia and completed his sentence in the cold confines of the Yenisei Government. On the expiry of his time he was forbidden to live in either of the Russian capitals, in any university town, or in any industrial district. He therefore went abroad again. From this date until his return to Russia through Germany in the notorious "sealed wagon" in the winter of 1917 his whole life was passed in plotting against Tsarism abroad and in secret visits to Russia to collect money and to examine on the spot the revolutionary situation inside Russia itself. At the beginning of the present century Lenin was already one of the leading figures in the Russian Social-Democratic Party, and by the summer of 1903 he had so far established his position as to be able to challenge his former teachers on questions of policy and organisation, and to create a party of his own which after the formal split in the Russian Social-Democratic Party was to be known in the future as the Bolsheviki. The years from 1903 until 1914 were spent abroad, and included visits to most of the European capitals, including London, with at least one visit to his native country. They were years of considerable activity. In addition to his own studies and to his controversies with the Mensheviks, he devoted a large portion of his energy to the dissemination of illegal literature in Russia, to lecturing to his disciples on Socialism, and to the training of agents and agitators for dispatch to Russia. During those years his most faithful adherents were Zinovieff, Kameneff, Lunacharsky, Stalin, and the agent-provocateur Malinovsky, who seems to have duped Lenin most successfully. At the time of the outbreak of the war Lenin, together with Zinovieff, was living in Galicia, a favourite resort on account of its proximity to the Russian frontier. With some difficulty he succeeded in making his way to Switzerland, where he began again with renewed energy that work of revolutionary propaganda which was later to reap its full harvest in the Bolshevik revolution of October, 1917.

In Lenin's personal appearance there is nothing to suggest even faintly a resemblance to the superman. In the records of the old Tsarist secret police he is described as follows: "Short

of stature, thick-set, with short neck and round, red face; his moustache and beard he has shaved; nose slightly turned up, piercing eyes, bald with high forehead; nearly always carries on his arm a waterproof cape; constantly changes his head-gear from a sheepskin-fur hat to a Finnish cap of English tweed with a peak like a jockey's; walks with a firm gait." Except that to-day he wears a brownish moustache and a short, stubbly beard, and that his forehead is deeply wrinkled, the description does credit to the photographic accuracy of the police official who made it.

At the first glance Lenin strikes one as an insignificant-looking little man who would not hurt the proverbial fly. Unlike Trotsky, there is certainly nothing in Lenin's facial expression to suggest his connection with a party which has earned undying notoriety for the cruelty and the ruthlessness of its methods. Lenin is always smiling, always good-humoured. He never loses his temper, and in the many crises through which he has passed his admirable self-control has been one of his greatest assets. His methods are not in any way dictatorial, and yet there is something in those steely-grey eyes that suggests supreme power, something in that quizzing, half-contemptuous, half-smiling look which speaks of boundless self-confidence and conscious superiority. If within the inner councils of his Government he suggests rather than commands, so much is he a dictator of the intellect that, as Mr. Ransome has well said, his well-reasoned advice is far more compelling to his followers than any command. His private life, so far as is known, is completely blameless, and even his worst enemies have been unable to deny the simplicity and almost austere frugality of his daily wants. His personal courage is beyond question. It is the courage of a fanatic, sublimely conscious of the infallibility of his doctrine and of the cause which he has championed. From time to time it has been suggested in the Press that Lenin is far more moderate than most of his colleagues, and that he has been driven almost against his will to countenance measures which are distasteful to him. This view is scarcely correct. Lenin is, above all things, impersonal. Personal likes and dislikes have no place in the cold, hard logic of that calculating mind. If he is against the "terror," it is for well-reasoned tactical considerations and not through any personal inclinations towards clemency. It is only fair to state that Lenin is equally free from any of those personal feelings of vengeance which characterise the actions of some of his colleagues. But in order to realise his dream of world-revolution every obstacle must be swept away, and if the attainment of this object demands cruelty Lenin will be the last to shrink before it. His code of honour, if a peculiar one from our point of view, is nevertheless

a rigid one, and there are few men who are more disinterested, more free from personal ambition and from all taint of worldly gain, than the Bolshevik Prime Minister. In personal intercourse, even with his enemies, his manners are invariably courteous and correct. His extensive knowledge of foreign countries and of foreign labour conditions is a great advantage to him in his present position, and, in addition to an intimate acquaintance with the German language, he speaks and writes English with tolerable accuracy and fluency. His intellectual attainments reach a high level. He has read widely in philosophy and political economy, and in either of these subjects he is capable of holding his own with the most brilliant European professors. Whatever may be his faults and his shortcomings, few will deny that he towers above the rest of his colleagues like a giant amidst a race of dwarfs.

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Such, in brief, are the main biographical features of Lenin's life. A definite analysis of his philosophy and of his political doctrine is a far more difficult matter. Indeed, whole volumes might easily be devoted to an account of the various crises and controversies through which Lenin has passed during the transition stages of his development as a Bolshevik Socialist. Here it will only be possible to give the briefest outline of a political thesis which to-day has taken its practical form in the Soviet system of government and in the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The chief planks of this political programme are taken straight from Marx, but the Marxism of Lenin is a revolutionary Marxism and is sharply to be contrasted with the evolutionary Marxism of the Revisionists. Indeed, Lenin claims that he himself and his adherents are the only genuine Marxian Socialists, and that the Kautskys, the Bernsteins, and all the non-Bolshevik Marxians have betrayed Karl Marx and with him the whole cause of Socialism. In Socialism there is only one god—Marx—and Lenin is his prophet. Like Marx, Lenin bases his whole political doctrine on the belief that "capital is a mightier and more terrible power than political despotism," and by a further development of this argument he reasons that a capitalist democracy with all its shibboleths of freedom and of government by the majority is a greater danger to the proletariat than a reactionary autocracy. It was this conviction which formed the chief reason for his long-standing quarrel with the Mensheviks, who were prepared to concede to the bourgeoisie at least a temporary recognition of their right to existence. Lenin, on the other hand, maintained that a Liberal revolution in Russia would strengthen rather than weaken the domination of capital, and for that reason he was

totally opposed to any form of co-operation with the bourgeoisie, however democratic or advanced it might be. He believed, and firmly believes to-day, not only that there can be no Socialist State without the universal destruction of capital, but that capital can only be destroyed by force. In his opinion no greater fallacy exists than that universal suffrage in a capitalist State is ever "capable of expressing the will of the majority of the people or of giving political effect to that will." Hence his violent controversy with the constitutional Socialists whom he has attacked with a bitterness far exceeding his persecution of the reactionaries. All his hopes are based on the proletariat, and, accepting the Marxian contention that the State is merely a weapon in the hands of the controlling class for the suppression of the expropriated class, he approves the dictatorship of the proletariat as a temporary weapon for the destruction of the controlling class until such time as all class distinctions have been destroyed and all form of State becomes unnecessary. The transition stage from capitalism to communism can only be accomplished by force, and then only if the social revolution be universal and not confined to one country. "*Outside civil war for Socialism there is no possibility of progress in Europe.*" This belief underlies everything that Lenin has written, and there is no real evidence available to-day to show that he has ever abandoned that belief.

Until the outbreak of the Great War Lenin was regarded by most of the leading European Socialists essentially as a wild Utopian dreamer. As Zinovieff, his chief lieutenant in exile, writes: "We must admit quite openly that the representatives of Russian Internationalism were regarded then as a band of emigrants, separated from the masses and in no way representing any considerable number of the working classes." The war, however, made a great change in Lenin's position. From the beginning he foresaw with remarkable clearness that pathological state of unrest which was to be the inevitable result of a struggle of this titanic nature. His dream of world-revolution, if formerly only a dream, became at once a practicable reality. To give a definite form to that vague and unformed spirit of revolt, which the war was developing daily amongst the masses, became at once the main object of his life. Unlike the majority of the Socialists, he took no side in the great conflict. To Lenin the war was a capitalist and imperialist war in which both sides were equally guilty. "The whole economic and diplomatic history of the past ten years shows that both groups of the combatant nations have systematically prepared for a war of this kind. The question as to who struck the first blow or who first declared war has no importance in defining the tactics of the Socialists. Phrases about

the defence of one's fatherland, about resistance to hostile invasion, about a war to end war, etc., are merely forms of deception of the masses employed by both sides." The proletariat knows no fatherland. Starting with these premises, Lenin set himself to work for the defeat of his own country, and also at the same time to undermine in all countries the position of the Socialist-traitors, the Socialist-pacifists, and the Socialist-compromisers; in a word, of all those Socialists who, by supporting the war or by tacitly acquiescing with it, were poisoning the mind of the proletariat, and who refused to work immediately and actively for a revolution in their own country. Work in this last direction Lenin regarded not only as the sacred duty of every Socialist, but as "the only work deserving the name of Socialist."

Lenin's great advantage lay in the simplicity of his programme. While other Socialists were hesitating between Internationalism and Patriotism, discussing formulæ of self-determination and peace without annexations, or embracing eagerly schemes for a League of Nations and universal disarmament, Lenin went steadily forward with his militant programme of violent and catastrophic revolution. The attitude of the patriotic Socialists did not worry him greatly. He foresaw that the inevitable war-weariness amongst the masses would gradually undermine the position of the Hyndmans and the John Wards in all countries. It was precisely against the so-called Socialist-pacifists of the type of Ramsay Macdonald and Kautsky, the advocates of the League of Nations and of disarmament, that the full force of his invective was directed. "In all the leading countries," he writes, "two currents of Socialist opportunism (every Socialist who is not a Bolshevik is an opportunist) are noticeable: first, the open, cynical, and therefore less dangerous social-imperialism of Messieurs les Plechanoffs, Scheidemanns, Legins, Albert Thomas', Vanderveldes, Hyndmans, Hendersons, etc.; and, secondly, the covert Kautskian social-imperialism of Kautsky, Haase and the Social-Democratic Party in Germany; of Longuet, Pressmann, Mayeras and others in France; of Ramsay Macdonald and other leaders of the I.L.P. in England; of Martoff, Tcheidze and others in Russia; and of Treves and the other so-called Left reformers in Italy. . . . Of these the covert opportunists, the Kautskians, are far more dangerous and harmful to the working-class movement, because they disguise their support of their union with the first group by means of specious Marxian phrases and pacifist formulæ." These opportunists are to be the object of "the same merciless struggle as the Black Hundred and the bourgeoisie."

To Lenin himself these questions of democratic peace, Leagues of Nations, and universal disarmament presented no difficulty.

Each one of these questions implied in itself some form of compromise with capital. To Lenin there can be no compromise with a capitalist democracy. The bourgeoisie must be destroyed and not bolstered up with democratic catch-words. "One of the forms of deceiving the working class," he writes, "is pacifism and the abstract gospel of peace. . . . Peace propaganda, unaccompanied by a call to revolutionary action by the masses, can only sow illusions, debauch the proletariat with feelings of trust in the humaneness of the bourgeoisie, and make them a plaything in the hands of secret diplomacy." Under capital peace is a phantom illusion which can never be realised until capital is destroyed. Those Socialists, who preach peace without at the same time advocating catastrophic revolution, are either "conscious or unconscious lackeys of the bourgeoisie."

The same argument is used against the League of Nations, which is rejected by Lenin as a false formula for Socialists: first, because, when communism has triumphed everywhere, a League of Nations will be superfluous; and, secondly, because a League of Nations under capital implies inevitably a League of capitalist States against the Socialist States. "A free League of Nations," he concludes, "is impossible without a more or less long and obstinate struggle between the Socialist republics and the other Governments."

His views on disarmament are expressed even more forcibly. After describing the formula of disarmament as the invention of those Socialists who are frightened alike by the horrors of imperialist wars and of civil wars, or who, as Bucharin puts it, "fear like fire the armed struggle which alone can decide the question," Lenin goes on to say: "Disarmament is a Socialist ideal. In the Socialist society there will be no wars, therefore let us disarm. *But he is no Socialist who expects the realisation of Socialism outside social-revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat.* A dictatorship is a governing power which operates directly on force. Force in the twentieth century consists not in fists and sticks, but in troops. To put disarmament into one's programme is tantamount to saying: We are against the employment of arms. In this there is not a grain of Marxism. It is as though we were to say: We are against the use of force!" He therefore advises the young proletarian to learn the use of arms. "You will be given a rifle," he writes. "Take it, and learn well your task as a soldier. Military science is necessary for the proletariat—not in order to shoot down your brothers, the working men of other countries, as the traitors of Socialism advise you to do, but in order to fight against the bourgeoisie of your own country, to put an end to exploitation, poverty, and wars, not by

means of good intentions, but by means of a victory over the bourgeoisie and its disarmament. Civil war and not civil peace—that is our watchword.”

* * * * *

Although Lenin's programme is essentially a militant one, this must not be regarded as a conclusive proof that he is preparing a military machine to enforce Bolshevism in other countries. He believes implicitly that world-revolution on Bolshevik lines is inevitable, and that to-day it is almost within sight in every country. He believes, too, that this revolution can only be accomplished by armed force and by the same methods as the Bolsheviks themselves employ. But while he spares no effort to popularise these methods in other countries and to denounce those Socialists who disapprove of these methods; while, too, he has created in opposition to the second International a third International of his own which is committed to his programme of violent civil war, he certainly does not entertain any idea of embarking on a campaign of revolutionary conquest in other countries, although in his programme he does not exclude the possibility of extending armed help to the struggling proletariat abroad. He believes profoundly, however, in the international proletariat, but, if the masses in other countries fail him, he is not so rash as to suppose that in that event military action on his part can remedy matters. Time, he believes, is on his side. He can afford to be patient. Lenin, indeed, in spite of being so doctrinaire, is an astute and far-seeing politician who has frequently to exercise a much-needed restraint over the revolutionary exuberance of his more impatient colleagues. He is the Fabius Cunctator of the Bolsheviks, the supreme prophet, to use his own expression, of “tacking and tacking again.” And just as during the Brest-Litovsk negotiations he counselled peace with Germany—a peace which, he carefully explained to his followers, was to be only a breathing-space, so to-day, and indeed for months past, he has advocated peace with the Entente.

What exactly lies behind this peace offer it is difficult to say. Conditions in Russia have changed enormously since the days of Brest-Litovsk, and it is possible that force of circumstances has compelled Lenin to modify many of his theories. In spite of the apparent strength of his military position, it may even be that he is already conscious of the economic failure of Bolshevism, and that his peace-offer is the outcome of that failure and of a genuine desire to save at least some part of the revolution. It is more probable, however, that, as on all previous occasions where he has been forced to compromise with the bourgeoisie, Lenin

regards peace with the Allies merely in the light of a temporary expedient to tide him over a difficult period.

In any case, however, it is impossible to close one's eyes to the fact that the policy of negotiation with the Soviet Government may soon become a necessity. What is of real importance is that those people in this country who are not genuine advocates of Bolshevism, but who are yet ardent supporters of a peace policy with the Bolsheviks, should realise clearly the dangers which such a policy involves. Many people outside Russia are led to support this policy by a genuine conviction that peace between the Allies and the Soviet Government will bring peace to Russia. This belief is almost certainly erroneous. Even if the raising of the blockade and the complete withdrawal of all Allied support, both moral and financial, were to lead to the collapse of Denikin and Kolchak, it is practically certain that neither the Mensheviks nor the Social-revolutionaries would recognise any agreement concluded between the Bolsheviks and the outside world. Even if both these parties are for the moment under an eclipse, it would be rash to presume that their influence has finally disappeared. Indeed, the Social-revolutionaries, even at the present moment, are giving proofs of their activity in the numerous movements which have so gravely disturbed the internal administration of the Kolchak Government in Siberia. Once their fear of Kolchak and Denikin was removed, it may be assumed that all the anti-Bolshevik Socialists would unite in a partisan war against the Bolsheviks.

This argument is not to be considered as an argument against the policy of negotiation. There is, indeed, something to be said for the theory that Bolshevism thrives on outside aggression in that this enables the Bolsheviks to lay all the blame of their economic failure on the blockade and on the hostile activity of the Allies, and that once this aggression were removed 'Bolshevism' would die a natural death. What must be clearly recognised is the fact that both by the Entente Governments and by the Lenin Government any peace concluded by the two parties must inevitably be regarded in the light of a *pis-aller*. To neither side does it present any real solution of the Russian problem. By Lenin it would be announced to the masses as a triumph over Denikin and Kolchak in particular and over the world-bourgeoisie in general. At the same time he would realise that, if his doctrine of force and of the dictatorship of the proletariat is not supported by the masses in other countries, peace with the outside world might easily involve the failure of communism and the renunciation of most of those principles which he has advocated so consistently for the past fifteen years.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT BJORKOE AND AFTER.

BY ALEXANDER ISWOLSKY.¹

I.

THE publication of the secret treaty between the Tsar and the German Emperor by the Russian Revolutionary Government in 1917, together with the telegraphic correspondence exchanged by the two sovereigns, has given rise to many controversies and a copious literature. Some of the books and newspaper articles in which it has been discussed are clearly partisan in their nature and charge Emperor Nicholas unjustly with being guilty of the most heinous of crimes: that of betraying his ally, France; others, written in a more equitable spirit, are necessarily incomplete, and fail of convincing because the author did not have access to the original documents.

The treaty of Bjorkoe was signed the year before I assumed the direction of the foreign policy of my country, so I played no immediate rôle in that episode, but in my capacity as Minister of Foreign Affairs I was enabled to inform myself minutely of all the facts bearing upon it. I am convinced that I should fall short of my plain duty towards the unfortunate sovereign whom I served for so many years, and whose good qualities, as well as whose weaknesses, I recognise, if I did not contribute my testimony to a discussion that has been unduly confused by polemics.

The international situation, in the spring of 1905, presented an aspect that was peculiarly complex and even threatening. The unfortunate war with Japan not only had resulted in the enfeeblement of Russia, but had shaken the whole edifice of European politics. This political system, for a long period, had been based upon an equilibrium of forces, notoriously unstable: a dual alliance between Russia and France, counter-balanced by the triple alliance between Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy. The immediate and natural effect of the enfeebling of Russia by the war and, more still, by the revolutionary movement provoked by her military defeats, had affected dangerously the dual alliance. It was realised in Paris as well as in London that the balance of power could not be re-established unless England should renounce her traditional policy of "splendid isolation" and develop a very much closer understanding with France. An important step in this direction had been taken, under the special

(1) Ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs in Russia, and before and during the war, until the overthrow of the Monarchy, Russian Ambassador at Paris.

inspiration of King Edward VII., by the Anglo-French agreement regarding Egypt and Morocco in 1904. This agreement developed rapidly and soon took the form of a veritable *Entente Cordiale*. During the Russo-Japanese War this *entente* made itself felt in the most efficacious manner by helping towards a peaceful solution of the quarrel between Russia and England, which arose from the Dogger Bank incident and threatened to end in an armed conflict.¹

(1) The Dogger Bank incident took place on the night of the 21st of October, 1904, when Admiral Rojdestvensky's fleet, *en route* for the Far East, was crossing the North Sea. Falling in with a flotilla of Hull fishermen, and believing that he was surrounded by Japanese destroyers, whose presence in those waters had been reported by the Russian Bureau of Information, the admiral opened fire. An English trawler was sunk and several others were seriously damaged. One of the Russian cruisers, the *Aurore*, was also hit. Admiral Rojdestvensky surely must have recognised his blunder the next morning, but none the less he continued his voyage without stopping, and persisted in his version of a Japanese attack. This incident aroused the liveliest indignation in England and came near provoking a rupture with Russia. Being at that time Minister at Copenhagen, I was naturally the first to be informed as to the truth of what had taken place in the North Sea. A few days before, I had visited the fleet during its passage through the Grand Belt, and I could see that the admiral and many of his officers were in a state of nervous excitement over the report that had reached them, to the effect that destroyers had been dispatched by Japan to European waters. This report emanated from an individual who called himself Harting, but whose real name was Landesen, a former anarchist who had come into the service of the Russian Police and who later became notorious as chief of the Russian Secret Police in Paris. He had come to Copenhagen several times and communicated to me his reports on the subject of the presence of Japanese destroyers in the vicinity. Being distrustful of him, I made my own investigations and was soon convinced of the fanciful nature of his information, the sole object of which was to extort huge sums of money from the Russian Government. I believed it to be my duty to inform whom it might concern in Russia, but my warning was unheeded. For my part, I perceived a danger for our fleet, not from Japanese destroyers, but because of its hasty and defective preparation, which rendered its passage through the Grand Belt very hazardous. I obtained from the Danish Government not only the help of its best pilots, but also the presence of its gunboats, which were stationed so as to indicate the dangerous points throughout the entire length of the straits. The passage of the Grand Belt was thus effected without confusion or accident, but immediately after emerging from the straits an incident ensued which, happily, entailed no serious consequences. The admiral, sighting some Norwegian cargo boats, mistook them for Japanese destroyers and fired several shots, without, however, reaching them. I was therefore but little astonished when I learned what had taken place a little later in the North Sea. Some time afterwards I obtained the testimony of an eye-witness, a Danish bandmaster who accompanied the admiral, and who, after leaving the fleet at Tangier, had come back to Copenhagen. I reported his testimony to my Government, which refused to believe it and continued to give credit, against all the evidence, to the version of Admiral Rojdestvensky.

Finally, the French Government, profiting by its close relations with Russia as well as England, interposed its good offices, which led to the formation, in conformity with the Hague Convention of 1899, of an investigating commission, composed of French, American and Austrian delegates, who met at Paris under the presidency of Admiral Fournier. The very able report of this com-

On the other hand, the German Emperor, who had done everything in his power to encourage the Tsar in his policy of adventure in the Far East, now profited by every occasion to poison the relations between Russia and England. The ruler of Germany had long nourished a plan for isolating England and regrouping the European Powers so as to form an anti-English league on the Continent. A similar grouping had been effected temporarily in 1895, when Russia, France and Germany joined in presenting an ultimatum to Japan after the treaty of Simonoseki. Emperor William was the soul of this hybrid combination, in which France only joined half-heartedly, Russia more or less unconsciously, and from which England prudently withheld. This combination had only a short life, but, nevertheless, it produced abominable results, for to it may be ascribed the initial causes of the troubles which took place in the Far East in 1900 and, in consequence, of the subsequent conflict between Russia and Japan.

In fact, after having set on foot a diplomatic procedure which evicted Japan from the continent of Asia, the German Emperor himself took forcible possession of Kiao-Chiao and encouraged the Tsar to seize the peninsula of Liao-Tong, with Port Arthur, which had just been torn from the grasp of Japan. This action, essentially immoral in itself, excited bitter resentment on the part of the Chinese as well as the Japanese. In China it was the point of departure of the Boxer movement, which brought the forces of the Powers to Peking and served as a pretext for the occupation by Russia of a part of Manchuria. In Japan it heightened the feeling of anger against Russia for having aided in depriving the Japanese of the fruit of their victories. Later, it was again due to the impulsion of Emperor William that the Tsar engaged in political activity in the Far East; in this connection the famous telegram may be recalled to mind, in which the Kaiser, after an interview off Reval, saluted Emperor Nicholas with the pompous, but all too illusory, title of "Admiral of the Pacific." Most characteristic of the methods of William II. is the fact that, at the same moment when he was pushing the Tsar into difficulties with Japan, he was doing his very best to further the establishment of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which strengthened Japan and increased the chances of a conflict with Russia; the posthumous papers of Count Hayashi, signer of the mission, while verifying the error committed by Admiral Rojdestvensky, recognised his good faith and exonerated him from all blame as far as concerned his duty to humanity. Russia agreed, with good-will, to pay indemnity for the damage caused. It may safely be said that, thanks to the amicable character infused by France into the labours of the commission, this painful difficulty was settled, not only without further embittering the relations between Russia and England, but in a manner predisposing the two nations towards greater friendship in the future.

of friendship and friendly mediation. France, as I hear from Japan, is already informed of these plans and, of course, a party to this arrangement, taking, as usual in the new *entente cordiale*, the side of England. They are going to offer you a bit of Persia as compensation, of course far from the shore of the Gulf—*ça va sans dire*—which England means to annex herself, fearing you might get access to the warm sea, which you must by right, as Persia is bound to fall under Russian control and government. This would give either a splendid commercial opening, which England wants to debar you from. Probably your diplomatists will have reported all this to you before, but I thought, nevertheless, it my duty to inform you all I know, all of which are authentic, serious news from absolutely trustworthy sources. Lansdowne's words are authentic, too. So you see the future of your army is brightened up and you will soon be able to turn the tables upon the enemy. May God grant you full success, while I continue to watch everywhere for you. Best love to Alice.

"WILLY."

In this telegram the German Emperor is seen to be not merely inciting the Tsar against England, but even suggesting doubt as to the loyalty of France. Other telegrams reveal similar attempts in that direction. In one he denounces a pretended plan on the part of England and France "to revive the old Crimean combination"; in another he accuses France of having "clearly abandoned Russia throughout the war, while Germany has aided Russia in every way possible."

The telegraphic correspondence between the two sovereigns enables one to follow, almost from day to day, the progress of Emperor William's efforts to win over the Tsar to his project of a continental league against England. The unfavourable turn in the events of the war caused Nicholas II. to be all the more receptive to the ideas of his cousin, who took advantage of the situation to show his cards more plainly, to the extent of proposing a treaty between Russia, Germany and France, destined "to put an end to English and Japanese insolence."

But at the very moment when the Kaiser thought he had attained his object a serious difference arose between them: the German Emperor insisted upon an immediate signing of the treaty by Russia without the knowledge of France, which was to be invited to join afterwards; the Tsar positively refused his assent to such a proceeding, repugnant to his feeling of loyalty to France as well as to his good sense. The following telegram, addressed by him to the German Emperor on November 23rd, 1904, gives proof of the Tsar's sentiments:—

"Before signing the proposed treaty, I think it would be proper to submit it to France; as long as it remains unsigned one can make certain modifications of details in the text, while, if already approved by us both, it will seem as if we tried to enforce the treaty on France. In this case a failure might easily happen. Therefore I ask your agreement to acquaint the Government of France with this project, and, upon getting their answer, shall at once let you know by telegraph."

Now it was precisely the scheme of "enforcing the treaty on France" that the Kaiser had in mind, so he hastened to reply to Emperor Nicholas by the following telegram, which I cannot refrain from quoting *in extenso* for the reason that, from the first line to the last, it strikes me as being so thoroughly characteristic :—

"Best thanks for telegram. You have given me new proof of your perfect loyalty by deciding not to inform France without my agreement. Nevertheless it is my firm conviction it would be absolutely dangerous to inform France before we both signed the treaty. It would have an effect diametrically opposed to our wishes. It is only the absolute, sure knowledge that we are both bound by the treaty to lend each other mutual help that will bring France to press upon England to remain quiet and keep the peace, for fear of France's position being jeopardised. Should, however, France know that a Russian-German treaty is only projected, but still unsigned, she will immediately give short notice to her friend—if not secret ally—England, with whom she is bound by *entente cordiale*, and inform her immediately. The outcome of such information would doubtless be the instantaneous attack by the two allied Powers, England and Japan, on Germany in Europe as well as in Asia. The enormous maritime supremacy would soon make short work of my small fleet, and Germany would be temporarily crippled.

"This would upset the scales of the equilibrium of the world to our mutual harm and, later on, when you begin your peace negotiations, throw you alone on the tender mercies of Japan and her jubilant, overwhelming friends. It was my special wish, and, as I understood, your intention too, to maintain and strengthen this endangered equilibrium of the world through expressly the agreement between Russia, Germany and France. That is only possible if your treaty becomes fact before and if we are perfectly *d'accord* under any form. A previous information of France will lead to catastrophe.

"Should you, notwithstanding, think it impossible for you to conclude a treaty with me without the previous consent of France, then it would be a far safer alternative to abstain from concluding any treaty at all. Of course, I shall be as absolutely silent about our pourparlers as you will be; in the same manner as you have only informed Lamsdorff;¹ so I have only spoken to Bülow, who guaranteed absolute secrecy. Our mutual relations and feelings would remain unchanged as before, and I shall go on trying to make myself useful to you as far as my safety will permit. Your agreement of neutrality was communicated to me by the Emperor of Austria, and I thank you for your telegram doing the same. I think it very sensible and it has my fullest approval. Best love."

These arguments were not successful in overcoming the objections of Emperor Nicholas, and, in the month of December, the proposed treaty appeared to be definitely abandoned. We then see the Kaiser renewing in another direction his efforts to bring the Tsar into an alliance. At that time England was causing difficulties in the supply of English coal for the Russian Fleet, and the German Emperor took advantage of this opportunity to offer Russia the assistance of the German merchant

(1) The truth is that Count Lamsdorff, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, was not kept informed by Emperor Nicholas with regard to the projected treaty.

marine, and obtained in exchange a declaration from the Russian Government that "Russia considers herself bound to sustain Germany by every means in her power in connection with any difficulties that may arise from having delivered coal to the Russian Fleet during the present war."

This amounted almost to a treaty of alliance, but it was regarded as merely a half-success by Emperor William, who, after letting several months pass without renewing his efforts, finally decided, toward the end of the summer of 1905, to try a master-stroke. If he had not been able to convince the Tsar through correspondence, he told himself, he could gain his end by getting into personal contact with his cousin. In this he planned most cleverly, for whenever the two sovereigns were together, the impetuous personality of the German Emperor had always dominated the weaker and more refined nature of Nicholas II., who, for his part, was quite conscious of this inequality and distrusted his powers of resistance to the shock of his cousin's fiery eloquence. On several occasions I have noticed the nervousness with which the Tsar contemplated an approaching interview with him, a sort of dread that did not pass until their meeting had terminated. It is easy to understand, therefore, why the Kaiser resolved to make an unexpected visit to Emperor Nicholas.

On account of the difficulties existing between Sweden and Norway that year, the German Emperor had given up his usual voyage to the Norwegian fjords and was cruising in the Baltic, off the Swedish coast. At the same time the Tsar had betaken himself to the waters of the Finland Archipelago, near Viborg, seeking rest after the emotions and fatigue of that anxious summer in Russia. On July 23rd the world was surprised by the unlooked-for appearance of the Kaiser, on board the *Hohen-zollern*, in the roads of Bjorkoe, where the Tsar's yacht, *Pole Star*, was anchored at the time. There it was that the famous interview took place and the secret treaty was signed that has aroused such widespread interest and comment since its disclosure by the Russian Revolutionary Government.

It has been proved beyond all doubt that the Bjorkoe interview was adroitly brought about by Emperor William, in spite of the claims of the German Press, inspired by the Wilhelmstrasse, attributing the initiative to the Tsar. The telegraphic correspondence between the sovereigns of itself is sufficient to establish the truth, but there are these other circumstances to be taken into account, namely, that the German Emperor knew very well that the Tsar had only his family and personal *entourage* at Bjorkoe; that Count Lamsdorff, whose opposition he had good reason to fear, was not included in his sovereign's suite:

it was imperative, to forestall his being summoned from St. Petersburg, only a few hours away. Finally, when proposing in his telegrams to visit the Tsar, the Kaiser imposed the utmost secrecy as to his project, and the secret was so well guarded that no one on board the *Hohenzollern*, nor in Germany, and still less in Russia, knew a word of it until the last moment. In a telegram, dated July 21st, the Kaiser expressed himself as rejoicing in the prospect of seeing what a face his hosts would make when he appeared in view of the *Pole Star*. "A fine lark—*tableau!*" he added at the close of the telegram.

Following is the text of the secret treaty signed at Bjorkoe, as it was found by the Russian Revolutionary Government in the archives of Tsarskoie-Sélo and published simultaneously with the telegraphic correspondence exchanged between the two Emperors before and after its signature :—

"Their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor of all the Russias, of the one part, and the Emperor of Germany, of the other part, with the object of assuring the peace of Europe, have agreed upon the following points of the treaty hereinafter related, with reference to a defensive alliance :—

"Article I. If any European State shall attack either of the two Empires, the Allied party engages to aid his co-contractor with all his forces on land and on sea.

"Article II. The high contracting parties agree not to conclude a separate peace with any enemy whatsoever.

"Article III. The present treaty shall be in force from the moment of the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan, and may only be cancelled by a year's previous notice.

"Article IV. When this treaty goes into effect, Russia will take the necessary steps to make its terms known to France and invite her to subscribe to it as an ally.

" (Signed) NICHOLAS.
 WILLIAM."

The publication, in August, 1917, of the secret treaty of Bjorkoe produced great excitement in France and in England; there was a tendency in the Press of both countries to qualify it, as far as the Tsar was concerned, as an act of bad faith—even treason, if you like, to his ally France. Although this interpretation did not tally with the text of the treaty, nor with the circumstances in which it was signed, it was warranted, in a way, by an article of a Russian journalist which had appeared some little time before the publication of the secret documents found at Tsarskoie-Sélo. In that article he related certain disclosures which had been made to him on the same subject by Count Witte, whose intimate friend he represented himself to be.

Here is what Count Witte is described as having said to the aforesaid journalist, after swearing him to secrecy for the period of that statesman's life :—

"Within a few days after I had entered upon my duties as President of the Council, the Minister of Foreign Affairs notified me that he desired to confer with me upon an affair of state of the highest importance. 'It was then that I learned from him of the existence of a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance between the two Emperors. I was astonished and shocked by the knowledge of this secret document, which I deemed contrary to all the rules of political equity, of governmental honesty and to all permissible forms of conduct. Against what country was an offensive meditated? Wh8 had countersigned the treaty? Against whom? Evidently against France, which always had been an object of William's cupidity; against the same France whose people had concluded an alliance with us in the interest of their safety.'"

This declaration of Count Witte, if it was really made in the words above quoted, is not only inexact as to material facts, but it contains a statement that he must have known to be quite false. As will appear later, Count Witte had knowledge of the treaty of Bjorkoe, not for the first time when he was appointed President of the Council, that is to say, in October, 1905, but three months earlier, immediately after his return from America in August. This may be no more than a lapse of memory on the part of the author of the article, but that which undoubtedly emanates from Count Witte himself is the assertion that the treaty of Bjorkoe was an *offensive and defensive treaty directed against France, the ally of Russia.*

The same assertion reappeared later in the book, so remarkable in many respects, written by the English publicist, Dr. Dillon, and entitled *The Eclipse of Russia*, which was published in 1918 and contained a recital of facts communicated by Count Witte personally to the author, who, as is well known, enjoyed his full confidence. Dr. Dillon, being obliged to recognise the falsity of his friend's statements, upon comparing them with the text of the treaty, saves himself from the dilemma arising out of this very evident contradiction by explaining that Count Witte's memory was not always to be relied upon during the last years of his life, and that he was oppressed by the danger of the treaty being construed as a move hostile to France.

The truth is, I regret to say, that it is not a question of weak memory on the part of Count Witte, but that in this case as on other occasions he misrepresented the facts on account of the deep-seated dislike which he felt toward Emperor Nicholas, a feeling which, in his later years, developed into a veritable hatred. While endeavouring to be fair and just to the memory of Count Witte, who towered above the level of ordinary men, not merely by his great qualities, but even in his failings, I cannot too severely condemn such an act of posthumous revenge as he committed, not only in revealing to a journalist a State secret of such tremendous importance, but still more in having accused his

sovereign of a crime of which he must have known him to be innocent.

Now that we know the exact text of the treaty of Bjorkoe and the circumstances surrounding its signature, it is quite impossible to sustain the accusation brought against Emperor Nicholas by Count Witte and accepted by Dr. Dillon, as well as by some other writers of lesser standing, of having committed an act of treason toward France. At the time that the Russian Revolutionary Government published the secret documents I took pains to correct, as far as lay in my power, the false construction placed upon the treaty, by communicating what I knew about the subject to an editor of *Le Temps*, M. F. de Jessen, whose interview with me was published in the issue of September 15th, 1917. Having learned all that had taken place at Bjorkoe and having an exact knowledge of the terms of the treaty and the contents of the telegrams exchanged between the Emperors—a knowledge gained, as before-mentioned, during my subsequent direction of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—it was manifestly my duty to correct an inaccurate version that not only smirched the reputation of Nicholas II., but was also calculated to reflect discredit upon all Russia.

I have the satisfaction of knowing that the article in *Le Temps* contributed materially to enlighten the public with respect to the rôle played by the Tsar in this affair, but inasmuch as Count Witte's accusation of treason has been revived with remarkable force and talent by Dr. Dillon in his work, *The Eclipse of Russia*, I cannot refrain from re-entering the debate with the more competent, authentic and complete testimony that my former office as the Emperor's Minister of Foreign Affairs enables me to contribute.

It is necessary, in the first place, to recall the circumstances in the midst of which the Tsar found himself on the arrival of the German Emperor, and to endeavour to reconstitute his state of mind and feeling at that juncture. In the course of the few months preceding the famous interview he had seen his armies defeated by the Japanese in Manchuria; his fleet, under the command of Admiral Rojdestvensky, had been annihilated at Tsushima; the revolution was spreading throughout Russia and the absolute power of the Tsars was menaced by the masses, who claimed the right of representation in the councils of the nation. All this, in the eyes of Emperor Nicholas, was the consequence of his war with Japan, that distant Power which would never have dared to provoke Russia, never would have had the slightest chance of vanquishing her on the battlefield, but for the aid of England, the hereditary enemy who crossed Russia's path every-

where, in Europe as in Asia. Is it to be wondered at that, under such conditions, it was not difficult for the Kaiser to persuade the Emperor of Russia to join him in his plan for a continental coalition against England, and to serve as an instrument for drawing France in also? We have seen, however, that after several months of correspondence the German Emperor had not succeeded in overcoming the sentiment of loyalty which prevented the Tsar from signing the treaty without previously having secured the adhesion of France. The moment and the place were admirably chosen by the Kaiser for triumphing over the scruples of his cousin, who was alone at Bjorkoe, defenceless, one may say, against the impetuous attacks of a guest who, at the end of his three days' stay, had gained complete domination over the will of his host.

I was told by the Tsar himself that the treaty was signed only a few minutes before Emperor William's departure, after a breakfast that took place on board the *Hohenzollern*. Certain writers have ventured to insinuate that the quality and the quantity of the wine served at that repast had something to do with the consent of Emperor Nicholas—a piece of vulgar gossip that it is easy to refute when one has had occasion, as I have, to be often present at similar breakfasts. A like hypothesis is, moreover, superfluous for explaining the Kaiser's success, as he understood too well how to manage the Tsar without having recourse to so brutal a proceeding. At each interview the Kaiser, consummate actor that he was, took pains to appear in a different rôle; every part that he took was carefully studied in advance and adapted to the particular circumstances of the place and the moment; he gave his victim no time to reflect and no chance to escape his flowery eloquence and overbearing manner of argument.

When the two sovereigns, left alone, had affixed their signatures at the foot of the text which had been previously prepared by the Kaiser, the latter insisted that the instrument should be countersigned. He had taken pains to bring with him on his voyage a high functionary of the Department of Foreign Affairs of the Empire, Herr von Tschirsky, who afterwards became Secretary of State for that Department and whose signature could be considered to take the place of his chief's. There being no personage of equal rank or capacity in the Tsar's suite, the German Emperor suggested calling upon Admiral Birileff, Russian Minister of Marine, who happened to be on board the *Pole Star* as a guest. The old sailor, entirely unversed in matters pertaining to foreign politics, was summoned at the last moment and did not hesitate to set his hand to a document of whose contents

he was not even afforded any knowledge; in fact, one of the persons in the Tsar's suite told me that, while Admiral Birileff was writing his name at the foot of the page, the upper part was covered by the Emperor's hand. When the Admiral was interrogated by Count Lamsdorff afterwards, he declared that if he should find himself in the same position a second time he would do the same, considering that his duty as an officer of the Navy had obliged him to obey without question any order given him by his Sovereign Lord.

(To be continued.)

THE NORTH RUSSIAN EXPEDITION.

Now that the Russian Expedition is over it is possible to consider in some measure the place of that curious adventure in the great period of history in which it has played its humble part. The outline of its story at least is common property. How it began as one of the tiniest of those side-shows which the war made so celebrated; how it came to wield a momentous influence, perhaps even yet not fully appreciated, on the last phase of the struggle; and how in the end it developed by the inexorable force of events into a definite mission of support from this country to one of the protagonists in the great internal fight of the Russian people.

The original expedition has, as a fighting force, certainly received no more than a fair meed of admiration and fame. It was composed of men all certified as unfit for active service. It went forth nominally "for garrison duty on the Murman coast," instructions which conjured up perhaps no more than the vision of a long, dreary, and very cold winter in huts on a bleak and desolate shore; with the possible mitigation of having a portion of the British Fleet anchored comfortingly and watchfully beyond.

Actually this little force penetrated hundreds of miles into a country scarcely less wild than Central Africa or Labrador, a country snow-clad and frozen, consisting of one vast and almost impenetrable forest wherein for league upon league a man will meet with no human habitation and as like as not travel over hitherto untrodden ground. Except for two single lines of railway, widely separated from each other, the only means of communication is along the rivers or in tracks across the snow. In this great solitude the category men of the British Army spent the winter; often in little groups of ten, twenty, or thirty, in isolated blockhouses with infrequent reliefs, without relaxations, for long periods without mails or news from home. They had nothing to do but to gaze out into the forest or the darkness, watching for the enemy who from time to time would creep up dressed in white or plastered with snow to surprise the defence.

Not that the force itself was inactive. It carried out raids and advances, adjusting a position here, strengthening a weak spot there; but such work mostly fell to the larger units—half battalions and companies billeted in villages; it was the platoons and sections alone on outpost duty in the forest on whom the time hung so heavy and the strain was so great. Small wonder

if there were cases of breakdown under such an ordeal; and even now and again disaffection among the men.

That there were cases of this sort is undoubted. The absence of mails and newspapers in particular created discontent. The feeling to which men "up the line" are always prone, that the fellow at the base is not "doing his bit," was widespread. This impression was on many occasions during the war nothing but a profound injustice, but the burden of proof lies with the men at the base, and in this case it is to be feared that a severe scrutiny could ill be borne.

Of all these circumstances the Bolsheviks did not fail to avail themselves. Accounts reporting, and doubtless greatly exaggerating, the labour troubles in England were disseminated amongst the troops, and inevitably had their effect on men whom circumstances had united to cast into a restless and despondent state of mind.

It is a matter for surprise, then, not that there were a few cases of trouble and discontent, but that on the whole this little army of townsmen, no longer in their first youth and vigour, so finely endured the arduous of a most difficult adventure.

With the coming of spring, however, Generals Ironside and Maynard were faced with a delicate situation. The fundamental difficulty of this was the condition of their Russian allies. The North Russian Government was not successful. It was composed initially of refugee politicians from Petrograd and Moscow, who, having assumed the reins of government, showed themselves unwilling to share their responsibilities or win the co-operation of the local leaders. Its chief, M. Tchaikowsky, a man of high integrity and held in wide esteem, but now old and broken, still lives in the exile in which the greater part of his life has been spent. The Government has certainly been beset by difficulties; it has had practically no revenues, and the lack of communication and the means of transport have made all questions of organisation a hundredfold more perplexing and obstinate; but it has had great opportunities, and it cannot be acquitted of the charge of having cast them away.

The life of the inhabitants of this region centres entirely in the village community—each community being almost self-supporting. This fact, coupled with the existence of the Zemstvo system, affords a fascinating field for experiment in local government. Instead of devoting themselves to the establishment as far as was possible of a settled state of affairs in the Archangel government which might have won to them in loyalty not only the people of that melancholy district, but many in other parts of Russia to whom tidings of their policy might have

reached, the administration flouted the Zemstvos, trifled with crises, nursed their own dignity, and alienated the people.

The leading officials, as with most of the officers of the Army, were purely reactionary. They had no discoverable idea, except to restore the old state of affairs, possibly in a somewhat modified form. With the shibboleths of such a policy they approached a people sick to death of war and all that it entails, and sought to enlist their sympathy in a cause from which they were remote and for hopes which, even should they mature, could hold neither glamour nor promise for them.

Small wonder that their army was often disaffected and disloyal, and that they themselves were drifting into the position of pensioners of the Allied Governments.

It was this lack of unity and enthusiasm amongst the Russians, and particularly the troops, that formed the most serious problem which the British military authorities had to confront. When the dispatch of the Relief Expedition had disposed to some extent of the difficulties aroused by the depression rife in the original force, and by any serious danger that was threatening it, they were faced by three possible courses.

Firstly, to pursue a vigorous offensive southwards towards Petrozavodsk by General Maynard; south-eastwards with a view to effecting a junction with Koltchak and perhaps striking a decisive blow at the Bolshevik armies by General Ironside. Secondly, to remain where they were defending the province and Government of Archangel. Thirdly, to evacuate. The first of these courses was open to three objections: (a) the smallness of the British forces and the difficulty of *securely* guarding communications during the advance; (b) uncertainty with regard to Koltchak's position—an uncertainty later to be amply justified; (c) the most serious of all, the danger of carrying out ambitious operations at any moment of which heavy loss or even disaster might overtake British troops as a result of the defection of the Russians to whom they were allied.

These objections, together with the state of public opinion at home, hostile both by reason of the strong labour revolt and the general repugnance to any addition by a new military enterprise to the sacrifices and burdens of the late war, put an extension of the campaign out of the question. This was, of course, greatly emphasised when the retreat of Koltchak's right wing from Perm destroyed all hopes that had existed of a solution in that quarter.

The attitude of public opinion in England demanded, also, that, if the second course was to be persisted in, a precise term should be set to the defence. It was clearly impossible that we should go on indefinitely holding the North Russian Government's hand

and buttressing it against its enemies in an occupation which must involve us in further and greater obligations by its protraction. Equally clear was it that there could be no sincere conviction that the dissolution of Bolshevism was imminent, still less that a settlement of Russia would immediately follow it. Beyond this loomed the consideration of the old axiom about the dry rot that besets any army condemned to the defensive. There remained the third course, which was pursued.

It may not be out of place to revert here for a moment to the Russian troops with which we were co-operating, and on whom many strictures have been passed in this country and some slur may seem to have been placed in the foregoing remarks. No slur is intended. It seems, perhaps, unnecessary at this time of day to protest against the use of the word "loyal" with regard to various sections of the Russian people; yet it is frequently used not only in newspapers and common talk, but even in the most official communications. Loyal to whom? to what? Personally, to Denikin, or Koltchak, or Muller? or one of the hundred lesser leaders of whom in this country nothing is heard?

Politically, to Tsardom, which is destroyed? Or to constitutional monarchy, which Russia has never had? Or to the new democracy? To some Russian theory as yet untried, or to some allied principle as yet unaccepted? and, if an allied principle, to which? To the limited monarchy of Great Britain? or to the republicanism of France, or to the republican autocracy of the United States? It is not quite so trivial a matter this as it first appears; if nothing else, the use of the word is helping to keep the minds of millions of people in this country in confusion as to what is happening in Russia. It keeps alive a suspicion that that nation could have to-morrow an orderly, democratic and civilised government on Western lines, if it would abjure Bolshevism, and abandon its flirtations with a ridiculous ideal. This is a thousand miles from the truth, as all who have seen anything of the Russians will understand.

There is therefore no justification for regarding even the mutinous Russian soldiers as traitors. They are for the most part peasants of the North—eking out what would seem to any Englishman an almost unendurably dark and dismal life; often on the boundary-line between starvation and existence; content so long as they could keep on the safe side of that boundary, giving nothing to the outside world and receiving little from it. Their years pursue an even tenor; a short, strenuous summer spent in providing for the long inaction of the winter, when they lapse into a purely animal life, sleeping, eating, and quarrelling, till the snow begins to melt once more.

Yet even here a germ of greater aspirations is not entirely absent. The village schoolmaster or some specially intelligent and prosperous peasant, fresh from a course at a provincial university, will often hold a series of lectures during the winter. Thus will be obtained scraps of information on a curious medley of subjects. Astronomy, history, rural economy, chemistry, and the like, according to the taste of the lecturer or his fortune during his course. Unhappily, these courses go neither far enough nor deep enough to leave many permanent traces behind them. Yet with the broad humanity of her people and her peculiar facilities for getting at *all* of them, it may well be that in the realm of "continued" education Russia has a great future before her.

Leading such a life, under a government to which their poverty, their remoteness, and the sterility of their land made them of little account, they added to their natural patience a reclusive detachment from outside events, a philosophic resignation easily begotten in those dwellings in the silence and mystery of these vast solitudes and beneath their great, ever-changing sky.

For generations they had been ruled by Tsars. Well! the Tsars had gone, men said never to return. Everywhere the old traditions were shaken, the old systems had been thrown down. So be it. They owed allegiance to no cause or party. Indeed, what cause or party would concern itself with them—these dwellers in the wilderness? There was talk of a thing called communism. But had they not already, they demanded, a very good system? It was true every man held his household gods, his cattle, the yearly fruits of his labours in his own possession; away with the monstrous idea that anyone else had a right to these! But the land, which was entirely the source of them all, was not this redistributed every twenty years or so to meet the changing needs of the community? What more in this respect could be desired?

There was talk of constitutions and governments, but little, it seemed, could either affect a society so simple as theirs. One thing only they asked of men, to be left in peace to sow, to gather, and—to exist. This, however, was, in the nature of things, what the rival parties could not do. Again and again it was a question of which party came first to a village, whether Ivan or Gregory became a Bolshevik or a "Constitutional" conscript. Do not let us blame them, then, if again and again Ivan refused, when it came to the point, to proceed to the cutting of Gregory's throat, or to let Gregory have the opportunity of shooting at him. Nor must we forget that these were the men—and not the politicians, the exiled publicists or financiers who from time to time address us on behalf of "despairing Russia"—who spent three Russian winters in the trenches, ill-fed, often

indifferently led and cared for, with one rifle to half a dozen men, before the magnificent equipment of the German armies and the violence of the German guns.

In face of all the perplexities and difficulties which this situation presented, General Ironside pursued a courageous course, and what most people will agree was the only possible military policy. The North Russian army was a broken reed; he sought to make it a living thing. First he infused with some new energy and enthusiasm the lifeless battalions that already existed. Secondly, he endeavoured to create a new force from the numerous Bolshevik prisoners in the hands of the North Russian or Allied troops. This action was imposed on him by a twofold necessity: that of increasing at all costs the man-power at his disposal, and the need of revealing some clear superiority in the service of the Allied rather than the Bolshevik armies.

This brave and far-sighted effort has not received the recognition which in great measure it deserved. It failed chiefly because the mistake was made of including sincere Bolsheviks, commissars, etc., in the ranks of the new regiments, and these became, of course, a corrupting and mutinous influence amongst the rest; and because, also, the *liaison* between the British officers and their commands—at all times a source of difficulty—was not sufficiently secured.

What ensued is well known to everyone. All endeavour failed to avert the disastrous mutiny of the Russian troops at Onega from which followed the loss of that town, not to speak of valuable lives; nor did the devotion and courage of the gallant fellows who commanded the new legion of "converted" Bolsheviks suffice to prevent the tragedy of Dyer's battalion. May it be some consolation to those who mourn them that, even in the midst of the chivalry and high romance in which the last few years have been so prolific, their inspiration glowing from this dark corner of the earth cannot fail to hold a high place in the future traditions of their country.

Some have found it easy to blame General Ironside and his subordinates for their share in these events: it seems less easy to remember that inaction would at that time not only have been dishonourable, but was fraught with no less danger than any line of action; that in doing what they did, undoubtedly conscious of the risks, they followed in the main the one course that might have put the situation on its feet.

After these failures events moved quickly to their close. What exactly were the possibilities which the Government had in view when and after the Relief Force was dispatched will perhaps never be known. The mutinies at Onega and Troitsa, and the

defeat of Koltchak, all pointed in one direction. Evacuation became inevitable. There were, indeed, great preparations for an offensive, urbanely called an "offensive defensive," or the covering operations for evacuation. If this was all that was intended it is difficult to understand why, for instance, gas should have been imported in large quantities. Gas may or may not be a "reasonable" weapon in war. It is a matter of opinion whether it is as a weapon viler than, say, high explosive, and the best, that is to say the most experienced, opinion is by no means even largely affirmative on this point. But the exclamations of horror which its first employment four years ago evoked in this country, and the stand then taken on the conditions of the Hague Convention should have made any idea of its use, even if only in shells, in the North Russian campaign out of the question. From follies and inconsistencies such as these we shall presumably have no protection till the national conscience becomes sufficiently coherent and informed to curb the cynicism of our public men.

The first of these covering operations, the Dwina offensive in August, certainly seemed to meet with great success. After a few hours of somewhat faint resistance the Bolshevik defence appeared to collapse, and it was commonly reported that their whole line on that front had disappeared. The appearance of half-starved animals which the Bolshevik soldiers who were encountered, or captured, presented, certainly was not calculated to inspire great dread of their forces in that region. Despite all this, the enemy succeeded later in raiding Ust Vaga, several miles within our salient (though here they retired before a quarter of their number), and when General Sadleir Jackson's brigade finally withdrew down the Dwina they found the river bank north of Ust Vaga occupied by the enemy, who inflicted several casualties on the men in the passing barges. The offensives and withdrawals on the Vologda and Murmansk fronts offered a less difficult problem, backed as they were in each case by the railway.

So the expedition ended. How great were the difficulties with which it had to contend will be readily understood. That it added lustre to our military history can scarcely be claimed. There were in it many brave men and a few able ones; but the general level of conduct was not high. To give one small instance; the too prevalent custom of bartering redounded little to our credit. Under certain circumstances barter was justifiable and necessary; but the widespread disposal of food and spirits—especially spirits—to a penurious population, under a system of exchange, reflected on others no less than the barterer himself. It may appear to some to be of little good now that the expedition is

over to drag such incidents from the mud. There can, however, on the other hand, be as little good in concealing from ourselves practices which are unfortunately the talk of many others besides ourselves; though it must be freely admitted that we were not alone offenders in this matter. In so far, then, as it was an effort to regenerate a fallen and distracted neighbour the expedition has little claim to success.

But what of the future? From a political point of view no one will impugn the expedition. It was born of the Allied necessity in 1918, it was directed against no party in Russia, and if after its primary task was accomplished it remained to serve those who had shown it hospitality when it came, that was no more than the fulfilment of a debt which the occasion demanded of our honour. But if we regard it as an incident in our uncertain and shifting policy towards the great problem of Russia as a whole, what then? On this subject the nation is still divided between two schools of thought: one claims that as Bolshevism is directed towards establishing a world system it is the enemy of us all and must be treated as such; the other urges that Russia's concerns are a matter for her alone, and that she must deal with them as she will.

If the first point of view is correct, then surely military enterprise was not only justifiable, it was required, and we are in fault for ever having permitted it to collapse.

In this case nothing can excuse the lassitude or trifling which leaves our own salvation to the counter-actions of the saner elements in Russia. Long since an army to which all civilisation should have contributed ought to have been dispatched to assist in extirpating this evil.

But if, on the other hand, the second opinion is correct, has our policy been wise or statesmanlike or humane? Can, indeed, this constant alternation between supporting factions and *laissez faire* be deemed a policy at all?

At present there is a great tendency to use Russia as a new weapon in the class and party warfare of the Western nations. The Press, the speeches in Parliament and elsewhere, all reveal the taint of party cleavage and loyalty to party principles. No one can help perceiving it. Here on one side are ranged the financiers and capitalists—those latest bogeys—jealous for their privileges, fearful for the consequences that a too-revolutionary theory may have for a field of so fair a promise. With them the finer elements of conservatism, who, whilst they mourn the disappearance of old traditions, tremble for the effects of a grotesque adventure upon mankind. Over against them are those whom, for want of a more comprehensive term, we may call the

Socialists, uncertain whether they may not hail in the Bolsheviks simply some new apostles of their creed, eager at all events to champion anything which may dispel the old spirit and enthroned the new.

Yet there are two facts that are clear enough. It is to the interest of us all to restore peace and order in Russia with the least delay. It is the duty of us all to do everything in our power to accomplish this with the least possible bloodshed and misery. The effort at Prinkipo failed. Is it therefore established that all such efforts must of necessity fail? It may be that it is, but the fact has not yet been demonstrated to the world. Is it clear that if the blockade were raised, if all parties were treated impartially, if efforts were made to re-establish intercourse and trade, we should not thus find a settlement sooner for Russia than by any other means, and at the same time hold in our hands a weapon against further outbursts of atrocities?

There are those who will shudder at the idea of treating all parties impartially. Yet it is difficult to see, if this matter is to be treated on a Russian and not an international basis, how we can do less. Those who make such a point of earning Russian gratitude can scarcely hope to win much of it by taking sides in a struggle in which the Russians are themselves distracted; and few will now dare to urge that Bolshevism has been imposed by a small group of fanatics against the will of the *whole* people.

Bolshevism is largely, and perhaps incalculably, an evil and vicious thing, but it has a transient fascination for unfortunate people and certain good points which it is only folly to ignore or deny. Nothing will aim a deadlier blow at the evil within it than the restoration of saner conditions in Russia. Certainly nothing will do more than Bolshevik failure under such conditions to discourage its supporters in other countries. The present situation invests it for many with a halo of martyrdom which its destruction by a greater persecution and terror will only increase.

Every precept of the Christian faith, Humanity, our obligations to posterity, all demand that we should not rest till we have achieved such a settlement, or proved it to be indisputably beyond reason and hope. Nothing less can demonstrate to Russians of all parties that we desire only their welfare and peace. Nothing less can justify us when the judgment of history is given.

Here is a land of immeasurable resources torn by internecine war; can we who claim a foremost place in the leadership of the world find no fitter task than to take a hand in her slaughter or stand idly aloof while it proceeds?

Are we to confess that the vision of fellowship we formed during the years of darkness has dissolved with the coming of day?

J. H. MARTIN.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND ANGLO-AMERICAN UNITY.

HISTORY repeats itself, not only because the nature of man changes but little with the centuries, but also because those great political entities, which we call nations, are, as Edmund Burke once said of civilisation, that it was "a triple contract between the noble dead, the living, and the unborn." The living can never wholly ignore the dead but potent members of this triple alliance, and this is the underlying cause of America's reaction against the League of Nations.

It followed one of the most notable debates in the history of the American Senate and in the forum of public opinion. For five months the members of the Senate, representing on a basis of equality the forty-eight States of the Federal Union, whose ambassadors they are, debated the question as to the extent to which America was prepared to part company with its traditional policies as formulated by the founders of the Republic, and this debate was continued among a people numbering over one hundred millions.

America's entry into the European War was not a departure from such policy, as is commonly supposed. The founder of the American Republic in his farewell message clearly distinguished between the "extraordinary emergencies" in world politics, in which the American people ought to take a part and which amply justify "temporary alliances" with nations of kindred ideals and similar interests, and the "*ordinary* vicissitudes of her (Europe's) politics or the *ordinary* combinations or collisions of her friendships or enmities." The Senate's rejection of the Treaty shows that the American people are not willing to ignore this distinction, and that the dead Washington is a more potent force in controlling the destinies of the American people than the living Wilson. The verdict of the Senate should not be misunderstood. The effort to implicate America "by artificial ties in the *ordinary* combinations or collisions" of European politics is dead beyond resurrection.

It is not generally remembered that this is not the first time that America has been invited to become a member of an European League of Nations. Nearly a century ago, after the Peace Conferences in Vienna of 1814 and 1815, and of Aix-la-Chapelle in the autumn of 1818, it was attempted to form a compact between the five principal European Powers—Austria, France,

Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia—for the preservation of universal peace. When England, under the wise guidance of Lord Castlereagh, declined to be enmeshed in this "League of Peace," the Tsar Alexander informally invited the United States to become a member of the "Big Five," and to this end his Foreign Minister sounded the American Minister at St. Petersburg as to the disposition of the United States, if such an invitation were formally extended to it. The matter was referred to the Washington Government, James Monroe then being President and John Quincy Adams Secretary of State, and in a very striking communication from the latter to the American Minister to Russia, under date of July 5th, 1820, the United States declined the invitation. The reasons assigned for this course are so pertinent to the present crisis and so prophetic as to justify quotation. Among other things, Secretary Adams said:—

"The political system of the United States is also essentially extra-European. To stand in firm and cautious independence of all entanglement in the European system, has been a cardinal point of their policy under every administration of their Government, and from the peace of 1783 to this day. . . . It might, perhaps, be sufficient to answer that the organisation of our Government is such as not to admit of our acceding formally to that compact. But it may be added that the President, approving its general principles and thoroughly convinced of the benevolence and virtuous motives which led to the conception and presided at the formation of this system by the Emperor Alexander, believes that the United States will more effectually contribute to the great and sublime objects for which it was concluded by abstaining from a formal participation in it than they could as stipulated members of it. . . . But independent of the prejudices which have been excited against this instrument in the public opinion, which time and an experience of its good effects will gradually wear away, *it may be observed that for the repose of Europe as well as of America, the European and American political system should be kept as separate and distinct from each other as possible.*"

With the retroactive wisdom of recent months, is it not now apparent that Secretary Adams was right in the sentence last quoted and italicised? Can it be doubted that Europe would have made a better and speedier peace if America had taken no part in the Paris Conference, other than in the discussion and determination of such general questions of world policy as concern all nations and are not local controversies between European States? The American representatives in Paris—or shall I say representative?—preferred, without any mandate from his countrymen, to intervene in questions like Fiume, the Saar Basin, Dantzic, and Thrace, and has done so at a great sacrifice of America's good relations with former friends and without rendering any real assistance to the Allies, whom it was, in good faith, trying to serve by a well-meant, but none the less prejudicial, course of intermeddling.

That this action will cause deep disappointment and even greater irritation in Europe is recognised with regret by all thoughtful Americans, and it is important that it shall not be misinterpreted in Great Britain or France; for it was well said by Lord Robert Cecil, in words that the writer can only paraphrase from memory, that the best hope of the world for the preservation of a just peace lies not so much in the League of Nations as in the spirit of mutual co-operation between the members of the great alliance which called it into being.

I recently took occasion to say, at a luncheon in New York to Lord Finlay, that if the formation of the League of Nations had led to any alienation in sympathy between Great Britain and the United States, it would have been better that the League had never been born, and that, on the other hand, if, as I then anticipated, America should refuse to become a member of the League, the great cause of peace would not be lost as long as Great Britain, France, and the United States co-operated, not as a formal alliance, but as a genuine *entente*, to preserve the peace of the world. The Anglo-Franco-American *entente* is not dead, even though the League of Nations be in a moribund condition.

It is vitally necessary that the three nations should understand each other in this hour of disappointed hopes and avoid any misinterpretation of motives; for I can only repeat what I took occasion to say nearly a year ago at a luncheon of the Pilgrims' Society in London:—

"Anglo-American unity, upon which the peace of the world so largely rests, depends less upon the expedients of statesmen and obligations of written treaties than upon the potent sentiment of loyalty to the great destinies of the English-speaking race; "

and I ventured to add an obvious truism—which, though a truism, is too often ignored—that "the great essentials to this unity are appreciation and understanding."

In the inevitable moral reaction from the heroic spirit of the war, and in the disappointments of the Paris Peace Conference, this mutual appreciation and understanding have unfortunately undergone an appreciable diminution.

In an article that I contributed to the *North American Review* for July, 1919, entitled "A Reply to Lord Robert Cecil," I predicted that the proposed League, without drastic reservations, would "not secure the assent of the requisite two-thirds, or even a majority, of the Senate." I added that the controversy in the United States over the question of such acceptance or rejection was "slowly undermining the Anglo-American *entente*." Time and the event have verified this prediction.

What is necessary is to salvage out of the wreck as much as is now possible. To do this it is necessary that misunderstandings on both sides of the ocean should be avoided. For example, it is believed by many Americans that the League of Nations was the subtle suggestion of British statesmanship, whereby the great Empire would effectually dominate the destinies of civilisation. Thoughtful Americans, however, recognise that the blunder of attempting to create a League of Nations at a time when the imperative need of the world was practical reconstruction on economic lines, was primarily the error of the American peace representatives, who first induced Great Britain and then virtually forced France to accept that which the clear sanity of French statesmanship was disposed to reject as both illusory and inopportune.

It is not so generally appreciated in America, even among thoughtful men, that the multiplied vote of the British Empire was not desired by England so much as by its great and virtually independent overseas dominions. Few Americans realise that this recognition of Canada and Australia as separate international entities is, in fact, an injury to the centralised power of England in the control of the international relations of a world-wide Empire.

It is, however, not only in America that misapprehensions must be corrected; for recent utterances have shown that there is a distinct misunderstanding in Great Britain and France as to several essential features of the present crisis. Thus, it has been intimated by a distinguished English publicist that the action of the Senate is a virtual "repudiation" of America's promises, and it has been said in France, on very high authority, that the action of the United States is virtually a "tearing up" of the Treaty to which the United States is morally committed, and that France will be slow hereafter to give any engagements of America their face value.

These suggestions are unfortunate and most prejudicial. They injuriously affect the political relations between the three great liberal democracies of the world, which can only rest upon a friendly public opinion. They will intensify the opposition in the United States to any further attempt to secure the assent of the Senate to the proposed League of Nations. The American people are not conscious of any bad faith in this matter, and this must be clear to any fair-minded man who will consider the events of the last twelve months.

The European nations had ample and exceptional warnings that the American peace representatives had no authority to commit their country to any treaty obligations. Under the Constitution

of the United States, there cannot be, in fact, any such thing as an ambassador or peace commissioner "plenipotentiary." It is true that Colonel House, who flitted between the Chancelleries of Europe with an undefined and extra-Constitutional authority, called himself the "Commissioner Plenipotentiary of the United States," and that the chief commissioner of the United States at the Conference was the President of the United States; but, wisely or unwisely, the United States, from the very beginning of the Government, had given explicit notice to all the world in its Constitution that no official, however great or illustrious, could commit the United States to any treaty obligation, except "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," and "provided two-thirds of the Senate present concur."

The writer, when in England in the autumn of 1918, was surprised to see how little this provision of the Federal Constitution seemed to be known. If known, little practical recognition was given to it. Apparently no attempt was ever made by representatives of the European Governments to ascertain whether or not the views of the American Peace Commissioners were those of the American people, as expressed in the final treaty-making organ of the Government—the Senate of the United States.

I quite appreciate the difficulty and delicacy of such a question; but the times were critical, delays were fatal, and it was, as it seems to me, the part of common prudence for the Paris Conference to examine with great care the credentials of all representatives, to see whether they had unlimited or only limited powers.

Apart from this fact, there was an even more significant warning to the Paris Conference in the Congressional elections of 1918. President Wilson saw fit, on the eve of the general election of November of that year, to ask his countrymen to indicate by their votes at the polls whether or not they were prepared to give him authority to negotiate in their behalf, with a moral obligation to accept his conclusions. While such an authority could only be moral and could not override the explicit provisions of the Constitution—for, in America, the majority only rules within a strictly limited sphere of power—yet a favourable response to this appeal for a blank power of attorney would undoubtedly have had controlling influence in compelling the Senate to confirm any action which the Peace Commissioners might take. In the electoral controversy which followed, the opposition not only urged the American people to refuse this unlimited proxy to their President; but the discussion turned largely upon two of the once famous "Fourteen Points," namely: the freedom of the seas and the League of Nations. As to the former, the American people

were opposed to any proposition to weaken the effectiveness of the great Naval Powers of the world, of which the United States was one; and, as to the League of Nations, while the American people, as I ventured to show in "The Reckoning," which I published in England shortly after the Armistice, were in favour of a league of nations—meaning thereby the general principle of international co-operation—yet they did not propose to commit themselves in advance to any form of such a league; for they realised the possibility that a league might be formed with which they would have no sympathy, and which would impose obligations which the American people did not desire to assume.

Upon these issues, the American people, by an overwhelming majority exceeding one million votes, refused to grant the President an unlimited moral authority to commit them to any peace programme, and, incidentally, thus manifested their repugnance to some of the "Fourteen Points," including the freedom of the seas and any league of nations which would impair the sovereignty of the United States. (I may say parenthetically that the President's "Fourteen Points" represented only his individual opinion, and did not, either legally or even morally, commit the Senate, to whom the Constitution had given the power to accept or reject any proposed Treaty negotiated to give binding obligation to the "Fourteen Points.")

Not less significant was the well-known but too soon forgotten fact that when, shortly thereafter, President Wilson announced his intention to go to Paris, the announcement was met with a storm of protest throughout all America, a protest in which his closest advisers and his most ardent journalistic supporters joined. It may be doubted whether the sentiment of the American people was ever expressed with greater unanimity. No one can gainsay the fact that President Wilson went to Paris in the teeth of almost universal opposition in his own country and without respect to party.

In this, the invincible common sense of the American people was again manifested. From their own bitter experience, they reasoned—even thought subconsciously—that President Wilson's nebulous theories—compounded of scholastic formalism and a vapoury internationalism—would only cloud the skies and muddy the waters of the Paris Peace Conference. Contemporaneous judgment has only anticipated the verdict of posterity that the Paris Conference would have made a better peace if President Wilson had not injected into an infinitely complex and surpassingly difficult problem his illusory abstractions.

When he returned in February with the first draft of the Covenant of the League, the American people again gave notice

to the world in an unmistakable manner that they did not favour it, and, to "make assurance doubly sure," more than one-third of the Senate—which had the power to defeat any treaty—gave formal notice by the so-called "round robin" that the proposed Covenant would not be accepted by the American people.

Whatever the verdict of history may be as to the failure of the European Peace Commissioners to give due consideration to the limited character of President Wilson's credentials when he first went to Paris, and while it will undoubtedly recognise the great difficulty of any such inquiry by them at that time, even though the American people had, in the preceding November, given an emphatic expression to their views; yet when more than a third of the Senate thus formally stated to the Peace Conference that the requisite two-thirds could not be obtained for the Covenant as originally drafted, it will amaze posterity that in the grave crisis which then confronted Europe, the statesmen of Europe paid so little heed to the action of the Senate, but continued to follow President Wilson, as the children of Hamelin followed the Pied Piper. It is true that when the Senate gave this significant warning of its final action, in February, 1919, the Supreme Council, in President Wilson's absence, did wisely conclude that the League of Nations should be made the subject of a future and supplemental Treaty. This was the part of wisdom and safety, and had that policy been adhered to, there can be no question that the Senate of the United States would have ratified the Peace Treaty, with the exception of the Shantung clauses, as to which it would have contented itself with a mere disclaimer of responsibility.

Unfortunately, on President Wilson's return to Paris, the European statesmen, responsive to his demand, reconsidered their action, and again forced the Covenant back into the Treaty, and thus again made the fatal blunder of inextricably interweaving the Covenant with the Treaty.

Americans take a just pride in the fact that the American Senate accepted the challenge, and refused to permit its high prerogative to be defeated by that which was virtually a policy of coercion. The action of the Supreme Council in this matter was a fatal blunder. That was the time for the Peace Commissioners to demand that President Wilson should reconcile his pretensions of absolute power with the Constitution of the United States and the action of a majority of the American Senate.

This will be more clear to English readers if the situation be reversed.

Let us suppose that England had a rigid, written Constitution which limited the power of its Government by providing that

neither the Prime Minister nor the King, in whose name the Prime Minister acts, could make a Treaty unless two-thirds of the House of Commons concurred in its wisdom. With this limitation of authority, let us suppose that Mr. Lloyd George had dissolved Parliament before the Peace Conference met, and had appealed to the English electorate to give him a mandate to negotiate a Treaty of Peace with a league of nations as an integral part thereof, and that on this issue the English people had elected a House of Commons in opposition to the Prime Minister by overwhelming majorities. In such an event, Lloyd George would have resigned. Let us suppose that he had had a fixed tenure of power, like the President of the United States, and had thereupon announced that he intended to proceed in person to Paris to negotiate a Treaty upon the principles as to which he had vainly appealed to the electorate for a vote of confidence.

Let us further suppose that, under these circumstances, Mr. Lloyd George had gone to Paris, in opposition to general public sentiment irrespective of party, and had negotiated a Treaty with the objectionable provision, and that, during the progress of the negotiations, more than one-third of the new House of Commons had signed a formal statement that they would not accept the proposed league of nations in the form negotiated by the Prime Minister. Let us imagine that Mr. Lloyd George proceeded to negotiate the Treaty with the objectionable features, and then submitted it to the House of Commons. Can anyone question that an English House of Commons, as always jealous of the maintenance of its Constitutional institutions, would reject a Treaty an integral part of which had been negotiated in open defiance to its wishes?

Finally, I ask my English readers to suppose that, under these conditions, France and the United States accused Great Britain of bad faith and charged them with a "repudiation" of their moral obligations. Would not the English people bitterly resent the imputation?

In view of these facts, how can any Englishman or Frenchman fairly say that the American people have acted in bad faith or have "repudiated" any obligation? The conscience of America is so free from reproach in this respect that any intimation that she has acted in bad faith will intensify the growing feeling in America against any further participation in world politics; for the one outstanding result of the long debate in the Senate has been a swift and portentous reaction in the American mind in favour of the policy of isolation which, while adapted to America's infancy, is no longer worthy of one of the master States of the world.

Another misinterpretation is not less irritating and mischievous. Thoughtful Americans have read with surprise the repeated statements in the English and French Press to the effect that the opposition to the League of Nations in the United States Senate is a narrow and partisan one, dictated, on the one hand, by a disposition of the Republican Party to play politics, and accentuated by a strong personal dislike of President Wilson and a desire to deprive him of his laurels.

* This suggestion is as unworthy and unjust as the other suggestion, so frequently voiced by European statesmen in congratulatory addresses to President Wilson, that it was his sagacious statesmanship which led the American people into the war. The fact is that the American people led their President into the war, and that there was never a time, from the sinking of the "Lusitania," that they would not have participated in the war if President Wilson had given any intimation of his willingness to recommend that action. With admirable discipline they waited for their Chief Executive to give the word of command, and finally compelled him to give it.

It is equally unfair to suggest that the defeat by the Senate of the Treaty is a narrow exhibition of rancorous partisanship. It is true that the votes in the Senate to some extent divided upon party lines. This was only so because a large majority of the Democratic Senators felt constrained to support the President in one of his vital policies. But not only did a considerable minority of the Democratic Senators oppose the Treaty; but, if it had not been for its inevitable effect upon the next Presidential election, it is altogether probable that a majority of the Democratic Senators would have joined their Republican colleagues in rejecting the League of Nations. The votes taken on the amendments and reservations and upon the final resolution of ratification do not represent the full force of the opposition to the abandonment of America's traditional policy.

While it is true that, with few exceptions, the Republican Senators refused to accept the Covenant without reservations which virtually nullified it for practical purposes, yet it is an error to assume that it was done for partisan or personal reasons. So far as partisan advantage was concerned, the Republican Senators, when the League was first submitted, had much to gain by accepting it; for when the President brought the first draft of the Covenant from Paris last February, there was an undoubted disposition of the American people to accept it, not because they liked it, but because they were indisposed to complicate a critical world situation by rejecting that which had been done in their name, even though they had given ample and thrice-repeated

warnings that they did not favour the League of Nations. It was then common opinion in the United States that the Republican Party was almost certain to be returned to power, in the Presidential election of 1920. There were thousands of Republicans of the type of ex-President Taft and President Lowell, of Harvard University, who warmly favoured the League of Nations; and at that time it seemed probable that, if the Republican Senators opposed the League of Nations, it might result in a party schism that would lessen the probability, amounting almost to a moral certainty, of their return to power. If, on the contrary, they accepted the League of Nations, and such action disappointed the American people, the primary responsibility would be that of the Democratic administration which negotiated it. The Republican Party had much to gain and little to lose, as it then seemed, by a policy of inaction, or tacit acquiescence in President Wilson's League.

From every standpoint of party advantage, therefore, the Republican Senators could have ratified the Covenant of the League; but upon the broadest grounds of patriotism and because the Covenant would permanently affect the destinies of the American people, they preferred to risk a party schism to defeat the project which, in entire good faith, they regarded as a menace to the best interests of the United States, and, indeed, of the world, which could only be injured by following this will-of-the-wisp into the morass of disaster in which civilisation now finds itself.

Even more unworthy is the suggestion that the opposition was actuated by a mean envy of President Wilson's laurels or a dislike of his personal methods. This phase of the matter I do not care to discuss; for all Americans feel, without regard to their previous opinions, a deep sorrow at the physical calamity that has befallen the President, and they are indisposed now to express the resentment which they once undoubtedly had as to the President's attempt to force the Covenant upon them by methods which, if they did not contradict the letter of the Constitution, certainly violated its spirit. Undoubtedly the attempt to defeat the prerogative of the Senate by interweaving the Covenant with the Peace Treaty did accentuate the opposition; but it is an altogether different proposition to suggest that this natural resentment against an extra-Constitutional method was due to any personal dislike of Mr. Wilson. The sooner that the French and British Press, responsive to the suggestions of President Wilson's American newspaper organs, drop this line of argument the better; for if the American Senate had felt that the Covenant could be accepted in the form adopted by the Paris Conference,

they would have done so, without regard to their views with respect to the President's personality and methods. To assume otherwise is to impute to the American Senate—and indeed to the American people—an unworthy and indeed ignoble attitude.

In attempting to interpret American public opinion I have some reasons for my conclusions. I have just returned from a speaking tour throughout the United States, in which I travelled over seven thousand miles and addressed nearly thirty public meetings. It is difficult for anyone to interpret public opinion in America unless he has had such an experience; for the country is a vast one, and that which is true of New York is not necessarily true of California. The impression made upon me in thus mingling with thousands of my fellow countrymen throughout the United States and covering a period of nearly three months was that the thoughtful people of America were deeply interested in the question, with a preponderating and swiftly increasing majority against any participation by the United States in such a proposed League. As the debate progressed in the Senate, a remarkable change of opinion took place. In some large cities, where, in February, it was impossible to organise a meeting to oppose the League, five months later the sentiment against it was overwhelming.

I am writing several days after the Senate has rejected the League, and it is significant that there is little disappointment expressed by the American Press, outside of the narrow, partisan Press.

I have so far spoken of the thoughtful people of the country. As to the masses, the swift reaction against further participation in European local questions was unmistakable, in no class more so than in that of the returning soldiers.

This last result is one of the tragic results of this misguided attempt to create a super-State. When the Armistice was signed, the American people had so far abandoned their former policy of so-called "splendid isolation" that they would have approved and welcomed a recognised *entente* between Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States. Never was the opportunity more auspicious. Unfortunately, too much was attempted. It is now obvious that the United States, while willing to be the helpful friend of its sister democracies, was not disposed to be a partner of a large number of nations, some democratic and some autocratic, and with some of whom she had scant sympathy. The greatest opportunity to combine the liberal and kindred democracies of the world into an effective *entente* has been largely wasted.

Especially deplorable is the effect of this misguided attempt upon Anglo-American relations. The maintenance of those rela-

tions is of more consequence than any league of nations. It may not be too much to say that the best hope of the world rests upon the friendly co-operation of the two great divisions of the English-speaking race.

If this great *entente* did not rest upon a surer foundation than the Paris Peace Conference and the League of Nations, the thoughtful man could only despair of the future of civilisation. Fortunately, even the folly of the League of Nations cannot destroy the strong foundation upon which the Anglo-Franco-American *entente* now rests. That foundation consists not only of kindred interests and ideals, which will inevitably make for co-operation; but upon the powerful, though sentimental, fact of the comradeship of arms. It is cemented by the blood of those who fell in battle and now sleep in France. No temporary differences or passing irritation can destroy the sacred blood comradeship of the great alliance. The spirit that will preserve it was never more nobly voiced than by Abraham Lincoln in concluding his first great Inaugural:—

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

JAMES M. BECK.

A MAN'S PRAYER.

THE earth cries aloud to the Heavens with the voice of the winds
and the seas,

In confusion of heart through the ages, man cryeth out even as
these—

O Lord, from the pit of this turmoil,
Give us ease!

The Heavens are black with great clouds, and filled with the
noise of their rain,

From the uttermost parts of the earth, the heart of man cries
in pain—

O Lord, from this travail of sorrow,
Save again!

On the cliffs and the rocks of the sea, break the troubled waves,
and the tides,

Like foam from the shock of their strife, the life of man flickers
and dies.

O Lord, from the death of this living,
Bid us rise!

From the barren heart of the mountain where scorn piles height
upon height:

From dank marshes th' home of oblivion; from forests where
never is light,

O Lord! like their prayer, ours come to thee
Through this night.

All the birth of the worlds were molten, and the heart of the
world is fire:

And the pulse of their flame is in us, the reflection of their desire.

O Lord! to a place in Thy heaven,
Behold we sinful aspire.

ARTHUR E. LLOYD MAUNSELL.

THE ETHER VERSUS RELATIVITY.

A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY, AND A SUGGESTION FOR EXPERIMENT.

THE meritorious effort of Mr. Denton, of the Northampton Polytechnic Institute, to explain the elementary foundations and general bearing of the Theory of Relativity in words of one syllable (so to speak) in the *Times Educational Supplement* of December 4th, 1919, will suffice to show the general reader how complicated and artificial the whole thing is.

In saying that, I am not abusing the genius of Einstein and his brilliant disciples. I can but admire the skill with which they wield their ponderous instrument; and in so far as they get results which stand the test of observation they are fully justified. They themselves will admit that the complete theory is complicated, and involves an unusual kind of mathematical calculus; but they have a doctrine—most of them—that our physical theories, perhaps all our theories, are founded upon convenience rather than upon an impossible striving towards absolute truth. They hold that one theory may be handier, or more comprehensive, or more useful, or more convenient than another, as a statement of what occurs in nature, but that we have no right to call one truer than another. They may hold that we can consider the sun as revolving round the earth, or the earth as revolving round the sun, according to the way we want to deal with some problem; but that convenience of statement is no test of truth. And, in fact, that absolute truth, in these as well as in all other matters, is beyond us.

With this attitude, if I have not misrepresented their position, I totally disagree. I hold that, although our theories may be partially erroneous, they aim at truth. It is not convenience only towards which we are devoting time and energy, but absolute truth; though, of course, we can only hope to attain it in scraps. The earth really does rotate on its axis; the host of heaven does not revolve around it once a day. And no amount of convenience or inconvenience of treatment will make these assertions anything but true as far as they go. The oblateness of the earth is due to its rotation, and not to some imaginary influence of revolving stars.

Take another concrete case. I hold that either the ether exists, or it does not exist. It is a question of fact, not of convention. I hold also that there is only one ether, so far discovered or likely to be discovered, and that as regards locomotion it is stationary; that all motion is the motion of matter through it, and that this is

absolute motion in the only sense we can give to that term. Motion through ether is the only thing we can mean by "absolute motion." The ether is our standard of reference.

For convenience we may legitimately treat an observer as fixed and the ether as streaming past him, just as we may reduce any particle of matter or any body to rest for the purpose of writing down its behaviour with respect to surrounding bodies; but such treatment is recognised as pure convention, not reality. It is infinitely unlikely that any given piece of matter is really, in the absolute sense, stationary. We all, in the custom of our daily lives, reduce the earth to rest, *i.e.*, we ignore its motion, and attend only to motion relative to it. To express absolutely the motion of railway trains and steamboats would be a silly complication. Yet everything *has* an absolute motion, and for exceptional purposes it may be necessary to attend to it. The ether is not really streaming past an observer. It is stationary, and he is moving through it. But, so far as he can observe, he can detect no difference.

An imaginary pragmatist might say, Then there is no difference. If any pragmatist does say so, then I differ with that pragmatist. I differ even on his own test of how far it affects conduct. To tell a man that he is moving through a medium but that he can never find out his rate of motion, and that the existence of the medium will never appeal to him nor make any practical difference, is not the same thing as telling him that no such medium exists. For the former statement might set him wondering whether he could not make some discriminating experiment. To tell a man that he has inherited a fortune sunk in the ocean or buried in an unknown island, and that he can never get at it, may be the means of stimulating him to all manner of hazardous and probably unremunerative adventures. So, on the pragmatistical test, the truth, contrasted with convention, does affect conduct.

The simplicity and straightforwardness of the idea of absolute motion, and of the ether as an infinitely extended uniform medium with specific properties generally denoted in Physics by the letters K and μ , transmitting light at a definite pace and itself stationary, is so clear and manifest that we should be foolish to give it up needlessly except on clear demonstration that it is false. Not a single known fact demonstrates that. The new theories try other methods of expressing the facts, methods which in skilled hands turn out fertile, and so seem to acquire a justification. But they only really and effectively justify themselves if they prove *true*, *i.e.*, if they really represent actual fact, and not merely express the results of our sophisticated observation.

For that the experience of an observer is sophisticated by his

own motion is obvious; the fact is known to every traveller in a railway train who looks out of window. And if such a traveller maintains that he is entitled to deny his own motion, or to say that his motion has no meaning, and that the furrows in the fields may with equal truth be said to be contorting themselves as they appear to be—or that the difference between the two statements is only one of convenience—then he is making just the kind of misstatement against which I am contending.

The relativists are anxious to maintain the velocity of light as a fixed unalterable constant, independent of all motion and of what the observer may be doing. On the stationary-ether theory this goes without saying. If the ether were really streaming past an observer at a certain pace it would certainly carry with it any light coming from a distant source, and would thereby increase its velocity relative to the observer: though I agree that he might not be able to find that out. The light would still be travelling through the ether at its own proper pace, but it would be partly conveyed by the motion of the medium as well. It has no connection with the observer and no connection with the source. It consists of waves advancing through their own proper medium. Whatever the source is doing makes no difference to the speed of light—any more than the subsequent motion of a ship would affect the speed of a swimmer after he had jumped overboard and left it. He swims on at his own pace to his destination. If the ship, having dropped him, steams away from him in the opposite direction, and if it is the only thing on which a bearing can be taken, a spectator may imagine that the man is swimming faster than he really is. But if the spectator is on a boat putting out to meet the swimmer, and if the boat keeps its fixed distance from the ship, and if the ship is the only object to be seen, everything will appear normal, and the man's real speed will be his apparent speed, as obtained by estimating the distance of the (receding) ship and the time taken in transit. The water being stationary, everything is simple. (The reader must be lenient with the analogy and remember that the supposed spectator is unaware of his own and the ship's motion, and cannot see the man till he arrives.) If, however, the man swam from point to point down a river, it is obvious that his speed relatively to the banks would be greater, though relatively to the water it would be the same as before. The reason we so easily admit that is because we can use the land as a standard of reference. We have no standard of that sort in a stream of ether.

The theory of relativity says that we have no means of ascertaining any motion except that relative to source and receiver. And that is true on any theory; for we do not observe light itself,

we observe the object that emits the light; and if that object is stationary with respect to us, the motion of the medium or our motion through the medium passes unknown.

I contend, however, that whereas motion is a property of matter, the ether of space must as a whole be at rest—whatever significance we can give to the rather undefinable term “rest.” And yet when source and observer are both fixed to earth, and so both moving together, they cannot at present tell their motion, for only relative motion of source and observer can be perceived. The uniformity of the ether is the difficulty. If we could have a down-stream in one place and an up-stream in another, observation would be possible. An optical observation of this kind was actually made, in the middle of last century, by the Fizeau experiment with two parallel opposite water currents; but no one supposes that we can control ether drift and localise it, as we can streams of water. So we all agree that the velocity of light in space, *i.e.*, in ether, is fixed and definite. We also all agree that our motion through the ether has never yet been observed, and that if we assume the impossibility of observing it by any suggested experiment, however ingenious, we shall probably, for some time, be quite right. And in so far as this assumption of impossibility enables us to obtain theoretical results, we are justified in making that assumption provisionally, just as we do more positively by assuming the impossibility of “perpetual motion.”

We need not admit that never by any means whatever shall we be able to observe motion through the ether; but now that gravitation has shown that it no longer holds aloof, but can be included in the same class with other forces, the chances are heavier against us than they were before.

The difficulty is caused by everything in the ether going at the same pace. If electric signals had travelled differently from optical signals, there would have been a chance; but light is itself an electro-magnetic phenomenon, and now—by this eclipse verification of the predicted deflection of a ray of light—gravity has shown electro-magnetic relations likewise. So has cohesion, and every known force.

The ether is clearly one; and so uniform in properties that it cannot be brought to book by anything in our present knowledge. We know that it must possess an electric and a magnetic constant, but as yet we know neither their nature nor their value—at least not with any certainty, apart from reasoned speculation. The one metrical thing we know about the ether is the speed at which it transmits waves.

To attribute such a property of wave-transmission to a mere

abstraction like geometrical space, with nothing in it and no specifiable properties, is to stultify ourselves; at least, if we believe in the wave theory, and in the possibility of our ascertaining and stating the truth of reality, and not only in our undoubted power of writing down convenient equations.

So far I have spoken as if we had no power of making any kind of ether-stream—as if no part of it could ever be put into locomotion. But that is not certain. And in the view of competent mathematical physicists an exception must be made for a magnetic field. It has not been proven, but it is quite possible, and as some think likely, that some ether is very slowly flowing along lines of magnetic force; so that, in a very strong field, refined optical means might be found of detecting the flow. For our magnetic fields need not be all in one direction: we may have a reverse field adjacent and parallel to a direct one, and we may split a beam of light into two and send each half down one of these fields—one with, one against, the ether flow—and then reunite them and look for shift of interference bands when the magnetism is reversed.

I have done this—I did it at Liverpool carefully many years ago—the experiment is described in the *Philosophical Magazine* for April, 1907; but the speed of magnetic streaming to be expected, on my estimate of ether-density, is admittedly much too slow to be observed, unless extraordinary and expensive means are employed. I feel sure that the experiment ought to be repeated under greater advantages, because it would prove or disprove a rational theory of magnetism, and would, moreover, give us (if successful) a measure of the density of ether. The two ether constants would both at once become known. We already know their product, μK ; all we need now is to measure one of them. The suggested experiment would in all probability do it. A positive result of this kind would have an enormous effect on our knowledge of nature, in what are at present its hidden parts; and I see no reason why a National Laboratory should not undertake such an experiment, as detailed in my special paper on the subject in the *Philosophical Magazine* for May, 1919.

The strength of the theory of relativity is the negative result, hitherto, of all direct experiments on the ether. All successful experiments, hitherto, have involved the motion of matter relative to matter. Hence the idea has arisen that nothing else can ever be observed. A single positive result on the ether itself would discredit the theory of relativity as a statement of real fact—it would certainly curb its more fantastic moods—and would start us on a happier and simpler crusade.

One thing must be emphasised. Any talk about several ethers, or about an ether attached to the earth, is nonsense; and one would think can only be seriously suggested in order to bring into contempt the whole idea of a universal omnipresent continuous medium which welds the discrete particles of matter into an organised cosmos.

I feel inclined to borrow Newton's mode of expression here, and to say that no one with a competent faculty for rational philosophising can dispense with such a unifying medium, in the light of familiar facts open to our perception. Without it we are all *in vacuo* and unable to conceive the mechanism of the simplest force between separated bodies. And all bodies are separated. Matter is porous to an extraordinary degree, as porous as a solar system.

With Matter alone, the universe cannot be got to work. With Mind alone, metaphysicians may some day be able to manage it. But from the point of view of a Natural Philosopher, however far the achievement of Idealistic Monism can ultimately be pushed, we cannot speak in that language yet. And however things be ultimately explained, for present purposes three fundamental things are required: viz., Mind, with its rudiment Life; Matter, with its element the electric charge; and Ether, with its fundamental properties equivalent to elasticity and inertia—the vehicle of gravitation, the foundation of Electricity and Magnetism, and the transmitter of their interaction, Light.

OLIVER LODGE.

FICTION : AUTUMN, 1919.

I.

IN attempting a survey, upon merely personal principles of selection, of a number of the novels which have made their appearance between September and Christmas of the year just closed, it would not be fair, either to the writers or to the readers of novels, to conceal the fact that there has been a war. The autumn fiction season of 1919 has been essentially a transition season. It has seen the appearance, by the normal emergencies of the trade of authorship—to which have been added emergencies of the trade of publishing which have not been normal—of novels written during war together with novels written after war; and the first start on a footing not altogether level with the second. The first, it is at least likely, were conceived in a spirit of duty which, if it has not deserted the novelist, is pretty certain to have deserted his auditors. The second, on the other hand, have every likelihood of having been conceived in a spirit of relief, as at an incubus removed. Like children graced in their conception, these should have the happier chance. There is to be added to them, of course, although for these it is a little early, those novels of war written not in a spirit of duty, but of quite cool and calculating resolve. One of these combatant's novels, and one only, we shall find on our list. The greater number of those practising the art of fiction, with established recognition, in the autumn of 1919 were practising it, one thinks, in the autumn of 1914; and one is not conscious in the case of more than one or two of them that the intervening years have been marked by a cessation of their labours. The young novelists who have seen war, and who have come home with the determination that others shall see it, are not at present altogether so observable a phenomenon as the young poets who have done the same thing. But these, as has been remarked, are as yet early days; and even now the great war novel may be meditating. It took Tolstoy six years to settle down to *War and Peace*, and then he cast his own experiences, for greater objectivity, into a war of fifty years before.

We come then to our novels conceived in a spirit of duty, and this seems quite the kindest interpretation to put upon Mr. Galsworthy's. Mr. Wells the other day—in an extremely spirited preface to that very spirited fantasia, *The Gay-Donbays*, which

unfortunately does not fall quite within our period—spoke of the "pure" novelist, with just the faintest tinge of roguish malice; and surely, in the sense that we may suppose to have been Mr. Wells's, Mr. Galsworthy is the purest novelist who ever lived. He really could make a novel, we feel—sensitive, understanding, refined, and guaranteed up to the personal brand—out of anything. At all events Mr. Galsworthy has made a novel out of the war, as experienced upon the home front. Mr. Galsworthy has a curious instinct for going straight for a gate which we should expect the novelist to fall at; but Mr. Galsworthy does not fall, he rides off a chivalrous figure of social sympathy. In his *Saint's Progress* Mr. Galsworthy goes straight for the War Baby. That the war baby is in itself something which one thinks of, if one thinks of it at all, as grossly exaggerated, almost as an exploded newspaper myth, like the Russians, does not deter Mr. Galsworthy, but, on the contrary, characteristically, stimulates him. It is as if he said to us, very gravely: "There *were* war babies, and I will show you one." He does, and it is impossible to deny, such is Mr. Galsworthy's art, that his specimen possesses perfect authenticity. If, in cold blood, and with our frigid social prepossessions which have survived a war, we can doubt the lapse of Noel Pierson, daughter of a Bloomsbury clergyman, have we not her impassioned statement—"I did it so that we should belong to each other"? But Mr. Galsworthy has spared us nothing of proof, nothing of passionate conviction. It *must* have been so. The English countryside, peaceful, beautiful; the beginning of love, love under the hothouse conditions of war, under the shadow of impending orders; the permission for marriage refused, delayed, disliked—oh, yes, from the best motives, from the kindest, most fatherly motives, but these war marriages, my dear, they give no time—no time—the coming of orders, sudden at the last, instantaneous, a last walk, a few hours, only a few, hours, in a muddy field. . . . Horrible, horrible! Then London, Victoria, khaki, khaki, and more khaki, a moment's embrace behind milk-cans, one of those partings, the train going out, a figure, a face, a waving hand. . . . Mr. Galsworthy's porters, Mr. Galsworthy's policemen, are kind, so kind and sympathetic and understanding. When the blow comes (we are conducted to France for the purpose, and in a single numbered section Mr. Galsworthy gives us communication trenches, assembly trenches, the barrage lifting, young Morland's body "shot through and through") it is upon Edward Pierson, Mr. Galsworthy's saint, that its force falls. A skilfully realised figure; his church, his music, the memory of his dead wife, his girls, this war—horrible, but fine, fine, the elder nursing, married to a

doctor, a materialist, the younger——. The blow falls, the blow not of the boy's death, but of his girl's shame. It is the last night of the year, and Edward Pierson, wounded, sorely stricken, has spent it in slippers and dressing gown, on the couch of his working room. The dawn breaks :

"Is that you, Bessie?"

"The girl turned: 'Yes, sir. I'm sorry I woke you, sir. 'Appy New Year, sir!'

"Ah, yes. 'A Happy New Year, Bessie.'"

How often has Mr. Galsworthy worked upon our emotions just thus; how skilfully he still does it; and how sure, how very sure we are, that it does not matter.

We turn next, I think, perhaps by some kind of association, to Mr. Morley Roberts. Mr. Morley Roberts has written many books, in many moods; sad books, and jolly books; books which have seemed to call for attention, and other books which have not so much seemed to call for attention, but have sometimes better deserved it. *Hearts of Women* is a book which calls for attention. The war is in it, but hardly of it: to turn from the last book to this one is to find the war infinitely receded and become a background. There is a war baby in it, but the war baby is in the background. Mr. Morley Roberts is sorry for women; one has the impression that Mr. Morley Roberts is always sorry for women, in his more serious works, and that the war has but heightened this sorrow. His book is "a study of a group." Beatrice is unmarried, is pining for children, but her man (one forgets his name) is at the war, and is not free. Beatrice's sister, Ann, is married to John, a brutal city man, and would be free to give happiness to a painter. Theo, their cousin, has achieved happiness in her own way, and she it is who, returning from Italy, brings into the book the war baby, whose father, an officer in the Italian army, in the most literal sense does not matter. Hilary and George, another pair, are, as if by miracle, happily married. Here we have Mr. Roberts's group, and for one half of his book he plays variations very happily upon it. But we soon scent what Mr. Roberts is after: Mr. Roberts is after tragedy, and when Mr. Roberts is after tragedy his books cannot for long hold out against him. This book becomes Ann—Ann, and the brute John, and the painter, and Ann's and John's little girl, whose name we will not trouble about; and the rest become chorus, a suitable tragic chorus. While Beatrice pines for love, but is denied by marriage, Ann is tortured by marriage, and pines for love outside it. "Marriage is nothing; love is everything." Ann, worked on by the cruelty of her husband, worked on by the scarcely concealed encourage-

ment of those about her, makes the great decision : in the absence of her husband she goes to her painter by night, but her painter dies in her arms of heart failure. Ann, stupefied with grief, yet sees ruin facing her : perhaps it is not she who sees it so clearly as Beatrice, to whose house she comes after midnight. She comes at an exciting moment for the reader ; John has returned, unexpectedly suspicious, has been assured on the telephone by Beatrice that his wife is spending the night with her, and has been tricked by a ruse in which the accidental resemblance of a maid's hair to Ann's plays a part. Ann really comes, and John returns. He detects the ruse, is drunk, mad, and nothing will stop him. He beats on the bedroom door, while within Ann, giving her child to drink out of the same glass, takes poison. All the chorus are suitably grouped : the bed with its tragic loading—everything is effective. An effective scene is that in which Beatrice goes straight round to the house of John, finds him, a sinister figure being kind to his dog, and breaks, not gently, the news to him which he has rushed away without learning. Mr. Morley Roberts knows to the full the value of the return to the normal after tragedy ; his minor protagonists are shown being happy again, and Beatrice, when her man returns on leave, has learned enough to be good to him, wife or no wife. "Life should be so beautiful ; life is so very cruel, especially to women." It may be so ; it even is so ; but Mr. Morley Roberts has shown not life being cruel, nor even war being cruel, but only a certain John being cruel, who does not convince us, at any rate as an advisable husband.

Two further studies of society against the background of war we have—both of them, may we suggest, duty books in a degree that Mr. Morley Roberts's was not altogether? Of the two, Mr. Cannan's and Miss Romer Wilson's, one prefers Miss Wilson's. For one thing, Miss Wilson is the younger artist. In a writer so experienced by now as Mr. Cannan, we are not sure that the minor achievement of *Time and Eternity* is excusable. To denominate it a minor achievement is to suggest that one knows what the book has achieved ; but the fact is that one does not know what it has achieved. Mr. Cannan calls his book "a tale of three exiles," and all three—Perekatov, Valerie du Toit, Stephen Lawrie—are out of the war, above the battle. So much one apprehends of them. The first is a Russian journalist, the second a young woman of birth and means from South Africa, the third a Scottish young gentleman from Manchester, in his third or fourth incarnation in Mr. Cannan's fiction. The book takes the form of a conversation (not a continuous conversation—that is reserved for Miss Dane) which precipitates a murder ;

but the murder does not really impose form upon the conversation. As for the war society which moves around the talking principals, we do not very vividly recognise it; but only that it is distasteful to Mr. Cannan. One is afraid the fact is that Mr. Cannan, despite superficial appearances, has taken himself easily again. If we remember *Martin Schuler*, we may think that Miss Rømer Wilson has taken herself easily. But the first book of a promising writer ought not to be remembered against his or her second book. First books are written, sometimes, from conviction; and second books are written, very often, from professional expediency. There is plenty of time for Miss Wilson to write another *Martin Schuler*. If *All These Young Men*, in the meantime, is written out of her stock-in-trade: her sensibilities. They are sensibilities which one likes, and, in its own way, one likes her book. To claim for it that its incoherence, one might almost say its inconsequence, quite consciously and deliberately sets out to mirror or typify the mood of a section of 1918 society, would be to claim, one thinks, too much. Nevertheless, Miss Wilson's book secures a more fresh effect of truthfulness than Mr. Cannan's. There really is oppression over it—over the young women in it, and the young men they found in that spring to hand; and there are pleasant pictures of the country, which affords Miss Wilson's young people their relief.

Against the four books we have chosen, which in varying degree have "done" the war at home, we have now to set the book which makes a solitary attempt to "do"—the war. This is Mr. A. P. Herbert's *The Secret Battle*. Mr. Herbert's book is better than good journalism; it is very nearly a good novel. It has surely "done" Gallipoli, and it has done France, less finally, but better than one has seen it done elsewhere. Mr. Herbert's (probably true) story of a young officer shot for cowardice has served him both well and ill. It has served him well, in the sense that it has given him something simple and single for his imagination to work upon, while it re-creates the field of war; but it has served him ill, in the sense that it has tied him down to those actual truths of fact which are sometimes less convincing than the imaginative truths of fiction. Too much in Mr. Herbert's narrative is made to hang on accidental enmities and chance re-meetings; and its final effect is not to say, "In war this is the kind of thing which happens," so much as, "In the late war, owing to an accumulation of fortuitous circumstances, and to a defect in the procedure of Field General Courts-martial since reformed, this thing on one occasion at least did actually happen." The reader may think that Mr. Herbert set out with the former intention rather than the latter, and may be

inclined to attribute his partial failure to inexperience. This partial failure reduces the effect of his book, but it does not destroy it; and *The Secret Battle* remains up to the present the one important example of the combatant's novel.

II.

We make a break, and get away from the war novels. Mr. Swinnerton's *September* is a novel into which the war enters, but it is not a novel conditioned by the war. Its theme, in a more complete degree than that of Mr. Morley Roberts, exists without it. Mr. Swinnerton is not interested in pleading the war in extenuation of anything. For the first time, in his novel, the war is strictly an irrelevancy, an intrusion; and this is what it is going to be in a great many novels for a good many years to come. The contemporary novelist, however, is primarily interested in his contemporaries, so that Mr. Swinnerton's Marian Forster lives, in this novel, through the years 1914 and 1915. It might even be asserted that Mr. Swinnerton's Cherry is true, and belongs recognisably, to those years, and to the years subsequent to them, in a degree in which she would not have been true, or belonged recognisably, to any years prior to them. This may be so; but essentially Mr. Swinnerton's study of persons is true with a truth that is not limited by accidents of time or locality. He has, that it to say, a theme of universal and not merely particular interest, and he works it out in the most convenient setting. Mr. Swinnerton's theme is that of the passing of romantic love, from the age to which it is less, to the age at which it is more, proper. His heroine is a woman in her last thirties, to whom fifteen years of marriage have not brought contentment. Late in her summer comes, as she thinks, the prospect of that happiness which has been denied to her, in the love, outside marriage, of a man a dozen years her junior. But Nigel is of Cherry's generation, and Marian, despite disparity of years and sympathies, is of her husband Howard's. Howard and Cherry, Marian and Nigel—these combinations are against Nature; and Marian's realisation and acceptance of this fact is Mr. Swinnerton's story. Its success lies in a scrupulous and beautiful adherence to the truth of character. The whole of the story is enacted in the mind, and observed through the eyes, of Marian (although not, of course, in the crude first person); but such is the quality with which Mr. Swinnerton has endowed the central figure of his book that each of its other figures is drawn with an equal sympathy. For the merely technical accomplishment of a feat that is not a *tour de force* but a deliberate attainment of unity which

definitely justifies itself, it would not be possible to have too much admiration. Thus, no word is spoken of Cherry which is not Marian's thought of her at the particular moment; these thoughts pass, by the nature of the action, from harshness, through charity and mere puzzlement, to a warm liking; and all the way Mr. Swinnerton carries us not only with Marian, but with what we feel to be himself. Similarly, his scheme debars him from ever showing us Nigel and Cherry together without Marian; and yet the new orientation, which is the crisis of the book's emotional movement, is made entirely natural and convincing. Mr. Swinnerton has achieved two women admirable in their contrast, and the scenes between them are the finest in the book. The book itself is the best thing Mr. Swinnerton has done, better, because more difficult, than his *Nocturne*, and the most serious achievement of the season's fiction.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie, for the moment, has eschewed serious achievement. Nevertheless he has achieved the most genuine personal success, not only of the season, but of the year. *Poor Relations* has been everybody's diversion, and it has been everybody's diversion because it has been Mr. Mackenzie's. There is plenty of time to take Michael Fane and his Sylvia through the rest of the war; in the meantime Mr. Mackenzie is out for a holiday. This very sound instinct of Mr. Mackenzie's has been so heartily endorsed by his public that it becomes permissible to doubt whether Michael Fane and his Sylvia ever will be taken through the rest of the war. But sufficient for a season are the novels thereof; and Mr. Mackenzie has achieved a success which may incline his extremely individual gifts, we feel, into any direction, even into that of the theatre. *Poor Relations* already has all the air of running an uncountable number of nights—as long as anything, more soberly romantic, of John Touchwood's. Mr. Mackenzie's dramatist, who achieves affluence by the simple and unblamable power he has of writing "rosified" plays, and then finds his family on his back, is a figure of comedy quite ripe for the stage. But if John Touchwood's creator turns aside to shine in another *milieu*, who is there that will not deplore the characteristic effects we shall miss?—

"Keep your eye on the ball," John gruffly advised him. "And don't shift your position."

"One, two, three," murmured Laurence, raising the club above his shoulder.

"Fore!" John shouted to a rash member of the household who was crossing the line of fire.

* "A lump of turf was propelled a few feet in the direction of the admonished figure, and the ball was hammered down into the soft earth.

"You distracted me by counting four," Laurence protested. "My intention was to strike at three. However, if at first you don't succeed . . ."

In Mr. Mackenzie's comic pages a kind of exemplified pun has come into its own, and it is an instrument very proper for the expression of exuberant vitality. It would be but a part of this book—but a part, for example, of the Rev. Laurence Armitage, cleric and stage neophyte—that would get into the theatre, however vigorously that part seems to clamour at times for entrance; and one is very glad to see the whole of it on the printed page, where for the most part it heartily justifies itself.

•Is the mantle which Mr. Mackenzie is perhaps preparing to doff, about to fall on the shoulders of Mr. Brett Young? It would be, of course, a mantle worn with a difference. But of all our round dozen, Mr. Brett Young is the only novelist who positively shows signs, a little late in the day, of starting off on the chronicle. His *Young Physician* is one Edward Ingleby, the son of a Midland chemist, and up to the present he has gone through one of our public schools and a medical course at North Bromwich University. Where others have been before Mr. Brett Young, as in the school pages, Mr. Brett Young sees sufficiently with his own eyes to be interesting; and where others have not been before him, as in the early history of a "medical," he steps into his own field, and has no difficulty in giving it authenticity. Why is it, therefore, that, in face of all Mr. Brett Young's excellent work, one finds oneself hesitating to accord the enthusiasm which should be due to it? Perhaps it is because one feels this to be to some extent a "made" chronicle; because one is not altogether unconscious of Mr. Brett Young stepping up and saying: "Now I am going to do it." Since Mr. Brett Young is certainly going to do it, we are fortunate that he has so many unmistakable qualifications. We leave Edward Ingleby, aged perhaps twenty-two and in the year 1901 or so, embarking as ship's doctor at Birkenhead Docks. On an earlier page we have read: "China. . . . Africa. . . . 'Some day,' he said to himself, 'I will go to Africa. . . .'"

From Mr. Brett Young one turns, without too great a jolt, to Miss Kaye Smith. Miss Kaye Smith's *Tamarisk Town* is also an excellent piece of work. One only does not know whether, if it had not been there, one would have missed it. For one thing, Mr. Oliver Onions had already written a somewhat similar history of the making of a seaside resort; and for another, it is of the essence of Miss Kaye Smith's fictions that we can hardly regard them as of spontaneous occurrence. It is in the carefully arranged landscape, with figures, that this writer excels. We do not know that her figures, even in their setting, move us on this occasion to very strong interest. A certain Edward Moneypenny is understood to be young, to conceive a town in love, and to

grow old in love for it ; but neither the passage of the man to age, nor that of the town to youth, stays in the memory as, extraordinarily life-like. One is conscious while one reads that it is being done, and one is conscious afterwards that it has been done. This is, no doubt, professional fiction, and of a good quality ; but there is no thrill in it.

Two books of our list remain, and they are both by women. Miss Clemence Dane's is a third book, Mrs. Virginia Woolf's a second ; and each has made a great impression, not equalled in this season, one thinks, by any male writer of kindred literary age. To take Miss Dane's *Legend* first. Miss Dane has set herself the interesting task of creating a character wholly by means of the conversation of other characters. To add to the disciplinary nature of her adventure, Miss Dane has decided that the whole of the conversation which forms her book shall take place on one evening, and in one room. This double event, the reader feels, should be good enough if Miss Dane can pull it off ; and it is not possible to deny that Miss Dane has pulled it off. But what is the nature of our interest ? The nature of our interest, one thinks, is purely technical or sporting. The thing has been done, is our first thought ; but our second thought is to ask just what precisely has been done. Technique, it seems, is rightly employed to give to the chosen theme the greatest possible effect ; but technique which seeks to give adventitious interest to a theme not intrinsically possessing it is perhaps not so rightly employed. Told in a complex fashion, a story is not an essentially different story from the same story told in a straightforward fashion. Miss Dane's story, told in a straightforward fashion, concerns a certain Madala Grey, who wrote very remarkable books, and wrote them because she was a very remarkable woman. She was, in a word, a genius ; and genius, we have reason to believe, is not conscious of its powers. But Madala Grey, being a professional writer, had to submit her writing life to the attentions of other people, who, while not possessing genius, were conscious of such powers as they possessed to their finger-tips. Thus Madala Grey became the *protégée*, and finally the mistress, of a coterie, but always eluded it. Madala Grey did the elemental things : she married and enjoyed friendship. The coterie thought the first a degradation of the artist, and the second an occasion for knowing scandal. Finally, while still in youth, and after one year of marriage, Madala Grey died ; and when the news of her death reached the assembled coterie its members talked about her, and revealed the measure in which she had eluded them. This is the point at which Miss Dane's book begins, and there seems to be a good reason why it should not begin earlier. If

it had begun earlier, it would not have appeared so remarkable a book. Judged purely on its merits, one would not have thought Miss Dane's a very promising theme; but Miss Dane has been clever enough to make us think it more interesting than it really is by presenting it to us not as a theme, but as a jigsaw puzzle. In the strictest sense her book is a *tour de force*. We are moved to admiration not by what Miss Dane has to give us, but by the manner in which she gives it to us. Viewed the next morning, it appears smaller work than we thought it; and we are even conscious of crudenesses imposed, instead of removed, by the chosen method of narration. Nevertheless, *Legend* is extremely interesting and laudable, as technical enterprise is bound to be. An average season is hardly likely to contain too much of it.

In reading Miss Dane's book one can hardly be unconscious that there was once a writer called Henry James; but in reading Mrs. Woolf's, there might be no other writers. One is unconscious of influence, unless it is that of Dostoevsky; but Dostoevsky cannot be an influence for an English writer, he can only be an inspiration. Certainly Mrs. Woolf's people do nothing curious in order to be in any foreign fashion, or because their creator is impossible. They do nothing, one would say generally, other than Mrs. Woolf would suppose them to be likely to do after somewhat exceptionally long acquaintance. This feeling of long, intimate, and enjoyable community of experience is thoroughly characteristic of Mrs. Woolf, and she shares it with her readers. It is largely imparted by sheer physical analogy: one lives in *Night and Day* a week or so in order to read it, and a week is a long time to spend in any fictional company. Mrs. Woolf writes long books, but she does so neither from diligence nor incompetence. She does not write longer books than several other authors, but she writes books that are longer in proportion to their subject-matter. Nevertheless, she fills space without niggling, and without inflation. Wherever the reader opens the book he will find it of an equal, and of an equally firm, texture. Everything follows in its due order, and everything is given what one feels to be its due weight. The only test of a long book is the cumulative test, and this test Mrs. Woolf's book passes. At the end one really knows a very great deal about her people; or, rather, it is not what one knows, but the degree of undocumented intimacy one possesses. After all, at the end of it, what does one know, in the sense of facts that could be produced before a jury? Ralph Denham gets to know Katherine Hilbery; Ralph knows also Mary Datchet; Katherine has known William Rodney for a very long time, and becomes engaged to marry him; Mary falls in love with Ralph; Ralph falls in love with Katherine; Katherine

falls out of love with William. This is the emotional situation by Mrs. Woolf's two-hundred-and-fiftieth page, at which point two couples on holiday, Katherine and William, Ralph and Mary, take their respective ways home after a chance meeting. During these walks home, Katherine tries to break off her engagement with William, but has not the heart; Ralph proposes marriage to Mary, but she has observed his feeling for Katherine, and refuses. With a mental "as we were" we start in on the second half of Mrs. Woolf's novel. On her three-hundred-and-sixtieth page there enters Cassandra, whose function it is to facilitate regrouping. These details may appear idle, but they are not so. Mrs. Woolf is generous to herself in the matter of space, but she knows what she is doing. Theoretically, it may be that some unwritten law of proportion is disobeyed by her. After reading one hundred and eighty thousand words one ought, perhaps, to possess an *Idiot*; one ought, that is to say, to have laid hold of a touchstone. *Night and Day* is not a touchstone, but merely a long, although not a really complex, story. One may think it probable that in the future Mrs. Woolf will write shorter books, and yet find this a very good one, and, with Mr. Swinnerton's, the best of the season.

P. P. HOWE.

BOLT SEVENTEEN.

DURING the final stages of the war a little group of women met to discuss a wider utilisation of those new sources of energy revealed, or emphasised, by the Government "Call to Women."

•The members of the aforesaid group (most of whom were active in national service) had found fresh cause to deplore the non-existence of some common and regular meeting-ground for women awakened to a sense of public responsibility.

In contrast to an earlier scheme (a House of Ladies, proposed by opponents to women's full share in political life) the new scheme was to realise the principle of a Commons. It was to afford a hearing for all the shades of opinion represented in the present House of Commons, and for some which are opinions not represented there.

Naturally enough, among those who responded to the first general call to discuss the idea were some who misunderstood its purpose. They thought that the conveners of the suggested Council, Parliament, or whatever it might come to be termed, accepted, for all time, the principle of separation of the sexes in political organisation. The conveners were duly warned that some of the women present did not believe in these divisions between men and women. The conveners answered that precisely because they themselves did not believe in those divisions, they hoped to see built an emergency bridge between men and women actively concerned in public affairs—between groups and persons who as yet have no easy, regular means of communication and interaction.

Many looked forward with confidence to the woman Member of Parliament. Yet few women who have served on boards of guardians, or have been one of two or three on a committee composed almost entirely of men, are under any illusion as to the difficulty which the little advance guard of women Members of Parliament will find in securing for their views adequate time and attention in a body overwhelmingly masculine.

In any case, the immediate future is the first concern. As yet no woman's voice is heard in Westminster.¹ Until it is, let it be heard somewhere, was the proposal before the meeting.

The answer expected came duly: "Woman's voice is heard!—in a hundred different quarters."

(1) While this is in the press the first voice is raised: Lady Astor's, making a stronger point by apt interjection (as the Press admits) than many another M.P. by a set speech.

That is true ; and it is the root of the trouble. It is the reason why the woman's voice is so often lifted in vain.

The main interest of that particular meeting turned out to be quite other than anything foreseen.

Two strongly supported views emerged in debate :—

1. There was not the slightest need, nor—confronting, as we must, the labours and costs imposed by Reconstruction—was there the slightest excuse for such a Council.

2. The need for it was so great and indubitable that, in effect, such a Council already existed.

Thereupon, a spectacle to rejoice the irresponsible. A lady rising to prove that her society (in truth, a great and vigorous one!) fulfilled all the requirements of comprehensive representation, consultation, and pressure-bringing upon Parliament. That speaker smartly succeeded by another, who protested that, on the contrary, a quite different body—one to which she belonged (and of admittedly notable membership) performed all the desired functions, and that no other assemblage for the ends named had any valid reason for existence.

I do not say that one of these societies might not have been broadened and re-shaped so that it would serve the larger aim, could the presiding genius have been willing to accept leadership of one of the parties rather than headship of the whole—which position was totally incompatible with the idea under discussion.

We had, both then and thereafter, renewed proof (1) of the delusion that women are sufficiently organised already ; (2) of a fear on the part of present leaders of organised groups lest some other body should interfere with, or share, their work and their influence.

The net result was further to emphasise the very weakness the meeting was called to consider : women's mental imprisonment in strictly circumscribed work. The effect of that long imprisonment is a shrinking from either giving or accepting a wider responsibility—a shrinking, in short, from acceptance of the democratic principle.

The least of the ills resulting from this unchecked tendency is a very orgy of overlapping—multiplication of aims, of offices, of officers, of salaries. Among the greater ills are : loss of time, misuse of talent and dissipation of energy.

Pages could be filled of instances of costly effort made by one society or another, acting on the soundest impulse toward the public good—balked and defeated in the end because use had not been made of forces outside the society limits.

A central council, in effective relation with organised women throughout the country (—throughout the Empire!—), might be, in respect of the basic and abiding interests of mankind, more

thoroughly "representative" than any body in existence. Such a Council might also be the quickest means of showing women that specialised work on the one hand, and correlation of the results of that work on the other, are two aspects of the same philosophy of service.

Without the specialised work and the specialised knowledge born of it, we are like people asked to build an engine with no equipment beyond plans and specifications. Equally, without guidance of the vision which foresees the finished whole, the skill of the individual workman will be in vain. He can make his wheel, his screw, but he can neither make the engine nor run it. He is not so unlike, as he may think, to that workman lent by special favour to one of the new munition factories in America. The man came with a record of nine years' service in the greatest motor works in the world. "What did you do there?" his new employer asked hopefully. "I put in bolt seventeen." "Not for nine years!" "Yes, for nine years."

A great number of women are engaged in putting in bolt seventeen. We must, of course, have that bolt put in. But we need not, as we do, devote to it our best brains.

If women would not to the end of time work blindly, leaning on others for knowledge of the engine, how to repair it, how to drive it, they will be obliged to study the relation of the parts to the whole. Hardly a woman in these days but belongs to leagues, societies, boards, associations. Nobody denies that on every side magnificent isolated efforts are made by this group and by that to serve the nation. We know of the striking initial successes that devotion and hard work have achieved. Again and again we have said: That battle is won! For instance, women at great cost have procured some piece of legislation, such as the passing of the Mental Deficiency Bill. And when it is passed, as it was some years ago—what then? That is the end of it, until, at some less pressing season than any lately seen, women take up the matter again, and again pour out time, talent, devotion—in greater profusion than wisdom.

Women are deeply concerned with both the theory and the practice of education. They have some representation (outside Parliament) on various bodies concerned to lay well and truly this corner-stone of the civilisation that is to be. As practical people, women know the importance (far transcending any question of their personal need) in enlisting first-rate talents for this service and in securing equal pay for equal work. Women teachers have done all they can to secure this measure. They thought that by putting in bolt seventeen they would be able to drive the engine. Again and again they have failed.

In questions of housing, of national health, of conditions in the dangerous trades, women are active in putting in bolt seventeen.

Much preached as it has been, women have hardly begun to realise the power of co-operation, nor the waste of time, energy, money, life itself, in unrelated effort.

The ever clearer apprehension of these truths by a certain class of men may cause public affairs to move with an irresistible, Revolutionary quickness along the line of governance by and through industrial power.

If that does not come about a "Mother House" might be a steadying factor in a gravely threatened system.

The representative character of the women assembled; their closeness to the interests of order; the certainty that their majority would favour the discipline of sober Evolution rather than the intoxication of Revolution—might save a repetition of the lesson that violent and cruel measures can defeat the noblest ends.

To consider for a moment what such a parliamentary union might immediately achieve: women in combination could among other things do away with the most glaring absurdity in the Representation of the People Bill, the provision by which a vote was allowed to every schoolboy-soldier and was denied to every one of that army of the other sex—munition workers, V.A.D.'s, and the vast majority of those whose war service provided the reason expressly given why, in the opinion of legislators, votes could no longer be denied to women.

Our appreciation of the character and service of that army is not less than the alleged appreciation on the part of men. We see in the young woman of to-day a helper and a herald—the most inspiring figure of the time. She will "count" beyond our dreams.

The Mother House could offer to that army of Hope opportunities which, for the time being, are found nowhere else—amongst others, an invaluable training-ground for future Members of Parliament. But one sees in the project primarily: A Clearing House of Ideas.

It could act as the great Time-saver. Projects which smaller, less widely-informed bodies boggle over, through sitting after sitting, could in the Mother House be examined by the disinterested, attacked, defended, and finally threshed out in the full light of day. With expert help, never before obtainable, material could be produced for the formation of an enlightened public opinion.

As a result of this winnowing, women would have their con-

sidered findings ready to present in time to supplement or to correct the—perhaps necessarily—hasty conclusions arrived at on some occasions “in another place.” Women experts could, for instance, assemble and illustrate information upon certain results (as bad for men as for women) of displacement in industry. They could give a wider currency and an incalculably greater force to practical views on sanitation and public health. They could take at last their just share of responsibility in the burning question of international relations.

We have had before our eyes for five years a daily object-lesson, showing that those issues believed by some in the past to lie outside woman’s sphere, have in truth their very core and centre in her being. But let no woman think that out of supineness on other public questions she can rise suddenly into an activity that shall count in these tremendous decisions. Not even six million sound opinions will count if the holders of those opinions are unversed in the method by which opinion is translated into power.

Hard as women the world over have had to work for votes, they will have to work harder still to accustom Parliament and the general public to realise that the views of professionally-trained, or life-trained, women must be reckoned with in shaping a satisfactory public policy.

It may be that the first step towards ensuring that their views shall be reckoned with, may be the acquirement among women of a habit and a facility in formulating conviction more openly than has yet been attempted, and learning to support convictions (or submit to their correction) in the cross-fire of debate. Practice in this duty is one of the best clarifiers of vague good intention; one of the best ways of releasing latent intellectual energy and so preventing women from being mere echoes and thus impoverishing counsel. If women know they will have to put themselves on record, they will be stirred to see that the record shall not shame them—nor their children.

If the women of Germany had cultivated that habit, what might they not have saved the world! Had the women of Russia been better prepared to use their power, what might not Democracy have gained!

I made it my business in the first year or so of the Revolution to ask more than one person newly arrived from Russia about the women. Were they really enfranchised? Oh, yes. They were even elected to the Soviets. They had been seen at the meetings. But never once—and this is of peculiar interest to us—never had any of my interlocutors heard a woman raise her voice in public. They could not all be supposed to be timid.

The likelihood was that they were wary. They knew themselves hampered by their inexperience of public life. A Russian woman was even amongst the handful of delegates to the fateful Conference of Brest-Litovsk. What contribution did she make? What did she so much as *think* of that duel between the practised diplomat, von Kühlmann, and the headlong apostle of philosophic anarchy—Commissioner for the People Trotsky? What did the woman think of the world-shaking result of that encounter? The world has never heard. She and the women of the Soviets are unversed in that which every pot-house politician knows: how to express conviction in public. There were among the women Soviet members, we are told, those who could think straight and speak to the point—in private. In Council they sat and watched and listened. We are told on the authority of a close observer that the women of Hungary made the same mistake and paid the bitter price.¹

British women will do more than "sit and watch and listen. But will they do more than carry on their unrelated group activities? If it were possible for any women to do more at this stage of history it should be the British. They have the oldest political tradition, the longest political training. That tradition and that training, reinforced by the valiant practice of the past dozen years, would seem to point to British women as natural leaders in that contribution which is the privilege of these islands to give the world.

With my own view of the main difficulty I shall not expect many at first blush to agree; *i.e.*, that woman's striking success in the lesser tasks is a handicap in her assumption of the larger. She is too absorbed in, too hypnotised by, bolt seventeen to see it and kindred important details in their true proportion, as means to an end.

The end should be Power—that spiritual, or, as I prefer to call it, that moral Power which is the sole antidote to the perversion of physical power which has desolated the world.

The problem, then, is the directing of the Woman-Power. They do not need to prove afresh (and yet they will!) the devotion, the incorrigible patience, the will to work resident in their sex. What they have yet to prove is a fitness for leadership combined with a fitness for co-operation.

ELIZABETH ROBINS.

(1) "I was particularly impressed," says Alice Riggs Hunt, "with the similarity of a problem presented in both countries" [Italy and Hungary]. "It is an over-conscientious effacement in favour of men, who they think might be able to do the work better," said one of the Hungarians. In Italy, one of the most prominent women leaders told me that the problem of the lack of self-confidence in really capable women was most difficult to solve. "Our only hope for good leadership among women in the future is in the training and help which we can give to the young girls now," said this experienced leader.

PARLIAMENTARY PARTIES AND THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION.

"Parliament and the Courts of Westminster are venerable to me; how venerable; gray with a thousand years of honourable age! . . . For a thousand years this English Nation has found them useful or supportable: they have served this English Nation's want; been a road to it through the abyss of Time. . . . Acts of Parliament are venerable; but if they correspond not with the writing on the 'Adamant Tablet,' what are they? Properly their one element of venerableness, of strength or greatness, is, that they at all times correspond therewith as near as by human possibility they can."—*Carlyle's Past and Present*.

Do the actions of the people's representatives at Westminster correspond with the writing on the "Adamant Tablet"? Grave dissatisfaction with Parliamentary government is widely felt and expressed to-day. The undoubted decline in the prestige of Parliament has been traced to different causes: its unresponsiveness to that public opinion which elects it, but has no right to recall it; the congestion of its business, and the apparent impossibility of getting urgent measures through speedily, if at all; the pressure of "interests"—often antagonistic and always selfish—upon its deliberations, which paralyse its action and lower its efficiency; the encroachments of the Cabinet and the party system—these are among the causes given why men have ceased to look to St. Stephen's with confidence and hope. It may only be a passing phase; but even a temporary decline in the popularity of our Parliamentary institutions at such a time is ominous and disturbing. Men of diverse political creeds are at one in their denunciation of the "politician," and in their criticism of the legislative machinery. But there is by no means the same unanimity as to the proper panacea for the ailments of the body politic. There are those who would probably welcome the break-up of our Parliamentary system, so that its place could be taken by some form of Soviet government. Such a solution would be by no means to the taste of the majority of the malcontents. Though they criticise freely, if they were compelled to choose between such an alternative, they would vote for a continuance of the present system—with all its deficiencies—on the principle that it is better to—

"bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Our Parliamentary institutions, whatever their defects, are British through and through. They have grown with the nation's

growth; they are the results of bitter battles long sustained; they reflect as in a mirror the national qualities as well as national defects; and their removal would leave the nation, the Empire, and the world all the poorer. For these reasons, among others, thoughtless or unreasonable criticism is to be deprecated. All parties who are not enamoured of Soviet rule should bend their energies to the task of mending rather than ending the legislative and administrative machine. A system of government which has on the whole stood the tests of time and circumstances so well, and which has so often been modified and developed to meet the exigencies of change, is surely capable of further modification and development to meet the needs of this new time. All men of good will should take counsel together. They should look "before and after." What developments are possible or desirable in the immediate future? Social and industrial unrest at the moment is most marked. Labour is dissatisfied with the results of the last General Election, with the subsequent policy and acts of the Government, and even with its own representatives in Parliament. It is demanding another appeal to the country. It hopes to be in the place of power in the course of a few years.

I.

But can the country look forward with equanimity to a Labour Government as the result of the next General Election? Upon the basis of an extended and now generous franchise such a result is quite a possibility. Under normal circumstances the country should be prepared to face such a contingency without dismay. This is a democratic age. Our institutions are gradually becoming more democratic in spirit and method. Organised Labour is an integral and indispensable element in the life of the nation, and no fair-minded person would deny to Labour its fair share in the onerous task of government. Its opportunity will surely come. But the general conditions are not normal, and are not likely to be for several years to come. Further, there are some cogent reasons why a Labour Government after the next election would be a risky and therefore an undesirable experiment.

For one thing, the country was not favourably impressed by the haste with which the representatives of Labour were withdrawn from the Government after the signing of the Armistice. I will not stress the point in dispute whether "the end of the war" meant the cessation of hostilities, or the signing of the general Peace. The party's action showed a readiness to sacrifice the larger interests of the nation to the narrower interests of party. To outsiders it stood forth as a young party in a hurry. Some

of its leaders seemed too anxious to regain for themselves and for their party freedom to fight for their own hand in the impending General Election. The spirit of party seemed to triumph over the spirit of patriotism. As events transpired such a policy was shown to have been wanting in foresight and statesmanship. The party purposed running some 300 candidates; they hoped to secure the return of at least one half of that number; but only fifty-nine were elected. Had Labour stood by the Government until Peace had been signed, and faced the General Election with the "compact" unbroken, can there be any reasonable doubt but that the party's membership in the new Parliament would have been substantially larger than the above figure?

Further, the party's representatives were withdrawn from responsible administrative work at a time when such experience in the difficult art of government should have proved invaluable to a future Labour Government. Good natural abilities are not in themselves sufficient for the governance of a great modern State. Practical experience of the complexities of legislative and administrative work is of the first importance. With its representatives in the Government up to and after the December election, the party would have been able to exert its full influence in all reconstructive schemes, and help mould and fashion the Government's social and economic legislation. These advantages were sacrificed for the doubtful boon of unfettered freedom. All this seemed to indicate a lack of foresight and an immaturity of judgment in the leaders of the party which ill-fitted them for the heavy task of governing the country.

Another reason why we cannot look forward to a Labour Government in the near future without grave misgivings is the composite character of the party. On its political side it stands for Trade Unionism, the Fabians, the British Socialist Society, and the Independent Labour Party—three avowedly Socialistic societies and one of a political hue somewhat less pronounced. Its programme, as officially set forth in *Labour and the Social Order*, is Socialistic through and through. We are told that, in the judgment of the party, "what has to be reconstructed after the war is not this or that Government department, or this or that piece of social machinery; but, so far as Britain is concerned, society itself." It boldly advocates the nationalisation of all the instruments of production, of distribution, and of exchange. From the nationalisation of land to the municipalisation of our milk supply everything should be socialised. Further, in the State thus socialised there must be democratic control of industry; whilst such drastic changes in the incidence of taxation should be introduced as would amount to a revolution in national finance.

The programme is rounded off by a levy on capital to pay off, "if not the whole, a very substantial part of the entire National Debt." The policy of the party is certainly not wanting in thoroughness or definiteness. Yet for some time certain of its leaders have been urging upon the party the adoption and endorsement of another item—Syndicalism or "Direct action." For months past this peril has been held over the nation like a sword of Damocles. Its advocates may or may not understand its real nature and implications; it is doubtful whether their followers do; but it is certain the rank and file of Trade Unionism do not.

This movement, which is the negation of true democracy, and is subversive of constitutional government, had its origin in France towards the end of last century. Until recently it found its chief expression among the Latin races. The political conditions of the French nation at the time explain, if they do not justify, its emergence. The Wilson scandal, the Panama scandal, the national ferment over the Dreyfus case, the factious spirit of political parties—all this made serious Frenchmen despair of getting the necessary social and economic measures through Parliament by the ordinary method. Then recourse was had to Syndicalism. This new movement has two main planks: the first is that a given industry belongs to its own union or syndicate—the mines to the miners, the factories to the factory workers, all the means of transport to the transport workers. In its essence Syndicalism is sectionalism of a most pronounced type. The second plank is the "general strike," or "direct action," to attain political as well as economic ends. The trade and commerce of the country may be held up, and the normal life of the nation be paralysed that organised Labour may bring about political changes which may have little or no connection with economic questions. From the economic view-point Syndicalism cannot be justified. There is its sectionalism: "The mines to the miners." It was seen how that doctrine worked out in the recent miners' strike in Yorkshire and Lancashire. Because mine-owners and miners were at variance tens of thousands of workers in other trades depending upon a supply of coal became idle, while the general trade and commerce of the country suffered cruelly at a time when the real interests of Labour, no less than of Capital, demanded the largest output possible. There is nothing sectional about the industrial world. It is an economic whole. Strike at one industry and you injure other industries. Help on one vital industry and you benefit all others. Work creates work. The whole mechanism of industry and trade is as closely knit as is the mechanism of the human body. Syndicalism is a denial of that fundamental truth.

Then there is the thoroughly vicious principle of making use of industrial organisations to secure purely political ends. It tends to undermine constitutional and representative government. The free use of such an instrument must inevitably issue in anarchy and chaos. The use in this country of such an instrument is neither desirable nor necessary. There is another and a better way. With an extended franchise the democracy can come into its own along constitutional lines. In quite a legitimate way Labour can bring such pressure to bear upon Parliament as to secure every reasonable concession in the large domain of economics. As to political questions, the party has just the same scope and freedom to make its influence felt as any other party in the State. Democracy is endangering its entire position by playing in this way with a thoroughly undemocratic instrument. It is a boomerang which, if used, may return and injure the thrower. Before me as I write is a little volume—*Syndicalism*, by Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald. In the space of some seventy pages he defines the aims, states the principles, and criticises the actions of Syndicalism in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. Why is he silent now when some of his friends would use an instrument which he has shown to be undesirable?

These are some of the reasons why thoughtful men—quite apart from politicians—cannot look forward to an early accession to power of the Labour Party without misgivings. The party should at least be given time to attain to a degree of homogeneity in purpose and policy it has not yet reached. The country has yet to be persuaded that as a party it is moderate, reliable, level-headed. Time should be given the sane and clear-seeing men among its leaders to educate their party and to free it from the malign influence of the few wild men who would lead it into devious and dangerous paths.

II.

But how is this peril to be avoided? Certainly not by a return on the part of the two historic parties to pre-war ruts, routine and antagonisms. Are there any valid reasons why they should? The war has not left the political world precisely where it found it. Party shibboleths and distinctions are at a discount. Yet here and there politicians seem eager to return to the old methods and machinery. They are in search of an effective party slogan; they are selecting the "planks" of the platform. They seem impatient for the time when they can once again send the fiery cross through the land and summon their adherents to the party standards. Does not this indicate a failure to realise the radical

changes wrought by the war, and is it not a misreading of the real temper of the nation? Parties there necessarily will be in the future as in the past. But do not the times call for a regrouping of political forces, and a new alignment of political machinery? During almost the entire period of the war Conservatives and Liberals have worked together in apparent harmony, and to the manifest benefit of the country. Must those who, during the season of stress and strain, have been political friends now become once more, by reason of the inherent nature of things, political foes? In each group or party there is a centre with a right and a left wing. What are the fundamental differences between the "centre" Conservative and the "centre" Liberal? Apart from obsolete party cries and distinctions it would be difficult to say. Is it an exaggeration to say that the differences in outlook, method and aim between Sir Frederick Banbury, M.P., and Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P., are more marked than are the differences between the latter and the right wing and even centre of Liberalism? It is easy for party leaders, consciously or unconsciously, to elevate prejudices into the place of principles, and to magnify mole-hills of secondary divergences into mountains of primary differences. But at such a time as this facts should be faced. There is a greater political gulf between a Liberal and even a moderate Socialist, than there is between the Liberal and the most pronounced Conservative. Just here most Liberals and Radicals are the victims of a strange illusion. Liberals still regard the Labour Party as in a sense the left wing of Radicalism, just as the latter is the left wing of Liberalism. There was a time, and it is not very remote, when this was so. Trade Unionism was primarily an economic, and only in a very secondary sense a political, organisation. For a time it was content that its few representatives in the House of Commons should support the party whose programme was the more promising from the standpoint of Labour. That time is past. As we have seen, the party has been reorganised upon a socialistic basis, with a definite and far-reaching programme. Since his election as member for Widnes Mr. Arthur Henderson has stated that his is the only party which has taken the country into its confidence as to its methods, aims and ends: "However much we may be criticised and denounced as dreamers, they are our plans which hold the field." They have selected their flag and, apparently, have nailed it to the mast. Yet at the Widnes election the Liberals decided to support Mr. Henderson, and their votes secured his election. Mr. Henderson did not, because he dared not, promise to return the compliment elsewhere. At Rusholme Labour ran its own candidate; with the result that

the Liberal candidate was a bad third. From the Press we learned that "there is a deep feeling of resentment among Liberals at the presence of a Labour candidate in the field, the reason assigned being that Liberals threw the whole weight of their organisation into the scale on the side of Mr. Henderson at Widnes, and offered no opposition to Mr. Clynes in the Platting division." But that is simply a proof that Liberals do not understand the real meaning of the "platform" and programme of the Labour Party. The party is in no sense the left wing of Liberalism or Radicalism. The party is avowedly out to reconstruct social life and revolutionise industrial life. The party is collectivist whatever may be the individual views or convictions of some of its members. Upon the basis of its programme there is no room for compromise with either Liberals or Conservatives. As to the Radical, he has one affinity with the Socialist, but a more fundamental difference: both desire radical legislative innovations; but while the former desires less State interference and control and greater scope for personal initiative, the latter demands a more extended State interference and far more drastic State control. Modern Radicalism was born and flourished in the era of unregulated Individualism; with the passing of that era it, too, will pass away. It is full time Liberals and Radicals realised the great changes the years have worked.

III.

What is the duty of men of moderate views in face of this real, if not imminent, danger? Is it not to concentrate their forces, to stand together, and help save the State and nation from revolutionary and disintegrating tendencies that threaten both? It is plain that neither Liberalism nor Conservatism can co-operate with Labour on the basis of the latter's avowed policy and programme without breaking away entirely from its past. Is it equally plain that Liberals and Conservatives cannot work together along the lines of a progressive programme such as the day demands? It is not a time to hug delusions or follow an ostrich policy. Salient facts should be faced, and a line of policy in keeping with the facts should be decided upon without delay.

When the real objective of Germany's naval policy became plain to Sir John Fisher he quietly and unostentatiously withdrew the fighting ships from the Mediterranean and concentrated them in the North Sea. To those who had eyes to see that was an admission on the part of the Admiralty that the danger-centre had shifted. Subsequent events have abundantly proved how sound was that judgment. Within recent years far-reaching

changes have been going on in the political world. Up to the present the two historic parties have supplied little evidence that they have properly appreciated these changes. Is the government of this country in the near future to be along the lines of a modified individualism with here and there a dash of State Socialism, or is it to be transformed into a thorough-going Socialism? That is the question which should be faced and answered. If the former be the path of wisdom and safety, and the latter the road of a dangerous experiment, how may the first be taken and the second avoided? By a return of the two historic parties to the old party ruts and more or less obsolete party methods? Surely not. Let the centre and left wing of Conservatism coalesce with the centre and right wing of Liberalism, and thus form a real and strong national party, with a programme at once cautious and progressive, holding fast to those things which have proved good and useful in the past, yet reaching forth to things that are before. We may be told that there are fundamental differences that still divide, and should divide, the two historic parties. What are they? The Welsh Church question has been finally settled in an amicable manner. Is it Ireland? But the average English Unionist is just as anxious as the average Liberal to solve the Irish problem upon terms that will be mutually satisfactory to the two Irish parties. There lies the real crux of the problem to-day: the failure of the Irish to agree among themselves as to what they really want or will mutually accept. That difficulty confronts the two historic parties equally. Its solution will soonest be reached by mutual co-operation. Is it the question of Free Trade that divides, and must divide, the two parties? When prejudices and party predilections are laid aside, is not a modified Free Trade more or less of a necessity to an island nation such as ours is? No party can hope to carry a scheme of thorough-going Protection. Imperial Preference, the protection of certain "key" industries until they are able to hold their own against all competition, and the protection against "dumping" of sweated goods at less than cost price in the country where they were manufactured—upon such a policy both moderate Liberals and moderate Conservatives should be able to agree. In truth there is nothing that fundamentally divides the main forces of the two historic parties. The matters upon which they differ—or think they do—are trivial compared with the numerous and great questions with regard to which they are in substantial agreement. Is it wise, in the face of a real danger, to minimise points of agreement and magnify points of divergence? Patriotism and the instinct of self-preservation alike seem to suggest a policy of concentration and co-operation.

There is a clamant call for the exercise, by the leaders of the two historic parties, of a generous and far-seeing statesmanship. Will they prove equal to the demands and the opportunity of the times?

It may be unreasonable to expect—human nature being what it is—all Conservatives or all Liberals to identify themselves with a really national party. It may not even be desirable that they should. The more pronounced among Conservatives may come to the conclusion that they can best serve their country and further the principles for which they stand by remaining apart from the main body. Be it so. The more advanced Liberals, on the other hand, and some who still regard themselves as Radicals, may elect to throw in their lot with the Labour Party. The Independent Conservatives—by whatever name they may choose to be designated—should prove a salutary check upon the Government of the centre party whenever it is in danger of yielding too much to the pressure of the Socialist-Labour Party; whilst the sprinkling of Liberals and Radicals among Labourists should contribute an element of moderation and steadiness to that party.

In this regrouping of parties the point to be emphasised is the fact that the highest interests of the nation and the Empire require that the government of this country for a good many years to come should be in the hands of strong, capable and experienced men whose hands are upheld by a party that has not only gained, but can retain, the confidence of a substantial majority of the entire electorate. The need for this was emphasised by a recent occurrence.

The country was plunged into, perhaps, the most serious industrial conflict in its history. The sudden action of the N.U.R. was a piece of sectionalism of the worst kind. Regardless of the larger interests of the community, and upon absolutely inadequate grounds, the leaders of the railwaymen flung down a challenge, not simply to the Government, but to the nation. Transport was paralysed and the trade of the country thrown into confusion, while the life of the whole community was endangered over a question of wage-rates that could affect no single railwayman in the country for several months to come.

The Government begged the railway union to postpone their strike, were it only for two or three days. But, in the grave words of the Prime Minister:—

"They declined to grant even this respite to their fellow-countrymen, and a service upon which the life of a whole people so much depends was stopped with practically no warning, and the Government has reason to believe that the strike has been engineered for some time by a small but active body of

men who labour tirelessly, but insidiously, to exploit the Labour organisations of this country for subversive ends."

This sinister movement on the part of one of the most powerful Trade Unions in the country should give point and force and urgency to the regrouping of political forces along the lines indicated in this article.

* * * * *

Since the foregoing was written the recent speeches of the Prime Minister and Mr. Asquith at Manchester have brought, in a slightly different form, the main subject of the above article to the forefront of practical politics. Mr. Lloyd George's speech was a reasoned and powerful plea for a continuation of national unity, and it was at the same time a fine defence of the Coalition Government. He said that as national unity during the war was vital to victory, it was equally vital to the establishment of a sound peace. Domestic problems awaiting solution are of a kind that can be solved better by a Coalition Government than by party warfare. There is a great terrain on which common action is possible. Every one of the recent resolutions of the National Liberal Federation could be put into law by the present Coalition. Even a happy solution of the Irish problem is made possible by Unionist sacrifices under a Coalition. He asserted that more and better progressive legislation has been carried by the Coalition Government during the past three years than could possibly have been achieved in any other way. It has effected the greatest franchise reform of the ages." It has secured a minimum wage for the agricultural labourer. It has placed on the Statute Book the boldest and most comprehensive Education Act known in our history. The Health Act and the Housing Act Sir Donald Maclean has described as "a very great measure." There are the Transport Act, and the Electricity Bill now passing through the House of Commons. That was not a bad record for a "reactionary Government" during three anxious years: two in waging a colossal war, and one in negotiating a difficult peace in the midst of complications, complexities and burdens of endless labour troubles at home and abroad. In the course of his speech the Prime Minister put two pointed questions to Mr. Asquith: (1) What would he have done, as the founder of the first Coalition Government, if his Government had remained in power to the end of the war? Would he have dismissed his Unionist colleagues immediately the Armistice was signed on the ground that he had no further need of them? (2) Is he prepared to say that he will never serve his country in any honourable or serviceable position so long as he has to act with men of a different opinion, without

demanding that they should sacrifice their principles? Mr. Lloyd George closed his speech with the warning that civilisation is confronted with a new and menacing challenge—the challenge of Socialism against private enterprise; and he made an appeal to all who regard our present social and economic system as essentially sound to help the Government to save it by making it more worth saving.

A few days later Mr. Asquith spoke from the same platform, and took up the Prime Minister's questions. Mr. Asquith is a past master in the art of condensed and lucid exposition; but his answer to this part of the speech—the only part pertinent to my present purpose—was scarcely a good illustration of those qualities in which he unquestionably excels. In his reference to the first question he harked back to "the trick election" of last December, and affirmed that he would never have consented to that. But what was the Prime Minister's position at that time? Preparations were being completed for the most momentous Peace Congress in the history of the world. To secure a Peace commensurate with the colossal war it was most desirable that the British delegates should have behind them not only a strong Government, but also the backing of Parliament and the country.

• Could they be sure of either? The then House of Commons was moribund—it had outlived alike its legal term and its usefulness. Such as it was, could the Coalition Government have depended upon it for unwavering support in the making of a sound Peace? The memories of the preceding April were still fresh in the mind of the Prime Minister, when Mr. Asquith—departing for the first and last time from the irreproachable attitude of a patriotic leader of the Opposition in war time—gave countenance and support to what had all the appearance of a conspiracy to overthrow the Government. At the moment affairs were most critical on the Western front, and an alternative Government was not in sight. It was but natural that the Prime Minister should wish to guard against a repetition of such an episode during peace negotiations.

After saying what he would not have done Mr. Asquith indicated what he would have considered to be his duty under the circumstances. The Coalition was formed for the period of the war to meet a great emergency. In his judgment that emergency "was at an end with the signing of the Armistice." With the signing of the Armistice "we should have recovered the freedom which was just as important to one wing of the Coalition as to the other." But does that bear the stamp of statesmanship? Mr. Asquith went on to refer to the divergence of views between the two wings upon social questions. But neither he nor his followers have frankly faced the fact that it was impossible to

separate peace negotiations from some solution of pressing social problems. Immediately the Armistice was signed the work of demobilisation commenced, and at the same time the work of social reconstruction became a necessity. To say that the Coalition Government should have confined itself to the task of making a good Peace and have left the solution of social problems to a new Parliament is scarcely a practical proposition. For more than twelve months the Allies have been striving to achieve a Peace, and the work is by no means completed. To say that in the meantime great and clamant social problems should remain in abeyance is the counsel of folly.

With respect to the second question of the Prime Minister's, Mr. Asquith did not face it with his usual frankness and candour. With a present following of some twenty-eight members of the House of Commons, he indulged in heroics when he said: "I have a very strong conviction that the Liberal Party is perfectly capable of governing this country, and if the question is put to me, I am prepared to associate with anyone whose views and aims are whole-heartedly, without reservation or disguise, with those agencies which have almost always been the dominant purposes of Liberalism." In face of the menace to which the Prime Minister referred, an answer like that by no means meets the case.

Mr. Walter Runciman recently declared: "There is no reason in the world why the best element in the Labour Party and the best element in the Liberal Party should not work together cordially where there is ground for agreement." But with the Labour Party's formulated social programme—printed, published and circulated before the last election—what prospect is there of fruitful co-operation between two such parties? The main body of Liberalism in the country is by no means prepared to go in for undiluted Socialism in all directions, while the Labour Party has not shown the slightest inclination to modify its pace or programme to suit the pace or the taste of what it regards as a limping Liberalism. Further, if Mr. Runciman thinks it quite legitimate that "the best element" in both parties should co-operate, if they can, is it a crime that "the best element" in Liberalism and Conservatism should continue the fruitful co-operation of the past three years? What he suggests is a doubtful experiment; what he seems to condemn is an established fact: Mr. Asquith said at Manchester that it was their business as Liberals to work in season and out of season for the restoration of the reign of political sincerity. A very worthy aim! With all due deference I would help in this work by setting forth a few facts which should be faced:—

1. The events of the past three years have proved that there is much more in common between the main bodies of the Conservative and Liberal Parties than there is between the main body of Liberalism and even the more moderate section of the Labour Party.

2. There is little prospect for years to come that any one party will be sufficiently strong numerically to dispense with the assistance and co-operation of some other party; therefore, if the King's Government is to be carried on, the principle of "give and take," of some measure of compromise and accommodation, will, of necessity, have to be practised. To maintain the contrary is to belie the past political history of our country.

3. If such a policy become a political necessity in the near future, what line of conduct should the practical statesman adopt? Does not political wisdom suggest the line of least resistance? That is to say, should he not look out for a political alliance, or at least for a working understanding, with the party whose social and economic views make the nearest approach to his own? If so, in what direction should he look? To the Labour Party? Scarcely. Socialism involves not only a fundamental divergence in method, but nothing less than a revolution in the social and economic life of the country.

It is a noble aim to usher in the "reign of political sincerity." This can best be done by first of all facing the salient facts.

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THE POLITICAL CHAOS AND THE WAY OUT.

THE most burning political question to-day is the right distribution of power. To take only one instance—the recent strike. To anyone who attempts to stand above the hurly-burly of current events it would appear a stupendous manifestation of the struggle between the two contending ideas now striving for political and economic supremacy, the old conception of the geographical state and the newer or revived conception of industrial or craft solidarity. In England the one is top-dog, in Russia the other, while Germany is at present the cockpit of both. About three years ago the editor of the *FORTNIGHTLY* kindly allowed me to do an article on a very remarkable book, *Janus and Vesta*,¹ in one chapter of which the outlines of the present struggle were clearly indicated and its possible solution foreshadowed. Time has only served to bring out the justness of the views therein set forth. The author, Mr. B. Branford, has now had the happy idea of expanding the chapter in question and of republishing it under the title of *A New Chapter in the Science of Government*.² In its present form it is a work of extraordinary actuality and interest that no student of the times can afford to neglect. I propose, as far as possible, in order to alter the thinker's points as little as I can, to summarise it, where practicable, in his own language, and in any case to follow his lines of thought.

In the midst of the series of political earthquakes and tidal waves that have followed in the wake of the late war we may well feel assailed at times by a sense of hopelessness of successfully grappling with these titanic forces. And yet there is no real need for despondency. Man can indeed yield to fatalism and so sink to ruin, or, as all history shows, save himself by reacting against the dangers that beset him. But such a reaction means neither reaction pure and simple, nor doctrinaire adhesion to some cast-iron and abstract plan, which rules out important known factors or those which inconveniently reveal themselves as the plan is hastily put into operation. A plan there must be, but it must be founded on patient survey. Diagnosis must precede cure, and diagnosis will show that there are some problems of statesmanship that must be handled at once, such as (say) the feeding of the hungry, others which require treatment in the near future, as getting the aforesaid hungry people into employ-

(1) Chatto & Windus, 1915. (6s. net.)

(2) Chatto & Windus, 1919. (5s. net.)

ment, and, thirdly, those which concern the remote future. This policy of the remote future is what will fashion the *polity* of the new era. It demands statesmanship, whose ultimate goal and object is to give a stake in human affairs not merely to every individual, but also to every geographical group of individuals, be it family, village, city, region, nation or State. "True polity is immanent in temporal necessities, yet breathes the spiritual air of a timeless vision." Progress must come by prudently grafting new branches on to the old trees, involving the co-operation of both sexes, all classes and regions and nations, and finally of the seven continents. But while individual and community-building is the watchword of the new era, yet "a sober limitation, a reverent finitude, a self-imposed proportion" must be the motto of those who build it. Policy remote (or polity) is not a matter of decisions or principles, but the fostering of the right spirit in the folk themselves, the giving them a new heart, or, rather, developing the heart that is latent in all. Polity is the living community co-operatively creating, readapting and gradually realising some *great Design*, which is not Pan-Slavism or Pan-Germanism, but in its broadest sense Pan-humanism—only fully realised at first in the souls of the contemplative—for the dream ever precedes the drama. Yet, if it comes, as all great thought comes, first in the bosom of the few, be it a Christ or His disciples, its spirit must be such as to be intelligible to all, in order that all may therein co-operate, and such co-operation is only possible when means are provided for all, whether individuals or groups, to have their say in it. Like every true creed and gospel, it alone can grow and reveal the manifold richness and truth inherent in its conception, if it is understood of all and open to all for free discussion, especially by the leaders of every group, whether imperial statesmen or village Hampdens, women as well as men, the young as well as the old, and especially by the leaders of the *great cardinal groups of humanity's occupations*. Secrecy is the only enemy it has to fear, for true ideas gather strength and solidity the more they are mooted.

But what are the great cardinal occupations of humanity? They are six in number, and no more, of which three are concerned with the realities of life as temporal, and three which are concerned with the ideals of life as spiritual. The crafts which are temporal fall into three great divisions—Mechanical (engineering, manufacture, mining, transport and the like), Vital (agriculture, forestry, medical, hygienic and so forth), Social (domestic, institutional, legal, municipal, civil service, etc.). The respective corresponding spiritual ones are Artistic, Educational, and Religious.

These primitive cardinal groups are constantly inter-penetrating one another and thus making for human solidarity, or differentiating from one another and thereby increasing the sum total of knowledge. But their representative and responsible leaders, one and all, must make their contribution to the great design mentioned above. In this parliament of humanity it is the bounden duty of every leader, however humble, to give his opinion—of course, in the right place and at the right time. On these lines alone can the present world problems be solved—and not by that piecemeal opportunism that, forgetful of the twofold solidarity of man, tries to isolate one difficulty and throw a sop to discontent by trying to settle it. From this collection of *views* the new statesman whether he watches over the destinies of a hundred, or a hundred million, will compose his *review* of the whole question and allot to each factor its relative importance in the picture, thanks to the comprehensive *synopsis* of all the cardinal categories of statecraft present in his mind, not in the spirit of a doctrinaire who forces facts into a pre-determined system, but of a doctor who knows he must look for the presence or absence of certain typical symptoms if he is to arrive at a correct diagnosis. To illustrate this point Mr. Branford gives the following striking synoptical sketch of the prevailing European unrest.

Two schools of political thought at present divide Europe. Those who think in geographical terms of the home, the township, the region, the nation, the commonweal or empire where it exists, passing through the entire gamut of what may be called the regional series of complete co-citizenship, as represented by successive expanding units of the conception of who is my neighbour. This ground pattern of concentric units may be said to represent the warp of society. And what is the weft? Nothing less than those enormous occupational activities of man already mentioned, included under the terms specialism, guild, syndicalist, labour and capital, employer and employee, which no statesman can afford to ignore to-day, and which have hitherto been too often mistrusted or mishandled, gigantic movements which are threatening to seat themselves in the very chair of State and which *sane regulation* can alone utilise for the common weal. To attempt to suppress this growth is to attempt to suppress Nature, while, if left to themselves, they cannot fail to develop into wide-reaching monopolies whose existence will prove as detrimental to mankind as every *imperium in imperio* must necessarily be.

These growths—federations of employers, confederations of labour trade unions and the like—are *absolutely natural* and inevitable growths, and the failure to study them as such is largely due to the present neglect of the study of political science, which

has its laws as much as any other branch of science. Man is, in fact, part of Nature, and his political growths and organisations fall as much within the sphere of natural science as questions of bodily growth, or the habits of animals, or the behaviour of metals. From this point of view a monopoly as a natural fact is neither good nor evil, but an object of study. When this has been carried out, then the further question arises (a question of ethics)—Is such a thing injurious to society, and, if so, how can it be regulated to redound to the benefit of society? The statesman must be master of *both* sciences, but he will accomplish nothing unless he keeps them at the outset distinct in his mind.

In a nutshell, then, the cardinal political problem confronting mankind is to weave the new web of the same elements of occupationalism into the old warp of geographical politics (regionalism) to form an urgently needed and essential element of the great design of the coming polity. Each of these two great forces, when once organised and isolated from the other, becomes an absolute danger; the geographical in the form of an absolute state like that of Louis XIV., or Hohenzollern Germany, the occupational in some syndicalised world-group in (say) shipping or finance, or a Soviet of syndicalised workers, or in a joint alliance of employers and employees which, whenever realised, would inevitably lead to the exploitation of the consumer. An excellent historical instance of the latter is the old Hanseatic League, essentially a syndicalised herring group, which finally antagonised the principal nations with which it did business, though its destruction was hastened by the migration of the herring from the Baltic to the North Sea, where the League came into collision with the Dutch and the English. The present Whitley Councils, valuable as they are as a State recognition of these natural forces, will nevertheless, if they prove a success, have to take into account the geographical factor and give adequate representation to the *consumer* on their boards.

Counsel must precede Council, and, if Council is to be sound, all important categories must be called in to give evidence. Who is more interested than women in keeping the hearth-fires burning? Yet not a single woman was called before the recent Coal Commission, nor was any woman representing either the general public or the miners' wives placed on the Commission, and there was only one solitary representative of the consumers. Yet it is a question that vitally concerns the consumer, who should have had half the representatives on the Committee, the other half going in equal parts to coal-owners and employees who represent the producer element. Similar neglect of a vital factor is to be

seen in the reciprocal contempt of Western and Eastern statecraft for their respective cultures, and yet the keeping of the peace between East and West largely depends on a mutual appreciation of each other's achievements in thought, religion and science.¹

But true statecraft demands also a historical study of its problems, and a study of mediæval thought would be of the highest value to-day; if only as showing that the statecraft of those times was not an isolated thing, but a highly complex *synthesis* of the whole science of the period. Resting as it did on the solid basis of all the then known human knowledge, the science of *jurisprudence* was developed pre-eminently as the science of political foresight and prediction. It ultimately fell into discredit through pushing too far its analogies with the human body and mind, but in its thinking about the nature of corporations and legal personality problems that have come to life with a vengeance to-day, to take only the Trade Unions as an instance, we have much to learn, as well as from its example, by laying under contribution in our turn the science of to-day, especially the science of the living body (biology) and the science of personality (psychology), *i.e.*, the psychology which is not merely mechanistic, as the prevailing psychology is, but vital and social. Biology is indeed, in other ways, coming by its own. It is not for nothing that the most powerful guild and trade union of modern times is that which deals with life in all its manifestations, the medical profession, which by its sturdy development into a politico-medical organisation indicates its determination to be adequately represented in the government of the country. The three hundred years' old supremacy of the lawyer is passing away and that of the doctor is rising into prominence. The rulers of the next generation will look at questions with medical as well as legal eyes.

But organisation, important as it is, is only one of the three cardinal factors of Government—machinery, organisation and administration—for Government is like man subject to scientific law in the three realms of matter, life and society. Man is, in fact, an energising mechanism, an organising being, and a social personality. The statesman, therefore, should be acquainted with the laws of mechanology, biology, and politico-social science, with, of course, its ethical corrections. The more real and first-hand his acquaintance with all these three is, the surer will be his judgment.

During the last hundred years England, in becoming predominantly an industrial community, has become obsessed by

(1) Of the 180 English experts who went over to the Paris Conference not one was an authority on the Far East, the only person present who had first-hand knowledge was a journalist with only a semi-official status.

mechanist ideas, to the exclusion of vital. A striking instance of this is that in the realm of world-thought, in spite of her population being many times that of previous fruitful eras in her history, she has only thrown up one world-genius—Darwin, who was really a late-fruited apparition of the ideals of the previous generation, being a sort of super-breeder and gardener who saw things in the light of the science of life whose root is organisation. Life is, in fact, the central mediator in Nature between mechanism and humanity; a great organiser is one who has absorbed into his soul and body the root principles and crafts of organic nature.

England's neglect of agriculture has cost her dear in many ways, while Germany's careful fostering of the same, backed by her command of the mechanical arts, was the true foundation of her amazing strength of organisation. Happily, however, England had not forgotten the third factor, that is supreme in all enduring polity, the humanity of man, that underlies the science of mancraft and is the living spirit in administration; and so, though defective in organisation, she won through. Machinery, organisation, administration are, we repeat, the three-fold concern of all true statesmanship, and demand not merely a knowledge of the three-fold sciences of mechanology, biology and sociology, but also an acquaintance with the corresponding crafts, whether manual or mechanic, field, forest or fold, or folk craft, in the handling of human beings. This last is happily a strong feature of English statesmanship, thanks largely to the public spirit pervading our schools and universities.

But if for purposes of thought we are obliged to separate things into categories, we must none the less remember that Nature is one, *tout se tient*, and that all things are inter-related. If it is true we must divide to conquer, we must none the less recombine to rule. Divisions into water-tight compartments in the Government lead to tyranny and anarchy. It cannot be too clearly kept in view that the body politic is one, and hence there might well be written up on every public building, as a supreme warning: "What is injurious to one unit is injurious to every other."

Vainly may the cynic reply: "It will last my time." The *spirit of the beginning* is the spirit that is dominant and decisive of the end. It has, in fact, all the pre-eminence of a first impression. Moreover, owing to the growing interdependence of the world, there is no room for a long run for impunity to-day, and Nemesis that formerly limped now travels post. Hence all statesmen must for the future bear in mind that the world is formed of social units whose weal is interdependent and whose woe is also common.

Of this slowly emerging solidarity the League or (as the French call it) the Society of Nations is a significant symbol. The era of *interdependence* as against independence has begun. But this interdependence is two-fold. In its geographical form, whether embodied in family, city or State, it is indeed, and must remain, predominant, but it can no longer hope to be stable unless it also combine with that other form of interdependence, the Occupational, and still less can the latter hope to rule the roost alone.

The reason why the geographical groupment of mankind is insufficient in itself to secure stability lies in the very nature of trade competition and the struggle to possess the cultivatable parts of the earth which are limited in extent, as well as of internal party, class or race struggles, which exercise, especially the latter, very serious disintegrating influences. Instances abound. In the late Hapsburg Empire we had Austrians *versus* Hungarians, and the latter again against the Slovaks. In Germany the series ran German Empire, Poland, Prussian Poland. In Britain we have British Empire, Ireland, Ulster. In fact, it may be laid down that any organisation of political or economic units working in dominant *isolation* from each other on one and the same plane tends to periodical instability and strife. He that is not with me is against me. On the other hand, when men are linked together by strong professional or trade-union ties, then a miner (say) in the Forest of Dean feels more in sympathy with one in Durham than with the non-mining element of his village or county. In any case the geographical idea takes with him second place, and this tendency is growing. Yet—

"Unless these two political groupings (old and new) can learn to understand each other sympathetically, to respect each other, to make reasonable sacrifices on each side with a view of co-operation at all stages of political action for the common weal, social unrest throughout the world will assuredly advance with giant strides, and civil strife of the intensest degree will bring a further common woe upon mankind. Instead of co-operant evolution there will continue and increase an unregulated competition, ultimately culminating in world-wide revolution, anarchy, and chaos—a dread condition of society, ultimately disastrous to all classes."

At present we have a sharp division between the two; giant industries neglecting the duties and claims of citizenship, citizens calmly viewing the agonies of dying groups of industries. In education we have advocates of specialism and those of general education, in government discussions between centralisers and decentralisers. Each has got hold of one side of the truth. But the two must be co-ordinated at each stage with the home and its ever-expanding units of hamlet, city, etc., as basis, for the home is greater than the occupation, since the occupation

proceeds from it. Or, in other words, the new occupational guilds must be woven into the old political entities, town, region, State and the like. Otherwise capital and labour, severally or conjointly, will ruin citizenship. In the task of reintegrating occupationalism into the political fabric, much may be expected from *women*, who, above all, have the welfare of the *family* and the children at heart.

But how can this interweaving be done?

* The English House of Commons has been until recently a chamber to protect mainly the financial interests of the citizen as a consumer; the House of Lords has likewise until recently been a chamber to protect the financial interests of the citizen as a producer, or, in the past, at least as an agricultural producer.

Subsequently, and owing to the industrial revolution, it has become less and less representative, and so has lost power. The financial balance between the two has thus been destroyed and the lower House saddled with the impossible task of regulating both consumption and production, though constituted on a basis that only fits it for the former function. Only an upper house (or senate), representing all producers, whether employers or employees, can redress the balance. Such a reform must also

- take into account the *judicial functions* of the upper chamber, which will be more important than ever, as it will be called upon to furnish new types of judges to serve as arbitrators in connection with guild, trade and labour disputes, the vital need of whom has been so woefully apparent during the recent strikes. And, finally, this new temporal collectivity should be balanced, as in the olden days, by an extended representation of the spiritual side of the nation's work, including not merely the bishops and representatives of the Churches, but also of the other two great cardinal spiritual occupations—Education and Art.

The fair regulation of consumption and production is the fundamental *raison d'être* for these two instruments of government, whatever the unit of government may be. It may be objected, however, that in local government as it is there is only apparently one chamber, but a little investigation will show that the other element is represented, albeit insufficiently, by co-opted members taken from certain specialist ranks (a modern device) and by aldermen, who are really the modern representatives of the guild aldermen of olden times.

This bicameral movement is bound, in fact, to extend not merely downward to local government, but upward beyond the nation, including the empire or commonwealth and ultimately the whole world itself, thereby fostering the ideal of true world-citizenship, not the vague and vacuous cosmopolitan type, ignoring

alike race and nationality, but one which comprehends and transcends a love of family, locality, nation and race—truly a far-off yet perfectly definite ideal! There is, in fact, no point in the unending spiral of interdependence where one can draw an absolutely hard and fast line. To put it in a paradox, the safety of the home lies beyond the home and the safety of the country beyond its borders. And the converse is equally true, or, as Mr. Branford puts it:—

"He who loves not truly his family cannot love his native home.

"He who loves not truly his native home cannot truly love his country.

"He who loves not truly his country cannot truly love humanity."

But the anarchist may say that not merely two, but one chamber are unnecessary, to which the answer is that the mere existence of government as a natural phenomenon is an index of the equality and inequality of man. For—

"Were all men equal, government would be unnecessary; were all men unequal, it would be impossible. The perennial problem of government lies in the paradox that each individual is equal in his common humanity to every other, and yet also unequal by the very existence of his unique personality that gives rise to endless manifold degrees of capacity, the indestructible roots of a perennial evolving hierarchy, or aristocracy. Inevitably, therefore, all government is thus eternally democratic, and yet also eternally aristocratic, though the aristocracies it throws up may be vastly different from one another."

In other words, it deals with the two categories of *quantity* and *quality*. Note how this distinction was recognised by the eighteenth-century use of the latter word to express the upper classes.

The new social unit of government arising from the fusion of regionalism and occupationalism will be alike economic and political in nature because essentially financial, for politics and economics will be merged *in identity* through finance, which has long been the supreme influence in the temporal world, though this is only gradually coming to light. Hence bicameral government, by providing two planes of interest for the individual, will help to soften down financial quarrels that otherwise might lead to foreign or civil strife, as his geographical interests may pull him one way and his trade or professional interests another. Again, the two chambers should act as clearing-houses not only for differences between consumer and producer, but also, where the bicameral system is extended still wider, to a fair distribution between the rival parties in such matters as world credit, raw material, regulation of emigration, wages, etc., some of which the late war has already brought into prominence. When this has been brought about, the much-disputed questions of Free

Trade and Protection will have become largely meaningless, for their objects will have been merged in the problem "of fair distribution and economic opportunity to every citizen and every region" (from hamlet to empire), "according to natural products and natural needs, combined with the fair distribution of responsibility for equivalent compensation where it is proposed to raise or lower prices according to privileges renounced or benefits received." Free Trade and Protection found their *raison d'être* in the fact that hitherto no practical means had been discovered for world regulation of economic situations and tendencies. *Laissez faire*, in fact, was a tacit admission that the old mediæval doctrine of the *justum pretium* could no longer be realised. But under the new conditions in which these problems are rapidly becoming world-wide problems, this impossibility no longer exists. If the various regional units, small and great, do not ultimately combine to fix them, they will be fixed by international finance, and that to the disadvantage of the consumer. Nor can one nation do this any longer for itself alone. Germany is a supreme instance of a nation trying to erect itself into a self-sufficing unit. World-power was not within its power to grasp, and hence the inevitable downfall. Mankind will end by realising, as the sense of interdependence grows, that economic plague spots anywhere are as dangerous as epidemics, and still more fatal, because, while the former attack the body of man, the latter injure his soul.

The more Occupationalism spreads beyond national frontiers, the better protection will it be against nationalistic megalomania. This knitting together of Occupationalism and Regionalism may well lead in the end to the solution of the hitherto insoluble Irish problem.

Moreover, the sharp logical distinction between consumer and producer does not exist in real life, for every citizen is both a consumer and producer. From the point of view of livelihood he is a producer, from the point of view of having to maintain his fitness for carrying on his livelihood he must consume utilities. So that at every step he has to satisfy the rival claims of the two instincts. Hence, while to solve these claims it is imperative to regard him from this two-fold point of view, it is equally imperative to find some political machinery by which these claims may be reconciled, when mankind are considered in groups.

Again, it is essential to clear away once for all the fallacies that have gathered round the phrase "produce" of "labour." If we regard man under the three-fold aspect of mechanical, organic and human, the "produce" of any labour of his does not differ in kind, but only in the degree into which each of these three factors enters. Mere mechanical energy enters into *all* labour,

whether the mis-called "brain" or "manual" labour. As a matter of fact, as far as mechanical energy goes, an executant musician in playing for a couple of hours may spend more mechanical energy than a hard-working bricklayer does in a day. Again, the emotional stress of the statesman when speaking, or the great creative artist at work, calls into play far more muscular strength and energy than are available to the average man. This is especially true of the orator, in whom the concentration of all the resources of the body in response to the psychic upheaval is amazing.

Again, all varieties of labour are interdependent and therefore indispensable. None of us can live without the other. It is useless to try to suppress any, except those that are really parasitical. *Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.* A vain attempt was made at the French Revolution to suppress lawyers! Of all these callings one may say, to parody Voltaire, if they were not in existence, it would be necessary to create them. A short, one-sided view looks on lawyers, priests and doctors as semi-parasites of society; but a deeper insight shows that each fulfils, or should fulfil, a definite function in society. Any useful activity is "labour," and "produce" is the result of any useful activity. This applies not merely to any person directly producing "wealth," like a farmer, but equally to anyone indirectly doing so by forecasting the weather, like the meteorologist, or still more indirectly doing so by transmitting these forecasts, as a telegraphist to the farmer, or making them available for him, like the newspaper compositor, since each is engaged in useful activity and thereby co-operates by his labour in the production of wealth. Equally is this true of the work of the novelist, the preacher, or the playwright, whose activities are devoted to the *re-creation* of mankind on the spiritual plane. *The fact is, no one can create new matter or energy.* They can only transfer or transform it, whether in their own bodies as consumers or by their acts as producers. Hence we have got to drop once for all the idea that distribution is something radically different from production and consumption, just as we have got to drop the pernicious distinction between manual work and brain work. No single conception of economic or political science has worked so long and so fatally against the *humanisation* of all labour, especially in respect to the so-called working classes, as well as against its highest productivity and against the social solidarity of man.

Clearly all labour whatever is both *corporeal* and *psychic*. The psychic element has until recently been ignored, but certain workshop problems are bringing it at last into prominence, notably, for instance, the fact that while worktime increases in mathe-

matical progression, psychic exhaustion increases in geometrical ! By his experiments with idiots, Séguin has shown for all time that the corporal side of man can do nothing till the psychic has been awakened. It is the *psychic* that sets the machine going and drives it. Hence all work is "labour," and one form of labour only varies from another according as the massive or the minute muscles are called into play by the psychic urge, or according to the degree of psychic energy involved in the operation, whose final moving forces lie in those glands and organs of the body which are the power-stations of the emotions. And so, in final analysis, at the back of all "labour," be it that of artisan or artist, lies *human emotion*. To rouse that human emotion to its highest pitch is, therefore, the prime condition for maximum productivity and the healing of the peoples. Henceforth let labour no longer insist on the manual element of its work, which is but an ingredient, but on the human element which gives it the indefeasible right to rank this aspect of it with the highest.

To come back to the new guilds and their evolution and incorporation as the second chamber of the respective regional (or provincial) national state or world councils. These assemblies will need supplementing on their judiciary side by a fair number of guild arbitrators, for not only a new type of lawyer is needed, but the education of the existing one demands reform, as Mr. S. H. Seville points out. Owing to profound social changes, the political struggle has shifted from a fight against oppression by the Government or the Crown to an appeal by the people to the Crown and the Government for protection against wealth and property. Hence the lawyer of the future must add to his individualist training, in the principles of personal and individual freedom, a profound study of economics, politics and social science.

Furthermore, the discussions in these second chambers should be public and open. They should each serve as a clearing-house for the differences between the main various occupational groups, thus balanced among themselves, and again collectively balanced against the geographically-elected first chamber of consumers. Profiteering, strikes, lock-outs and the other evils of unlimited competition should therefore be gradually eliminated or ameliorated by *regulation* and the force of public opinion backed up by a Press representative of all shades of opinion.

A few of the main differences between the two chambers may be noted. In the first, the representatives will be elected by public choice, which is more or less exposed to change. Here, then, the elector is the predominant partner. In the second, the representative will be the nominee of his guild, and his tenure

is likely, owing to his prestige within the guild, to become permanent. Youth and middle age will predominate in the first chamber, senescence and old age in the second. The deputy or member of the first house will tend to be progressive, the senator (member of the second) is likely to be conservative. The deputy will receive a salary and no pension, the senator a pension, and no salary. The deputy will concentrate on the present, the senator on the past or the future, or both. The Senate, again, in terms of popular excitement, will be the champion of minorities, as indeed the House of Lords has been in the last few years. On the other hand, the lower House, as representing the citizens geographically, will always remain the predominant house.

As regards the composition of the Senate, it may possibly contain in its ultimate form an equal number of spiritual and temporal members, the spiritual naturally including representatives, not merely of religion, but of Education and the Fine Arts, that belong to the spiritual crafts. As for finance, the lower chamber will continue the existing geographical taxation on the basis of *family* ability to pay, and the other will inaugurate a system of taxation according to the several guilds' ability to pay. This some may object to as Diarchy, but the answer is that *one-man* government has proved in the long run to be defective, and we must get back to the principle of multiple sovereignty. The family exemplar demands it; Rome with its two consuls, Egypt with its two Pharaohs, are instances of two of the most durable governments that have ever existed, and, curiously enough, of the greatest of the pre-war German businesses, the Badische Anilin-Fabrik was under *two* general managers. Liberty and interdependence increase together. And, finally, there must be equitable representation in the second chamber of employer and employees of all guilds and, of course, a due proportion of women.

Bankers will be represented in both chambers, for the banker is the supreme figure in temporal things, since all *realities* have their price. To those who object to capitalism as such the answer is that it is a natural and inevitable growth, and the only thing to do is not to try to abolish it, which is impossible, but to *regulate* it in such a way as to redound to the benefit of the community. Taxation has got to be looked on not as insurance money or legalised blackmail, but as payment for social services received, and so it may finally come to pass that by a strange paradox the rich will be among the most highly esteemed, because they contribute most to the welfare of the community!

Step by step with the passing of the absolute State into the interdependent State must go the passing of the *absolute* independence of employer and employee. Not that this foreshadows

the disappearance of private property,¹ based as it is on the primal needs of the family, but of the current fallacy of absolute private property, which no known legal system has ever recognised. The idea of absolute independence is a chimera due to our unconsciously transferring the concepts of absolute logic into the world of reality. As a matter of fact, Man is finite by nature, infinite in spirit; he is therefore a being in-de-finite and *indefinable*. Man is therefore free and determined because he is in-de-terminate.

"Man is a being both ordered and chaotic, and is therefore *inchoate* [or in the making, to use Wells's phrase].

"Man is a being both the same and yet different from other men; and therefore is a *similar* being.

"There is both equality and inequality amongst men; and therefore *interequality*.

"Man is a being both dependent and independent; and so *interdependent*."

Or, in a word, man is a creature and a creator in one, and so the more we obey the laws of Nature, the freer we become, for service and mastery go together.

Again, everyone is, as producer, employed by the whole community, every man, as consumer, employs the community, whether he be a beggar eating a crust of bread or a multi-millionaire, and thus every man has an interest in both sides of the question.

But the slow and painful transition towards the new order of things can only come about, as has been already said, by a corresponding *change of heart*. Hence the supreme value and importance of the spiritual crafts already alluded to. With the political economic transformation must go step by step a religious, educational and artistic conversion. *Domine dirige nos* is no vain saying. Here, again, a study of mediæval thought may teach us much, whether in what to follow or to avoid. For instance, the restraints placed by the mediæval Church upon trade were doubtless injurious from one point of view, yet their basal aim was sound—to safeguard the moral welfare of every citizen against exploitation. It is significant in this connection that the Archbishop of Canterbury is still an *ex-officio* member of the Board of Trade! Religion, Education and Art must be the preachers and pioneers of the new movement, the counsellors of our future councillors.

(1) The three primal and indestructible portions of the natural man for substantial and reasonable satisfaction in food, sex, and property find in these three things the respective instruments for self-preservation, race maintenance, and family livelihood.

Their position in the six-fold hierarchy of the worlds of Nature and of Spirit is plain from the following table :—

THE THREE WORLDS OF NATURE.

Outward corresponding craft	Mechanical Craft (Industry)	Organic Craft (Agriculture, etc.)	Folkcraft (economic, political, legal, domestic and administrative activities)
Types of natural intelligence (natural sciences)	Mechanology (Physics, Chemistry, Engineering, etc.)	Biology	Sociology

THE THREE WORLDS OF SPIRIT.

Outward corresponding art.	Fine Art	Education	Church
Types of spiritual intelligence (Spiritual truth)	Aesthetic	Logic.	Ethic

It is well to note that there are six, and six only, cardinal occupations, though their interdependence is unlimited. A man may, for instance, belong to one, yet have a footing in one or more of the categories. Thus a gardener, inasmuch as he uses tools, exercises a mechanical craft, or, as regards selling his produce, exercises a social craft, thus utilising his knowledge of human nature; but his main trade is gardening, the others are subsidiary.

In accordance, then, with this principle of interdependence and interpenetration of occupations, one may naturally expect to see the mechanical groups evolving not merely their expert followers, but their representatives in politics, law, banking, education (including publication), religion and art. This is, indeed, already happening in America in respect to certain technical colleges which are developing not merely the appropriate education, but also their study of law and politics, while even in England we have already mining schools, miners' members, and the trade unions of mines have their own doctors.

So will it be, doubtless, with the agricultural guilds and also with the political, each eager to throw out connective tissue to link it up with the others. And the same might be expected from the spiritual guilds. Incidentally, in connection with this interdependence, Mr. Bransford brings out very strikingly the

indissoluble bond, linking together great poetry and great politics, giving chapter and verse to show how great poets (Isaiah, Dante and the like) have a profound grasp of polity and great statesmen (Solomon, Pericles, etc.) a deep reverence for poetry. It is not for nothing that a poet once said that what matters was not the making of the laws, but the songs of a people. Mr. Branford acutely adds that the exclusion of women from the political arena has probably been the root cause of the rarity of great female poets, and prophesies the advent of great women statesmen and great women poets.

Once this law of interdependence is recognised in the labour world, the present struggle between craft and industrial unions will become meaningless.

Most difficult of all will be the evolution of art guilds, but they should get help from old friends like the Churches and new friends like the Schools. Their ideal, however, is plain enough—the creation and maintenance of high æsthetic quality of work and the substitution of the æsthetic *spiritual* welfare of the community for the commercialisation that threatens art to-day. Art, of course, is here taken in its widest sense of music, the drama, architecture, horticulture, and all the so-called arts and crafts. One of its new, if most difficult, duties will be to exercise oversight over the machine-made produce and see that it is really a thing of beauty.

But amid this evolution of craft and guild life, the periodic need of re-organisation and re-co-ordination, of the whole of which they only form a part, must never be lost sight of. For he who co-ordinates governs, and he that specialises is governed (how true of the pre-war German, the most over-specialised and therefore the most over-governed of men!). In the temporal sphere the co-ordinator is the Banker, in the spiritual the Philosopher. The Banker is the Supreme Councillor, the distributor of opportunities (no credit means necessarily hand-to-mouth existence) and the Philosopher is the Supreme Counsellor, the interpreter of life. Their education as co-ordinators, whether men or women, must absorb something substantial of the six spheres of culture, in order that they may have a bird's-eye view of all, and their education must be a *humane* one, as indeed must be that of all citizens, no matter whether in the latter case the education be in the main literary, scientific or craft in nature. The pupil, not the subject, must be the first and last consideration, and so the teachers should be no mere specialists, but language-humanists, nature-humanists or craft-humanists, as Mr. Branford has pointed out elsewhere. Only under the teaching of humanists can dehumanised industry again become humane. But, granted this

postulate, specialisation is essential to every form of complete education, as preparation for livelihood.

But, as has already been hinted, the institution of bicameral government cannot stop at the national stage. The British Empire or commonwealth, for which Mr. Branford suggests the name *Britannemindia*, will ultimately demand the creation of similar instruments of government for itself in the coming era. What will the spirit of that era be? A summary study of the ideals of the last period of the pre-war era, that of the French Revolution, will furnish us with several clues. The French Revolution, which was directly due to the inequitable incidence of taxation, excessive centralisation of power at the expense of local government resulting in a definite exclusion from political experience of the mass of the people, succeeded in establishing once and for all the imprescriptible rights of the individual and his equality before the law, but, owing to the very evils which brought it about, neglected to insist on the equally important doctrine of *his self-sacrificing duties*, ignored tradition (which is history) and the realities of local differences (which is geography), while its conception of the nation as an absolute sovereign State with an official bureaucracy impartially functioning in the interest of all opened the way for a genius like Napoleon to identify himself with the State (once more repeating the formula of the *l'état c'est moi*), or to make himself, thanks to his knowledge of geography (as "President of the topographical cabinet"!) and his passion for history (*vide* his passion for Plutarch), master for a time of the whole mechanism. Thanks to him and his military predecessors, its doctrines spread like wildfire through Europe, overthrowing tyranny right and left, and finally compassing, by the spirit it aroused without, the downfall of the Napoleonic tyranny itself. But through its *laissez-faire* spirit it established unlimited competition, leading thereby to the new forms of economic slavery, while its glorification of the State found its final incarnation in the late Government of Germany, the last word in megalomaniac competition on the international scale. The duty of the new era, then, is to hold fast to what was good in the French Revolution, while eliminating its evil effects and incorporating the new ideas now coming into play. What, then, is the new programme?

"The simultaneous co-operation of the whole human race, family by family, city by city, region by region, nation by nation, institution by institution, towards the gradual evolution of a world polity of citizens offering increasing scope alike in *duties and in rights to child, woman, and man, family, city, region, nation, race, and institution*, and doing justice to each according to its own living nature and its own particular needs, towards a united culture of science and art rooted in domestic, civil, moral, national,

and racial culture: towards the lofty and sublime task of the discovery and creation of a veritable religion with a world conscience of which the foundations are the great religions already evolved. The new spirit must be rooted in the past, alive in the present, prophetic of the future, . . . for without vision the peoples perish."

How, then, shall these ideals be carried out as far as the British commonweal is concerned? All the world awaits the spirit in which we act; just as the whole world looked on yesterday at the way in which the late strike was handled. On us the mantle of government once worn by the Roman Empire has descended. *Tu regere imperio, Britannice, memento.*

How, then, shall these ideals be carried out? If Counsel should precede Council, then it would seem that three stages are necessary. A small conference of both Houses of Parliament; a large consultative and constitutive convention of the Britamerindian Commonweal; a smaller committee appointed by, and reporting to, the Convention.

The Convention should contain representatives of all regions, institutions, groups, temporal and spiritual, including male and female, and also the three generations, youth, middle-age and age. Large numbers, as history shows, should not prove a drawback.

The reporting committee should be composed partly of members of the Convention, partly of co-opted political thinkers, not merely of English nationality, but also of distinguished foreigners. This is no new innovation. The history of many Greek towns shows that they asked foreigners to advise on, and even devise, their constitutions. Geneva did the like with marked success.

The committee would make a synoptic survey and then report by slow instalments, domestic and foreign criticism being alike taken into account. Its suggestions would be finally embodied in Bills and passed through the various stages of Parliament, which would in the first instance pass the proposals as experimental and subject to revision after a stated number of years.

Step by step with this should go the holding of corresponding regional conventions (civic, regional and national), for in this way only can the rival claims of producer and consumer be reconciled whether locally or higher in the scale.

A word or two on the survey itself is necessary. Three cardinal elements appear to be inherent in it. The first, an *empirical*, is one in which the English nation, by reason of their practical sobriety, patience, saving humour and good sense, are justly considered by the nations of the world as paramount. The second element is the *scientific*, in the formulation of social categories and legal principles for reducing to order the vast wealth of disconnected social and political data. This is the province of

sociology and political science, in which the English with their indifference in the mass to logic are certainly surpassed by the Latin races. Here, then, is just a point on which it would be wise to strengthen the hands of our various sociological and political thinkers, by adding a few distinguished foreign jurists, sociologists and political philosophers. The last element is the *creative*, which fuses into a great work of art the contributions of experience and logic, a stage that demands the co-operation of the executive and the contemplative genius, too often in opposition to-day. In this field England has produced as many first-rate men as any country, and women too (to cite only Queen Elizabeth), though the palm in political thinking must be awarded to the ancient Greeks, who alone have been supreme in all these branches—a sufficient reason to ensure the permanent study of Greek in our universities, thereby dispensing them from the ignoble imposition of "forcible feeding," to which Oxford still clings to-day.

Finally, survey and scheme-making must develop together, acting and reacting upon each other. Nor must those who are at work on the great design commit the besetting sin of political thinkers and conventional statesmen of neglecting the instincts (those so-called Freudian complexes) of the undifferentiated masses from whom all forms of social and political organisation in reality proceed, that "people" whom one may delude in part or for a time, but whose intuitions in the long run are unerring.

Here we must stop, hoping, however, that our analysis, faulty and imperfect as it is, gives at least an inkling how the book under review absolutely bristles at every turn with suggestions and warnings on the present world crisis, whether the topic be labour unrest, the prevention of strikes, the regulation of wages, the reconciliation of the claims of the individual and the State, the regulation of capital, the health of the people, the revival of local life, the handling of foreign affairs, the consolidation of the British Empire, the refashioning of education, the socialisation of art, and the restoration of the spiritual element to its rightful place in the life of the individual and the community. There is a hunger and thirst to-day in the souls alike of the learned and the simple to set things right. If this article is successful in leading them to the book of which it is the humble exposition, it will not have been written in vain.

CLOUDSLEY BRERETON.

MR. CHURCHILL AND THE ARMY RESERVE.

WHEN the nation is at war the opponents of reform speciously argue that it is inexpedient to swop horses in the stream. When peace supervenes the public interest in military affairs, without which no Secretary of State is powerful enough to carry important changes through Parliament, is apt to decline with the disappearance of the immediate danger of war and the reappearance of the problems of peace. The present, however, is a kind of interregnum between peace and war. The dark menace of German conquest has been overcome, but the state of Europe is none the less full of menace, to which Mr. Churchill has shown himself more alive than any of his colleagues; the condition of Russia and the attitude of Bolshevism generally towards France and Britain equally justify and demand the most vigilant precautions for material defence and for the enforcement of the Treaty of Peace.

It may be said, then, in spite of unusual difficulties resulting from political and financial exhaustion, from war-weariness among the loyal subjects of the British Crown, and reviving activity among the disloyal and unwholesome elements of our population, that the present year affords opportunities which may not recur for many a decade of placing our military administration on a sound and practical basis. Mr. Churchill has shown his understanding of the importance of his rôle and courage in meeting the problems which had to be dealt with without delay, such as the Demobilisation, and the reconstruction of the Army of the Rhine; it remains for him to prove that he can construct on a greater scale and on a more permanent foundation for the future. He has many personal advantages which none of his predecessors had, in that he served several years in the Army in peace, commanded a battalion for several months in France during the war, witnessed other campaigns as war correspondent, and directed the all-embracing strategy of the Navy at the most critical period of its duel with German power. The experience thus gained ought to be invaluable, whether the measures adopted were successful or otherwise; moreover, Mr. Churchill is singularly fortunate in being almost unopposed in Parliament. His position may be too strong, for some expert criticism is almost indispensable to vast schemes of reform.

When Parliament was prorogued in August the only indications given by the War Minister of the future organisation of the Army consisted in the appointment of fourteen Generals to command

Territorial divisions, but these officers, however zealous, have not yet had much opportunity of doing anything at all, though they have had plenty of leisure for thinking over the difficulties which beset them. Before the former organisation of Regulars, Special Reserve, and Territorials is permanently adopted it is worth while to inquire how the scheme served in the past and how it is likely to fit in with our future requirements. Unless the last inquiry can be answered satisfactorily, the renewal of an unsuitable and insufficient military organisation long since obsolete cannot be too strongly condemned. Its adoption would attest the complete bankruptcy of all military statesmanship at the War Office and in the Government.

Let us first recall the situation of the Regular Army in the last two wars, 1899 and 1911. In 1899 we had to deal with a white militia armed and directed in the most unconventional manner, and this enemy waged a characteristic colonial warfare against us as contrasted with the type of war-armed masses of Europe, Asia, or America. In the later stages the Boers broke up into guerilla bands, which were difficult to find in the vast territories of South Africa, but in the first six months of the war they met us in armies of approximately the same size as our own, which offered an easy target to our leaders had our commanders and executive staff understood contemporary tactics, but we failed signally to crush the hostile armies and expended an inordinate treasure and effort in the guerilla war. For neither purpose did our military system prove fitted, and the expansion of the Army depended upon large drafts of untrained volunteers led by amateur officers, who were accorded the high rank which it took professional officers thirty years of hard and varied service to attain. In this and in many other respects Britain sustained lasting injury in the Boer War, but it might at least have served as a warning and inspired a revival of military efficiency, especially after its lessons had been accentuated by the Russo-Japanese War in Manchuria.

When the Liberals came into office in the winter, 1905-1906, immediately at the close of the Manchurian war, Mr. Haldane became War Minister with powers of Commander-in-Chief, and governed the Army till 1912, when he became Lord Chancellor. Even after that date he continued to influence military policy, and if power is a word which can properly be applied to such a flabby conglomeration as the last Liberal Government, he was all-powerful. He personally negotiated with the German Kaiser and Ministers, both in this country and in Germany, and had the amplest means of knowing the danger to which this country was exposed.

He will never persuade the masses of his countrymen to trust him again. They have finally condemned him, but the light which his career has thrown upon technical incapacity and the deadly peril involved thereby is of great value. He has recently defended his administration, but when he writes on strategy he seems to mean policy and organisation. His policy was to put 160,000 men into line with the French, and the organisation by which he hoped to effect it was to make up six divisions of infantry from the battalions in Great Britain, which were used as training depôts to supply drafts for the battalions in India. The cavalry and artillery were in rather a better position. These six divisions were due to take the field in twelve days, and were to turn the scale against the Germans in the first great clash of arms; behind them stood what remained of the Militia now labelled Special Reserve and fourteen divisions of Territorials who were not expected to be fit for field service for six months, by which time the war was to have been won. These divisions constituted a reserve for unexpected developments.

The event swiftly revealed the absurdity of Haldane's calculations and the feebleness of his military advisers. Instead of six divisions, only five reached the first battlefield, and one of them was very late. Nineteen days after we entered the war, and twenty-four days after war was certain we managed to put the first four divisions into line. To expect these troops and their commander to turn the scale when seventy divisions or more were fighting on each side was asking rather much, nor did they have a fair chance from other points of view. So little care had been taken to harmonise our action with the French that our little army was set down on the exposed flank of the French line to meet a two-fold superiority of Germans with a great superiority of artillery. The result was Mons.

Disastrous as the opening of the campaign was, victory might still have been achieved in 1914 if any considerable proportion of the Territorial divisions had been thrown against the German flank in October, 1914. The fact that these troops were not used in the terrible crisis of the Yser battle, when the fate of the Entente hung upon a thin line of British riflemen, proved to demonstration that our military system before the war was as vicious as it could well be. What, then, is the remedy? It would be folly not to use to the full the military spirit which made a Territorial Army possible, and not to exploit the traditions created by the war, but nothing was proved more clearly than that untrained soldiers under amateur leaders, however brave, have no manner of chance against anything like the same number of trained soldiers led by trained officers. Whatever they are

called—whether Regulars, Militia, Volunteers, or Territorials—is of far less importance than that the troops who will have to meet the first shock in a future war should have an irreducible minimum of instruction, and that their leaders should be professionally competent, especially their superior chiefs. This is quite impossible unless both officers and men serve a period, which will vary in the estimation of military authorities, but which can roughly be stated as not less than three months continuously for the rank and file, not less than six months for a subaltern officer, or twelve months for a superior officer, and those periods are little enough if the enemy has longer training. The difficulty of reserving the higher ranks of the Territorial Army for trained officers instead of conferring these commands upon rich men with political influence is not likely to be less in the future than it proved in the past; moreover, fourteen divisions are none too many for the purposes of home defence, even if the next war has to be waged overseas. Instead of sending these divisions intact to the front, a sounder system would be to keep them permanently at home, but to draw upon them for reserve battalions to the army in the field and for drafts which should be immediately replaced in the Territorial units by recruits. The principal defect of the Regular Army has been its dual obligation to furnish the garrison of India and to furnish an Expeditionary Force for European purposes. The double rôle can only be performed if behind the Regular Army stands a Reserve Army having sufficient training to enable it to take its place in line on the breaking out of hostilities, and sufficient numerical strength to treble the cadres of the Regular Army permanently maintained at home.

The necessity for such an organisation seems dimly to have been understood by Haldane and his advisers, for the Militia was converted to the purpose in 1907 and re-christened the Special Reserve. Parenthetically it should be said that an army organisation is effective in direct ratio to its simplicity, and therefore the creation of complicated categories of Reserves and Special Reserves was wrong. But the chief blunder consisted in neglecting to provide for the expansion of the first line when war overtook us. The plan adopted was to call up the so-called Army Reserve, consisting of soldiers who had served seven years with the Colours, and with these men to fill the regiments assigned to the Expeditionary Force, of whom they formed about half of the infantry. The plan had all the disadvantages, and none of the advantages, of using reserves for the first line. Since these soldiers had been trained in the foreign service battalion of their regiment, they were strangers to their officers and non-commissioned officers. Their experience of soldiering had been mostly

in India, so that they knew nothing of European campaigning by experience at manoeuvres. For example, our infantry had never practised quartering in villages after a day's march and rapid reassembling at dawn. This omission in their training accounted for much of the loss in prisoners in the disastrous retreat from Mons, and hardly tallies with Haldane's boast of being able to beat German conscript armies with highly-trained pretorians. However unpopular, the truth is that the technical training of the German conscript in two years was incomparably superior to the Haldane pretorian training of seven years, and incomparably more useful for European conditions; though, happily, the innate superiority of the Briton as a fighting man counted for a great deal and largely redressed the balance in our favour; but we owe no gratitude to the War Office for that fact.

Then the military policy of throwing all our best soldiers into the thick of the desperate struggle at Mons and on the Yser was incredibly and criminally wrong. These soldiers should at any rate have been used as the core and nucleus of their regiments, which should have been expanded by less highly-trained levies, and the combined *personnel* would speedily have acquired the standard of their corps. Even the Bulgarians had an organisation which enabled them to convert companies into battalions on mobilisation. Our system resulted in the cream of our troops being sacrificed in the partial struggles of 1914 and 1915, when, owing to our feeble numbers, we were playing a subsidiary rôle *perforce*. Therefore, in 1916, when General Haig played for the maximum in the Somme campaign, and when we could, and should, have destroyed the weakened German host, our gallant volunteers lacked the professional leaven without which no army can accomplish much in the open field against formidable adversaries. This fact alone excuses the troops, though the High Command should have made allowances for it in assigning such terrible ordeals to our infantry divisions. Thus the process was continued, and in 1917 we had even fewer real soldiers, either as leaders or troops, than in 1916; moreover, the Passchendaele and Cambrai offensives were to some extent handicapped by the fact that both were ill-planned and ill-directed.

Organisation and High Command are intimately connected. A competent Commander-in-Chief knows what he wants and the organisation which will best enable him to execute his plans. This organisation is immensely important, whereas we treat it as a secondary consideration to be attended to when the crisis arises. It is then too late, since time is required for any military organisation to produce good results. The problem which faces the present Army Council is to create the framework of three

separate military forces, each of which is essential. We have always required, and still require, large British forces to serve in India and in the Mediterranean. There is no prospect of these troops being reduced below 100,000 men; the figure of 150,000 will be a safer calculation for some time to come. Behind them we need a second line of Regular troops to train drafts and on occasion to reinforce the first line. Finally, we require an army for the defence of these islands, and the military situation created by the alliance of 1914 has decreed that this army must be prepared for employment on the Continent at short notice; in its turn it requires a Home auxiliary force to reinforce, to guard lines of communications and the territory of the kingdom. Our requirements are similar to the French, although our insular position makes it necessary to assign to the Navy some of the most important duties of the French Army. The campaign of 1914 clearly demonstrated the limits of naval action, however superior our Navy may be to any hostile fleet or fleets which can be brought against it.

Yielding to the temptation of dealing with the pressing need of the moment, and shirking the problems of the future, successive War Ministers have maintained efficient Regular troops for oversea service, but at the expense of the other two, the Regular Army at home, and the Territorial Army for Home Defence. Nor did the Haldane scheme of 1907 meet the necessity of using all our strength as early as possible. There is, in fact, no other way than the obvious one of training sufficient soldiers for a brief period—say, for the sake of argument, six months' continuous recruit training—and embodying them in a Reserve which is organised in peace to be called up on the outbreak of war and immediately absorbed in the field army. Naturally such a Reserve should have distinct classes for the men trained in each year, and the oldest classes should be called up last. The cadres of the Regular Army quartered at home alone can supply the machinery and should be used for the organisation and training of the real Reserve of the Army. Only the best instructors should be allotted, and no pains should be spared to make service in it attractive and effective. Haldane's Special Reserve was neglected to foster the Territorials, and consequently dwindled even below the strength of the former Militia. There are officers and soldiers trained in the late war who could be enrolled, and whose ranks can be filled in the future by short service men trained by Regular officers. If only 40,000 young men were trained annually twelve contingents would furnish a reserve of over 400,000 soldiers. Elasticity of service should be permitted, so that men who could train in the Territorial units might volunteer for active service

as a second *echelon* of the Reserve. By such an organisation the seventy line battalions of the Home Army could promptly be expanded to seventy regiments, each 3,000 strong, with due complement of other arms and auxiliary service, and the existence of such an organisation would go further to protect the world in general, and our country in particular, from the losses and inconvenience of another great war than a dozen Leagues of Nations.

Nor would such an organisation be expensive, even if liberally found, paid and equipped. The excuse of excessive cost has always been a false excuse, for if the millions cheerfully voted by Parliament, even in the dark days which immediately preceded 1914, had been employed with reasonable economy and wisdom the Expeditionary Force could have been increased by several divisions. To-day and for the next three or four years the cost would be slight, owing to the large numbers who have been trained, and who might be recalled to the Colours. The conditions under which the British troops lived in India before the war were a national disgrace, and reformers in and out of Parliament should see to it that not only the pay is increased to a reasonable rate, but that the transporting of troops by land and sea is adequately and humanely performed; that modern hygienic devices should be installed in the Indian cantonments to enable our soldiers to live in them during the torrid season without ruining their health. It is surprising how little interest the soldiers' friends have taken in this all-important question, but the Army Council does not deserve to get recruits for oversea service while the troops are as disgracefully neglected as formerly. Life in the tropics for the private soldier must shorten his life almost inevitably; therefore nothing should be left undone which is feasible and reasonable to improve his lot.

One of the most misleading statements in Haldane's apology gave the reader to understand that his choice lay between a conscript army of two millions on the continental pattern as advocated by the late Lord Roberts, or the plan which produced four divisions only to cross swords with the Germans at Mons. By varying the terms of enlistment, by short service with the Colours and a well-organised Army Reserve, it has been shown how easily the Home Army might have been expanded. Even if we could have launched a dozen divisions at the German flank in 1914 the Kaiser's Government would certainly have hesitated twice and thrice before invading Belgium. Haldane's 160,000 men must have included non-combatants on the scale of an Oriental potentate at a durbar more than the field state of a modern army, seeing that it gave less than 70,000 combatants.

If the Army of the future is to fulfil its principal rôle, which

is to prevent and discourage the hostility of our rivals and potential enemies, it will need many other reforms; it must become far more formidable in proportion to its numbers than anything we have possessed heretofore; but the problem of building up an adequate Reserve by short service, a Reserve which should, if possible, never be less than half a million trained soldiers, comes first and foremost. The Territorial Army should guard home territory, should also constitute a reserve, but cannot in peace be expected to undergo the strenuous and continuous training which is indispensable for serious military operations. It is hard enough for the Territorial to give up his fortnight's holiday by the sea for his annual training, but two weeks' training preceded by a few evening drills is a travesty of the education of the rank and file of a modern army. The officers, perforce, are even more uninstructed in their multifarious duties than the soldiers; but the great difficulty which besets Mr. Churchill is the officer corps.

The Territorial regiments before the war were officered by gentlemen with great local influence essential to the popular recruiting of their corps, and of great political influence. Some of these gentlemen had served in the Army, and a certain proportion had learnt their duties by taking all opportunities of doing military duty; but as a body they were amateurs. Nevertheless, they had influence enough to gain commands up to the rank of colonel, and in some instances of brigadier, in spite of the manifest injustice of putting them on the same seniority as their professional comrades. To palliate this absurdity it was the fashion to attack the Regular officer for his alleged inferiority of intellect and skill, and much nonsense was printed by the "stunt" journals during the war about this same vast reservoir of intellect which the amateur officers of Territorial and New Armies were supposed to include. Now it is not altogether certain that the 10,000 Regular officers were so devoid of military aptitude or intellect, but if they were it was entirely due to their treatment by the War Office and Parliament.

Regular officers were underpaid, had no legal status, had no means of obtaining a fair hearing of a grievance or injustice; their life was dangerous to health, and their duties were as monotonous as the Army Council could make them. They had to endure the promotion over their heads, after long and faithful service, of the favourites of authority whose wealth and influence brought them to the front. Even when and where merit was honestly rewarded it was invariably administrative ability, never the ability to train and lead soldiers in the fight. The tendency to adore the golden calf was fatal to the prospects

of the hereditary fighting chiefs which our landed gentry and military families still produced; every important command in the Army, with but few exceptions, was entrusted to office men, and the result of this policy was imprinted on every battle of the war. If the men who had planned and directed the Gallipoli landing, the relief of Kut, the Somme, Passchendaele, Cambrai, and the spring campaign of 1918 had been in closer touch with the actualities of fighting, these disasters would probably have been in most cases British victories.

It has got to be faced that the rule of an army entails a great deal more than administration and office work, essential as they are. A successful General must be in close spiritual touch with his troops, his spiritual home should be a British regiment. In spite of Leagues of Nations, Bolsheviks and Pacifists, wars are not yet impossible or unlikely in other regions than Russia. The remedy for an unintellectual and stagnant officer corps is to pay it a living wage, to deal fairly in the all-important question of promotion, and to give it due legal status. An officer should not be liable to dismissal from the Service unless convicted of an offence. The excuse of inefficiency is generally false, because no inefficient candidate should ever be given a commission.

A well-governed officer corps with sound technical education should furnish the leaders and instructors of the Reserve of our fighting line, and should not be pushed aside to make room for wealthy bourgeois who serve a fortnight annually in some Territorial unit, though the latter will be useful for less serious contingencies, such as were formerly entrusted to the Auxiliary Forces. There is much profession of faith in Democracy in these days. It is the fashionable cant, but it does not seem to have been digested that the soldier in the ranks has the *right* to be skilfully trained in peace and led in war. If not, he is bored in peace and massacred to no purpose in war. No one, therefore, has a stronger interest in true Army reform than the soldier who is never consulted, and the vast class of working people whence he comes. But the political and trade representatives of this class neglect the Army, or regard it spitefully, because they seem to fear it may be used to curb the violence of the mob in case of trade disputes or seditious strikes. This want of harmony within the State itself undermines the military efficiency of the nation, and results in the higher ranks of the Generals' list contending for the prizes of the Service rather than risking their position by striving for reform—a vicious circle.

CECIL BATTINE.

THE NEXT BUDGET—AND AFTER.

ALTHOUGH Mark Tapleys may have the defects of their qualities, they are nevertheless useful members of a community. Their cheery habit of making the best of things is a corrective of the despondency into which reverses and disappointments plunge people of less resilient fibre. Making the best of things, however, is not to be confounded with indulgence in fantastic and delusive hopes; and in considering the financial position of our country in these dark and depressing times it is necessary to emphasise the distinction between a resolution to tackle our problems with light hearts, and a foolish belief in the mirage of an easily-recovered prosperity. Rose-coloured spectacles may give a deceptive glow to the prospect, but they do not make the wilderness to blossom. If most Englishmen are to-day uncertain whether they ought to chant dirges or rend the air with songs of thanksgiving, their uncertainty is excusable, for there has been a similar vacillation in Ministerial circles. We should all be glad to feel sure that the more hopeful views of our financial future are well founded; but are we able to feel sure? Let us see.

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer's latest estimate is realised, the revenue for the current financial year (ending March 31st, 1920), on the existing basis of taxation, will be sufficient to meet the expenditure, and there will be no need for any new or increased taxes next year *unless*——. Of course, there is an "unless." Financial forecasts in these days, notwithstanding the supposed infallibility of the permanent Treasury officials, are invariably qualified with "ifs" and "provided"s and "unlesses." The "unless" in Mr. Chamberlain's estimate is two-fold. All will be well, and we shall make both ends meet, provided the House of Commons does not sanction any additional expenditure, or vote for accelerating the repayment of the National Debt. It may be that the former proviso covers a shrewd anticipation of what is likely to happen. For instance, the House of Commons has approved of the increase of Old Age Pensions to 10s. a week, which will cost the country another £10,000,000 a year, and to that extent will upset Mr. Chamberlain's Budget. Dr. Addison's proposed building subsidy, again, if approved by the House, will cost the country millions of money for which Mr. Chamberlain has not made any allowance. The Government Bill for a comprehensive Unemployment Insurance scheme must, if adopted, inevitably involve contributions by

the State—another new liability of the “unless” category. Then a good many people think fifty years too long a period over which to spread instalments of the Sinking Fund, and may persuade the Government to make larger annual payments to be provided for by additional tax revenue. The “unless,” therefore, is a sort of red light warning us to be conservative in our arithmetic and restrained in our expectations.

But if these glum doubts should prove to be unfounded, not only is the apprehension of new taxes a bogey, but, what is equally comforting, we are encouraged to look next year for a substantial surplus to go in reduction of the National Debt. This agreeable picture was disclosed to the public with all the *éclat* of a great surprise. It reminded one of the dissolving views that used to be a popular entertainment, in which a snow-clad scene and leafless trees melted into a blaze of sunny beauty. This year a deficit of £474,000,000; next year a surplus for the reduction of capital debt! These kaleidoscopic changes in estimates would seem to be a speciality of the Government, for no sooner had Mr. Chamberlain startled us with his brilliant performance than the President of the Board of Trade, who had put 6s. on to the price of a ton of coal in July, bewildered the public by taking off 10s. in November. One wonders what will be the next Aunt Sally put up in order that the Government may have the credit of knocking it down again. But, reverting to the Budget, what becomes of the deficit next year? With what magic of woven paces and of waving arms is it spirited away? The change is so like a conjurer's trick, or a quick-change artist's metamorphosis, that it is incomprehensible until it is explained; and then how ridiculously simple it looks. The deficit, it must be understood, is largely an accidental deficit; it is the result of a series of disappointments in the nature of “deferments of receipts”—credits that have not materialised as they should have done. To wit, Germany's liability for the cost of the Army of Occupation has not been paid; the trading capital advanced to the Food Control has not been repaid; and the liabilities of the Allies are discovered to be much larger than was expected. These combined deferments contribute £341,000,000 to the deficit. Then there is the increased expenditure since the last Budget was framed—war pensions, war bonuses, police grants, increased pay to the Army, Navy and Air Force. The Chancellor's calculations for next year appear to be based on the presumption that the postponed or deferred receipts will not be deferred again; that Germany will pay up, that the Food Control will cease from its speculative activities, and that the Allies will make haste to discharge their unforeseen debts. Nothing could be more com-

forting. The winter of our discontent is made glorious summer, at any rate promising spring; we are no longer galloping along the road to ruin; we are, instead, being led through verdant pastures and by the side of still waters to idyllic scenes of surpluses and reduced Debt.

It is a pretty picture, but prudence suggests that we ought not to lose our heads over it. There have been slips before to-day between the cup of surplus and the lip of hope. We must not forget those "ifs." It *may* happen that the Food Control will not be wound up next year; the assets to be realised *may* bring in less than the estimate; in short, several things *may* occur to spoil the Chancellor's charming anticipations. Let us hope it will be otherwise. We should, perhaps, have been able to hope with greater confidence if the revision of the estimates had been a little less like a *volte-face*. When a Minister, who in August was sitting in sackcloth and ashes, beating his breast and uttering lamentations, begins, in October, to dance like a child with a new toy; when the threnodies of an "In Memoriam" are exchanged for the "light fantastic toe" of "L'Allegro"; there is a natural anxiety about the next turn of the wheel. Mr. Asquith has put the case in a caustic but not unfair sentence: "The estimates, whether of revenue or of expenditure, of assets or of liabilities, of debt or of deficit, are little better than haphazard conjectures put forward to-day, to be corrected to-morrow, and to be completely replaced the day after to-morrow."

But, after all, next year's is not the balance-sheet that is going to determine our future financial obligations. We are bidden to study the balance-sheet of a "normal" year. What, then, is a normal year, and when is it coming? A normal year, it is explained, is when all war expenditure has ceased and all trading departments have been wound up; when all subsidies have been withdrawn, when loans to Allies and Dominions have stopped, when training schemes for ex-soldiers have been completed, *when the cost of labour and materials will not differ from that now obtaining*, and when nothing is included on either side of the account for interest or sinking fund on debts due by or to Allied or Associated Governments. And when are we to enter into this fascinating Utopia? How long will it take to accomplish so comprehensive a rearrangement? A pessimist might say that the normal year is as far off as the Greek Kalends. Even an optimist might hesitate to tie himself down to a date within a decade. We may, indeed, be driven to follow the plan of young girls who count their cherry-stones to see when they are going to be married: "this year, next year, some time, never." Not "this year" certainly, and quite as certainly not "next year"; so these

may be disregarded, and we are left to choose between a vague "some time" and a hopeless "never." Windfalls in the shape of delayed settlements cannot, of course, keep dropping *ad infinitum*, and there must come a time (at least one would think so) when even the War Office will get back to a peace-time routine, when all our extraordinary liabilities will have been discharged and all our extraordinary assets realised. At some future but indefinite date we shall no doubt find our finances in relatively static conditions, but, even so, it may not be safe to speak of that as "the good time coming." The Budget for a "normal" year is framed upon estimates of an expenditure of £808 millions and a revenue of £806 millions. Towards this revenue it is expected that taxes on the present basis will yield £750 millions. The interest and sinking fund on the Debt is calculated at £360 millions, and this apparently will have to be found annually for fifty years. Unless, therefore, the revenue shows remarkable expansion, or unlooked-for economies are effected in expenditure, this tax burden of £750 millions may endure for the best part of half a century and be a legacy of liability for millions of people not yet born.

It cannot be said that the official figures in connection with the National Debt are satisfactory. The gross total of the Debt on March 31st, 1920, is estimated at £8,075 millions, which includes floating and funded, short-term and long-term debt. So far this is a frank statement, although it is not clear if the whole of our debt to the United States is included in the total. It is when we come to the estimated set-off in the nature of obligations of Allies and Dominions and war assets that the Government appear to have taken a super-sanguine view. The obligations of Allies, for instance, are estimated at £1,740 millions, and the intended inference is that this amount is a good asset. But how much of it is likely to be recovered? There is the Russian item of £568 millions of pre-revolutionary liability, to which must be added, as Mr. Bonar Law has told us, £1,350,000 lent to the Provisional Government since the Armistice. Even if Russia recovers herself, and sets up a stable constitutional Government willing to deal honestly with her external creditors and to cancel the Revolutionary decree of repudiation, how many years will it take her to discharge her liabilities, or, indeed, to pay interest upon them with any regularity? Then there is Belgium. Her debt to us of £98 millions is still treated as an asset, although with the best will in the world she could not pay such a sum even if it were spread over scores of years. Serbia figures for £20 millions, and other Allies (without including France and Italy) for £79 millions. What likelihood is there of these amounts ever

finding their way into the British Exchequer? According to the inflated estimates in the White Paper, a total set-off is arrived at of £2,626 millions, including £425 millions for surplus stores, ships, stocks of commodities, etc., and £240 millions for arrears of excess profits duty. These so-called assets seem to be of a particularly amenable kind, being equally available to adjust revenue or capital account as may be convenient. Why the paid-up excess profits duty should go to the credit of the Inland Revenue, and the arrears of the same duty be applied to the adjustment of debt, is a financial puzzle. But even if we take all these figures as above suspicion, they show that the net debt on March 31st will not be less than £5,450,350,000; and to accept them in that spirit requires a very generous exercise of the sanguine temperament that counts the chickens before they are hatched.

No credit is taken for our share, whatever it may prove to be, of the indemnity that Germany will presumably be called upon, and compelled, to pay. Although there seems to be a growing tendency to believe that the prospect of any indemnity at all is becoming "fine by degrees and beautifully less," it is, nevertheless, incredible that Germany should be able to evade payment on any pretext of inability, or by any tricky avoidance of the Treaty terms. What the amount will be assessed at, when it will be paid, and how it will be paid, are, for the present, matters of conjecture. If put up to public auction the recoverable amount would probably fetch only a job-lot price.

Leaving this nebulous region, let us come down to solid fact and the proposals to which it has given rise. These relate to the substitution of funded for floating debt, and to methods of a more or less controversial kind for wiping out a considerable part of the funded debt itself. There is no uncertainty about the extent of the floating debt. If we include all the obligations maturing within the next five years, it amounts to about £2,500 millions. According to the Chancellor, the Treasury bills and Ways and Means advances amounted on October 25th to £1,286 millions, but probably at least another £100 millions will have to be added by March 31st. In addition there are £163 millions of Exchequer bonds maturing within the next three months. These short-term loans have to be met as they fall due, and it can only be done in the existing conditions by renewals in one form or other, and these renewals will depend very much upon the rates ruling in the money market. The disadvantage of Treasury bills and banker's advances is not merely that they have continually to be renewed, but that they may have to be renewed when money is "tight" and the interest rate on loanable capital is high. Thus

the rate of discount may change from time to time, and there is at least a possibility that for renewing loans borrowed originally at a low rate the Government may ultimately have to pay a much higher rate. Quite recently they had to increase the discount on Treasury bills, coincidentally with a raising of the Bank of England minimum to 6 per cent. Various theories have been put forward to account for that inopportune change. The most feasible seems to be that the Bank thought it necessary to check the undue expansion of credits, or to limit American borrowing from English banks in furtherance of speculations in commodities, and that the Exchequer had to "go with the swim." Although there has been a considerable amount of Stock Exchange gambling, there has certainly been no such reckless speculation on borrowed money here as in Wall Street, and it is not clear that there was any real need for a step which cannot but handicap legitimate business enterprise at a critical time. The fact remains that Government renewals have to be made on less favourable terms. As we are quite unable to pay off these floating debts and to have done with them, the desirability of substituting a long-term loan at a fixed rate is self-evident. It is taken for granted in some quarters that a higher yield than has yet been offered in War Loans would be necessary in order to float successfully such a loan as is wanted. The Chancellor, however, would no doubt be reluctant to bring out a loan on terms more favourable to investors than those of the Victory Loan, because he would either have to put the latter in an inferior position or to give them the opportunity of exchanging into the new loan. The Prize bond or Lottery scheme, which in the opinion of its advocates was the only way of insuring financial salvation, has been unequivocally condemned by the House of Commons, and as we have probably heard the last of it there is no occasion to analyse or even summarise the arguments for and against. The salient fact in the debate was Mr. Chamberlain's uncompromising opposition on grounds of expediency. It is not likely that he would have thrown over any legitimate means of raising money if he had felt himself, as Chancellor, to have been financially *in extremis*. We must, therefore, hope that he sees his way to a funding operation on orthodox principles, for almost anything would be better than a continuance of the present short-term borrowing on Treasury bills, and the further expansion of credit by bankers' advances, the inevitable consequences of which would be additional inflation of the paper currency and an increase in the already prohibitory prices of all essential commodities.

There is, of course, the possibility of paying off debt by a more expeditious method than that of a $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. sinking fund. A

levy on capital has been advocated and is one of the planks in the platform of the Labour Party. Judging by speeches that have been made, there is anything but agreement between its advocates as to what "a levy on capital" means. Is it intended to be an expropriation of material property only, or of wealth in the larger sense of whatever can be exchanged for money? We often talk of a man's brains being his "capital," and this is clearly so in the case of the artist, the author, the barrister and the physician. Is it proposed to capitalise the earning powers of the intellectual classes and then to make a levy on the assumed value? A working man's strength and skill are his capital on which he receives a dividend in the form of wages; is it to be treated in a similar way? It is true that in ordinary speech capital means wealth that is employed for reproducing itself in the form of income. Manufactories are capital, land is capital, investments are capital, all business is carried on by means of capital. But to impose a levy on any of these would be to lessen their productive results; in other words, to diminish their income-earning power. For no levy on capital worth considering could be realised on capital itself. It could only be realised on the income from capital, and for such an operation to make any impression on the National Debt it would have to be repeated again and again. We should be systematically devoting ourselves to the slaughter of the goose that lays the golden eggs. To reduce the nation's income would be an illogical way of cutting down its debt, since to reduce income is not only to reduce the yield of the income tax, it is also to limit both the saving power of the people and the spending power upon which so much of the nation's industrial prosperity depends. Many who discuss this subject seem to think that the class principally affected by such a levy would be the wealthy people who live on the proceeds of their investments without doing any work or performing any public service. This is an erroneous view, but even if it were correct you could not touch that class without touching their investments; you could not shear off a portion of their wealth without lessening its productive power. And what about the capital invested in War Loans? To leave that out while bringing in capital invested in railways and mines would be invidious and inequitable; to bring it in would be a breach of faith, if not of honesty, on the part of the State. What would be thought of a private borrower who acted on such principles? What name would the City give to a transaction of the kind, if such a transaction were possible? What would the Old Bailey have to say if so impudent a scheme were put into force by the private borrower? A levy on capital would enable the Govern-

ment to reduce some part of the debt and perhaps to repudiate another part; but it would restrict the industrial activity of thousands of enterprises and to that extent would reduce their output just when increased exports are the only lifebuoy in a boiling sea of troubles.

Another and a more reasonable proposition is the taxation of war profits. But in attempting to assess and collect such tax the Inland Revenue authorities would undoubtedly encounter difficulties. There are all sorts of war profits, and to tax them all on the same principle would be to do grave injustice: Profits amounting to fortunes have been made by methods that would not stand investigation in a court of commercial honour, and if the offenders were stripped of every ill-gotten penny it would be no more than they deserve. At the other end of the scale are the profits made by men who have given brains and energy without stint to the production of urgently needed war material, and who have served the State loyally and well. Between the two extremes are many degrees both of service and responsibility. A tax that made no distinction would be an instrument for punishing the innocent and the guilty alike. The principle of a tax on war profits is fair enough if it could be applied with discrimination and enforced with justice: In the opinion of the Inland Revenue authorities, who have given special attention to the subject, the difficulties are insuperable, but we are not bound to take that as a final verdict. A Select Committee has been appointed to report upon the advantages and feasibility of the proposal, and its recommendations will be awaited with much interest.

In considering all these proposals it is necessary to keep in view the close connection between the financial and the economic positions. Our budgets and our plans of finance have to be read by the light of our foreign trade, for in that, and in that alone, lies our hope of salvation. It is a gloomy outlook. Imports are still exceeding exports at the rate of many millions a month, to say nothing of the heavy penalising of our trade by the fall in the American exchange. So far as this excess is due to increased purchases of raw materials it is a hopeful sign, and another and more hopeful sign is the evidence of increased manufactured exports. But, in spite of these encouraging points, the adverse balance is enormous. It seems absurd to talk about reducing debt when we are commercially increasing it by leaps and bounds. It is a commonplace which cannot be repeated too often that the only methods of dealing with the excess of imports are greatly to increase exports and to diminish to vanishing point the purchase of foreign luxuries and everything we can possibly

do without. Increased exports depend upon increased production, increased production depends upon contented labour, contented labour depends upon a lower cost of living, and a lower cost of living depends on the restriction of Government credits and of the facilities for creating floating debt. Unless we can bring our imports and exports into a more reasonable economic relation to each other, our national liabilities are bound to increase. We must expand our markets, stimulate and extend our trade, and flood the civilised world with our manufactures. Higher wages will not help to increase exports; they will do just the opposite. Every sectional advance in wages means a further increase in the cost of living for the other sections. It is the heart-breaking task of the fabled Sisyphus over again. With infinite labour the stone is rolled up the mountain only to roll back again. The real—the only—remedy lies in reducing Government waste and the cost of living all round, and that is the main thing to which the Government should address themselves. To put a summary end to the Food Control and let prices take their natural competitive course is one obvious step in the right direction. The cost of living will not be reduced by raising the bank rate, or by issuing non-convertible paper currency, or by continual borrowings from accommodating bankers. We must get out of the war-rut, and we must get out quickly.

For deflation is the key to a sound financial policy. It is all very well for the Prime Minister to try to brighten the outlook with his quips and pleasantries. To say that there is no ground for despondency is one thing; to make it appear that our £8,000 millions of National Debt, our revenue deficit of £474 millions for the current year, and our adverse trade balance of £600 millions a year are mercies we ought to be thankful for is a very different thing. Mr. Chamberlain, to do him no more than justice, is alive to the importance of restricting Government borrowing for Ways and Means, also of contracting the redundant currency note issue. It is easier said than done. Instead of resolute action we have too much pious opinion and vapouring rhetoric. There are outstanding more than £300 millions of Treasury notes, not a tenth of which are represented by gold. Like the fisherman in the "Arabian Nights," we have liberated a genie and lack the power to make him captive again. Yet in some way or other, and at some steady rate or other, this inflation of paper money, for which the Government is entirely responsible, must be got rid of, or prices will not fall, labour will continue to be discontented, production will limp instead of gallop, and all our ills will be multiplied to such a disastrous extent that even a jocular Premier will be unable to dispel the gloom.

H. J. JENNINGS.

THE TEACHERS' PENSIONS ACT.

THE year 1918 will always be regarded as a record year in the history of English education. Until the beginning of the present century the claims of education cannot be said to have been recognised as matters of urgent national importance. As early as 1870 the State undertook to contribute to the elementary education of all children, and their attendance at schools, maintained partly by voluntary subscriptions, or from the rates, was made obligatory. But it was not till the year 1902 that the State fully recognised its wider responsibilities as regards popular education, and included in its annual Parliamentary estimates grants for secondary and strictly technological instruction. From that date education in all grades was brought under the watchful care of a Board presided over by a member of the Cabinet, and represented in the House of Commons by a Parliamentary Secretary. As the Treasury grants were gradually increased the control exercised by the Board, either directly with the assent of Parliament, or indirectly by means of prescribed rules and regulations, governing the conduct of grant-aided schools, became more stringent.

Even before the war not only elementary but also secondary and technological education had been brought very largely under the control of the State. Many schools of different types were unwilling to accept Government grants and remained outside the national system. Their funds from ancient endowments and from their pupils' fees enabled these schools to carry on and to retain their freedom, both as regards the character of the instruction which they provided and the conditions under which their schools were conducted. They welcomed the admission, by means of scholarships, of children, who had received their early education in the public elementary or other schools, whose parents might be unable to pay the usual school fees. But they were under no obligation to admit such pupils, nor were they required to provide free places.

Gradually, however, the cost of secondary education was unavoidably increased by the necessity of introducing into the curriculum new subjects taught by new methods. The intrusion of science and of hand-work involved the provision of expensive apparatus, fittings and materials; and the demand for the better hygienic arrangements of school buildings added largely to the cost of the new education. Whether or not the training so pro-

vided produced more capable citizens than that given at the old grammar schools, the demand for it could not be resisted; and schools unassisted by Government grants found it ever more and more difficult to give the sort of education which the recognised authorities on the subject, backed by public opinion, considered essential as a fitting preparation for nearly all vocational pursuits. It was easy to foresee that after the war, owing to the diminution in the production of all much-needed commodities and to the inflation of the currency by the large increase of paper money, the salaries of the teachers, never too high, would need to be generally raised, if only to bring their remuneration to the level of pre-war conditions. All schools, therefore, supported by endowments only, however adequate, and by their pupils' fees, were faced, in the new circumstances that had arisen, by difficulties which seemed almost insuperable. It was soon realised, however, that the difficulty as regards teachers' salaries might be overcome. Parents who appreciated the advantage of sending their children to schools free from State control were not averse from paying higher fees, in order to secure for their boys, and especially for their girls, the conditions of education and the sort of training which they approved. The freedom from bureaucratic regulations was worth paying for. In other countries the nationalisation of education had had the effect of intensifying instead of lessening, as was expected, class distinctions. Both in France and in the United States of America the *écoles libres*, or schools free from Government control, are largely attended by the children of parents who can afford to pay adequate fees.

The higher salaries, therefore, offered to teachers in schools conducted in accordance with the rules prescribed by the Board of Education, whilst increasing the difficulty of other schools to compete with grant-aided institutions, did not prevent a large number of privately conducted and endowed schools, whilst retaining their independence, from securing competent teachers, or from providing instruction adapted to modern needs. The School Teachers (Superannuation) Act, which was passed in the autumn session, 1918, has, however, considerably added to the difficulties of schools which are not grant-aided. As first introduced, the Bill offered non-contributory pensions to those teachers only who had served in schools under the direct control of the Board. That some scheme of pensions was needed, which would free teachers from the anxiety of making provision for their old age and would enable them to retire from the discharge of their onerous duties before advancing years had rendered them less alert, was generally admitted. As a fact, the managers of many educational institutions had already arranged contributory pension

schemes for their employees. The Government scheme differed from these in being non-contributory, and was strictly limited in its application. The Bill, however, was welcomed with enthusiasm by teachers in all schools to which it applied, and for that reason, perhaps, was subjected to scant criticism in Parliament. It is indeed doubtful whether the Government clearly realised the full consequences of their own measure, or what its effect might be on the development of secondary education. The higher salaries provided by Treasury and municipal grants, together with the offer of non-contributory pensions, placed all grant-aided schools in a privileged position, which promised to secure for them the best qualified candidates as teachers. The exclusion from the pension scheme of teachers who had served their whole time in other schools would certainly have resulted in compelling a large number of highly efficient schools, previously self-supporting, to accept Government grants and Government control, in order that their teachers might be eligible for pensions. This increase in the number of grant-aided schools would have added largely to the cost of public education, at the very time, too, when economy in administration is one of our most pressing needs. By an amendment introduced into the Bill, after much discussion, other schools were brought within the pensions scheme under conditions, some of which, but by no means all, are indicated in the Act, the Board being empowered to prescribe by rules further conditions, which may be varied from time to time. Subject, even, to these conditions, the educational advantage of enabling a large number of efficient schools, which might otherwise have been brought under bureaucratic control to retain their independence, free to develop their work on their own lines, cannot be over-estimated.

There is, however, one class of schools which, owing to the terms of the Act, is seriously threatened. They are the privately conducted schools, schools maintained exclusively by the pupils' fees, without help from the Treasury or from the local rates. They include practically all preparatory and boarding schools, the great majority of which are open to inspection by the local education authority, by a university or by the Board. The danger that they fear is that they may be squeezed out of existence by their inability to attract competent teachers. The proprietors of these schools fully realise the difficulties by which they are confronted, owing to the Government's conditional offer of pensions. But it is not the proprietors only who would suffer. The public generally would be the losers if these schools were closed, or if they were served by an inferior class of instructors.

This defect was clearly foreseen when the Bill was considered

in the House of Commons. More than one speaker referred to it. During the discussion, I expressed the hope that later on, in some future session, an Amending Bill might be introduced founded on a wholly different principle; and I suggested that if the qualified teacher in an efficient school, instead of any particular type of school, were made the pensionable unit, the benefits of the Act might be extended, and the administration of the Act would be correspondingly simplified. It was clear, however, that the principle underlying the Bill, whether wise or not, was too fundamental to be modified by an amendment in Committee. That principle was considered essential to the scheme; it was regarded as educationally sound and economically necessary.

Another set of teachers—the lecturers, demonstrators and assistants in our universities and university colleges—felt that they too were unfairly excluded from the purview of the Act, and expressed very strongly, and not without reason, their equal right to pensions. They appealed to the Senate of the University of London and to the governing bodies of other universities for countenance and assistance in making representations to the Minister of Education for an amendment of the Act, that would give them the same advantages as were offered to the teachers in grant-aided schools. It is certain that no class of teachers is more deserving of consideration than they are. Their salaries are generally very small, their opportunities of rising to the position of professor are limited, and yet their services to the State are of inestimable value. The definition of a “grant-aided” school seemed to have been so worded as expressly to exclude them from sharing in the benefits of the Act. According to the Act, the expression “grant-aided school” means “a place of education (other than a University or University College) in receipt of grants from out of moneys provided by Parliament.” There can be no doubt that all our modern universities would have come within the definition of grant-aided schools if they had not been distinctly excluded from it. Being so excluded, their service as teachers is not covered by the definition of “recognised service,” as stated in the Act, and consequently is not pensionable.

These considerations have evidently weighed with the Board, and, accordingly, the Treasury, on the recommendation of the Board, since the Bill left the House, have made a series of Declarations as to what is understood by “qualifying service,” that may largely extend the benefits of the Act.

In order to understand how the Act may be found to operate, it is necessary carefully to distinguish the two kinds of “service”

indicated in the Act, and the precise meaning attached to each. These services are distinguished as "recognised" and "qualifying service"; and whilst the definition of "recognised" service is clear and precise, covering service in certain types of school only, "qualifying service" has a much wider and far less exact denotation. As a general rule, a teacher must have served for thirty years in order to be pensionable. The amount of his pension cannot exceed one-eightieth of his average salary during the last five years of his service "in respect of each completed year of recognised service." For instance, a teacher may have given, say, thirteen years of "qualifying" service and seventeen years of "recognised" service; and in that case he would be eligible for a pension computed on his seventeen years' service, subject to the further provision that the amount of his pension cannot exceed one-half of his "average" salary as above defined. Whether, therefore, a teacher who has not been wholly engaged in "recognised" service is eligible for a pension under the Act depends upon the definition of "qualifying" service.

Now the definition of "qualifying" service is very wide. According to the Act :—

- "The expression 'qualifying service' means any employment in the capacity of a teacher or otherwise, which the Treasury, on the recommendation of the Board, may declare to be qualifying service for the purpose of calculating the period qualifying for a superannuation allowance."

That definition, it will be seen, places very wide, indeed almost unlimited, powers in the hands of the Board of Education, by enabling them to recommend to the Treasury the character of the employment that may be pensionable. The words "in the capacity of a teacher or otherwise" not only permit the Board to recommend the service of a teacher in any type of school or educational institution as qualifying for a pension, but extends their powers to the recommendation of employment other than that of a teacher. The words "or otherwise" were evidently intended to cover the duties of inspectors, directors of education, and other persons employed in educational work under local educational authorities; but although it is very doubtful whether the Board would recommend, or the Treasury would sanction, the provision of a pension to any person employed in service wholly uneducational, I doubt whether Parliament realised the full extent of the powers entrusted to the Board when the Bill was under discussion.

Under the clause, however, the Board have been able to recommend, and the Treasury have declared, service in a private school, or in a university or university college, as "qualifying service." It cannot be denied that such service is educational, and it would

have been difficult for the Board to decline to recommend, or for the Treasury to refuse to accept, such service as included in the definition of "qualifying" service. Even so, no teacher from a private school or university would be pensionable, unless he had spent some years in a grant-aided or other school, in which the service given comes within the definition of "recognised" service. The Act, so interpreted, is more generous in its operation than was at first supposed, and is educationally sounder, as at least permitting, without a complete loss of pension, the transfer of teachers from one type of school to another. A teacher gains valuable experience from such a transfer. A young man fresh from the university might learn much in a private or preparatory school, under the guidance of a good headmaster, which he would find of inestimable advantage to him if subsequently engaged in a grant-aided or other public school. Moreover, a teacher who had served for some few years under a distinguished university professor, and had helped him in his research work, whether in science or in any branch of humanistic learning, would carry with him to a secondary school very special experience and a knowledge of scientific method, which would exceptionally well qualify him for teaching in any type of school. Among other educational bodies which have considered the effects of the Act, the Association of Headmistresses has fully recognised the advantage of such transfer of teachers. At a meeting of that Association held a few weeks since it was resolved "That the unity of the teaching profession requires that all duly qualified teachers whose years of service have been spent in any schools, recognised by the Board of Education as efficient, should be eligible for State pensions on the same conditions as teachers in grant-aided schools. *Then alone can be secured that free circulation of teachers among different types of schools which is essential to educational progress.*"

The effect of that resolution would be to extend still more widely the provisions of the Act, but the resolution correctly expresses the only educationally sound principle on which a State-supported teachers' pension-scheme should be based. I have, however, referred to it here to show, in the words I have italicised, the appreciation of the headmistresses of the advantages that may be gained, even under the Act, by the passage of teachers through different types of school without losing their qualification for pensions.

It is not long since the condition of our secondary education was pronounced on the highest authority "chaotic." The new Act is undoubtedly an important factor in the organisation of our secondary education, and is calculated year by year to render our

education less chaotic, by bringing under the control of a central authority an increasingly large number of our secondary schools. This effect of the Act in modifying our existing system of education must not be overlooked. When Matthew Arnold some fifty years ago raised the cry, "Organise your secondary education," he could scarcely have contemplated any scheme or organisation so far-reaching in bringing different types of school under the direction of a Government Department as the Pensions Act of 1918.

It will be seen that by restricting the years of pensionable service to "recognised" service only, the effect of the Act must be to encourage all teachers to spend a certain number of years in a school that is grant-aided, or in one of the limited number of schools complying with the several conditions laid down by the Board and approved by the Treasury for the purposes of the Act. Any Government Department entrusted with the power of determining the conditions under which State-aid, in the form of money grants or teachers' pensions, may be given to a school is able to exercise, should it so desire, a strictly directive influence on the character of the instruction provided in the school. Such influence may be helpful to the country or not, according to the policy of the Government that may be in power. The example of Prussia is not encouraging, and although this country has had reason to rely on the good sense of the people in every emergency, no one can foresee what sort of Government may in the near future hold the reins of power in its hands. We have seen the effect of bureaucratic control in education in its influence on the teachers and preachers of Germany, and through them on the mental and moral character of the citizens. Such control may grow slowly and its influence may gather strength almost imperceptibly, but its potentiality has to be considered in connection with every Act of Parliament which widens and strengthens the authority of the Board of Education. In educational matters, as in other lines of policy, we stand at the parting of the ways. In the past, we have found safety in the freedom and variety of our secondary schools. It is in those schools that our children are taught and trained during the most impressionable period of their lives. The progress of civilisation and the growth of spiritual, as opposed to mere material ideas, may be accelerated or retarded by the character of the instruction and by the kind of discipline which the children of all classes of the community receive in one or other of our different types of secondary schools. It is essential, therefore, that we should do what we can to retain in our educational system some remains of that freedom in school organisation which has enabled us to build up our Empire, and

which, even under altered social conditions, may help us to hold and to develop it.

I have so far referred to some of the direct results that may follow from the wider powers which the Act confers on the Board of Education, and from the gradual drifting of good secondary schools, previously self-supporting, under Government control. But this is not the only feature of the Act which may have a serious effect on the development of our educational system. No statement has yet been made of the cost to the Exchequer of the grant of these new pensions. It would be very difficult to say what that cost may be, seeing that the conditions under which pensions may be awarded are not fully defined in the Act, but are largely left to be determined by the Treasury on the recommendation of the Board. In the "Estimates for Civil Services" for the year ending March 31st, 1920, is included a round sum of £1,000,000 as "superannuation allowances and gratuities" under the recent Act; but no details are given, nor could they easily have been supplied, as to how this sum has been computed. The country will not, I am sure, grudge the expenditure of public funds in making the profession of schoolmaster more attractive to well-educated and competent teachers. But in these days, when efforts are being made to cut down the cost of Government Departments and to lessen official control, the public may expect to receive some precise information as to the probable annual expenditure to be incurred, not only this year but in future years, by the award of these pensions. They may also desire to know the conditions under which these pensions will be granted, and the amount of money that may be required for the administration of the Act. It is feared that the complexity of the Act, the difficulty of interpreting many of its clauses, and the consequent heavier duties to be thrown upon the Board of Education may necessitate some increase in the Board's staff of officials. The applications for pensions from schools and individuals will be numerous, and each must be considered separately on its merits. In deciding what constitutes "qualifying service" many difficult questions must arise, and the number and value of the pensions to be awarded will depend on the recommendations of the Board. It is only reasonable to expect that the settling of these matters will necessitate an increase in the Board's staff of inspectors, secretaries and their assistants.

No estimate can at present be given of the probable number of preparatory and other private schools that may be transferred to Local Education Authorities and converted into grant-aided schools, unless the Act is so amended as to qualify the teachers of such schools to be eligible for pensions. If any large number

of schools should yield to the temptation to surrender their freedom and to alter their character in order to improve the financial position of their teachers, the country's outlay on public education might be largely and unnecessarily increased by the payment of grants in addition to pensions, without any corresponding gain, and indeed at some loss, to the progress of education. All these matters affecting the administration of the Act and the expenditure involved have yet to be considered. As the Act stands, teachers, in order to be eligible for pensions, are not required to submit any evidence of their qualifications, such as members of other professions are expected to possess, in order to be registered as duly qualified to practise. Those qualifications are assumed. If, as has been suggested, the qualified teacher, instead of a particular type of school, were made the pensionable unit, the benefits of the Act would be more widely spread; the cost of administration would be lessened; and schools would not be tempted to accept State control in order to attract to their service competent instructors. The Act, so amended, would be a more satisfactory factor in our educational system, and after a time the charge on the Exchequer would undoubtedly be less than that involved in gradually bringing all schools under the grant-aided and pensionable scheme of the Government.

If the possibility of such an amendment of the Act is not at once considered, some supplementary scheme of pensions must be arranged, which will enable schools to retain their independence, and at the same time to offer to their teachers benefits fully equal to those provided by the recent Act. Any such arrangement, however necessary with a view to the preservation of efficient private and other self-supporting schools, would create a cleavage in our educational system which would seriously affect its national character. Moreover, it would effectually destroy the unity of the teaching profession, and would be attended with other drawbacks to educational progress.

Having regard, therefore, to the general interests of secondary education, and to the importance and difficulty of some of the problems raised by the School Teachers (Superannuation) Act, I cannot but think that the Government would be well advised to appoint a Select or other Committee to reconsider the whole question of teachers' pensions, with a view to recommending the best means for preserving the unity of the profession and for securing to all duly qualified teachers, employed in efficient schools, and of persons other than teachers engaged in recognised educational work, adequate facilities for obtaining pensions on their retirement from active service.

PHILIP MAGNUS.

WAR REACTIONS IN AMERICA.

THIS is a time of evolution and not revolution in America. Certain alien and revolutionary influences have attempted to take advantage of the turmoil and confusion which attend evolution to create what resembles a revolutionary movement. These influences have failed and will continue to fail in their efforts for at least a long time to come. The ideas they hold and the measures they advocate are extraneous to American character and mental habit as these are to be found in a vast majority of one hundred and ten million people. That this alien influence is far from negligible, that it can cause disturbance in the life of the nation, and that it can complicate an already complicated situation and thus make more difficult the solution of national and international problems is true, but that it can triumph now or for years to come is impossible. The American Government as it stands rests absolutely upon the will of a majority of the people. The form of this Government had its birth in idealism and has been maintained by this spirit through many crises and, in spite of human imperfections, for a period now extending to nearly 144 years. It has stood the test of revolution, civil war, many international wars, and, above all, a period of materialism which might well have brought it to an end.

The greatest danger which can come to the institutions of a republic housed in a land of great natural resources with an electrical atmosphere is a material prosperity which may overshadow the spiritual life, warp the standards of idealism, and bring an erroneous perspective. The American nation has met and passed this most dangerous stage in material development. High-water mark was reached just after the Spanish-American War. Since that time the spiritual indicator has shown a steady rise in idealism above the flood of materialism which for a short time in the life of this nation threatened to overwhelm the landmarks set for the guidance of all the people by those who designed and brought into being the Government of the United States of North America. For over one hundred years America has been the Mecca, the promised land, the land of milk and honey, for the oppressed and over-burdened of all the earth. Nearly fifty million people have arrived at American ports who were possessed of such modest means as to be classed as immigrants. Among them from time to time have come those who were exiled from their own countries for reasons of State. Some of these were welcome and

have made good citizens in the new world. Others, those who made a business of crime or of opposition to the established order no matter what that order might be, came along as well, and in the earlier days of immigration were not discriminated against.

Up to 1890 immigration into the United States was of a character desirable in any country. As Northern Europe became more prosperous the people stayed at home, the exodus from that part of the world ceased, but the numbers of immigrants into the United States became greater than ever. This new tide of humanity flowed from Southern and Eastern Europe, and it was not long before the American people became alarmed at the possible danger therefrom to their health, their mentality, their social standard, and their free school system, and immigration restrictions were imposed which are made stronger with each passing year. With all these restrictions it has not been possible to exclude the fairly well-educated, shrewd and sympathetically financed immigrant with international rather than national sympathies whose thought and purpose were concentrated upon the destruction of all centralised authority and the value of property.

When the Russian Revolution became an accomplished fact those who brought it about and those who came into power as a result saw no reason why the boundaries of their political beliefs should run with the political boundaries established under the old order. The whole world offered itself as a field for propaganda first, and for practical operations when the spoken and written word should have done its work. The seed of revolution, already planted among the British and American peoples, latent, it is true, but kept alive by a small but effective organisation resting under the wing of radical but less harmful organisations, was encouraged to germinate. The psychologic state of the world was favourable. War reactions had cast the people adrift from usual moorings, and the situation in all phases of life, material and spiritual, was confused. Revolutionary organisations became active, capable agents travelled about the world well supplied with funds, all societies professing so-called radical beliefs lent themselves, wittingly or unwittingly, in a greater or less degree, to revolutionary work, and even trade unionism did not disdain to accept the aid of the extremists in the belief that when the time came it could call a halt upon destructive forces. The crisis thus created came quickly in England; in fact, less than six months after the Armistice. It has just been reached in the United States, and the signal of its passing and of the real futility of the revolutionary idea was the arrest and deportation during the past month of all the alien leaders of this movement so foreign to American institutions. The most significant feature of this

drastic move on the part of the United States Government was the whole-hearted support given the Government by the people, including the labour element now engaged in a conflict with the constituted authorities over matters wherein they could have had the support of the deportees.

The disturbance now in progress in American industry is a phase of economic evolution and not social revolution, and as such it will continue until certain important results are achieved. The tremendous importance of the present phase of American industrial evolution must be appreciated, however, if the trend of events is to be even partially understood. A constructive interval has been reached in industrial America between things as they have been for the past twenty-five years and things as they are to be. Vast and basic changes in economic policy are impending which will require readjustment of methods and point of view. Industrial slavery is a thing of the past. It may be denied that such slavery existed, but the sweat shops of the big cities, the slums of all cities, the forlorn residence sections of the industrial settlements are all too eloquent of conditions from which human beings cannot escape to be ignored. Some of these unfavourable conditions were created by the workers themselves, some by the indifference of employers, and some by reasons of environment. It is these things which the awakened consciousness of the workers now reject as being an imposition. High wages, shorter hours, better working and living conditions are what the manual workers of the world are struggling for, some intelligently, some blindly, and some destructively with a blind rage that would destroy the very fabric of which they are a part.

The thought becomes insistent that perhaps the point of highest *per capita* industrial productiveness in the United States has been reached and passed, that the present outbreak against conditions as they are is a desperate reaction and revolt against the driving power which has been so merciless in demanding always just a little more than a man should be called upon to do. Vast figures of industrial activity, great fortunes built up for companies or individuals, and almost incredible millions in foreign trade do not necessarily mean a happy, well-cared-for and contented population, as sometimes they are found to rest upon labour existing under conditions quite the reverse or sufficiently unlike to ensure constant agitation and an inevitable protest more or less well organised. It is in the matter of organisation that lies the great difference in conditions as they exist in America and in the United Kingdom. In the latter country labour organisation has progressed far. Collective bargaining, co-operative supply, and a united voice in politics are accomplished facts.

The power has been in the hands of organised labour in England to improve the conditions of its employment for years past, but it required the reactions of a great war to reveal this truth to those whom it most concerned. Now that it is realised, the consequences are immediately apparent. Organised labour in America is twenty-five years behind its prototype in the United Kingdom. The open shop is still a considerable factor in industrial America, labour raises no concerted voice in its own behalf, it has no unanimity of political action, it is still possible to play one section of the country against another, to divide the forces of labour upon one or another question, or even for one industry to "scab" the efforts of another to obtain certain results.

That trade unionism has not travelled as far in the United States is due to several causes, which may be broadly stated to be geographical, social and political. America is comparatively a new land; the population is not yet welded into a harmonious whole which reacts as a single unit to any event or idea. A sufficient number of people have not in the past been equally affected by an existing condition to bring about a widespread and effective protest. Racial instincts and sympathies are so varied, racial prejudices too recent, to bring the working men, using the word in the sense of manual workers, all under the same banner at a call to arms. Individual competition and jealousy is natural under such circumstances, and has been encouraged by the employer as one of the most active agents in stimulating production. Trade unionism is in its infancy in America as compared with England, where its foundations were laid in the Guilds of centuries ago. Also in America it has not reached the stage of becoming a political organisation to any extent, for it is as yet in the purely economic phase of development. That this will change, and in fact is already changing, is apparent. Those who in the recent industrial conference held in Washington between employers and employed opposed collective bargaining to a point where a hopeless deadlock was reached, have done much to hasten the change, to solidify labour, and to convince it of the necessity of united action and the development of political power. Collective bargaining is going to prevail in the United States as it has prevailed in England, and to refuse to recognise this inevitability is simply to postpone the day when the treaty between capital and labour will be made that recognises the rights and limitations of each. It must be a partnership, and until the articles are drawn and agreed to, a state of war will exist. No permanent settlement will ever be reached by one side beating the other in a test of strength. The man who would shoot the strikers is as unintelligent as the man who would ruin his employer.

While American labour is not organized into a regular political party, there is much politics involved in the situation. A national election is due next year. The leaders of both the great political parties are sparring for advantage. There is a temptation for the politician to ride both horses that he may be sure to arrive. There is too little disinterestedness in the handling of dangerous situations by those who can have their say. The Government of the United States is to-day in a most unfavourable position to lead the way to industrial peace, for it is practically headless, in that its strongest and most fearless member lies on a sick bed forbidden to give further of his wasted strength to the problems that would otherwise come before him. The Cabinet is not particularly strong, for no President of the United States of great strength of character and positive convictions has ever had a very strong Cabinet. The two do not go together. To-day is the opportunity for a great and wise man of strong personality, occupying a position of authority who is honest, fearless and desirous of but one thing, and that is to benefit the nation as a whole, to take the situation in hand, brush aside all personal interests as unimportant, and lead the people into a path all can travel without undue advantage to anyone. Perhaps no one man is equal to such a task as this, for it is as critical a time in the history of the nation as when the North and the South fought for ascendancy one over the other and ended by uniting in a common cause—the upbuilding of a great nation living upon a wonderful freehold on which there is room for all creeds of beneficent character and which affords opportunity for any form of physical or mental activity desiring expression.

It has been seen fit to invoke the aid of the courts to relieve the immediate stress of the labour situation. This may, and probably has, served a purpose, but that it cannot lead to a real settlement is obvious. The same questions will arise again and again until an answer is forthcoming. The labour question cannot be settled by force of any kind, that of law or arms, and in time all nations will be compelled to a recognition of this fact. The old order has gone, destroyed by the varied influences of the war and their effect upon the mentality of mankind. It cannot be restored, and those who are attempting to do so are but delaying progress towards a more amicable understanding, or, if not that, the truce that must be made between two great forces which is necessary before a harmonious effort is possible.

The course of events in America is enormously significant as to the importance of the reactions of war upon all the world. If America, remote from the sound of the guns, uninvaded by the enemy, bearing the minimum loss in life and property in pro-

portion to population, if this America is so manifestly reacting to the effects of the war, what must be the changes which have come to the peoples of lands actually forming part of the battle-field? It was Mr. Frederic Harrison who, in the pages of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* some time during the war, made a suggestive remark to the effect that no one then realised what the war was going to do to the world, and few did. It would make for more rapid reconstruction if more people to-day realised what has happened to human mentality, for it is almost incredible that so many, even those in high places, should talk and act as though the war had been merely an interruption, and now that it was over there was no reason why life should not proceed along old-established lines.

The recent elections in America were unimportant, as they always are in a year between the Congressional and the Presidential contests, but note was taken of the surprisingly small Socialist vote when so much Socialism is abroad in the land as expressed in the spoken and written word. The reason for this is that many people in America who believe in and advocate certain socialistic ideas do not accept the whole creed, nor do they believe in the ability of an out-and-out Socialist Party to govern the country to its advantage. Their purpose is more or less to socialise the policies of the existing parties, and this is coming about with considerable rapidity. The American voter is a rather practical sort of politician. He does not believe in third parties, nor does he care to cast his vote for a candidate who has no chance of success.

The recent recrudescence of race trouble between whites and blacks is largely a war reaction, and many of the blacks have become members of Socialist organisations in which they have received recognition. The great labour unions have in the past excluded negroes from membership, but in their effort to extend their power the negro has been made eligible. There is nothing more dangerous to the welfare of the negro race than to exaggerate its importance. The great weakness in the character of the negro is vanity. The greatest of them appear to become victims of this trait at critical moments and thus fail the people of which they are leaders. Americans who know the negro get along with him better than do those who are aware of him only theoretically. For this reason the Southerner is more successful than the Northerner in such matters. Americans who come to England are always surprised at the relative importance attached to the negro problem in America by Europeans. They have to come to Europe to learn that it is the burning question of the hour in their own country and that the Government and the

nation are soon to be overwhelmed with its difficulties. The reactions of war have intensified the problem, it is true, and perhaps drawn more attention to it than before, but in the minds of Americans this problem occupies far from first place among the questions of the day, the settlement of which may be considered as vital to the future life of the country. There is deep concern that race war shall be made impossible; many able men have given their time and energies to the work of negro education and economic improvement, but it is necessary to come to Europe to find the gruesome picture of a black population overrunning America, destroying the institutions of the Republic, and in the end driving the whites into the sea. The war reacted upon the blacks of all civilised countries and perhaps in others. In England and France there has been trouble, but a race riot in Liverpool springs from practically the same causes as a race riot in Chicago, and the latter has no more significance than the former except that it involves larger numbers and more damage is done. The recent outbreaks of violence in England in which whites and blacks were concerned may possibly assist the English people to a better understanding as to the relative importance of such events in the United States.

Immediately following the Armistice the great American industrial concerns sent their experts to Europe to report as to the best manner in which to re-establish American foreign trade. These men were trained observers, practical to a fault, and grimly truthful. They returned to those who sent them and reported a devastated land where the people were only concerned with buying actual necessities, and that there were many who were not able to do even this. Before the war the four hundred million people of Western Europe bought abroad about £400,000,000 worth of goods more than they sold in foreign markets, and they had the money to pay for what they wanted. To-day there is not so much money to spend upon imports, foreign exchange militates against such purchases; there is not so much surplus material, raw or manufactured, to trade with, and the purchasing power of the average unit for anything necessary or not necessary is far below the pre-war standard. It became evident, therefore, that before America could resume a profitable export trade with Europe the people of that part of the world must be given a chance to regain their former purchasing power, and that if this was to be accomplished within a reasonable time America must help. The American Government soon took its cue and announced its willingness to postpone the payment by the Allies of indebtedness due to interest on war loans and to put forward a plan for funding this debt in a series of long-time loans at a low rate of

interest. The Government went farther than this, for it gave sanction to propaganda in favour of the purchase of British goods in America and the facilitating of imports from British sources to aid the United Kingdom in restoring its balance of trade, the normal rate of exchange, and to make unnecessary the export of so much gold or the floating of more foreign loans. Private enterprise came to the aid of the United States Government in this, for great buying organisations were brought about with practically unlimited capital for the purchase of all the manufactured goods which could be produced for export in the United Kingdom. As matters stand to-day, the English manufacturer is offered an unlimited market without the trouble or risk of doing the business. All he has to do is to produce the goods and deliver them to the dockside in his own country. There they will be taken over, sold at good market prices, and paid for in cash, the whole transaction being guaranteed by financial institutions of enormous wealth and recognised responsibility. All this is being done with the approval of the American Government, or, in other words, with the approval of the American people. There never has been any prejudice against foreign goods in America after they had run the gauntlet of the customs, but the present attitude is more than negative, for it is positively friendly.

Fourteen months after the Armistice and many months after the Peace Treaty with Germany was formulated this document is still before the Senate of the United States awaiting approval. After many weeks of debate all suggested amendments were defeated, but certain reservations were adopted to which President Wilson has refused his assent. The situation at the moment is at a deadlock. An attempt was made to declare peace with Germany without ratifying the Treaty, but this has been defeated. At the present time, therefore, while to all intents and purposes America is assisting to carry out the terms of the Treaty Congress has refused to ratify, the United States is still technically at war with Germany. It must not be assumed, however, that all the delay and controversy over the Treaty are due to politics. There are certain beliefs, prejudices and principles well established in the minds of the American people. One of the most important of these is a reluctance towards committing the United States to foreign adventure or any participation in the political affairs of other nations. Contrary to all traditions, America has just experienced, and is still concerned with, a splendid adventure in foreign lands. The people went into it whole-heartedly and with enthusiasm and will see it through. With victory, however, came a certain reaction, leading the nation back again to better-known and long-trodden paths of conduct, and as the pendulum

swings it perhaps goes farther than would seem logical to those who are not familiar with the intense American nationalism of the days before the war. America has lived, all through the lives of this and the older generation, in a state of "splendid isolation," and to abandon this position is repugnant to many schools of American thought. The Treaty will be ratified in time, however, and probably when the final test comes there will be found no reservations which will jeopardise the great cause it was drawn to perpetuate—the future peace of the world and freedom for each democracy to work out its own salvation. The world-wide determination that this idea shall survive and prevail is the greatest war reaction of all, and it manifests itself nowhere so strongly as in the United States of America.

JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY.

D'ANNUNZIO AS DRAMATIST.

THE name of Gabriele D'Annunzio is much in men's mouths to-day. Very different estimates are heard of his character, and very different judgments of his policy. But the one outstanding fact, which makes him a figure of considerable interest, is that a poet, a dramatist and an artist should, after he is well past his fiftieth year, suddenly display himself as an adventurer, the head of expeditions intended to capture places by force of arms, and a leader who, though he calls himself patriotic, seems to be working against the true interests of his country. In the present essay, of course, I am only concerned with the art work of D'Annunzio. His political and his martial activities do not concern us except so far as they serve to indicate certain qualities which appear also in his literary and dramatic work. There has always been something lavish and extravagant in all that D'Annunzio has produced—an excess of horror if he has to deal with things horrible, an excess of passion if he has to treat of love. And this excess, which is mere bombast at one end of the scale, and morbid affectation and decadence at the other, this over-ripeness, this over-richness, harbinger of decay, is so much a part of his temperament that it drives him to extravagant acts of folly in the sphere of practical politics. That is a point of connection perhaps between D'Annunzio the adventurer at Fiume, and D'Annunzio the author of novels and dramas. Recklessness, extravagance, the gift of rhetoric, of high-sounding words, an immense ambition, an inordinate egotism, such, combined as we shall see with the nature of a dramatic artist and a poet, with a vast stock of learning and a great interest in archeology, are the main attributes of the man whom I am considering. As we read of his intentions or his acts we become aware that he represents a real danger, not only for his own country, but for Europe at large. At the moment when grave deliberations as to the future of Fiume were being discussed by accredited representatives of Italy, like the Premier, Signor Nitti, and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Signor Tittoni, and were on the point of some definite conclusion, D'Annunzio suddenly embarks on a filibustering expedition to Fiume, which destroys most of the chances of a pacific settlement. That is D'Annunzio's real offence. He may call himself a patriot, but patriotic in the true sense of the word he is not, and Italy's sincere lovers and friends are the first to deplore such exhibitions of violence and crude force as those which threaten the Dalmatian coast, as they have already overpowered Fiume itself. Adventurers of this kind begin with what they call a spirited policy, and end by becoming for all practical purposes rebels against their Government and their country. What amount of sympathy he

manages to secure in Italy among the sailors and in the army is not easy for a foreigner to say. All we can do is to hope that a solution may rapidly be found of the problem, and that Fiume may come peacefully into the hands of Italy by an arrangement which, while it satisfies the natural aspirations of the Jugo-Slavs, leaves Italy also contented and happy.

I.

This is how D'Annunzio stands with us to-day. It is not, as I have said, our present business to regard him either as a filibustering captain or a spirited patriot. We are only to look at him as a dramatist, as a literary and not a political force. Let us go back, then, for a time in his history, and attempt to see how he has gained his present position as one of the most cultured and consummate masters of Italian prose and verse. Gabriele D'Annunzio was born in the country of the Abruzzi in 1863, and is therefore fifty-six years of age. He had the precocity of genius, for while he was still at school he published a small volume of verses, which attracted no little attention. He went to Rome in due course, and commenced his literary career by belonging to a group of young writers who, if they owned any sovereign leader, probably acknowledged themselves disciples of Carducci, while they clung to their own ideals and principles of art. D'Annunzio no doubt learnt from them to be an enthusiastic patriot in politics, while in literature it was their guiding maxim to attempt to replace excessive romanticism by a return to classical models. D'Annunzio did not remain constant to this last principle, for though in form he is classical, and in his first play, "The Dead City," took as his model the tragedies of Athenian dramatists, he has allowed himself a large measure of the romantic spirit, both in his novels and in his dramas. His earlier poems were to some extent inspired by his native province. Many of them are descriptive of the Abruzzi landscape, while in a number of short stories he has lingered almost lovingly on the charms of the peasant life and rustic traditions and beliefs. But apart from this he had begun in a style of his own to express views and opinions which brought down upon him the hostility of the critics, although many of his contemporaries hailed in him an innovator and reformer of the richest promise. When the school, or group of young men to which I have referred, was dispersed, the various members took up different occupations. D'Annunzio became a journalist, joining the staff of *Il Tribuna*. Gradually his style developed, and his mind became more mature, and the production in 1886 of a love poem called "Il Libro d'Isotta" revealed our author as an assiduous student of the Renaissance, which he exemplified also in his later work, "Francesca da Rimini."

II.

A new form of creative activity commences with his novels. In dealing with Gabriele D'Annunzio's art work, the points of chief interest are concentrated in the romances and dramas which he produced after 1889, when he was twenty-six years of age. In 1889 he published his first novel, "*Il Piacere*," which in its English version is called, "*The Child of Pleasure*," and quickly followed it with "*L'Innocente*," and in 1892 by "*Giovanni Episcopo*." "*L'Innocente*," when it was translated and published in Paris by Georges Herelle, created the most profound impression, and D'Annunzio enjoyed a fame in the French capital which at no time of his life could he have ever hoped to obtain in London. In 1894 appeared "*Il Trionfo della Morte*," and then "*Le Vergini delle Rocce*," to be succeeded by that sordid masterpiece, "*Il Fuoco*," with its splendid glorification of Venice and its marvellously opulent style. The author gives us the scheme of his romances under the triple head of the Romances of the Rose, the Romances of the Lily, and the Romances of the Pomegranate. To the first of these belongs the "*Triumph of Death*," to the third "*The Flame of Life*," (*Il Fuoco*); the whole series ending with the "*Triumph of Life*," to balance the pessimism of the "*Triumph of Death*" in the earlier list. The image of a pomegranate, with its bursting seeds and its red life, runs through much of D'Annunzio's work, and serves him as the symbol of art and its victory.

Let us pause for a moment over two of these novels. What is the theme of the "*Triumph of Death*"? We have as hero and heroine Giorgio and Ippolita. The heroine is a splendid figure. She is a great sensuous animal, abounding in physical vigour, full of a joyous sense of life, cruel and tender, beautiful and yet gross, gay and sombre by turns. D'Annunzio loves to portray his women as replete with rich and rare characteristics, marked also with distinction, material or spiritual. But his men belong to an inferior standard; they are, as a rule, racked with nerves, fitful and feverish. Giorgio, in the "*Triumph of Death*," is a feeble libertine, groaning under the fatal curse of premature old age, of barren and cynical pessimism. He is alternately attracted to and repelled by the heroine; he envies that frank enjoyment of existence to which he can never attain. He can live neither with her nor without her, and because she seems to be slipping from his fingers, he can only retain his mastery of her fate by killing her and himself in a desperate plunge over the cliffs into the sea below. Beginning with a tragedy in the first chapter, the story ends with a tragedy in the last. Between the two extremes are to be found many pages of poetry, of tender appreciation of Nature, of rare artistic skill, of subtle and penetrating analysis; but also, from the first sentence to the last, a persistent touch, if not of cruelty, at least of callousness—an utter and careless disregard whether the humanity he draws suffers without hope and perishes without chance of redemption.

And this impression is confirmed when we turn to "The Flame of Life," Stelio Effrena, the hero, is a great constructive poet and idealistic dreamer, representative of the living forces which belong to and inspire the modern Italian life, and, indeed, transcending them in his own prophetic vision. But he is utterly selfish, completely self-absorbed. The acts which he performs, the persons with whom he associates, above all, the great tragic actress, La Foscarina, the partner of his exuberant ecstasies, are but instruments in his self-development. He uses them, and he throws them aside. They apparently belong to the present, while the poet possesses the promise and potency of the future. With rare appreciation of his own personality, D'Annunzio paints himself under the image of Stelio Effrena, the latter name significant of that unbridled audacity with which the artist claims to possess and absorb his own peculiar world. In the impassioned speech which he makes on the occasion of some great ceremony in Venice, Stelio describes himself as the interpreter of the old Italian art and the inspirer of the new—the man who revivifies drama and music and dancing, and blends all the rhythmic arts into a unity of irresistible beauty. He asserts himself to be the true successor of Richard Wagner, not indeed the lineal successor, but the inheritor of the same vague chaotic artistic impulse—not a barbarian, but a polished Italian, utilising for his own purposes the crude ideas of which Wagner dreamed, and refining their Teutonic quality into purer essences.

All this sounds vague enough, except for those who have read D'Annunzio. It is impossible to appreciate the man, with his extraordinary qualities, so imperfect, so faulty, so emotional, and yet so masterly an artist, unless one tries as best one may, to saturate one's self with the atmosphere of the south. Gabriele D'Annunzio is the incarnation of the Latin genius, at all events in one of its latest forms, just as Rudyard Kipling is the incarnation of the latest type of Anglo-Saxon genius. They are widely different, of course. One depicts and consecrates the violence of those naked elemental forces which shine in battle; the other, more difficult for us northerners to realise or describe, is the artist pure and simple, intoxicated with sounds and scents and colours, a wholly unethical power, with pregnant ideas and unashamed sensuality, recklessly greedy of a richer and more gorgeous life, snatching out of the very corruption in which he revels a grace and glory of his own. The style of the artist is one of the most wonderful things about him. He has invented new harmonies of prose, and words which, like a rich variegated garment, cloak but do not conceal the movement of his thoughts. Read the first hundred pages of "The Flame of Life," even in its English setting, and you will feel that you are at home with an author who rivals Pindar's magniloquent phrases, and dreams once more with Agathon and Plato in a new version of the Symposium. That is, of course, the verdict on the

purely artistic side; from every other side the judgment is different. "The Flame of Life," is a fugue or a rhapsody on the old theme of "Elle et lui," the endlessly interesting subject of two artists conjoined by momentary passion. Stelio Effrena, the poet and dramatist, lives with La Foscarina, the great tragic actress. The man is young; the woman is ageing. We know that it is only one halting-place in the divergent development of the pair, that the poet is going to fresh woods and pastures new after his brief intoxication. One gorgeous image runs through the book—the image of autumn, like a beautiful woman laid to rest in an opalescent grave, beneath the surface of the Venetian canals, where she can see above her the moving waters and the floating seaweed. It is the tragedy of La Foscarina's soul, shamelessly laid bare for us in these pages.

III.

The name of the actress "La Foscarina," modelled after Eleonora Duse, who appeared in most of D'Annunzio's plays, naturally leads to the consideration of the dramas. There is no question that D'Annunzio's "The Dead City," which was produced in 1896, is one of the most remarkable of modern tragedies. In certain respects, in its unity of action, its steady approach to a long anticipated goal, and the sense of fate which overhangs the whole action, "The Dead City" comes near to the traditions of the Greek theatre. The plays with which it might be compared would be Shelley's "The Cenci" and Ibsen's "Ghosts," for in these, too, the sense of fate predominates, and form and structure are on the Hellenic model. In Ibsen's well-known play we have the doom of heredity, the fashion in which the children's teeth are set on edge because the fathers have eaten sour grapes, that rigid apportionment of punishment to crime which the Greeks called Nemesis; and, once more, a strict unity of action, the only unity which is of real importance in the structure of plays. In both the plays of Shelley and of D'Annunzio we have a bold and striking treatment of the utter demoralisation of a society, in the one case given over to lust and cruelty, in the other case contaminated by the example of the past. The last point is the one which strikes one most forcibly in reading D'Annunzio's "The Dead City." It was a play originally written for Sarah Bernhardt, and the particular theme makes it somewhat difficult to describe. A party of explorers at Mycenæ, consisting of a married pair, Alessandro and Anna, and a brother and sister, Leonardo and Bianca Maria, during all the feverish heat of a Greek summer, are devoting themselves to their task of recovering the remains of the great figures who have made Mycenæ famous. Three of them have become hopelessly perverted in their relations with one another, and the only reason that can be assigned is that the poison of a past period has entered the veins of the modern explorers. The whole race of Atreidæ was, as we remember, under a curse,

and from father to son the curse went on extending its maleficent range, bringing more and more doomed people within its tragic orbit. There is Agamemnon, the King of Mycenæ, who sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia. Then there is his wife, Clytemnestra, who, partly because he had murdered their child, partly because she had made Ægisthus her paramour, lies in wait for Agamemnon's return from Troy and kills him, together with the Princess Cassandra, whom the conquering King had brought with him. And then follow the deeds of Orestes and Electra, the killing of Ægisthus, the killing of Clytemnestra, and the punishment that falls on the shoulders of Orestes the matricide, which can only finally be removed by the direct intervention of Athene. Here we have a poignant chronicle of crime descending from father to son; and as the shadowy figures are evoked from their ancestral tombs, Leonardo and Alessandro, Anna and Bianca Maria become aware that they are breathing a tainted atmosphere and struggling with some hideous nightmare. Anna is the one beautiful and immaculate woman of the quartette, and she is blind, attended by a nurse, who plays her part, too, in the drama. Alessandro had fallen desperately in love with Leonardo's sister, Bianca Maria, and Leonardo himself had become guilty also of a criminal affection for his sister. Hideous and terrible as the theme is, it is worked out with a poetry of thought, and a delicacy and grace of diction, which redeem it as literature, and, indeed, put it in a high place among the tragedies of the world. The sense of style never leaves D'Annunzio. It is imprinted on every speech which he writes; he cannot help but be an artist, even when he is dealing with subjects forbidden and with the monstrous suggestion of incest. Oddly enough, the speeches put into the mouths of these poor and guilty wretches remind us of Maeterlinck in the half-sensuous, half-mystical phrases which come so naturally and so easily to their lips. There is the same kind of dreamy meditative languor, the same moral atrophy, the nervelessness of those we call decadent—because civilisation in them has become rotten, and past luxury has killed their appreciation of ethical laws. Anna remains as the representative of sincerity and purity—perhaps symbolised in the fact that she is blind—and lives her own internal life in accordance with the laws of her own nature. During one of the visits to London of the great Italian actress, Eleonora Duse, it was proposed to put this drama on the English stage, but the Censor very properly intervened. There are one or two plays which are for various reasons impossible, at all events, for a general audience, and D'Annunzio's play has to be relegated into the same category as the great masterpiece of John Ford. In boldness of conception, and skilful unravelling of plot, "The Dead City" is one of the most remarkable of D'Annunzio's dramatic efforts, and it admirably illustrates some of the general tendencies of the school to which he belonged. He had been hailed as an *enfant prodigue*,

a genius who was trying to bring a new vitality into the somewhat lifeless work hitherto produced. But many of his critics, not unnaturally, regarded, and still regard, him as a decadent, a notorious perverter of public morals.

Meanwhile, the play itself is also a fine illustration of his immense enthusiasm for antiquarian research. I cannot do better than quote some of the passages in which Leonardo the explorer tells his companions of the wonderful discoveries he has made. The translation is by Mr. Arthur Symonds:¹

"I don't know how to tell you, I don't know how to tell you what I have seen. A succession of tombs; fifteen bodies intact, one beside the other, on a bed of gold, with faces covered with masks of gold, with foreheads crowned with gold, with breasts bound with gold; and over all, on their bodies, at their sides, at their feet, over all a profusion of golden things, innumerable as the leaves fallen from a fabulous forest: an indescribable magnificence, a great dazzling light, the most glittering treasure that death has ever heaped up in the darkness of the earth, for centuries, for thousands of years. . . . For a moment my mind leaped back hundreds and thousands of years, breathed the terrible legend, trembled in the horror of that ancient massacre. The fifteen bodies were there, with all their limbs, as if they had been laid there, just after the murder, lightly scorched by the funeral pyres too soon extinguished: Agamemnon, Eurymedon, Cassandra, and the royal escort; buried with their garments, with their weapons, with their diadems, with their vases, with their jewels; with all their riches. The masks preserved the faces from the contact of the air, and the faces must have remained almost intact. One of the bodies exceeded all the others in stature and in majesty, wearing a large crown of gold, with cuirass, girdle, and shoulder-plates of gold, surrounded with swords, spears, daggers, cups, covered with innumerable discs of gold scattered over his body like petals, more venerable than a demi-god. I leant over him, while he melted away in the light, and I lifted the heavy mask. Ah! have I not indeed seen the face of Agamemnon? Was not this perhaps the King of kings? . . . And Cassandra! How we have loved the daughter of Priam, 'the flower of the prey'! Do you remember? How you have loved her, with the very love of Apollo! You liked her when she was deaf and silent on her car, for her 'look as of a wild beast but newly caught,' for the Delphic fire that smouldered under her Sibylline words. More than one night her prophetic cries have awakened me. . . . And she was there, just now, stretched on a bed of gold leaf, with innumerable butterflies of gold on her breast, with her forehead crowned with a diadem, with her neck circled with necklaces, with her fingers covered with rings; and a golden balance was laid on

(1) D'Annunzio's "Dead City" (Heinemann).

her breast, the symbolic balance in which the destinies of men are weighed, and an infinity of golden crosses, formed with four leaves of laurel, surrounded her; and her sons Teledamus and Pelops, bound with the same metal, were at her side like two innocent lambs."

IV.

In 1898 D'Annunzio produced his play called "Gioconda." Although the plot is, of course, entirely different, the general spirit of the piece recalls in many ways "The Dead City." Instead of a tremendous enthusiasm about archæological remains, we have in "Gioconda" an enthusiasm for the sculptor's skill, and whereas in the earlier play the hero's imagination is fired by the discovery of a pristine age when Agamemnon was king, the hero of "Gioconda," a man who is called Lucio Settála, is a passionate devotee of art. The language in both plays has the same ripe, or over-ripe, richness and exuberance. To the principal actors are allotted speeches full of a fervid eloquence, which gives to them a certain declamatory character, quite unlike the ordinary conversation of ordinary men and women. Apart, however, from superficial differences, the men whom D'Annunzio loves to depict are spiritually and ethically alike. They are all artists in their way, keenly alive to every suggestion of beauty; they are also, to use our modern nomenclature, endowed with "an artistic temperament" which inevitably brings them to ruin. So it happened with Leonardo in "The Dead City"; so it happens, too, with Lucio Settála in "Gioconda." Lucio is a weak neuropath, feverish, excitable, inconstant, changeable, wholly wanting in will-power, incapable of any decision, a prey to changing moods of hope and despair, of pain and joy, of love and hatred.

One particular aspect of the artist's nature is carefully underlined in this play. The sources of inspiration come to him he knows not whence, and affect him in fashions which he cannot explain to himself. In the present instance there is one woman, and one woman only, who can inspire the artist. She is Gioconda Dianti, whose every movement suggests to the sculptor a fresh idea, so that when he visits the blocks of marble in Carrara in company with Gioconda he sees at once the designs which lie imprisoned in the dead squares of marble. Unhappily for himself, Lucio cannot find any inspiration in his beautiful wife, Silvia Settála. She has all the virtues, she has all the sweetness, of a fine and affectionate nature; she loves her little child Beata; she is beloved by her sister and her husband's friends. But, despite the fact that she has lately saved her husband—for he attempted to commit suicide, and she nursed him through a long and dangerous illness—she has no real influence over him, no promptings of conception or idea, no real illuminating instinct as to the tasks which the sculptor sets before himself. When the play opens Lucio Settála has just recovered

from the effects of his attempted suicide, and it looks as if he was going to adopt a new career. But, alas! the infirmity of the man is that he cannot be constant to one thing. His thoughts go back to the woman who waits for him in the studio as his model, whose spirit and features have already been incarnated, so to speak, in the wonderful figure of the Sphinx, Lucio's masterpiece. Feeling how powerless she is to divert her husband from the fatal fascination of Gioconda, Silvia determines to go herself to the studio and confront her rival. There a vivid scene takes place, beginning with some dignity on either side, but soon leading to that stormy vociferation in which Italians excel. Thus, in order to conquer, poor Silvia undoubtedly stoops. She tells the lie that her husband had sanctioned the banishment of Gioconda, and the latter, in her mad rage at being turned out, rushes at the statue, to push it from its pedestal and smash it into atoms. To save his precious work of art at any cost Silvia intervenes, with fatal consequences to herself. The heavy stone falls on her arms, and destroys those beautiful hands of which even her husband was proud. For the rest of the play she is a mutilated thing, unable even to hold out her arms to the little child, Beata, who, at the very close of the play, comes to her to offer her flowers. Here is the tragedy which a wholly selfish artist can produce—the domestic ruin for which he is himself personally responsible through his waywardness and inconstancy. The play is dedicated to Eleonora Duse, because she, too, had beautiful hands. I saw it when Madame Duse presented it in London. It was the acknowledged gift of this actress to raise every part which she represented up to the level of her own fine and generous nature; and few characters suited her better than that of the patient wife, Silvia Settala, maimed in her effort to break the ignoble yoke which made her husband a slave.

As in reference to "The Dead City" I gave a quotation expressive of the intense ardour of the explorer, so I give in the present instance one out of many passages which illustrate the imaginative fervour of the artist. This is how Lucio describes the influence upon him of his model Gioconda:¹

"She is always diverse, like a cloud that from instant to instant seems changed without your seeing it change. Every motion of her body destroys one harmony and creates another yet more beautiful. You implore her to stay, to remain motionless, and across all her immobility there passes a torrent of obscure forces, as thoughts pass in the eyes. Do you understand? Do you understand? The life of the eyes is the look, that indefinable thing, more expressive than any word, than any sound, infinitely deep and yet instantaneous as a breath, swifter than a flash, innumerable, omnipotent: in a word, *the look*. Now imagine the life of the look diffused over all her body. Do you understand? The quiver of an eyelid transfigures a human face, and expresses an immensity of

(1) D'Annunzio's "Gioconda" (Heinemann).

joy or sorrow. The eyelashes of the creature whom you love are lowered: the shadow encircles you as the waters encircle an island: they are raised, the flame of summer burns up the world. Another quiver, your soul dissolves like a drop of water; another, you are lord of the universe. Imagine that mystery over all her body! Imagine through all her limbs, from the forehead to the sole of the foot, that flash of lightning, like life!" And the wonderful thing is that the woman who can be thus described may be all the time in herself worthless or maleficent.

V.

By no means the least interesting of the plays of D'Annunzio is the one which he calls "The Daughter of Jorio," and describes as a pastoral tragedy. The scene is laid among the mountains of Abruzzi, and, with his usual care for detail, D'Annunzio has presented us with an astonishing mass of information about the shepherds, and still more about their customs, habits and traditions. The first act, for instance, deals with the ceremony of betrothal, and all the elaborate forms of procedure are detailed with a careful hand. The second act paints the life of a shepherd far up in the mountains during the summer and early autumn, before the winter drives him down into the lowlands. During the good season the shepherds feed their flocks in the mountains, coming down from time to time to their native village, and then returning after three days. It is a life of solitude, and, to some extent, of idleness. Time hangs heavy on the hands of the shepherds, and they therefore occupy themselves with carving in wood and bone. But what we specially note, a characteristic, indeed, of the whole drama, is the mystical atmosphere. Owing, perhaps, to their solitude, the shepherds dream dreams and see visions. An intense superstition reigns over their lives, and sacrilege is a charge which is readily brought against all who do not conform to the ritual prescribed through many ages past. The story is a tragic one. Aliqi, the son of Candia della Leonessa and a somewhat brutal shepherd called Lazaro di Roio, has been betrothed, without his own wishes apparently being consulted, to a little girl called Vienda, and, as I have already said, the first act is occupied with the ceremony of the betrothal. But suddenly there comes an interruption. A wild-looking girl dashes into the room asking for protection from certain rude shepherds, who intend to maltreat her. This turns out to be the daughter of Jorio, Mila di Codra, concerning whom exist suspicions pointing to witchcraft. The company assembled in Candia's house are all for driving the fugitive runaway outside and giving her up to the untender mercies of the shepherds. This is Aliqi's first impression also, but as he was laying his hand on the wretched girl he saw behind her a silent angel, the guardian of Mila's soul, and as one of his sisters, Ornella, is also strongly moved to pity, the final result is that the daughter of Jorio is allowed to

remain in safety. But, of course, the betrothal has been fatally compromised by this unexpected act, and the wiser ones do not expect any good to come from so ill-omened an interruption.

In the second act we have the consequence. Aligi is up in the mountains, and with him is Mila di Codra, as innocent lovers, it is true, but also as daring characters who have broken the tradition and are only too likely to suffer. Then, after the appearance of various personages—an old woman gathering herbs, the saint of the mountain and a demoniac—there comes on the scene Aligi's father, Lazaro, who has made up his mind in his brutal way that if anyone is to have Mila di Codra in his possession it will be himself and not his son. A furious quarrel takes place, and in the excitement of the moment, hardly knowing what he is doing, Aligi seizes a weapon and kills his father.

And so we come to the third act, which, like its predecessors, is occupied with ceremonial—the ceremonial of dealing with a parricide. The man who is proved guilty of this grave charge of murdering his father, according to ancestral rules, is to be imprisoned in a sack with a dog, a cock, a viper and a monkey, and cast into the sea. Very sorrowfully his relations and friends gather round to see the accomplishment of this cruel destiny, when Mila di Codra once more checks further proceedings by taking all responsibility upon herself. She declares that it was she, and not Aligi, who struck the fatal blow, and so eloquent are her arguments that she persuades the villagers, who are, perhaps, in their secret hearts only too glad that the guilt has been removed from one of themselves to a sorceress. The drama ends with the condemnation of the daughter of Jorio to be burnt at the stake, a willing sacrifice for the sake of the man whom she loves. In this strange drama the characters are all drawn with careful strokes, and we feel that the author has given us a curiously interesting and exact picture of the pastoral scenes which make his tragedy. The Abruzzi, we remember, was D'Annunzio's birthplace, and he dedicates the drama to all those kinsmen or fellow-citizens of his who dwell between the mountain and the sea. It is only one more proof of the extraordinary care with which the Italian dramatist worked out all the conditions which his story involved. In this piece his local colour is as strong as that in "*Francesca da Rimini*."

VI.

I have taken "*The Daughter of Jorio*" out of its proper order, but I must now return to the capital achievement, as some would deem it, of D'Annunzio, the great historical drama of the renaissance, "*Francesca da Rimini*." In this play our author is quite as much historian as dramatist. He is painting a picture of the thirteenth century in Italy, with all its riotous strength, its passionate cruelty, its lust of blood, its quick sensitiveness to beauty.

When "*Francesca da Rimini*" was acted for the first time at Rome by Eleonora Duse and her company in December, 1901, the performance was the signal for the outpouring of a vast deal of controversy, such as reminded some of the critics of the battle royal which was waged over Victor Hugo's "*Hernani*." The performance lasted five hours, and it is said that, owing to the noise in the theatre, many of the speeches were inaudible. No audience likes to sit for five continuous hours in a theatre, despite our Wagnerian experiences. But after that earliest and somewhat inauspicious première, the play was freely cut and acted with the greatest success in the chief cities of Italy, and also in London. The piece is a good deal more than a tragedy of two lovers; it is a study of an age of blood. If revolting things happen in the course of the drama, if a prisoner is killed in cold blood in a dungeon while his cries come up to the ears of the principal personages of the play, if the heroine herself is so intoxicated with the strong wine of battle that she wants to scatter Greek fire broadcast and shoot down her foes, there is ready reason for all these things in the fact that they, or something like them, actually occurred. In "*Francesca da Rimini*" D'Annunzio has taken his task with the utmost seriousness, and has determined to set before our eyes a historical picture full of erudite archæological details. It is no smooth tale of love—simple, sensuous, passionate—such as Mr. Stephen Phillips gives us in his version. It is a picture of war and bloodshed, of treachery and accusation, and in each act there is the recurrent note of savagery as well as of romance, of fraternal discord quite as much as the passion of a man for a maid. It is a great historical panorama, in which each scene as it passes before our gaze has to be illustrated out of the annals and records of the time. Features like these, however, hardly make for the success of the play on the boards. For the dramatic success we must look beyond the historical adornment, the lurid panoply of war which he has spread over his main personages. We must look to the simple theme itself, the loves of Francesca and Paolo, the revelation of their intrigue, the vengeance taken upon them by the furious husband. In the real story Paolo and Francesca were both married. She was a mother and he a father of children, and it was only after ten years of marriage that Giovanni, who went by the name of Gianciotto, or the cripple, surprised them together and stabbed them. Dante in the fifth canto of his "*Inferno*," omits everything except the bare facts of love and death; D'Annunzio refers once or twice to Paolo's wife, Orabile, but not to the children. He makes the story move steadily from the beginning to the end of the passion, and the scenes between the lovers breathe the romantic fervour with which the poet-dramatist has enriched all his scenes of love. They are very human beings, though it ought, of course, to be added human beings of the thirteenth century in Italy. They are fond of luxury, they love beautiful things, they linger over memories,

and rejoice in tales of bravery and romance. Paolo was an accomplished Italian, a perfect archer, who had considerable skill in music, and loved his horse. Francesca, full of tender feeling, yet is capable of being stirred up by excitement to wild deeds and words. She is so intoxicated with the strange, new and perilous beauty of the Greek fire that she runs the risk of setting all the battlements in flame. Indeed, round her personality violent deeds are always circling. In her father's house brother fights with brother, and it is her brother's bleeding face which appears to her through the barred window at the close of the first act at the moment when she is seeing Paolo for the first time, and has just offered him a rose. In herself she hates cruelty, but is forced to exist on it as her daily food. She betrays her husband, it is true, but then he had won her unfairly, and she does not feel that she is doing wrong in loving another. She has no scruples, yet with sensitive nervousness she feels the proximity of the fate to which she is doomed. Observe, too, as an indication of the direct and practical way in which these martial men of the thirteenth century went about their business, that in the final scene, when Paolo is trapped and both lovers are slain, the husband indulges in no moralising speeches. He bends his crooked knee with a painful movement, picks up his sword, and breaks it over the other knee.

VII.

There are other later dramas of D'Annunzio to which I have no space to refer, but we have now sufficient materials for a general estimate of the Italian poet's dramatic workmanship. It is not very easy to form a just estimate, because while there is so much that appeals to us, there are also certain qualities which repel our sympathy, and, indeed, induce in some cases a feeling of disgust. In all these plays the literary critic must keep as strictly as may be to the artistic interest and justification, and leave wholly on one side the ethical aspects. And that is a very difficult thing for either English audiences or English writers. Very few indeed of our English authors have been able to keep the two points of view separate. If we take characteristic examples amongst ourselves of those who have composed novels or plays, we shall find that most of them have in the execution of their artistic task kept their eye on a didactic aim. Shakespeare is an exception, but then he is an exception to most rules. Thackeray is an example ready to hand; so, too, is George Eliot, and many others, including Dickens, who, with no little sentimentality, presents us with his moral. But the result is that when we are called upon to gauge the work of a purely unethical genius like Heine or Maupassant, or D'Annunzio, we find ourselves embarrassed by national prejudices and by our strong ethical judgments. It is easy, of course, to string together sentences of blame or praise. We may deride D'Annunzio's heroes.

Sperilli, Hermil, Aurispa, refined, sensitive, susceptible figures steeped in voluptuous self-indulgence. Or we may say glib and facile things about the heroines, who are undoubtedly formed in finer moulds. But the main task of literary criticism is to define the artist, to describe his special genius, and illustrate the aims which he sets before our eyes.

In the first place he is clearly a poet, who bathes his creations in a poetic atmosphere, who abounds in lyrical ecstasies and writes pages, often rhetorical and extravagant, but not rarely of true poetical excellence. His style is one of the most remarkable things about him. This is a point which, of course, only Italians can properly estimate, and even they find it difficult to read D'Annunzio, so fond is he of strange words and so devoted to archæological details. He describes pieces of armour, for instance, as an expert, and whenever he seeks to get the proper background for his creations he will dig deep in archaic lore and show a scholarly delight in all technical details of his work. If we ask, further, whether he is a dramatist, the answer also is fairly clear. There can be no question that he appreciates the dramatic point of view, that he gives us dramatic situations, that his personages, at all events most of them, are tinglingly alive. But they all speak D'Annunzio's language, not always the language appropriate to their own characters, and the author's love of purple passages sometimes makes his dramatic wheels roll heavily, and delays the onward march of the drama. And it is a weakness in him, and not a strength, that he is preoccupied with particular types of humanity, whom we have to describe as neurotic and febrile. Two characteristics belong to all D'Annunzio's heroes. They have a love of beauty, and they are full of that stormy passion which never halts before an obstacle, and usually dooms themselves and those whom they love to an ignoble fate. D'Annunzio is an artist first and foremost, but not of a virile or healthy stamp. His work seems to have all the artificiality of a too self-conscious artist. It is over-rich, over-ripe, and therefore contains within itself the seeds of proximate decay.

W. L. COURTNEY.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF AN ANGEL.

Two distinct conceptions exist of Angelica Kaufmann—Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Miss Angel." The one represents her as a sentimentalist of the first order—posturing, vapouring, wheedling, flattering and flirting; the other as a beautiful Soul, richly gifted by nature, cruelly persecuted by fate, of whom Steinberg could say, "her very faults are lovable," and of whom Goethe could write, "I wish I might bind myself in closer ties to this fascinating woman." These two conceptions appear at first sight to be diametrically opposed to each other, but a closer study of Angelica's character and career leads rather to the belief that they are due to the different points of view taken by those who are responsible for them. Like every other human being, she was made up of mingled qualities and defects; her admirers fixed their gaze upon the former, her critics upon the latter, and it is only by examining both that the woman herself can be discovered.

The task is made harder, moreover, by the fact that Angelica is a heroine of fiction, both French and English, and the more that the reader admires, for example, Miss Thackeray's charming romance, "Miss Angel," the more difficult it is to keep in mind that it does not profess to be historically accurate.

That Angelica Kaufmann shared in the sentimentalism of her day is indisputable; the very subjects of her pictures are enough to prove it—Andromache fainting at the sight of Æneas, Sappho bemoaning the death of Patroclus, Calypso calling heaven to witness her affection for Ulysses, Sylvia lamenting over a favourite stag, Ariadne abandoned by Theseus, Psyche fainting, Cupid drying Psyche's tears, Penelope weeping over the bow of Ulysses, Rinaldo preventing Armida from suicide, the parting of Ulysses and Penelope, etc., etc. It was the age of pseudo-classicism and pseudo-romance, and it was not possible that one of her susceptible temperament should escape the general infection.

It was an age, also, when women were expected to weep and swoon on the smallest provocation, and when their achievements were never considered apart from their sex; and it is here that we find the answer to the question how such men as Reynolds can have been blind to the feebleness of her conceptions and the faultiness of her drawing. They were lenient to her because the artist was never judged apart from the woman, and this attitude towards her is well symbolised in the celebrated picture of the first members of the Royal Academy, in which, though one of their number, she is only represented by the portrait of her which hangs upon the wall. As an artist she was with them, but being a woman, she could never be of them.

Angelica was born in the year 1741, at Coire, in the Grisons, and from her earliest years was taught by her father, Johann Joseph Kaufmann. The story of her life has been graphically written by the Cavaliere Giovanni Gherardo De Rossi, in a volume published in Florence in the year 1810, and he has much to say of her infant talents for art and music, and of the extraordinary care with which they were cultivated. At eight years old she began to paint portraits, and from that time onward she never laid down the brush until Death himself took it from her hand. De Rossi relates many charming stories of her girlhood. At Como, when only eleven years old, she painted the portrait of the venerable bishop. In Rome she painted the portrait of Winckelmann, sat at his feet and listened to his outpourings on Art, while his praises of her work were so enthusiastic that it was generally reported that he was in love with her. In Milan she studied seriously, but in order to obtain admission to the Art School she was obliged to disguise herself as a boy. At Castle Montford a young musician fell in love with her and with her exquisite voice, trying to persuade her to relinquish her painting; whereupon she begged a priest to come to her rescue and get her father to send the musician about his business, utilising the episode in a picture of Orpheus and Eurydice—Orpheus, as her husband afterwards told De Rossi, being a portrait of the musician who had striven to lead her away from her work.

But the true romance of her career begins when she was brought to England by the wife of the English Ambassador at Venice, Lady Wentworth. Angelica at this time was in the full loveliness of her youth. "*Ben tagliata e graziosa la bocca,*" says De Rossi, "*bianchi ed eguali i denti,*"—a mouth well-cut and sweet, teeth white and even—and he goes on to describe her wonderful blue eyes, so full of expression that only those who had met her glance could understand what worlds of meaning it was capable of conveying.

It seemed, indeed, that the fairies had been so lavish in their gifts that her life was bound to be one unbroken scene of delight: fine ladies and great artists fell victims to her; orders for pictures poured in, she was fluttered, followed, fêted and caressed. Royal commissions made her the fashion, and her talent for mural decoration brought her handsome offers from the most celebrated architects of the day.

Nor was the adoration offered to the woman less striking than the homage paid to the artist: every man who met the glances of those melting blue eyes succumbed to their fascination. Sir Joshua Reynolds in his diary gives her the tender name of "Miss Angel," and by the entry "*Fiori*" in connection with her shows that he made her offerings of flowers. Nathaniel Dance proposed to her more than once, and Fuseli, for her sweet sake, was as adamant to poor Mary Moser.

"As every sun-ray has a shadow, so every beautiful woman has

a foil," runs a cynical sentence, and it was certainly true in the case of Angelica Kaufmann. Mary Moser was a "precise woman," says J. T. Smith, the pupil and biographer of the Dutch sculptor, Nollekens. She was prudent, plain and sensible—all the adjectives that could not possibly be applied to Angelica were applicable to her—and that they were both nominated members of the Royal Academy at the time of its foundation only added point to the contrast between them. Mary was an excellent craftswoman, her aim limited by her achievement; Angelica a genius, whose powers of execution were not equal to her powers of conception.

Apart from her unrequited love for the handsome Fuseli, Mary had a fine turn for humour, and J. T. Smith quotes a delightful letter written by her to her friend, Mrs. Lloyd:—

"Come to London and admire our plumes—we sweep the sky! A Duchess wears six feathers, a lady four, and every milkmaid one at each corner of her cap. Your Mamma desired me to enquire the name of something she had seen in the windows in Tavistock Street: it seems she was afraid to ask, but I took courage, and they told me they were rattlesnake tippets. However, notwithstanding their frightful name, they are not very much unlike a *beaufong*, only the quills are made stiff and springy in the starching. Fashion is grown a monster; pray tell your operator that your hair must measure just three-quarters of a yard from the extremity of one wing to the other."

There are no rattlesnake tippets in the windows in Tavistock Street nowadays, but those who haunt that solemn region of publishing offices may well spare a sympathetic sigh for the heavy-hearted Mary Moser. For heavy-hearted she was, in spite of her lively letters. Fuseli's striking face and romantic manners had captured her heart, but he remained stony and indifferent. J. T. Smith gives an amusing description of a dinner at Nolleken's house, of which he, as a small boy employed in the studio, was an interested witness through the crack of the door. The conversation was not of the most refined order, and need not be repeated here, but one passing jest which came to the lad's ears shows that Mary's love-lorn condition was well-known to the company.

"Don't crack the nuts with your teeth, Miss Moser; you'll spoil 'em," cried Nollekens, whereupon his father-in-law, Mr. Welch, added the sly remark, "Aye, and what would Mr. Fuseli say to that?"

But Mr. Fuseli would not have cared a straw if Mary had broken every tooth in her head: that was the tragedy of the situation. He may have been to blame in leading her on. Smith thinks that he was, and says that in early life "he suffered each of his many female admirers to suppose herself the favourite fair. Miss Moser, at one period, drew that conclusion, and for a long time he flirted with Angelica Kaufmann, but he found at last that that lady's glances were directed towards Sir Joshua Reynolds."

Fuseli's biographer, John Knowles, in the memoir published in 1881, takes a somewhat different view, and says that Mary "flattered herself that the feelings which she had were mutual." But however this may be, the letter which he wrote in answer to her pathetic effusion of June, 1770, proves clearly enough that he had not one spark of affection for her:—

"If you have not forgotten at Rome," she writes, "those friends whom you remembered at Florence, write to me from that nursery of arts and raree-show of the world which flourishes in ruins. I suppose there has been a million letters sent to Italy with an account of our exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already to say that Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen; Gainsborough beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyk habit, and Zoffany superior to everybody in a portrait of Garriek. Angelica made a very great addition to the show. My mamma declares that you are an insufferable creature, and that she speaks as good English as your mother did high German. My father and his daughter long to know the progress you will make, particularly

MARY MOSER,

who remains sincerely your friend, and believes you will exclaim or mutter to yourself, 'Why did she send this d—— nonsense to me?'

Poor Mary! Not all her sprightly messages, not all her un concealed longings to hear of his welfare, not even her handsome allusion to her rival, could melt Fuseli's hard heart. For ten months no answer reached her, and when in April, 1771, a letter came to hand, she must have told herself that silence was better than such a cold repulse as this:—

"MADAM,—I am inexcusable. I know your letter by heart, and have never answered it. But I am often so very unhappy within that I hold it a matter of remorse to distress such a friend as Miss Moser with my own whimsical miseries (they may be fancied evils, but to him who has fancy, real evils are unnecessary, though I have them, too). I beg my warmest compliments to your papa and mamma, and am unaltered, Madam,

Your most obliged servant and friend,

FUSELI."

After this there was nothing more to be said. Mary Moser went on her solitary way for twenty-two years, and then put an end to all jests and condolences on the part of her acquaintances by giving her hand in 1793 to Captain Lloyd, now left a widower by the death of her friend; while Fuseli, having let off his resentment against Angelica with the caustic remark, "She pleased, and desired to please, the age in which she lived and the race for which she wrought," consoled himself in 1788 by marrying a Miss Rawlins, with whom he passed a wedded life of thirty-five years.

But what of Angelica, while Mary Moser was thus enduring the pangs of unrequited love? Miss Gerrard, her English biographer, says that her indifference to Fuseli arose from the fact that he was poor, and could not satisfy her ambitions. But this seems a hard saying: the suitor was clever and attractive, and not only Mary Moser but Mary Woolstonecraft and a host of other ladies were languishing for his love; but Sir Joshua's merits outweighed his a thousand times, and the heart that was drawn towards the one was scarcely likely to be attracted by the other. That Reynolds paid her great attentions has never been questioned: why he did not come forward is a problem that will never now be solved. They were continually together, they painted each other's portraits, and their names were constantly coupled by their friends and acquaintances. Thus Goldsmith concludes his burlesque on the invitation to dinner that came too late with the following lines:—

"'Tis Reynolds' way
From wisdom to stray,
And Angelica's whim
To be frolic like him:

But alas! your good worships, how could they be wiser.
When both have been spoiled in to day's *Advertiser*?"

This was an allusion to the *Advertiser's* poetical critique of Angelica's recently-finished portrait of Reynolds:—

"When the likeness she hath done for thee,
Oh! Reynolds, with astonishment we see,
Forced to submit, with all our pride we own
Such strength, such harmony excelled by none,
And thou out-rivalled by thyself alone!"

Strength is the very quality denied to Angelica by her critics. Peter Pindar laughed at the—

"feeble males
That figure in her painted tales."

Count Bernstorff, the Danish Prime Minister, after praising the tender charm of her women, comments on the want of virility in her men: "They are shy creatures; some of them look like girls in men's clothes, and it would be impossible for her to portray a villain."

But perhaps this very strain of weakness was what appealed to the great painter, and although De Rossi says that art was all his delight, and that he had closed his heart to every other passion, it was to him that she turned for help in her difficulties; she begged his interference when her pictures were badly hung at the Academy; she asked his aid when the great calamity of her life fell upon her.

The inability to portray a villain that Count Bernstorff notices may have made it equally impossible for her to detect one; but when a veritable villain appeared upon the scene, he had little difficulty in victimising her. It was at a dinner party at Dr.

Burney's house that she first met the man whom De Rossi describes as being of fine aspect, great talents and noble manner. He was introduced to her as the Count de Horn, a Swedish nobleman, much interested in art, and so far all the accounts agree; but at this point they separate, some saying that Angelica lost her heart to him, others that she never really cared for him, but that she was flattered by his attentions, and deceived by his representations so far as to marry him. De Rossi, whose biography was published only three years after her death, and who obtained his information from her cousin and from the private papers that were put into his hands, says that he made gradual inroads upon her heart—*a poco a poco si fa strada nel cuore di lei*. Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy and other later writers say that her heart was never concerned in the matter; while J. T. Smith sums up the position in a cruel sentence: "Angelica Kaufmann was a great coquette, and pretended to be in love with several gentlemen at the same time. However, she was at last rightly served for her duplicity by marrying a very handsome fellow personating the Count de Horn."

But whatever Angelica's secret feelings may have been, the facts of the case admit of no dispute. Her lover, whose mother's name was Brandt, and who had no right to that of his father, had come to England as an adventurer in the character of the Count de Horn, in whose house he had been brought up as a servant. Attracted by the young artist's reputation and success, he made love to her, and was soon her accepted suitor. "She was determined to show her friends with whom she had flirted that she had at last made a good hit," says Smith, "and therefore, without the least hesitation, at once gave her hand to the impostor."

But she did not at once boast of her "good hit," for at the Count's request she kept their engagement secret until he had received papers that he was expecting from Sweden; and when he came to her one day in much seeming distress, saying that enemies were plotting for his arrest and execution, and that the only thing that could save him would be his marriage with one so high in Court favour as herself, she immediately consented to a private union. The doubts whether a marriage actually took place, and, if so, at what church it was celebrated, have been cleared up by Miss Gerrard, who has discovered the entry in the registers of St. James's, Piccadilly. The service was performed by a Mr. Baddeley, the curate of the church, and the two witnesses signed their names as Annie Horne and Richard Horne—a curious circumstance, considering the name under which the bridegroom passed, but one which is not explained.

As soon as the deed was done, it was confessed to Angelica's father, and, according to De Rossi, a terrible scene followed. Joseph Kaufmann pointed out to his daughter that she had no real knowledge of the man to whom she had pledged herself, and his enquiries were received with fury by the Count, who tried to silence him

with menaces since he could not satisfy him—*mostra il Conte il piu terribile irritamento; grida, minaccia, ma non puo rispondere alle interrogazioni, che risolutamente gli fa il suocero.*"

De Rossi quotes a remark made by Angelica to her father to the effect that he need not disturb himself, since if Horn was an impostor, her marriage would be invalid, and that she had only agreed to it on this condition. Mr. Molloy says that this shows that it was only the title she cared about, but the remark is capable of another interpretation, for it might very well imply her implicit trust in her husband's veracity. But however this may have been, the impostor was soon shown in his true colours. Coming one day to her house, he ordered his wife to leave London with him, and on her refusal sent a lawyer to her, who told her that Horn was legally entitled to all her possessions, but that, being of a generous nature, he was willing to separate from her on the payment of £500. Angelica, on this, employed a lawyer in her turn, who speedily discovered that Horn not only had no right to the name under which he had married her, but that he had a wife already, and that she could obtain her freedom by making this known. But badly as Angelica had been treated, she still had some feeling for the villain who had deceived her. The penalty for bigamy at that time was hanging, and rather than endanger him, she paid the reduced demand of £300, and a deed of separation was signed on February the tenth, 1768.

Many fables have gathered round this story, and not the least scandalous of the fables is that mentioned in the *Biographie Générale* of Paris: "*Des biographes ont accusés Reynolds d'avoir préparé ce complot et initié ce malheureux à son rôle pour se venger les dédains d'Angélique, mais ce fait n'est pas certain.*"

It is only fair to Sir Joshua to say that there is not a scrap of evidence in support of this statement, that his upright and honourable character is sufficient contradiction of it, and that the fact that he remained her friend as long as he lived proves that he was capable of no such petty vengeance.

Count Bernstorff has left a graphic pen picture of Angelica as he saw her six months after this terrible catastrophe. "It would be impossible to pass such a face without looking at it," he says, "and once you have looked you must admire. There are moments when she is absolutely beautiful: thus, when she is seated at her harmonica, singing Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, her large, expressive eyes are piously raised to heaven, her inspired look helps the expression of the divine words—at this moment she is a living St. Cecilia. Alas! that so much beauty and such talent should have failed to secure for this gifted woman any measure of happiness. The sadness of her whole air betrays an inward discontent, which is the consequence of her unfortunate marriage which has ended in a separation. The whole story is pitiful, and this misfortune has spoiled her life."

But Angelica's spirit was not quite so easily crushed as the compassionate Count Bernstorff imagined. Her art was left to her, and with a fine courage she took up her brush once more, and forced herself to go on using it. A large number of her pictures were exhibited at the Royal Academy, and, in addition to this, she undertook an immense amount of work for the brothers Adam, who employed her to decorate the walls and ceilings of many of the houses that they were then building in different parts of London; while in 1778 she was one of the artists selected to execute mural paintings in St. Paul's Cathedral.

But Angelica was not the kind of woman whom Cupid could leave to tread the path of labour unmolested. Her life, to its very end, was swayed by emotions, and news of Horn's death having reached her in 1780, she gave her hand the next year to Antonio Zucchi, a Venetian painter, sixteen years older than herself. This marriage, like her first one, has given rise to much controversy. De Rossi says that her father saw in Zucchi a husband well suited to his daughter, and that in accepting him she obeyed the paternal will, while the marriage settlements have been adduced by other writers as a proof of her want of affection for her elderly husband. That her feelings towards him were not romantic seems to be confirmed by after events; but the clause in the settlements securing £5,000 for her own use, and enjoining that Zucchi is "not to intermeddle therewith," was doubtless inserted by her wise old father, who had already seen her landed in terrible difficulties by her impulsive nature. Zucchi had money of his own, as well as a house in John Street, Adelphi, and he seems to have been quite content that his wife's property should be settled upon herself.

The newly-married pair settled first in Venice, Angelica's father living with them, and after his death they removed to Rome. Till Zucchi's death, which took place in 1795, he constituted himself the major-domo of the establishment, taking all business on his shoulders, and allowing her to work at her painting undisturbed. Whether he did this, as De Rossi says, because he thought her powers as an artist worthy of adoration, or, as later biographers have hinted, because he thought of her more as a breadwinner than as a wife, cannot now be determined. But that he did not wholly satisfy her heart can hardly be doubted in the light of the correspondence between Goethe and the Angel, whose powers of fascination were none the less potent now that forty-eight years had passed over her head. Goethe tells the story himself in the *Italienische Reise*, and it is a story that has been told again and again in the course of the world's history. Similar tastes drew them together, he could open his mind to her, he could talk to her of his books and literary projects, secure of her sympathetic comprehension, till at last the time came when the books were laid aside, and they read in the volume of each other's hearts.

"It is well known," says Oppermann in his *Bregenzer Wälder*, "that Goethe's admiration for Angelica was such that, had she been free, he would have made her his wife, and that a marriage with her would have given that repose to his life which was wanting in his union with the Vulpina; but such was not possible, as the artist was, at the time of Goethe's visit to Rome, the wife of Zucchi."

That Angelica fully reciprocated his feelings is shown by her letters. Thus she writes on May 10th, 1788: "I live such a sad life, and because I cannot see what I most desire, all and everyone is indifferent to me, except perhaps our good friend Ruffenstein, with whom I can speak of you. The Sundays which once were days of joy have become the saddest days. They seem to say, 'We return no more'; but I will not believe this—the words 'return no more' sound too hard."

This allusion to the Sundays is explained by Heinrich Duntzler in his life of Goethe. "She was indeed an angelic soul," he says, writing of the tie between the poet and the artist, "full of tender womanhood, pure and ardent, and Goethe felt a deep and exquisite attraction to her. Every Sunday he visited a picture gallery with Angelica, and dined at her house. Each confided to the other his and her whole passion and mood. Angelica was not happy, as her husband, notwithstanding their good means, wished her to go on painting for sale."

For some time after Goethe's departure, the correspondence went on apace. On May 17th she writes: "I thank you a thousand times, my dear friend, for the joy your letter from Florence has given me. When I think of you I grow confused. I sit with the pen in my hand, have much to say, would wish to say much to you—every pulse of my heart suffers and complains. But of what use is all this? Nothing I can say will bring you back to me. It is better I remain silent; your feeling heart can imagine the rest. Since the 23rd, that last and fatal day, I have been in a dream, out of which I cannot rouse myself. The lovely sky, the most beautiful scenery—alas! even the divine in art—excites nothing in me. I am indifferent to all. I really believe I am on the outer edge of that folly of which we so often talked. In the other world I hope it will be arranged that all dear friends meet never more to part, and so I hope for a happier life above."

On August 5th she writes: "Dreaming again, you will say; but I know you will forgive me. I dreamt last night that you had come back; I saw you a long way off, and hastened to the entrance door, seized both your hands, which I pressed so closely to my heart that with the pain I awoke. I was angry with myself that my joy in my dream should have been so great, and that in consequence my happiness had been shortened. Still, to-day I am content, for I have your dear letter written July 19. I rejoice that you are well, and wish you an unbroken course of happiness. For me, I live the life of hope in a better world."

Goethe's affection for her was no more lasting than were a hundred others of his love fancies, and when the widowed Duchess of Weimar paid a visit to Rome in the following year, he could write of his *innamorata* in dispassionate terms: "You will have seen Madame Angelica by this time, and this excellent woman must from many different points be interesting to you."

The Duchess and her ladies were enchanted with Goethe's friend, and write of her in their letters to him as "*eine herzliche Frau*," "a beautiful soul," etc.; while to Angelica herself the Duchess wrote in the most gushing strains from Naples: "How is your health, my dear little woman? And are you always busy—always at your easel? Ah! come to Naples! Come to us! Tell dear old Zucchi to bring you. Farewell, dearest, best of little women. Think of me as often as I do of you."

"YOUR AMALIA."

But one word of affection from the poet would have outweighed all these effusions from the great lady, and that word Goethe was careful not to utter. Even while he was in Rome he had not kept entirely clear of other love affairs, and now that a year had passed he had no wish to expose himself to any demands that she might make upon him. Ordered by the Grand Duke to go to Italy to bring his mother home, he made no attempt to see Angelica, but only agreed to go on the condition that he might wait for the Duchess in Venice instead of going down to Rome.

A last communication passed between them in 1797, when he wrote to her to say that the portrait she had painted of the Duchess was fading, and that re-varnishing had been suggested. "But I am afraid that a wrong varnish ignorantly applied might do more harm than good and irretrievably ruin the work. Will you therefore have the kindness to tell me what varnish I should use, and what medium I should employ to secure it."

Whatever may have been the ultimate fate of the Duchess's portrait, no varnish that could be applied, no medium that could be employed, was powerful enough to prevent the portrait of Angelica from fading from Goethe's heart; but whether her affections were so deeply wounded as might be supposed remains an open question. At any rate, we find her indulging in just such another sentimental friendship with the learned Professor Herder, of Göttingen, whose letters to his wife from Rome are excellent reading:—

"Angelica reminds me of a Madonna, or a little dove," he writes naïvely to the good *haus-frau*. "She lives retired in an ideal world in which the little birds and the flowers dwell. Poor old Zucchi is a good sort of man in his own way: he resembles a Venetian nobleman in a comedy."

And again: "The impression this gifted creature has made upon my mind is indelible. It will last my whole life, for she is utterly devoid of envy, free from vanity, and incapable of insincerity. She knows not what meanness is, and although she is perhaps the

most cultivated woman in Europe, is full of the sweetest humility and the most angelic innocence. I tell thee all this, my own, because I know that from thee I need hide nothing, and because thou wilt rejoice with me that after my bitter months of solitude I have found this pearl, or, rather, lily, which Heaven has vouchsafed to me as a blessing and reward. It is in this light I regard her."•

Frau Herder seems to have sympathised in his feelings at first, even going so far as to send her husband's "blessing and reward" a kiss in a letter to him, for he writes to her:—

"I gave her thy kiss as it stood in thy letter, without transferring it to her lips. Once I did kiss her on the forehead, and once she unexpectedly seized my hand and would press it to her lips. There, that is all between us. I thank my God that He has made me to know this pure soul, and that through her I carry away one pleasant memory from Rome."

But the wife's complaisant mood did not last long apparently, for a little later, Herder addresses another letter to her, which has in it a strain of explanation, and even of excuse:—

"In every way Angelica is worthy of being joined to us by a close bond of friendship. She often says to me that the whole happiness of her life depends upon the continuance of this bond; that she would wish to die now, since she has (and truly only for such a short time) seen and known me: it is to her as a dream. I write to thee, my dearest, everything, because it is my habit to do so. Thou knowest that these words of hers do not make me vain, but rather humble. I look upon the friendship of this dear and noble woman as a gift that Heaven has sent me, which has turned me from all else, and in a theoretic manner has elevated my thoughts and improved my whole being, for she charms the mind, purifies and softens it, and is a good, tender creature. Do love her for my sake, dearest; she is so good, and her life is not happy. Thou must promise an eternal friendship to her, and with me render thanks to Heaven who has given her to me to know and to love."

Frau Herder probably rendered her thanks to Heaven when she got her susceptible professor home again, and saw him settled down to his duties in Göttingen. At any rate, he paid no further visits to his Roman lily, and when he wrote a letter of introduction to her for a lady who went to Italy in 1795, he couched it in very distant language:—

"Farewell, gentle mistress of the new art and of modest beauty," is its conclusion. "My wife desires her devoted remembrances. It is so long since you have written that you must have forgotten us, but we have not forgotten you. Once more farewell. My kind regards to Herr Zucchi."

Zucchi died in this same year, and the fact that he only left an annuity of £15 to his wife, while the rest of his property went to his brother and nephews, has been taken as a proof that he had no

real affection for her. It should not be forgotten, however, that Angelica had ample means of her own, and her letters after his death show that she had no ill-feeling. She speaks of "the irreparable loss sustained by the death of my worthy husband, friend and best companion," and adds: "I have a high regard for the family of my deceased husband, and approve what he has done in favour of them."

Her cousin, Anton Kaufmann, had taken up his abode with her when Zucchi's health began to fail, managing her affairs for her in the way that her husband had done, and she probably needed some such wise counsellor, for an unexplained allusion in a letter written by her from Como in the year 1800 shows that time had not availed to check her feminine impulses. After mentioning a former visit, when she had "evaded Love's arrow," she says: "One day, wandering with some chosen companions through the delightful woods belonging to a friend's villa, in a shady spot I came once more upon Love. He was asleep. I drew near to him. He awoke and smiled in a friendly manner at me. He recognised me, albeit Time had silvered my golden hair. Suddenly he arose, mischievously determined to avenge the slight he had received from me in my early years. He pursued me, and, taking deliberate aim, threw his arrow at me. I had all the trouble in the world to escape the dart."

She was sixty when these words were written—a time when most women can wander at will without any fear of being made a target for Cupid's arrows; but when six more years had passed away she was struck by a dart aimed by a hand from which there was no escape. Early in 1807 her health began to fail, and the religious thoughts which De Rossi quotes from her papers breathe a tender spirit of trust and resignation. She passed away peacefully on November the fifth, while her cousin was reading to her a hymn for the sick.

Et in Arcadia ego! Both Angelica and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted pictures of Arcadian nymphs and shepherds dancing near a tomb. "What can this mean? It seems to me very nonsensical!" growled Dr. Johnson. But Reynolds was not so terrified of the autocrat as most people were. "The King could have told you," was his calm reply. "He saw it yesterday and said, 'Ay, ay, Death is even in Arcadia.'"

Full of charm as Angelica undoubtedly was, her personality, no less than her art, bore traces of the unreality of that pseudo-classical age: she was hailed as a Grace, she posed as a Muse, but grief and loss are present even in Arcadia, and as we remember the pangs that she suffered we cannot regret that Love's arrows have no longer power to wound her, and that—

"After life's fitful fever she sleeps well."

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

LA LÉGENDE DE SAINT FRANÇOIS D'ASSISE.

VISION DE NOËL.

LÉLIA, poupée de cinq ans, fluette et blonde, joue, sous la vague surveillance d'une bonne, dans le jardin paternel qui avec la maison encloît son univers.

Les airs protecteurs et doctes du frère de sept ans, déjà, démarquent l'infranchissable limite, la supériorité des grands sur les petits. Pourtant, il a beau essayer de lui tout expliquer, ou en dernier recours la mépriser d'une moue lorsque la question dépasse son savoir, Lélia indifférente se retranche en soi-même et son imagination résoud le problème.

Aujourd'hui dans le soleil, elle court, échappant à la poursuite factice d'une bande folâtre. Elle est seule apparemment; seule également à connaître l'importance et le but de sa course bien que ses paroles n'eussent point su les définir.

Criant sa joie, traversant les allées, bondissant les obstacles, elle va, vient, acharnée, accompagnant le vent, narines ouvertes curieuses des moindres senteurs éparses, et les papillons, pétales volants s'attardant aux fleurs, sont moins rapides.

La jupe courte évase sa silhouette, emprisonne les jambes longues, semblables aux battants d'une cloche sonnant des Pâques enfantines.

Enfin essouffée, jetant un hurrah triomphant, elle s'affaisse dans l'herbe, son rire libéré éclate et brandissant la palme chimérique elle se complait en sa victoire, et l'annonce à tue-tête.

La bonne acquiesce par habitude, continuant la leçon du frère, mais Jacques, lassé par l'application soutenue, arrache un consentement facile et s'élance vers sa sœur.

— A quoi qu'on va jouer tous les deux, dis ?

Lélia ramène de loin ses grands yeux pour le fixer.

— Eh bien oui... je te parle, je t'offre de jouer...

Il mesure la minuscule Lélia, insiste en l'entraînant :

— Allons, viens...

Nullement flattée, elle lui tourne le dos, hausse les épaules et déclare :

— Non... je ne veux pas de toi, tu es trop brusque, tu me fais toujours mal.

Jacques, se souvenant des recommandations paternelles, soupire, accablé : " C'est bien embêtant que vous soyez si ' gosse '... et puis les filles ça ne comprend rien, ça pleure pour tout, et on finit toujours à recevoir des taloches pour avoir froissé on ne sait quoi !... "

— Hé bien, alors, va-t'en... j'ai assez de mes amis...

— Quels amis ?... tu n'as même pas tes poupées ni ta ménagerie ! !

— Mes amis vivent, répète-t-elle, convaincue, montrant du doigt, — tiens, voilà Mimi, Jean, Colette, Robert.

Il roule des yeux écarquillés autour de la pelouse vide et s'esclaffe.

— Dieu, que tu es bête, mais il n'y a personne... personne, ma pauvre petite...

Froissée, mais nullement ébranlée, Lélia se lève, toise le grand frère aveugle, et s'écartant de lui, très digne, déclare :

— Puisque tu ne veux pas ' les ' voir, laisse-moi tranquille. Moi, je les aime parce qu'ils sont doux...

Il réfléchit. Sa maman compte sur lui en sa qualité d'ainé, pour la protéger... néanmoins elle abuse de sa faiblesse jusqu'à insinuer des présences fantastiques... certes lui aussi croit aux belles fées qui exaucent les vœux et transforment les petits garçons en princes charmants héroïques, mais le livre refermé, Jacques oublie ces mirages des heures de récompense pour s'ébrouer dans les réalités des jours méthodiquement divisés par le travail et la bruyante récréation.

Alors?... que signifie la boutade de Lélia?

Il cherche. Qui sait si les petites filles ignorantes n'entendent pas le secret des fées? ou peut-être qu'elles leur apparaissent?...

Plein de respect pour son raisonnement, il suit l'enfant sans bruit.

Elle choisit tranquillement sa cachette, derrière un treillage de roses grimpantes.

Il guette, retenant son souffle... il espère voir une forme humaine s'évader du tronc, là en face d'elle... sous la feuillaison d'émeraude...

Tranquille, Lélia sourit, se penche, semble écouter, ses mains ont des tendresses inattendues, ses bras des câlineries réservées selon son caprice. Sa mipe mobile exprime une respectueuse attention, sa bouche tour à tour sévère ou consentante s'offre au cercle invisible qui concentre en elle, l'idole, sa dévotion tacite.

Jacques haletant épie le moindre frémissement...

Cinq éternelles minutes...

Il n'y tient plus, d'un élan ramassé il saute et roule aux côtés de Lélia terrorisée qui hurle de toute sa peur.

La bonne, le père, la mère, le jardinier accourent, se précipitent, surgissant de partout, le chien joint aux lamentations un aboiement hystérique.

Jacques, ahuri, tremble, incapable de comprendre ce déchaînement, le père giffe sa figure déconfitte, on le renvoie sous l'escorte sévère de la gouvernante, tandis que la mère, serrant contre elle Lélia, l'emmène, écrasée de baisers; et nul ne cherche le pourquoi de la soudaine tempête!!

Des jours, des semaines, Lélia ne diffère des autres que par la flamme qui veille dans ses pupilles vertes bordées de noir, elle accepte le frère et ses brusqueries aimantes.

Mais la famille s'afflige de ce sérieux déplacé, de ce mystère qui la cerne et la rend plus fragile.

La nuit, de terribles réveils assomment son sommeil, les cauche-

mais la poursuivent longtemps avant que les mots apaisants, les caresses ne les puissent dissoudre.

L'énigme de ce cerveau qu'un monde gère, où s'agitent des êtres transformant les valeurs visuelles, dépasse les suppositions.

Les docteurs consultés diagnostiquent, également arrogants, leurs ignorances :

— Hallucinations provoquées par excès de nerfs sur un corps trop sensitif, la croissance, la compréhension, remettront l'équilibre.

Tapie derrière sa petite âme, Lélia, timorée par la dure raison des grandes ombres humaines, serre contre son cœur ses chères visions, ses compagnons. On s'acharne à les lui arracher sournoisement, elle les aime, elle défend des méchants son trésor et ne pourrait les abandonner sans mourir.

...Autour de son regard elle sent l'étonnement inquisiteur. Blessée de ce doute perpétuel pour ses amours naïves et fortes, elle replie ses ailes sur sa foi et apprend la *mélancolie de la vérité*.

Durant de lentes heures elle se confie au chien : léchant les menottes tendres, la brave bête approuve, et les yeux ronds expressifs et muets interrogent davantage. Les pattes lourdes se calent gauchement entre les genoux accueillants. Dicky, sa chose, docile, palpitante, fidèle, lui appartient uniquement. Elle abuse de sa puissance pour s'en convaincre et s'en réjouir. Ce bâtard, aussi inintelligent qu'affectueux, au premier regard se voua à sa despote souveraine.

Il se rend compte qu'il eut agonisé lamentablement, traînant sa patte cassée, si un poignet faible et décidé ne l'avait arraché aux roues brutales. Malgré son mal il reconnut le sauveur et l'espérance future.

L'enfant témoin de l'accident banal, risquant l'écrasement, s'était effectivement jetée dans le tumulte de la rue, ne calmant ses sanglots qu'avec la promesse qu'on recueillerait et guérirait son protégé. Nul ne se souciait de le réclamer, Dicky, choyé, retrouva l'usage de sa patte et sa gaieté.

Incapable de s'orienter, il exaspérait par son manque de flair et de compréhension. Brusqué par la domesticité, toléré par les maîtres, Lélia seule le gâtait.

Elle l'instruisait aussi. Comme on lui défendait d'arracher les fleurs pour ne pas abîmer les plates-bandes, elle lui murmurait doucement de ne les point piétiner pour ne pas les blesser, revisant ainsi naturellement la leçon pratique en conseil d'amour.

Or, Noël approchait, escorté de ses frimas.

Frère et sœur vidant leur cœur de tous leurs souhaits, languissaient, fascinés par la veillée mystique et les cheminées prometteuses...

Jésus en naissant enverrait ses anges chargés de joujoux, et Lélia savait que ses amis l'accompagneraient.

Dans le remue-ménage du château bien chaud, Jacques et Lélia se serrant la main, circulaient en chuchotant derrière les portes

La mère soupire... Jusqu'à dix kilomètres à la ronde, battus en tous les sens, nulle trace de l'animal... sûrement mort après une journée entière dans la température glaciale...

Lélia s'échappe de la prison des caresses qui tente de retarder l'aveu, elle n'écoute pas le leurre inutile, elle s'élance, mal poursuivie, jusqu'à la grille du parc.

Dicky, la queue entre les jambes, apeuré, contrit, attend qu'on lui ouvre...

Noël, 1919.

REGINA REGIS.

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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—II.

PEACE is made—by us with some of our enemies!—peace is not made by the biggest and most powerful of our comrades in war. Peace is made—but not rest. Peace opens a vast array of most arduous and menacing problems. Our condition in 1920 seems more full of toil and peril than it was in the autumn of 1918. In the first place, the so-called Treaty of Peace and its monstrous Covenant are impossible, ruinous, suicidal—and must at once be recast. To modify it in detail is not enough. It must be recast, and that in the absence of its principal author. And then, inextricably entangled in the Treaty and the Covenant, tremendous obligations lie on us to reconstruct nations in Europe and in Asia. At the same time, our own Parliamentary system is in dissolution within and without; and Labour problems are at least as numerous, as urgent, and as perplexing as they ever before have been. On Britain in 1920 there lies a task as heavy as any in its long, glorious history.

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The withdrawal of the American Republic from the cause of the Allies—even if it be not final but temporary—has reduced Europe to a series of dilemmas. The Treaty of Peace hangs on the Covenant; the Covenant hangs on an effective League of Nations; the operative League of Nations was designed to meet the action of Mr. Wilson, who is designated to summon the Sessions, as also he is the official and irremovable President of the United States. At present he shows no signs of giving way to the demands of his own country, nor to the necessities of the Allies. In this colossal stale-mate of all the Great Powers little really permanent can be settled. Their vast schemes of reconstruction are still hardly more than drafts and programmes. These vast schemes were feasible only by the enormous forces and the paramount authority which they held collectively at the Armistice. In November, 1918, they had five millions of men in arms flushed with victory, and nothing but desperate rabbles to resist them. They could have imposed their terms on all Europe. Fourteen months have passed. The people clamoured

to be demobilised; the five millions are now hardly one million. For a year the Powers have wrangled and intrigued against each other. Their credit is gone; they are defied, insulted, and tricked; their own people complain and threaten them at home. And the only one of the Powers which was not exhausted and ruined will have no more to do with them, and refuses to share in the awful responsibilities she has drawn on them.

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For the moment it is in vain to hope that the American people will soon relent and bring help, in vain to call upon the League of Nations. As well call upon Baal. Until the League is a solid, united, and recognised power, with international authority, and controlling at least armies of a million or more, perfectly equipped, they can do nothing except perorate and pass more orders. They have not one-tenth of the force and the prestige they possessed in 1918. They can raise no new armies, no more Victory Loans. They are war-weary and almost insolvent. Whilst they talk of reorganising the Middle Europe, settling in peace the Balkans, removing the Turkish Power from Europe, protecting Armenia, Syria and Palestine, reconstructing Persia and Mesopotamia—do they realise that any one of these may mean a new war? Still more, do they realise that our new masters, twenty millions of voters, the advancing party of Labour, will vote neither men nor money for war?

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The key to the Labour problems of the world lies in the attitude of workmen to the principles as well as to the practice of the Soviet Government of Russia. None but the more violent groups of Socialists have anything but repudiation of the ferocious tyranny with which Lenin and Trotsky are trying to carry out the fundamental doctrines of the Marxian creed. The important question is—How far do Socialists generally hold by the basis of the Bolshevik system—the domination of society by the manual labourers, by force, *if* and *when* possible and necessary? Light may be thrown on this by studying a book put out by the Independent Labour Party in their Library and published by the National Labour Press of Manchester, London, and Leicester—*The Dictatorship of the Proletariat*, by Paul Kautsky, now translated by H. J. Stenning. Kautsky, as the editor very truly says, is the most eminent Socialist writer of the Continent. An Austrian by birth, he lived in Germany and in England, has worked all his life with the Minority Socialists, edited the remains of Karl Marx, and in 1882 founded the *Neue Zeit*.

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Karl Kautsky is the ablest and most systematic exponent of

Socialism of the Marxian type, of which he is, with some differences, the legitimate heir. His book, which is a criticism of Russian Bolshevism, was published just before the Armistice of 1918 in Vienna. The preface to the English translation, whilst admitting that "they have made mistakes," that the Soviet Government "have accomplished wonderful achievements," warns British Socialists of the difference between the conditions of Russia and those in Western countries, "between what may be expedient as a temporary measure and what is best for stable conditions." Kautsky's whole argument, which is close and judicial, is that the *dictatorship* of the Soviets is not *democracy*, but is the tyranny of a section only of the proletariat, explained and perhaps justified by the local conditions of the Russian people, but is not true Socialism, and is not possible in Western nations where democracy is established. "Democracy and Dictatorship are irreconcilable," he says, "and the whole proletariat of the world is attached to the principle of general democracy." Lenin's dictatorship is not democratic—and "Socialism without democracy is unthinkable."

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Karl Kautsky is ready to hail the ascendancy of Society by the proletariat and their control of the State, if it be secured by democracy and not by dictatorship. The Russian Revolution "has for the first time in the history of the world made a Socialist Party the rulers of a great Empire." "No wonder that the proletarians of all countries have hailed Bolshevism. The reality of proletarian rule weighs heavier in the scale than theoretical considerations." But the error of Bolsheviks is in obtaining rule by the wrong methods—by imposing a dictatorship which denies liberty to all, defies other proletarians, and does not include peasants. To assume that these dictatorial methods are applicable to Western nations is the defiance of democracy and is false Marxism. Marx always thought it possible that in England and America "the proletariat might peacefully conquer political power." "Confining the outlook to trade interests narrows the mind, and this is one of the drawbacks to mere Trade Unionism." "Democracy signifies rule of majority, but not less the protection of minorities." Kautsky's book forms a manifesto of rational Socialism—which is this. The methods of the Soviets in Russia are wrong: their ultimate purpose is right. It is the control of the State by the manual labourers of the cities, but not including who till the soil.

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There is such a flux of occasional poetry in cryptograms—which looks very like poetry, but is often in harsh discords and

hard to understand—that it is refreshing to come upon verses which have the true ring of melodious phrase and clear graceful thought. I notice in the *Spectator* of January 10th four stanzas, signed Evelyn Grant-Duff, which seem to me to be the genuine thing :—

TO A KINGFISHER.

A splash, a dart, a gleam of blue,
A spray of jewels rainbow hue,
Between the rushes gray and bare,
Sweet little sapphire of the air.

Thou flashest 'gainst the Western sky
Where the once lovely colours die,
Their sunset death and eerie mist
Hangs o'er the waters thou hast kissed.

Would that our young bards would give us some more like that.

* * * * *

I was one of the very first to honour the genius of Thomas Hardy. I have indeed long studied his philosophic insight almost more than his romances or his poems. In both there is the substratum and undertone of a serious thinker on human life—albeit of the dismal school of Lucretius. Long since recognised as the accepted *doyen* in the art of romance, Thomas Hardy has always seemed to me to have a high poetic imagination that no one since Browning has shown. *The Dynasts* present a Miltonic world-drama—such as rises far beyond the reach of Tennyson, Swinburne, or any contemporary poet. For years past we Hardyites have seen in the reviews, magazines, and journals short poems that could be instantly recognised as his without any signature at all. With all his range of subject, from the world around and Nature before us, the conception and the tone were always his own, like no other man's. It was therefore with peculiar interest that I took up the new volume of *Lyrics* (Macmillan and Co., 1919).

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It is an amazing evidence of fertility, even in mass and variety of subject. This first volume of *Collected Poems* has 521 pages, and about the same number of separate poems. They range over more than fifty years. The scene is mostly Wessex, of which every hill and dale, every moor and down, village and farm, church and graveyard (especially the graveyards), inspire thoughts. What Lakeland was to Wordsworth, that, as we all know, Wessex is to Thomas Hardy. If the field of vision is limited to two or three counties in South-West England, the immediate subject is of almost infinite variety—from the vault of heaven and ideal space to the smallest flower, bird, tree, or pond, the humblest

byre, sheepfold, doorstep, or head-stone. We, who have looked out for these occasional lyrics in magazines, knew how, as Wordsworth says, the meanest flower that blows touches the poet's heart. Burns, Wordsworth, Tennyson, saw unutterable meaning in the simplest things. So too, in a rare sense, does Thomas Hardy. This volume is one long hymn to the poetry seen by him in his native home.

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It is not on the poetic beauty of these lyrics that I wish to dwell; nor shall my reverence for the poet's genius and my love for an old friend prevent me from speaking my whole mind. We saw that these lyrics were always pitched in a very minor key. Sorrow, regret, disappointment, pessimism, despair, the grave, the dead, ghosts and the after-world, was the burden of all. And these were broken only by wild tales of revenge, murder, treachery, gibbet, and jail—fierce love, savage penalty, and brutal crimes of rude peasants. These lyrics were gloomy—but full of power and tragic poetry. They took high place beside Shelley's *Cenci* and *Stanzas in Dejection*, or Tennyson's *The Sisters* and his *Hzzpah*. Yes! but in these 500 lyrics of Thomas Hardy there is almost nothing else. This is too much. Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Tennyson, could be weird and sad enough at times, but the world and man had other meanings for them, and they often revelled in nature, with hope, and joy, and love. But in this mass of lyrical effusion, Nature is a graveyard; man is a hopeless mystery; love works out tragedies; Death ends all—but it leaves ghastly wraiths on earth.

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One heading might serve as title for nearly every poem in this collection. It is *Memento Mori*. He says:—

TO LIFE.

O Life with the sad seared face,
I weary of seeing thee.

I know what thou would'st tell
Of Death, Time, Destiny.

(p. 107.)

This is the idea, the refrain, of the whole series. The Earth is—"the torn troubled form I know as thine." There are bridal—but Nature cares not if they turn out well or ill. One wedding ends in a fire and leaves the bridegroom "a charred bone." The lover goes to wed his bride. He is met on his way by her phantom, *i.e.*, his ideal image of her; when he reaches her house he finds her "pinched and thin"—she is the real woman of fact, of flesh and blood, the other was only his fancy. So the poet

said to Love—"depart thou, Love"—"thou hast features pitiless, and iron daggers of distress." Love replies that his departure would end Man's race. "So let it be, *Mankind shall cease.*" Well! but this is a veritable "Dance of Death." As in the famous monkish myths, pictures, or tombs, Death is supreme Lord. The rich, the powerful, the beautiful, the happy, the joyous, the bride, the mother, the lover, the illustrious, the lowly, all have the grim Skeleton beside them. So medieval mystics saw human life. So Thomas Hardy seems (in poetry) to see it.

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This is not Byron's pose, nor the moaning of Shelley and Keats. Byron, Shelley, Keats, were all exiles from home, decried, destined to early death abroad. And yet their pessimism was occasional. But Thomas Hardy has everything that man can wish—long and easy life, perfect domestic happiness, warm friends, the highest honour his Sovereign can give, the pride of a wide countryside. We know him as a warm friend, a gracious host, rich with every kind of public and private virtue. To me at least, he never looked so mournful as in the photograph in this volume; nor did I ever hear from his lips the weird wail of these verses. There is no affectation in them. They are his own inmost thoughts—his philosophy of life. This monotony of gloom, with all its poetry, is not human, not social, not true.

* * * * *

Such plain speaking pains me, and I must justify it. His song to Annabel is—"leave her to her fate, Till the Last Trump, farewell." "I look into my glass And view my wasting skin, And say: Would God it came to pass, My heart had shrunk as thin!"

He meets Despair and says, that black and lean may be earth, yet the heavens are bright. No! cries the Thing—it is night above too! *Jubilate* is a poem of the dead in a churchyard coming up out of their graves to dance and sing. Christmas Eve brings up a buried soldier to ask why is it called "Anno Domini"? When the Earth is at last extinct and become "a corpse," the Lord will repent having "made Earth, and life, and Man." In a churchyard, the dead "mixed to human jam," complain of the new parson levelling the sward and moving their memorial stones. The curate secures that an old pauper going to the workhouse shall not be separated from his wife. Why! to be separated, he says, is the one thing that reconciles me to the House! Roses from the Riviera in winter are pleasant—but, poor things, they will rot in our cold land.

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The poor birds, too, have the same fate waiting them as man and flowers have. Shelley's *Skylark* may thrill us with rapture.

But near Leghorn it is fallen to earth—"a pinch of unseen, unguarded dust: a little ball of feather and bone." The bullfinches sing from dawn till evening, but they do not know of—"All things making for Death's taking!" So, too, the dear little robin is a happy bird in a shining sky—but in heavy snow, says he, "I turn to a cold stiff feathery ball." The titles of the lyrics suggest the same tale. "Revulsion," "Her Death and After," "Friends Beyond," "The Souls of the Slain," "Doom and She," "God-forgotten," "By the Earth's Corpse," "The Levelled Churchyard," "In Tenebris, I., II., III.," "I have lived with Shades," "Bereft," "The Flirt's Tragedy," "The Dead Man Walking," "He abjures Love," "The Dead Quire," "The Vampire Fair," "After the Last Breath," "Before Life and After," "The Unborn" are warned not to be born, "The Ghost of the Past," "God's Funeral," "Ah! are you digging on my grave?" "The Obliterate Tomb," "The Choirmaster's Burial," "For life I had never cared greatly," "The coming of the end."

At the coronation of King George V. the buried kings and queens below ask what the noise and disturbance mean. At his funeral King Edward VII. soliloquises that perhaps if he were to live again he would rather be a plain man. *Vanitas Vanitatum*. It is not so much—*Mors janua Vitae*, as it is rather—*Vita janua Mortis*. And the Portal opens to the Nether-world, not to any world above.

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We do not shrink from the poetry of sorrow—but we want something else. The *Inferno* should lead up to *Paradiso*. But in these 500 poems there is little happiness, joy, or hope—save the mirth in some soldiers' songs and fair-time jaunts. I say nothing of the form, which is always vigorous, rare, and of unique quality. Only I regret that, like Meredith, Hardy follows the bad example of Browning, who would deliberately fashion verses of harsh discord. Here are many poems without a trace of melody. And there are pieces in this volume which are painful to see; too gruesome, even cynical. "Time's Laughingstocks" has some cruel pieces—"A Sunday Morning Tragedy" and others, such as "The Ruined Maid"; the fifteen "Satires," pp. 391-398; "Her Death and After." But, certainly, "Panthera" is a myth with a Satanic grin which should never be unearthed to-day.

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My philosophy of life is more cheerful and hopeful than that of these Lyrics—but they do not at all diminish my entire admiration for *The Dynasts* and for the *Romances*. Truth to say, I believe in Thomas Hardy as a great writer of prose—both in substance and in form—more than of verse. In romances at any

rate, though we see the Lucretian undertone in them all, the scene is above ground; the actors are all living and are often happy and prosperous. These delightful stories of his—of real life—are, and must be, men and women—lovers—husbands and wives, in a living world. And real life is not fated to end in nothingness.

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I take a lively interest in the new translation of the grand medieval Epic—*Chanson de Roland*. Captain C. Scott-Moncrieff has now turned these 4,000 lines into very literal, slightly archaic, English, in the original assonance measure (*The Song of Roland*, Chapman and Hall, 1919). It is a bold and successful venture. Both the poem itself and the new version raise special problems. The date, locality, and authorship of the famous Song of Roland are somewhat uncertain. Its rude, and at times its barbaric, ferocity is not quite congenial to modern taste in poetry, satiated with *Idylls of the King*. Then, *assonance* is alien to English rhythm—perhaps is impossible to acclimatise with our double-knotted and crashing consonants. The questions are: Can these fierce shouts of bloodshed, massacre, and torture be made pleasant to those who enjoy the poetry of to-day? Can the crude assonance of 4,000 lines—without rhythm or melody—be made tolerable to English ears?

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Captain Scott-Moncrieff has solved both problems. The "Roland" is the best preserved of the early medieval epics. It certainly belongs to the end of the eleventh century, just before the last Crusade, and it presents us with a living picture of that fierce time of battle and fanatical Christendom. Its joy in carnage and every horror of the battlefield, its passion for knightly honour, reckless chivalry, feudal loyalty and justice, its deadly rage against the Infidel and the Saracen, its blind devotion to Church, ritual, and priests, are only relieved by occasional gleams of friendship, womanhood, and Nature. But its intensity, vitality, and strength make it a great poem, less horrible than the *Nibelungen*, and less fantastic than the Arthurian legends. The poet believed it all to be true, and he exults in every act of his heroes. Cleaving an enemy from the skull to the chine is every-day's work. Tearing a traitor limb from limb by wild horses is feudal law. Massacring a hundred thousand Paynims is God's service. An Archbishop is one of the foremost Paladins. All this the Normans who conquered kingdoms in the eleventh century held to be true chivalry and pure religion.

* * * * *

This monotony of slaughter and fanaticism reads rather thin in

prose, whether English or French. To transform it into rhymed couplets would destroy its grand simplicity, much as Pope's couplets destroy the Iliad. To modernise it into Tennysonian blank verse would take the sting out of the lines. It has to be in verse—then, in what verse? Captain Scott-Moncrieff takes the ten syllable heroic line of Shakespeare and Milton—but neither in blank verse nor in rhyme. He follows the original which is in assonance. That is, the *vowel sounds* rhyme, but not the consonants—"rage" and "shame" are good assonance; so are "chiefs" and "seat." The same *sound* in vowel, but not in consonant, endings has to be kept up all through the "*laisse*," or stanza—which may run from ten to fifty lines. The effect of this assonance in English is faintly perceptible, unless it runs into true rhyme; but it gives an impression that it is not blank verse, and the sense is not carried on by involution of the verses. The result is a quaint sense of archaism which has not the fine melody of rhymed verse, nor the measured dignity of blank verse, nor yet the baldness of plain prose.

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Next, the English used is slightly archaic, or rather of the primitive ballad form—like a child's tale. Thus, the effect of the unusual assonance, coupled with the antiquated form, produces an impression of sustained old-world chant, intended solely to be heard, not to be read. This is essential to the spirit of the poem—which never was anything but a *Chanson*—a ballad for the voice—not the eye. No prose can give the ring of the verse—with its sense of speed and fury, and of almost delirious passion which believes any extravagance. Again, no regular modern verse can picture the blood-lust and savagery which were held to be heroism and piety eight centuries ago. To my ear, the strange assonance-rhyme along with the old-English phrasing come nearer to the original than either prose or verse could attain. So I take the experiment to be a success; and I advise all who care for medieval history and for primitive epics to study the original side by side with Captain Scott-Moncrieff's translation.

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As a specimen (at once of success and failure) I quote the lines of the last prayer and death of Roland (CLXXVI—2334-2396):—

"Very Father, in Whom no falsehood is,
Saint Lazaron from death Thou did'st remit,
And Dan-iel save from the lion's pit;
My soul in me preserve from all perils
And from the sins I did in life commit."
His right-hand glove, to God he offers it
Saint Gabriel from's hand hath taken it.
Over his arm his head bows down and slips,

He joins his hands : and so is life finish'd.
 God sent him down His angel cherubin
 And Saint Mich-ael we worship in peril;
 And by their side Saint Gabriel alit;
 So the Count's soul they bare to Paradis.

Now I have before me three versions in modern French prose—of F. Genin, '1850; of Alex de Saint-Albin, 1865; and of Léon Gautier, 1894. And I am clear that the new verse translation is quite as accurate as these, and gives a far truer sense of the rude lilt of the old *Chanson*.

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Needless to say that much of this might be improved. It is obviously a first attempt and Captain Scott-Moncrieff talks of a new edition of his work. In the first place he must base his text on that of Léon Gautier, *édition classique*, with all its Notes and Glossary. Then let us beg him to print the original text on the same page, or, better, on the opposite page of the translation. I am not going to criticise details; but there are two words, the translation of which seems to me quite inexplicable. Why is *li* (of course *le* from *ille*) always translated "that" instead of "the"? *That* Emperor, *that* Count, *that* King become tiresome. Again, why is *cheraucher* always "canter," instead of "ride," "gallop" or "trot"? Even in a charge of twenty thousand knights, they stick to the ladies' pace, and never break into a gallop.

That Emperor he canters on with rage— (1812)
 Canter therefore! Vengeance upon them do! (2426)

The idea of Charles at the head of 100,000 knights "cantering," of the massed chivalry of France charging with a Hyde Park canter on the Paynim is too much to bear.

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Assonance suits the wild primitive swing of the ancient Chant. But let assonance never be introduced into English verse. It is utterly inapplicable to our tongue, which multiplies and sounds its final consonants—whilst in French and Latin tongues these consonants are mute.

Quant Rollant veit que bataille serat, (1110)
 Plus se fait fiers que leun ne leuparz— (1111)

Pronounced in French this couplet makes a fair rhyme.

When Rollant sees that now must be combat,
 More fierce he's found than lion or leopard—

This couplet in English does not rhyme at all.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT BJORKOE AND AFTER.

II.

Now, after having reviewed the circumstances attending the conclusion of the treaty of Bjorkoe, if one examines the text thereof with due care, one cannot but be convinced that Emperor Nicholas never dreamed of entering into an alliance hostile to France, and, consequently, there can be no question of treason on his part. It is true that the first article of the treaty provides that "if any European State attacks either one of the two Empires, the allied party engages to aid his co-contractor with all his forces on land and sea"; the imperfect phrasing of this article, if construed without regard to the context, might perhaps warrant the supposition that, in case of an aggression by France against Germany, Russia would be bound to take the side of the latter Power, but such an interpretation is rendered absolutely impossible by the tenor of Article 4 of the same treaty, according to which Russia was to take the necessary steps to acquaint France with the terms of the treaty as soon as it was in force, and to propose that France adhere to it as an ally. It is superfluous to demonstrate the absurdity of inviting France to join an alliance directed against herself.

The evidence, therefore, all goes to show that the treaty of Bjorkoe was in no way an act of treason to France. It is equally clear that it was aimed against England, and England alone. At the time the treaty was signed England was still the almost open enemy of Russia; an armed conflict between the two countries had just been avoided, thanks to the friendly intervention of France, but the hostile influence of England continued to make itself felt everywhere, to the detriment of Russia. Was it not natural, even legitimate, on the part of the Tsar to seek a guarantee against England, by means of a continental coalition?

But while Emperor Nicholas must be absolved from any intent of treason toward France, it is true, none the less, that he was guilty of a grave error in judgment when he yielded, after so long a resistance, to the persuasion of the German Emperor and allowed himself to sign the treaty without having previously obtained the adhesion of his ally. As soon as the Kaiser had departed and he had leisure to reflect upon what he had done, he realised his mistake, and when he returned to St. Petersburg, so Count Lamsdorff told me, he appeared to be very much worried

and even embarrassed during the audiences which he granted to his Minister of Foreign Affairs. He let some fifteen days pass before he decided to speak of the treaty; Count Lamsdorff was literally appalled when he learned of it, and exerted himself with all the force at his command to show the Emperor the danger of the situation and the absolute necessity of taking immediate measures for the annulment of the treaty. The Tsar saw that he had fallen into a trap, and gave Count Lamsdorff *carte blanche* to take whatever steps might be necessary to get him out, a task to which Count Lamsdorff applied himself with all his experience of affairs and with an energy worthy of the highest praise.

At this stage of the game Count Witte appeared on the scene, having recently concluded the treaty of peace with Japan at Portsmouth. Count Lamsdorff, on account of their personal and political intimacy, counted upon his help to escape from the imbroglio caused by the weakness of the Emperor. On his way home from America Count Witte had stopped at Paris, where his visit coincided with the most acute phase of the dispute between France and Germany on the subject of Morocco; he had occasion to meet the French Ministers, who did not conceal from him their fears of a possible rupture. Knowing that Count Witte had been invited by Emperor William to visit him at his hunting lodge of Rominten, the French Government asked him to do whatever he could to smooth the existing difficulties and bring about an arrangement. Count Witte was all the more ardent in lending his aid to the Ministers of the Republic because he was engaged in preparing the way for an important loan, destined to re-establish the financial situation of Russia after the war, and because he well knew that the success of the loan depended upon the turn that the Moroccan affair might take. At Rominten the Kaiser showered flattery and attentions of all sorts upon Count Witte, whom he recognised as soon to be the head of the Russian Government, going so far as to treat him almost as a royal personage. There is little doubt that the conversations between the Russian statesman and the German Emperor had a favourable influence upon the negotiations in progress at that same period between the French Government and the German Ambassador at Paris. Was the treaty of Bjorkoe also touched upon, and did the Kaiser reveal its contents? I used to think so, for one reason, because he telegraphed to the Tsar on September 11th asking if Count Witte, whose arrival at Rominten he was expecting, had been informed of the treaty, and, if not, whether he might speak of it to him. Emperor Nicholas replied that so far only the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Minister of War, the Chief of the General Staff, and Count Lamsdorff had knowledge of the treaty,

but that he had no objection to having Count Witte informed. In spite of this, however, according to a detailed account of his visit at Romiſten, communicated by Count Witte to Dr. Dillon and related in the latter's book, the Kaiser spoke only in a general way of his plan for a great coalition of Continental Powers, having for its object the assurance of a permanent peace in Europe, and abstained from any direct allusion to a treaty already signed by him and the Tsar. Count Witte explained to Dr. Dillon later that the Kaiser's reserve was probably due to a fear that the revelation would call forth a vehement protest, such as he had made some years before against the arrangement concerning Kiao-Chiau and Port Arthur. While the account quoted by Dr. Dillon contains numerous errors, I believe it is exact as far as concerns this point, and that it was not until after his return to St. Petersburg that Count Witte was informed of what had taken place at Bjorkoe by Count Lamsdorff.

Truth compels me to say here that Count Witte, when asked by Count Lamsdorff to aid him in his efforts to annul the unfortunate treaty, gave most intelligent help and displayed the greatest energy. For so doing he deserves all the more credit because he had for a long time cherished the idea of an alliance between Russia, Germany and France. It seemed to him that such an alliance, if not expressly aimed against England, should be, at least, formed without the participation of that Power. He believed, moreover, that it would tend to link the interests of continental Europe to those of the United States of America. Dr. Dillon mentions in his book a very curious conversation on this subject between Count Witte and the German Emperor during the latter's first visit to St. Petersburg after his accession to the throne in 1888. "On that occasion the young Emperor expressed his approval of Count Witte's idea in general, but objected strongly to the exclusion of England from the combination, and maintained that America was the enemy against which all Europe should wage a tariff war without mercy.

In an article dealing with the Bjorkoe affair, appearing in the *Revue de Paris* during 1918, M. Bompard, Ambassador of France at St. Petersburg at the time the treaty was signed and an extremely intelligent observer of men and things in Russia, after portraying Count Witte to the life, gives his opinion of that statesman and his foreign policies in the following terms :—

"M. Witte was anxious to avoid at any price the calamity of a European war. Now it was very evident that a European war could only have its source in Germany. I am convinced that he placed no reliance upon the military power of Russia to prevent it; therefore he could think of nothing more effective than an alliance with Germany. But such an alliance, of itself, would have made of Russia the satellite of Germany, so he persisted in

his idea of bringing France in as a third party. In the mind of M. Witte, Germany represented force and France money; associating himself with both these nations, Russia would at the same time benefit by the force of the one and the money of the other, without running the risk of having to submit to either's hegemony. He was obsessed by this idea and advocated it whenever occasion arose. It would be a mistake to conclude that he had in view the enslavement of France to Germany in place of Russia; his opposition to the treaty of Bjorkoe, which would have had that very effect, is abundant proof that he entertained no such thought. He did not realise that the inevitable outcome of his cherished plan would be prejudicial to France, no matter how it might be brought about. A Franco-German alliance, with or without the accession of Russia, was distinctly Utopian, and the German Government itself had never contemplated it seriously, except in the fashion attempted at Bjorkoe."

These lines impress me as being a most exact *résumé* of Count Witte's state of mind. It would not have been strange, especially after his flattering reception by the German Emperor, if he had taken up the defence of the treaty of Bjorkoe, but he was too far-sighted not to comprehend the Tsar's blunder as soon as he saw the text of the treaty, and he did not hesitate to join Count Lamsdorff in his efforts to get out of the difficulty.

The negotiations which ensued between St. Petersburg and Berlin, and which only bore fruit after passing through a succession of varying phases, were most delicate and arduous, as may easily be understood. Two accounts have been published so far on this subject: that of Count Witte, reproduced by Dr. Dillon in his book, *The Eclipse of Russia*, and that of M. Bompard, in his article in the *Revue de Paris*.¹ Both records, though inexact as regards certain details of no great importance, concur with the facts which I learned from Count Lamsdorff and from a study of the documents filed in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and in the private archives of Emperor Nicholas in the Palace of Tsarskoie-Sélo.

I will now state, in brief, what happened. Count Lamsdorff began operations with a triple attack of an unofficial nature, by means of a private letter from the Tsar to Emperor William, a letter from Count Witte to Emperor William and an informal communication of the Russian Ambassador at Berlin to the

(1) In this article, substantiated by original documents and characterised throughout by the greatest impartiality, M. Bompard does not hesitate to affirm that for all those who knew Emperor Nicholas well, himself included, the loyalty of the Emperor to France admits of no doubt. The impartiality of the former Ambassador of France at St. Petersburg is all the more praiseworthy, because he might well have been prejudiced by a natural feeling of dislike for the Emperor. I will refer later to the circumstances which led to the departure of M. Bompard from St. Petersburg, when he was accused, most unjustly, by the police of carrying on improper relations with the most advanced radicals in the Douma. These reports of the police had the effect of making Nicholas II. suspicious of the distinguished French diplomat, and, in spite of all my efforts, I was unable to dispel a prejudice that eventually caused the Ambassador's recall.

Chancellor. The object of these representations was to call attention to the invalidity of the treaty of Bjorkoe on account of its not having been countersigned by the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to the contradictions in the text, which made it necessary to subject the contents to a careful examination and revision. None of these proposals met with any success. (The reply to Count Witte's letter was made by the Chancellor.)

Meanwhile, Russia and the United States were about to ratify the treaty of Portsmouth, and it will be remembered that this was the time indicated for the Bjorkoe agreement to become operative. Count Lamsdorff accordingly resolved to press the negotiations with greater energy, and he wrote forthwith to M. Nelidoff, Ambassador of Russia at Paris, asking if it was possible to sound the French Government on the subject of an eventual adhesion of France to the treaty of Bjorkoe. M. Nelidoff hastened to reply, without even consulting the French Government, that France, which had never become reconciled to the order of things created by the treaty of Frankfort and which had just entered into the *Entente Cordiale* with England, would never consent to join such an alliance. A new letter was thereupon addressed by the Tsar to the German Emperor for the purpose of explaining the impossibility of carrying out the provisions of the treaty of Bjorkoe under the existing circumstances, and at the same time Count Lamsdorff sent instructions to Count Osten-Sacken to declare in a formal manner that, the adhesion of France not being obtainable for the moment and the obligations of the treaty of Bjorkoe being incompatible with those of the treaty of alliance between France and Russia, it was necessary that the Bjorkoe treaty should remain inoperative until such time as an agreement on this subject could be established between Russia, Germany and France. Count Osten-Sacken was instructed to add that considerable time and patience would be indispensable for persuading France to join Russia and Germany, but that the Russian Government would use its best efforts to attain that end.

None of the responses obtained by Count Lamsdorff or Count Witte from Berlin contained—my recollection on this point is positive—any formal acknowledgment of the annulment of the treaty of Bjorkoe, and the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs was obliged to content himself for a while with a partial acquiescence; but he held in reserve his intention to demonstrate later, by actual deed, that Russia did not consider herself bound in any way to Germany, and remained faithful to her alliance with France. The occasion for this presented itself at the time of the Algeiras Conference.

The Tsar made no further reference to this question in his

private correspondence with Emperor William, although the correspondence was continued for some time without, however, being couched in its former tone of intimacy and confidence, and with less and less frequency as time went on. The German Emperor, on the other hand, did not abandon his project at first, and tried in every way to persuade his cousin to acknowledge the validity of the agreement which they had signed at Bjorkoe, not contenting himself with repeating his former arguments and his calumnies against France and England, but endeavouring to prevail upon the Tsar's mind by the employment of dramatic phrases and of language coloured with mysticism. A curious example of these efforts is to be found in a telegram which he sent to Emperor Nicholas on October 12th, 1905, that is to say, at the moment when Count Osten-Sacken had just delivered his decisive message at Berlin :—

“GLUCKSBURG, OSTSEE,

“October 12th, 1905.

“The working of treaty does not—as we agreed at Bjorkoe—collide with the Franco-Russian Alliance, provided, of course, that the latter is not aimed directly at my country. On the other hand, the obligations of Russia toward France can only go so far as France merits them through her behaviour. Your ally has notoriously left you in the lurch during the whole war, whereas Germany helped you in every way as far as it could without infringing the laws of neutrality. That puts Russia morally also under obligation to us; *do ut des*. Meanwhile, the indiscretions of Delcassé have shown the world that though France is your ally, she nevertheless made an agreement with England and was on the verge of surprising Germany, with British help, in the middle of peace, while I was doing my best to you and your country, her ally. This is an experiment which she must not repeat and against a repetition of which I must expect you to guard me. I fully agree with you that it will cost time, labour and patience to induce France to join us both, but the reasonable people will in future make themselves heard and felt. Our Moroccan business is regulated to entire satisfaction, so that the air is free for better understanding between us. Our treaty is a very good base to build upon. We joined hands and signed before God, Who heard our vows. I therefore think that the treaty can well come into existence.

“But if you wish any changes in the words or clauses or provisions for the future, or different emergencies—as, for instance, the absolute refusal of France—which is improbable—I gladly await any proposals you will think fit to lay before me. Till these have been laid before me and are agreed upon, the treaty must be adhered to by us as it is. The whole of your influential Press, *Nowosti*, *Novoie-Wremia*, *Rouss*, etc., have since a fortnight become violently anti-German and pro-British. Partly they are bought by heavy sums of British money, no doubt. Still, it makes my people very chary and does great harm to the relations newly growing between our countries. All these occurrences show that times are troubled and that we must have clear courses to steer; the treaty we signed is a means of keeping straight, without interfering with your alliance as such. What is signed is signed, and God is our testator. I shall await your proposals. Best love to Alice.

“WILLY.”¹

(1) I have the impression that this telegram, the original of which I had an opportunity to peruse, was signed: “Your friend and ally, Willy.”

It is evident, from the above, that Emperor William, in spite of the clear refusal of the Russian Government to ratify the treaty, cherished the illusion, or at least the hope, of maintaining his influence over the Tsar, and that it was only after the publication of Count Lamsdorff's instructions to the Russian plenipotentiaries at Algeciras that he was obliged to admit his discomfiture.

During the two years that succeeded the events I have just described the Emperors had no further meetings, and when, in the year 1907, an interview took place at Svinemünde, at which I was present in the capacity of Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Tsar so dreaded a recurrence of the Kaiser's insistence that he charged me to forewarn the German Chancellor that the treaty of Bjorkoe must be considered as definitely abrogated, and that he could not listen to any arguments on the part of the German Emperor in favour of its revival.

I have already done justice in these pages to the farsightedness shown by Count Witte in connection with the Bjorkoe treaty. Although he had meditated for a long while upon a project of alliance between Russia, France and Germany, he had the good sense to perceive, from the beginning, that the method adopted by Emperor William could not help causing a rupture of the bonds which united Russia to France. Nevertheless, he was still a strong partisan of the project, and, feeling very sure of his own diplomatic ability after his success at Portsmouth, he thought he could induce France, in time, to adopt his ideas, and, with this object in view, he had an ardent desire to obtain the post of Ambassador of Russia at Paris. In France as well as in Germany he enjoyed a considerable prestige in the financial world, and counted upon carrying out his plans with the help of certain groups belonging to *la haute finance*. He tried by every means in his power to supplant M. Nelidoff at Paris, but always met with a firm refusal from Emperor Nicholas. For my part, I was convinced that the appointment of Count Witte to Paris was inadvisable and even dangerous from the point of view of our relations with France and with England, and I confess that I consistently opposed it while I was Minister of Foreign Affairs. I believe that Count Witte was seriously displeased at this opposition. During his frequent visits to Paris he did all he could to further his Utopian plan, but failed to gain any considerable number of adherents.

A few days after the conference of the Emperors at Bjorkoe, and while I was still Minister at Copenhagen, I learned that the Kaiser had sent word to King Christian IX. that he would stop at Copenhagen on his way back to Kiel, on board the *Hohen-*

zollern. I have already mentioned the sudden visits that Emperor William was in the habit of making at the Danish capital; each time he came there was a flurry of excitement not only at the Court, but throughout the country, due to the resentment of the Danish people against Prussia and the Hohenzollerns, dating from the spoliation of 1864 and still enduring. The royal family shared this resentment in the fullest degree, and the presence of the Kaiser at Copenhagen was always a source of bitter reflection to King Christian IX. and his suite. The aversion of the Empress Dowager of Russia, second daughter of the King, for Germany and everything German was so pronounced that, when she came to see her father, she arrived always on her yacht, in order not to have to cross Germany; when bad weather or the season of the year obliged her to return by land through Germany, she refused to cross the narrow straits between the Danish isles and the German coast in a steamer flying the German colours, and, instead, took a Danish boat to Warnemünde, where a special train of Russian railway carriages awaited her and transported her to the Russian frontier with as few stops as possible. King Christian's third daughter, the Princess Thyra, married to the Duke of Cumberland, had a still greater hatred for the Germans, if that were possible, for, during the unfortunate war of the Duchies, she had not yet left the paternal home and had shared the anguish and even the physical fatigue of her father, and the remembrance of all those sufferings had never been effaced from her memory. At the period of which I am now writing, her husband, son of the last King of Hanover, who had been dispossessed by Prussia, shared her feelings.¹ It happened that one of the Kaiser's unexpected visits caught the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland unawares at Copenhagen; rather than be compelled to meet the German ruler, the ducal couple hastened to leave the Danish capital on the same day he arrived. This incident gave the Princess Marie d'Orléans, wife of Prince Waldemar, King Christian's third son, an opportunity for one of those witty remarks for which she was famous at the Court of Denmark: at a great dinner, given that day at the royal palace in honour of the German Emperor, she was heard to exclaim, clearly enough not to escape the ear of the imperial guest: "Oh, what a nice sauce, and how well it runs; it might be called Cumberland sauce!"

As for Emperor William, he never appeared to have any misgivings regarding the impression which he produced upon his

(1) At a later date, in spite of this prejudice, the lure of the Guelph millions and the Duchy of Brunswick induced him to consent to the marriage of his son with the daughter of Emperor William.

hosts; on the contrary, he seemed to be confident that his mere presence and the irresistible effect of his personality won all hearts. Preparing a rôle to suit the occasion, as was his wont, he affected an exaggerated deference for the person of the old King, whom he knew to be adored by his people, imagining that this would endear him to the Danish public. For instance, at the close of one of his visits, when taking leave of the King at the station, he astonished the bystanders by kissing the hand of Christian IX. All his efforts to gain popularity were of no avail, however, and every time he came to Copenhagen the Danish authorities were obliged to take measures to prevent hostile demonstrations on the part of the populace.

In the summer of 1905 public feeling in Denmark was particularly inimical toward the Kaiser for two reasons: during that summer the German authorities had accentuated the vexatious measures to which the Danish population of Schleswig was subjected and had caused the expulsion of a certain number of young Danes; moreover, there were persistent rumours in circulation to the effect that the Emperor was trying to persuade Sweden and Russia to join him in closing the Baltic to the men-of-war of all States not bordering on that sea. A campaign in favour of this plan had been inaugurated by the semi-official Press of Germany, causing uneasiness in Denmark as well as in England, and even determining the British Government to order one of its squadrons to cruise in the Baltic Sea, touching at different Danish, Swedish and German ports. This cruise, by the way, displeased the Kaiser particularly, and gave rise to comments that were far from courteous on the part of the German Press.

Emperor William's visit to Copenhagen, or, rather, to the Château of Bernstorff, where the royal family was in residence, was understood to be of a private character, and consequently there was no occasion for the foreign diplomatic corps to meet him. I was therefore very much astonished when the German Minister, Herr von Schoen (afterwards Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and, finally, Ambassador at Paris when war was declared in 1914), came to tell me that the Emperor wished to see me; he added that, as no similar invitation had been extended to any other member of the diplomatic corps, I was requested to say nothing about it to my colleagues. In my efforts to discover the reason for being honoured in a manner so exclusive, I could not, of course, imagine that the Kaiser considered me as the representative of a new and precious ally whom he flattered himself to have acquired at Bjorkoe; I came to the conclusion that the Tsar had spoken to him of my probable appointment to Berlin and that he was

curious to know something about me beforehand. I had never met Emperor William, and the prospect of a conversation with him; I confess, profoundly impressed me.

The audience took place at night, in the German Legation, and was attended with a certain air of mystery. It was to this conversation that the Kaiser alluded in a telegram which he addressed to the Tsar on his return to Germany, August 2nd, 1905, and in which he gave an account of his stay in Denmark. I will recite this telegram without abridgment:—

"SASSNITZ (ISLAND OF RÜGEN), August 2nd, 1905.

"1 o'clock, night.

"H.M. THE EMPEROR:—

"My visit passed off well under the extreme kindness shown me by the whole family, especially by your dear old grandfather. After my arrival I soon found out through reading the Press reports, Danish and foreign, that a very strong current of mistrust and apprehension was engendered against my visit, especially from England. The King had been so intimidated and public opinion so worked upon that I was unable to touch the question we agreed I was to mention to him.

"The British Minister, dining with one of my gentlemen, used very violent language against me, accusing me of the vilest plans and intrigues and declaring that every Englishman knew and was convinced that I was working for war with and for the destruction of England. You may imagine what stuff a man like this may have been distilling into the minds of the Danish family, Court and people.

"I did all in my power to dispel the cloud of distrust by behaving quite unconcernedly and making no allusion to serious politics at all. Also, considering the great number of channels leading from Copenhagen to London and the proverbial want of discretion of the Danish Court, I was afraid to let anything be known, as it would have been communicated immediately to London, a most impossible thing as long as the treaty is to remain secret for the present.

"By a long conversation with Iswolsky, however, I was able to gather that the actual Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Raben, and a number of persons of influence, have already come to the conviction that in case of war and impending attack on the Baltic from a foreign Power, the Danes expect, their inability and helplessness to uphold even the shadow of neutrality against invasion being evident, that Russia and Germany will immediately take steps to safeguard their interests by laying hands on Denmark and occupying it during the war, as this would at the same time guarantee the territory and the future existence of the dynasty and country.

"The Danes are slowly resigning themselves to this alternative and making up their minds accordingly, this being exactly what you wished and hoped for. I thought it better not to touch the subject with the Danes, and refrained from making any allusions. It is better to let the idea develop and ripen in their heads and let them draw final conclusions themselves, so that they will of their own accord be moved to lean upon us and fall in line with our two countries. '*Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre.*'

"The question about Charles going to Norway has been arranged up to the smallest detail, England having consented to everything, and there is nothing to be done any more. I talked with Charles about his prospects and found him very sober, and without any illusions about his task. What do you say

to the programme of festivities for your allies at Cowes? The whole of the Crimean veterans have been invited to meet their 'brothers-in-arms' who fought with them against Russia. Very delicate indeed. It shows I was right when I warned you two years ago of the reforming of the 'old Crimean combination.' They are fast warming up again with a vengeance. Weather was fine. Best love to Alice. "WILLY."

In this telegram, as one may see, Emperor William, after having recounted and explained in his own fashion the apprehension and distrust caused by his visit to Denmark, refers for the first time to a plan which evidently had been discussed between him and Emperor Nicholas at Bjorkoe, and which provided for the occupation of Denmark by their joint forces, in case of a war between Russia and Germany on the one side and England on the other. At the same time the Kaiser attributes to me certain statements with respect to a supposed tendency, on the part of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and other influential persons of Denmark, to seek in the proposed plan a guarantee for the integrity of their country and the safety of the dynasty. When this telegram was published by the Russian Revolutionary Government in 1917 it caused some little consternation in the Scandinavian countries, particularly in Denmark, for it revealed a project concerning which nothing had transpired up to that time, and seemed to imply that Russian diplomacy, in my person, had contributed to its formation; it behoves me, therefore, to make some explanation.

My conversation with the German Emperor lasted for more than an hour, during which certain of the words which he uttered struck me as being so significant that I hastened to convey my impressions in a private letter to Count Lamsdorff; unfortunately, I did not preserve the rough draft of that letter, but I have a very clear recollection of the conversation, nevertheless.

For instance, I remember distinctly how astonished I was when the Kaiser, after saying a few words about his interview with Emperor Nicholas at Bjorkoe, but, of course, without disclosing all that had really occurred, took up the question of the general political situation and proceeded to explain with great eloquence the necessity of assuring the peace of Europe by entirely new methods, expressing the conviction that this object could only be attained by a union of the three great Continental Powers—Russia, Germany and France—directed explicitly against England. Not thinking for a moment that he had anything in mind beyond a sort of paradox or political Utopia, I replied that such a plan would be undoubtedly admirable if one could bring it to pass, but that a grouping of the Powers named appeared to me impossible, for the simple reason that France, in the actual state of affairs, would never consent to join it.

My reply appeared to displease the Emperor, who insisted upon knowing the reasons upon which I based my opinion; consequently I could do no else than explain in the most prudent terms at my command that France was divided from Germany by a deep abyss, created by the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, and that until that abyss was filled up the French people would never be the friends of the Germans.

At these words the Emperor's displeasure developed into unmistakable anger, and it was in a voice almost beyond his control that he made this most astonishing declaration:—

"The question of Alsace-Lorraine," he cried, "I consider to be not only non-existent at the present hour, but as having been cut out for all time by the French people themselves. I threw down the glove to France, *à propos* of the Moroccan affair, and she dared not pick it up; having then declined to fight Germany, France has renounced for good and all any claims she may have had in respect of her lost provinces."

I thought at first that this outburst was merely one of the *boutades* for which the Kaiser was famous, but I soon perceived that it was a deep-seated conviction of his, for he reverted several times in the course of our conversation to the strange idea that, from the moment that France had bowed to the German threat, at the time of the Moroccan dispute, she no longer had any right to invoke her long-standing grievances as a ground for refusing friendship with Germany. As I continued to express my doubts of a material change in the psychology of the French people the Emperor surprised me still more by declaring that, if, after all, France persisted in her refusal to join the projected alliance, there were ways to bring her into it *by force*.

This part of the conversation made such a vivid impression upon me and so absorbed my attention that my recollection of the other subjects discussed by the Emperor is somewhat less precise; but I am absolutely sure that the words which he attributed to me, regarding the supposed tendency of Denmark to see a guarantee against possible aggression on the part of England by means of Russo-German occupation, were misconstrued, to say the least. I knew, as everybody knew, that the Danes lived in constant dread of foreign invasion, but no one in Denmark had in mind any other possible invader than Germany; the Government was perfectly cognisant of the military weakness of Denmark and the impossibility of resisting aggression alone for any length of time, but its traditional policy had been to seek aid from Powers whose great fault in the past had been to allow the subjugation of Denmark by Germany. Furthermore, it was a notorious fact that there existed in Denmark a

party—that of the Radicals and Socialists—which opposed any increase whatsoever in military expenditure and preached non-resistance to outside invasion from any source; it is very possible that, in response to a question of Emperor William's regarding the state of the public mind in Denmark, I may have mentioned this fact, but it would be absurd to attribute such ideas to the Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs, when I knew that Count Raben's chief reason for being more inclined than his predecessors to cultivate good relations with Germany was to ameliorate the lot of the Danish population of Slesvig. Besides, how could I have spoken of an attack by England and a Russo-German occupation of Denmark, when I was in total ignorance of the conversations that had taken place at Bjorkoe? Such eventualities were beyond all probability in my conception.

There was still another reason why I, of all the diplomats accredited to Copenhagen, should have been least suspected of treating lightly the question of Denmark's neutrality or sympathising with an eventual violation thereof. It will be recalled that I had been requested during the Russo-Japanese war to obtain permission for the passage of Admiral Rojdestvensky's fleet through the Grand Belt, that is, through straits controlled by Danish sovereignty. This occurred before the Hague Convention had definitely regulated matters concerning the passage of neutral straits in time of war. Japan made every effort to persuade the Danish Government not to grant right of way to the Russian Fleet, or at least not to lend it the assistance of licensed pilots; but, basing my demand upon the precedent established during the Crimean war, in favour of the allied fleets of France and England, I succeeded in obtaining the same facilities, and others still more important, for the Russian Fleet, thereby helping to establish a great principle of international jurisprudence, namely, that of the free navigation of neutral straits in war-time. So it would have been, to say the least, illogical and unnatural on my part to discuss with Emperor William a possible violation of this principle. At a later time, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, I was instrumental in maintaining the *status quo* in the Baltic, which signified, among other things, the inviolability of the territory of Denmark and the respect for her rights as a neutral Power.

ALEXANDER ISWOLSKY,
*Formerly Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs
and Ambassador to France.*

QUO VADIS?

"Great critics have taught us one essential rule. . . . It is this, that if ever we should find ourselves disposed not to admire those writers or artists, Livy and Virgil, for instance, Raphael or Michael Angelo, whom all the learned had admired, not to follow our own fancies, but to study them until we know how and what we ought to admire; and if we cannot arrive at this combination of admiration with knowledge, rather to believe that we are dull, than that the rest of the world has been imposed on. It is as good a rule, at least, with regard to this admired constitution (of England). We ought to understand it according to our measure; and to venerate where we are not able presently to comprehend."—EDMUND BURKE.

To foreign publicists the British Constitution is an enigma so perplexing that they are apt to take refuge in De Tocqueville's famous aphorism. What they do not understand does not exist. "*En Angleterre la Constitution n'existe pas.*" Englishmen, congenitally averse from political introspection, have been more ready to obey the admonition of Burke: to venerate where they are not able to comprehend. They grumble at the English Constitution as they grumble at the English weather; yet in the main they regard it as something which, if not divinely ordered, has come down to them as a valued heritage, the product, if not of supreme wisdom, at least of a series of happy accidents providentially vouchsafed to a peculiarly favoured people. The attitude alike of foreign critics and of English eulogists demands explanation. It may be given in a single sentence: the English Constitution, unlike the constitutions of most foreign States, does not consist of a single charter or code; it is neither (in the main) written, nor rigid, and it is therefore peculiarly adaptable to changing circumstances and singularly susceptible of almost unconscious and unperceived modification.

Never have these attributes of the English Constitution been more clearly discernible than during the recent war. Without parade, almost unnoticed, without any statutory enactment, without the formal assent of the Sovereign Legislature, without any reference to the electorate, changes so sudden and profound as to be almost revolutionary were effected in the most cherished of our political institutions. In the twinkling of an eye the Parliamentary Executive was, in December, 1916, transformed into a War Directory.

"The efficient secret of the English Constitution may be described as the close union, the nearly complete fusion, of the executive and the legislative powers. . . . The connecting link

is the Cabinet." Thus wrote Walter Bagehot in this REVIEW about half a century ago. "The Cabinet," wrote Mr. Gladstone, "is the threefold hinge that connects together for action the British Constitution of King or Queen, Lords and Commons. . . . It is perhaps the most curious formation in the political world of modern times not for its dignity, but for its subtlety, its elasticity, and its many-sided diversity of power." Like other features of our Constitution, this "curious political formation" was the resultant of a long process of evolution, but by the dawn of the nineteenth century the essential characteristics of the Cabinet system were definitely formulated and securely established. The Cabinet must be politically homogeneous in composition; it must be responsible to the majority in the House of Commons; its members must admit mutual responsibility and must acknowledge subordination to a common head. The Prime Minister is, therefore, in Lord Morley's precise phrase, the "keystone of the Cabinet arch." This system, by general consent, worked well in tranquil times, so well, indeed, that it has been extensively copied in the modern State. In British colonies the adoption of the Cabinet principle, the idea of the responsibility of the local Executive to the local Legislature, was held to inaugurate "Responsible Government."

The principle was not adopted in the Federal Constitution of modern Germany, and, what is more remarkable, it found no place in the Constitution of the United States of America. The Fathers of the American Constitution preferred the practice of Cromwell to the precepts of John Pym. They devised not a Parliamentary but a Presidential Executive. The preference was deliberate. "Those politicians and statesmen who have been the most celebrated for the soundness of their principles and the justice of their views have declared in favour of a single Executive and a unanimous Legislature. They have, with great propriety, considered energy as the most necessary qualification of the former, and have regarded this as most applicable to power in a 'single hand.'" Thus wrote Alexander Hamilton in *The Federalist*. The Executive, therefore, was vested by the Constitution in the President, who was to be elected by the people for a fixed term. Between the President and Congress there was no necessary correspondence, nor was he politically responsible to it. On the contrary, such responsibility is expressly repudiated by Hamilton. "However inclined we might be to insist upon an unbounded complaisance in the Executive to the inclinations of the people, we can with no propriety contend for a like complaisance to the humour of the Legislature. . . . The same rule which teaches the propriety of a partition between the various

branches of power teaches us likewise that this partition ought to be so contrived as to render one independent of the other." Nor did the Constitution provide for anything in the nature of a Cabinet. Under Section 2 of Article II. the President "may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." These principal departmental officers have in course of time developed into something which is now commonly known as the "Cabinet." But between the American Cabinet and the British Cabinet there is as little likeness as between a British Consul and a Roman Consul.

In England Cabinet Ministers are the colleagues of the Premier; in America they are the servants of the President; in England they are collectively responsible for the policy of the Ministry; in America they are severally responsible, each for the administration of his own department, to the President; but the policy is the President's, not theirs; in England they must, by convention, sit in Parliament; in America "no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office" (Art. I., Sec. 6); in England the initiative in legislation is virtually vested in the Cabinet; in America neither the President nor his Ministers can initiate legislation, although by Presidential messages he may recommend it. The Presidential message is curiously typical of the American Constitution, representing as it does something between a King's Speech and a Prime Minister's oration. Washington delivered his messages in person and with something of regal state; Jefferson started the practice of sending his messages in writing, and the precedent thus set was followed without interruption until the advent to power of President Wilson.

To what purpose the foregoing comparison, the main points of which have become the commonplace of political commentators? It has not been inflicted upon the reader without design. The world-war was fought, we were told, "to make the world safe for democracy." But "democracy" assumes many forms. The unitary Republic of France, with its "Constitutional" President and its Parliamentary Executive, is poles asunder from the federal Republic of the United States with its Presidential Executive and its all-powerful Judiciary; while both present points of contrast to the Constitutional Monarchy of England, to a British Empire, partly federal, partly unitary, wholly Parliamentary in Government. Yet all three are democracies, though democracies of varying types. Will each remain true to type, or can one discern signs of an approximation between them?

The question may be pressed in reference to our own Constitution ; but it is by no means easy to answer it. Industrial evolution is relatively obtrusive in its operation ; even the careless can hardly fail to observe its processes. Constitutional evolution is far more subtle, and is apt to evade the notice even of the vigilant expert. But indications were not wanting, more particularly during the two last years of the war, that as regards the Constitution we were passing through a period of phenomenally rapid modification. Time, however, is needed before we can pronounce with certainty whether the changes then registered are destined to permanence, or whether they were merely temporary adaptations to circumstances which are already passing away. But in any case it is unlikely that changes so fundamental can have been effected without leaving some permanent traces upon a Constitution so sensitive and so malleable as ours.

It is, therefore, important to ascertain, as precisely as we may, what the changes were, and we may then consider how far they are likely permanently to modify the working of our political institutions.

The first, and to ordinary observation the most obvious, effect of war was to give an enormous impulse to the development of *bureaucracy*. The expansion of existing Government departments out of all recognition and the creation of new departments was, of course, an inevitable result of the transition from peace to war. But in this, as in other directions, the outbreak of war did but exaggerate and accelerate tendencies already in operation. Some years before the war shrewd observers called public attention to the rapid growth of the permanent Civil Service, and noted it as a new phenomenon in English administration. Thus, in 1910, Professor Ramsay Muir wrote : "Read any history of England in the last (i.e., the nineteenth) century, you will gather the impression that the Cabinet and the House of Commons have been the only operative instruments of our Government ; you will hear nothing about the permanent officials, everything about the politicians" (*Peers and Bureaucrats*, p. 22). And again : "For the purpose of exercising effective control over the bureaucracy, and of guarding against its defects, the system of Parliamentary Ministers, though not without its merits, is inadequate" (*ibid.*, p. 78).

Whether Professor Ramsay Muir would be so ready to eulogise bureaucratic, at the expense of political, control, as he was ten years ago may be doubted ; I quote him primarily to prove that the phenomenon under discussion was noticeable some years before the war. A point less emphasised then than it must be now is that the growth of bureaucracy was one of many indications that;

under the subtle influence of the Fabian Socialists, we were moving rapidly in a Prussian direction. Prussia was the creation of her kings, backed by a highly disciplined army and by a Civil Service second to none in authority and efficiency. If England has been pre-eminently the home of free Parliamentary institutions, Prussia has been not less conspicuous for the efficiency of its administrative system; if England has stood for representative democracy, Prussia has stood for bureaucratic autocracy. Are the vanquished about to take captive the victors? Is Parliamentary Government about to give place to a dominant bureaucracy? That the danger is not wholly remote will be disputed by no one who has a knowledge of the facts. That the administrative departments which have been either called into being or vastly enlarged to meet the exigencies should have been closed down again or very rapidly reduced in the relatively brief period since the signature of the Armistice, was not quite a reasonable expectation. But Parliament will have to exercise untiring vigilance if the new bureaucracy is not to be allowed to instal itself as a permanent institution far more potent in reality than the Legislature itself.¹

There has, indeed, been some tendency in recent years for Parliament to abdicate, in favour of the permanent departments, even its legislative functions. Englishmen used to be distinguished from their Continental neighbours by their "instinctive scepticism about bureaucratic wisdom." The result was seen in the exceptionally detailed character of our statutory enactments. We attempted, perhaps too much, to provide beforehand, by legislative provision, for every contingency which could conceivably arise. This characteristic feature of English legislation has, however, tended of late years to disappear. Far more discretion is now commonly left to the administrative departments. Parliament is more and more disposed to lay down by Statute only general rules and to leave it to the departments to issue statutory orders, which become operative after "lying on the table" for a given number of days. This tendency towards legislative delegation was remarked by a singularly shrewd observer of English Government methods as long ago as 1908. In his *Government of England*, published in that year, President Lowell of Harvard writes: "We hear much talk about the need for the devolution of the power of Parliament on subordinate representative bodies, but the tendency is not mainly in that direction. . . . The real delegation has been in favour of the administrative departments of the Central Government, and this involves a

(1) Cf. in support of statement in the text the Report of the *Select Committee on National Expenditure* for dealing, *inter alia*, with the Ministry of Labour, and issued in December, 1919.

striking departure from Anglo-Saxon traditions with a distinct approach to the practice of continental countries" (Vol. i., p. 363 *seq.*).

This delegation may be wise or unwise; it may be inevitable; what is certain is that it does not make for national economy. Writing from recent and intimate knowledge of various important departments, old and new—knowledge gained as a member of the Select Committee on National Expenditure—I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction that the House of Commons can never regain that control over expenditure which it ought to possess and to exercise, unless and until the recent tendency towards legislative delegation is arrested. Departments, more especially the newer departments, are naturally eager to justify their existence. The more functions they arrogate to themselves, the more money they spend, the larger the place they fill alike in public esteem and in the economy of the State. It is human nature for an official to magnify his office; but the inclination, if indulged at the expense of the community, is one which, alike in the interests of economy and of genuine constitutional government, should be closely watched.

Much more significant, however, was the change which the war emphasised, if it did not initiate, in the relations between the Legislature and the Executive. The close connection between them, maintained by the Cabinet, and the responsibility of the Ministers to Parliament are, as we have seen, the outstanding characteristics of that form of Representative Democracy which Britain was the first to elaborate. But war applies an acid test to institutions. We gradually realised the fact that you cannot, in Mr. Lloyd George's characteristic phrase, "run a war by a Sanhedrim." In December, 1916, the Sanhedrim disappeared, and the Cabinet of twenty-two members was replaced by a War Directory of five. Of these only one, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was the head of an administrative department, and to that function Mr. Bonar Law added the duty of leading the House of Commons. In the twinkling of an eye a revolution, greater than any which had taken place in England since 1688, had been silently and unobtrusively accomplished. The close connection between the supreme Executive and the Sovereign Legislature was dissolved; the Prime Minister ceased, except at long intervals, to attend Parliament; an increasing body of Ministers—not members of the Supreme Executive—administered each his own department with little reference to colleagues; some of the Ministers were men who had never seen the inside of the House of Commons and several had been selected for their several offices without any regard to Parliamentary experience or accept-

ance; collective responsibility vanished; each Minister was answerable for his own department.

Side by side with the War Directory there was called into existence, by the fiat of the Prime Minister, but amid general applause, an institution hitherto wholly unknown to the Constitution—the Imperial War Cabinet. In the declaration of war the Dominions and India had had no voice. They found themselves suddenly (but after 1911 not perhaps unexpectedly) involved in a world-war without their own consent. To the waging of the war they had magnificently contributed; they were now called upon to share with the Ministers of the motherland the responsibility of conducting it. In May, 1917, Parliament was "officially and formally acquainted," through the medium of the Prime Minister, "with an event that will constitute a memorable landmark in the constitutional history of the British Empire." During the early spring of 1917 the British Cabinet had become "for the time being an Imperial War Cabinet." So successful was the experiment that it was resolved that this Imperial Cabinet should not "be allowed to fall into desuetude," and the Prime Minister expressed the general hope that "the holding of an annual Imperial Cabinet to discuss foreign affairs and other aspects of Imperial policy will become an accepted convention of the British Constitution." In the summer of 1918 the experiment was renewed, and on August 19th an announcement was made that the meetings had proved of such value that they would henceforth "be held at regular intervals." It seemed as if a highly significant stage in the evolution of a truly Imperial Constitution had been registered. The idea of a Federal Legislature had long hung fire, but there appeared to be firm ground for the hope that we had at least secured an Imperial Executive.

The high hopes then entertained have not, it would seem, been completely realised. From an answer given by Mr. Bonar Law to the present writer, in the House of Commons in August last, it appears that the Imperial War Cabinet has not met in London since December, 1918; but during the Peace negotiations in Paris a similar organisation, known as the British Empire Delegation, existed and had frequent meetings. Since the break up of the Conference, Dominion statesmen have been, naturally enough, preoccupied with domestic affairs. It would, however, be nothing short of a disaster if the embryonic institution which did such admirable work during the last stages of the war and during the negotiations for peace were not to develop into a permanent adjunct of the Imperial Constitution. The Imperial Conference is due to meet again next summer, and it is devoutly to be hoped that it will not separate without having given a permanent form

to the Imperial Cabinet. Should it succeed in doing so, the permanent institution of an Imperial Executive can hardly fail to react upon the organisation of our domestic administration. At the moment we seem to have slipped back into the pre-war Constitution. The War Directory has vanished; the Sanhedrim has reappeared. Not quite in the old form; for the institution of a permanent *Secretariat* must profoundly modify an institution hitherto characterised by informality and discontinuity of procedure, while the custom, inevitable during the war and still, it appears, continued in peace, of admitting to Cabinet meetings Ministers and others who are not regular members of the Cabinet, must also, one imagines, have important consequences.

In one respect, however, the pre-war convention has not been restored. The Prime Minister has not resumed the leadership of the House of Commons, nor does he regularly attend its sittings. Towards the close of last session the Prime Minister undertook to attend and personally answer questions on one day a week, and he dropped in more frequently in the course of debates. But though the *Decree nisi* has not yet been made absolute, there has been no complete resumption of conjugal relations between the Head of the Executive and the Legislature. Whether with the multiplication of responsibilities and the increasing complexity of his functions a Prime Minister should ever again be expected to undertake the harassing and laborious task of leading the House of Commons is fair subject for debate. That the continued absence of the Prime Minister from the Treasury Bench must inflict some damage upon the prestige of Parliament is a truth too patent to be ignored; and no one realises better than Mr. Lloyd George that Parliament cannot, at this moment, afford any loss of prestige. The whole principle of Representative Government is challenged—and from more than one quarter. Nay, the integrity of the centralised State is threatened. Clamant critics call for the dissolution of the Central Government and the setting up of a number of Soviets, representative not of localities but of crafts. Syndicalism, political as well as economic, is the fashionable prescription for the cure of the ills with which the body politic is supposed to be afflicted. Anything which tends to emphasise the divorce between the Imperial Legislature and the Executive which has hitherto been respondent and responsible thereto, can hardly fail to encourage these disintegrating tendencies, and still further to diminish the waning authority of Parliament.

Nor can it fail to react upon the character of the Executive. The Prime Minister will derive his authority not from the Parliamentary majority, but directly from the electorate which created

that majority. The tendency, becoming every day more marked, for Ministers to discuss executive policy not with the representatives of all classes of the people in the House of Commons, but with the delegates of organised industries in Whitehall, must in the long run affect the relations between the Executive and the Legislature. The development may be inevitable, but it cannot be viewed complacently by any who appreciate the peculiar genius of the English Constitution.

One thing only would reconcile Constitutionalists of the older mode to the new fashion—if it were to register a further stage in the evolution of a truly Imperial Constitution. Is it altogether fantastic to anticipate that the process of disintegration may prove to be compatible with a higher integration; that devolution may be complementary and not contradictory to federalism? If the British Prime Minister, in relinquishing the leadership of a Parliament which is Imperial only in name, were to be left free for the discharge of executive functions truly Imperial in scope, the gain would more than compensate for any possible loss. But before we can acquiesce in the loss we must make sure of the gain.

Can we do so? It is certain that we cannot unless the advocates of Imperial unity, the friends of the Greater Commonwealth, show themselves at least as vigilant and energetic as the leaders of the revived *International*. For the Syndicalist movement is not native in origin; it is a foreign importation, and its ramifications are world-wide. Yet it is not wholly alien from British traditions. So far as it represents a reaction against over-centralisation, against the bureaucratic type of Socialism so long advocated by the Fabian Society and their kind, Syndicalism may be said to conform to English type, to encourage those local activities by which the spirit of Anglo-Saxon freedom was originally nourished. On the other hand, the essential genius of Syndicalism is not neighbourhood, but craft organisation. The two may accidentally coincide, but in essence they are distinct, if not antagonistic. The binding-tie in syndical organisation is, not that of locality, but of industry. Hence the hollowness of the present demand for "Nationalisation." Nationalisation implies State ownership of land, raw materials and capital of every kind; State organisation of industry; State employment and direction of labour; State control of transport and public utilities; State distribution of commodities, and so forth. Nationalisation or State Socialism would mean, in effect, the setting up of a vast bureaucracy, the conversion of the whole nation into a disciplined army of State officials who would control all the processes of production, distribution and exchange. To

all this the younger school of "Socialists" in England, as elsewhere, is diametrically opposed. They join hands with the bureaucratic Socialists in their anxiety to eliminate the individual capitalist and the private employer. Like the Socialists, they have imbibed from Karl Marx the theory of "surplus-value," the idea that all capital is the result of the exploitation of labour, or, more briefly, of robbery. Like the Socialists, they would pull down the existing structure of industry, but as to the method of reconstruction the two parties are entirely at loggerheads. The ideal of the one is the State; of the other the craft.

Political theory corresponds with economic, and I have referred to the latter only to enforce and illustrate the former. If State Socialism be, as I submit, the economic complement of Representative or Indirect Democracy, Syndicalism is the economic complement of Direct Democracy.

Does the recent reaction in favour of a more direct form of Democracy contain within itself any germ of wholesome doctrine? If it does, it is surely the part of high statesmanship to attempt to discern it and to separate the good seed from the chaff. Nor are there wanting writers of discrimination who would seem to favour this view. The lively interest in the conduct of political affairs now manifested by the younger generation of working men will not, we may rest assured, be satisfied by the giving of a vote at longish intervals for the election of a representative in the House of Commons. The intervention is too intermittent, and the results of it too remote. A similar tendency is observable in industrial organisation. The older Trade Unionism is said to be losing its influence with the younger men for a parallel reason. The more elaborate the organisation, the higher the centralisation. Hence the movement towards works committees and the growing influence of the shop stewards. The central office and the general secretariat are too remote.

The point cannot be further elaborated now, but the symptoms of the approaching change are too numerous and too diffused to be lightly set aside. *En Angleterre la constitution peut changer sans cesse ; ou plutôt elle n'existe pas.* De Tocqueville's aphorism embodies a profound truth ; it also contains a pertinent warning. The more continuous the process of change, the more essential is it to discern its direction, and, if it may be, to determine and to guide it ; to harness the restive steeds to the car of orderly evolution, and not to permit them to stampede towards revolution.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

THE FUTURE OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

EIGHTY-FIVE years ago Disraeli sardonically observed in his *Vindication of the Constitution* that in times of great political change and rapid political transition political parties have generally found it convenient to be rebaptised. The Unionist Party at the present day sadly needs another journey to the font. Its name and its creed are alike outworn. Unionism is stone dead. It was a noble and lofty cause, and it would have been happier for Ireland and the whole United Kingdom had Irishmen been willing to accept the Union and live loyally within it. But they are not so willing, and they reject conversion with cursings, shootings and proclamations of an Irish Republic. So there is an end of Unionism till the need of it is rediscovered once more, as rediscovered it doubtless will be.

The name of Tory will not do. It is as obsolete as that of Whig, and Gibbon derided both as "foolish, obsolete and odious words" as long ago as 1790, though he was certainly far in advance of his generation. The aim of pure Toryism was to increase the prerogative of the Crown, but that cause was hopeless by the end of the eighteenth century, though select coteries of neo-Tories have toyed from time to time with the idea of its revival. Disraeli, in his younger days, was attracted by it, and its alluring outline stood out sharply amid the misty ideas of that Young England which had visions of "a genuine aristocracy standing around a real throne." In a famous passage in *Sybil* it was prophesied that "Toryism will yet rise from the tomb over which Bolingbroke shed his last tears—to bring back strength to the Crown," and one of Sidonia's most sweeping generalisations in *Coningsby* is that "the tendency of advanced civilisation is to pure Monarchy." If that be true, the world must indeed be slipping backward fast, for the cause of "pure Monarchy" was slain outright during the Great War, at least so far as this and the next generation are concerned. Prerogative in England expired with George III. There is no prospect at the polls for any political party which wears the Tory label save of extinction. The only fitting place for a pure-principled Tory is a museum or a mausoleum.

Not even when hyphenated with the blessed word Democracy is there hope for Toryism. A Tory-Democrat is a contradiction in terms. The two elements can only be forced to unnatural coalescence by denaturing each. The Tory is not made demo-

cratic, the democrat is not made Tory, by any ingenious method of ticketing. According to the theory of Tory-Democracy, parties should not be divided horizontally, according to classes, but, according to opinions, vertically. The phrase is clever, but it does not correspond with the facts of human experience. There was just a remote chance that Tory-Democracy might succeed when two parties only—Liberal and Conservative—strove for power. The cranks in the Liberal Party—powerful out of all proportion to their numbers—antagonised hosts of working-class voters, who were content to let the ancient institutions of the land alone so long as they obtained generous and frequent instalments of remedial legislation. But the rise of the Labour Party, which neither Disraeli nor Lord Randolph Churchill foresaw, has altered the situation beyond recognition. Disraeli, indeed, committed himself to the astonishing prophecy—at least it seems astonishing now—that “the formation of a new party is destined in English politics to be never more substantial than a vision.” If only that saturnine glance could range over the present Front Opposition Bench or could scan the serried rows of delegates at a Special Trade Union Congress, convened with the object of putting “compulsion” on the Government! The rise of the Labour Party—and it is not yet fully risen—sweeps the old theorising into limbo. The instinct of the Regency Tories was perfectly sound. They knew in their bones that Reform, the industrial system and “French principles” meant sooner or later that their day was done. It has taken nearly a century for their sun to set.

The friends of Tory Democracy are fond of saying that the ancient institutions of the country are cherished by the Democracy. It would be much truer to say that the rank and file of the working classes are not actively hostile to those institutions, so long as they do not feel them to be oppressive or injurious to themselves. There is, for example, little Republican propaganda, though a strong section of the Labour Party is Republican in sympathy and conviction. Compared with the intense feeling which existed a century ago, the change is remarkable. Moreover, there exists a very deep and genuine respect for a Sovereign whose life is whole-heartedly given to the service of his people, and for a Royal Family every member of which is inspired by the King's strong sense of duty. But the sceptre, which long since became a pageant, has lost even the shadow of prerogative, and the Throne has become a symbol which Loyalists revere and Republicans respect. Unless some outbreak of fool-fury sweeps over Great Britain, the institution of Monarchy is safe for many years to come.

The House of Lords stands in a very different case. It has ceased to believe in itself as an integral and essential part of the Constitution. Though long conscious of its need of reform, it has let its many opportunities slip. At almost any time during the Victorian era it was possible for a Conservative Government to carry out the reform of the House of Lords, if the Conservative Peers had been ready to make substantial concessions on the hereditary principle. But they listened to their Eldons and their Lyndhursts, and the urgent necessity for self-sacrifice was never adequately recognised or pressed by their leaders. Always, when it came to the point of action, excuses for inaction were found, with the result that when the oft-threatened battle between the two Houses was seriously joined, the Peers lost their veto, and the composition of their House still remained unchanged. Outwardly things look the same, but the House of Lords has lost the status of an independent and self-respecting Second Chamber. With his own hands Lord Curzon helped to open the flood-gates through which the waters of democracy are pouring, when he was a consenting party to what is practically universal suffrage without a settlement of the Second Chamber question.

The principle of aristocracy itself has also fallen in popular estimation. Can anyone conceive a publicist of to-day penning the following sentences?

"The House of Commons is no more the House of the people than the House of Lords."

"The aristocracy are the actual leaders of the people. Believe me, they are the only ones."

"There is no possibility of ever establishing in England a more democratic form of Government than the present English Constitution. The disposition of property in England throws the government of the country into the hands of the natural aristocracy. I do not believe that any scheme of the suffrage or any method of election could divert that power into other quarters."

Disraeli seems to be writing of another and a different world, as indeed he was, and of recent years—unfortunately, but, perhaps, inevitably—the Peers have largely helped to strip themselves of the political power which they once possessed. An hereditary aristocracy implies hereditary property in land. Wealth in stocks and shares does not confer anything like the same political influence that is conferred by breadth of acres. The creation of colossal fortunes out of industry has undermined the influence of aristocracy, as it used to be understood, and in the last twelve months we have seen the nobles of England hastening to divest themselves of the landed estates which it was the pride of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers to accumulate. The more landed property is regarded apart from ancestral feeling,

from attachment to hereditary estates and from long and honoured connection between owner and tenants, the more will the political authority of the English aristocracy decline. It was land which gave them their old status and made them the natural leaders of the peasantry. But the twentieth century finds great wealth attaching principally to successful industry, from the ranks of which the House of Lords has of late years been largely recruited. This indeed has strengthened its representative character and added authority to its debates, but it has scarcely increased the political stability of the Peerage.

All talk of strengthening the House of Lords is outside practical politics. If there is a strong Second Chamber a quarter of a century hence—which is highly problematical—it certainly will not be a House of Lords. If there is no change—and no Government will touch the question unless it is absolutely compelled—the House of Lords will survive very much as the Roman Senate survived in the days of the Empire—its members loaded with honorific titles and distinctions, but possessed of no real political independence. It is too late to revivify the principle of Aristocracy. Plutocracy, divorced from land, is fatal to it. The magnates of industry and the magnates of finance have had, on the whole, a disintegrating influence. Burke spoke of the noble families of England in his day as “the great oaks which shade the countryside,” and contrasted them with the gourd-like growths of newer men. It is true that most of these great oaks had nourished their original roots in political corruption, but they had grown in time into the sound timber of a true aristocracy. Aristocracy requires an age of leisure. This is the age of hustle.

Lord Palmerston's death in 1865 set Lord Shaftesbury musing on the new epoch then about to open and the “vast and irrevocable changes” which he felt to be impending. His reflections are worth recalling :—

“We seem as though we were going to do everything that we most disliked. No one wishes for reform, and yet everyone will give it. The Parliament is called moderate, and even Liberally-Conservative, but it will prove decidedly revolutionary. The period is approaching when the real effects of the Reform Bill will begin to be felt, for many of the calmest and most thinking men foretold, at that time, that while many and great changes would take place, as they have done, there would be no organic revolution till after the lapse of some twenty or thirty years.

“Two vast changes may be traced within the last few years, changes in the mode of thinking and of the estimate formerly attached to ideas and institutions. The elective franchise is no longer considered as a means to good government, but is, in itself, even where good government exists, a right and an enjoyment for the people. . . . The position of the House of Lords is materially lowered, and such must necessarily be the issue of enlarged designs and powers in the House of Commons. . . . The

long and short of our present position is that the time has arrived for the triumph of the Manchester School, of which Gladstone is the disciple and the organ."

That passage bears striking testimony to the political prescience of Lord Shaftesbury, and—*mutatis mutandis*—it is wonderfully apposite to our own situation. The war has levelled our pillars. The franchise is, or speedily will be, universal. The House of Lords has lost its political independence. The House of Commons has not merely reached its zenith, but—in the estimation of many observers—has started on the path of decline. The Labour Party is advancing swiftly, not only along the beaten constitutional path, but also along paths unbeaten and unconstitutional. Governments are threatened with compulsion by "industrial force," unless within a given time they signify their conversion to a given policy which they have deliberately rejected. Jack Cade no longer approaches Parliament Square with a tatterdemalion escort and a humble petition of rights; the Right Hon. John Cade takes the Central Hall, at Westminster, for his headquarters and issues an ultimatum backed by the Triple Alliance of the most formidable Trade Unions in Great Britain. This is peaceful Revolution, infinitely more dangerous to the established order than the despairing risings of famished workmen which filled Sidmouth and Castlereagh with such terrors a hundred years ago. Obviously, it is not a favourable moment, therefore, for Conservative principles. Politicians must be men of their time, or they are doomed in advance to perpetual futility. Democracy is victorious. It must be the function of Conservatism to put, if possible, a bridle in Behemoth's mouth, when Democracy seeks not the reform, but the overthrow of the existing system.

The Labour attack is being skilfully directed. No crusade is now preached against the Crown, or against Aristocracy and the House of Lords, or against the Church, or against Imperialism. It was in these directions that the old attacks used to be developed, but of late they have been discontinued. The Crown is beyond reach of the slanders of malevolence. The House of Lords, deprived of its veto, is no longer formidable. The Church was never more doubtful of the text of her message, if never more certain of the genuineness of her mission; even the Establishment excites nothing like the same hostility as it did fifty years ago, when it was the sworn enemy of Liberal reform. The survival of a few Bishops in a decaying House of Lords is no longer an active offence to a rationalistic electorate; indeed, the Bench of Bishops is probably more progressive in its outlook than the general body of the clergy, and if ever the Second Chamber question is raised in earnest, the prelates will fold their white wings

and decorously withdraw. Imperialism, again, which mammon-worshipping Liberals detested and distrusted, is found to be quite compatible with democracy, and the new synonym for the British Empire is the British Commonwealth of Nations, of which the Crown is the golden link. How can British Labour denounce Imperialism, when the democracies of Australia, Canada and New Zealand accept their own interpretation of it without hurt to their vehement democratic prejudices?

It is not suggested that the British Labour Party frankly accepts these institutions as integral parts of the British Constitution. Its quiescence means that the present moment is not deemed opportune for attack, and that better results are promised by a concentration of their energies in an attack upon property, upon the capitalistic system, and upon the bases of the existing order of society. This is a shrewd decision. The capitalistic system until comparatively recently has borne with terrible hardships upon the working classes. Throughout the Victorian era capital was cruelly unjust to "the labouring poor." But they are the "labouring poor" no longer; and they are the masters of their own fate. They hold in one hand political, and in the other industrial, power. They can, when they choose, capture the House of Commons and nominate the Government; they can dictate—and are dictating—through their Unions the conditions of industry, and their leaders—brimful of self-confidence and self-sufficiency and impatient of the remaining obstacles in their path—are bent upon taking the fullest advantage of instruments which have been thrust into their hands by the two historic political parties, as the result of their frantic bidding against one another for Labour support. So long as Liberals and Radicals made the landed interest their principal target, the rest of the moneyed classes, whose fortunes were in the Funds or in stocks and shares, or in their own businesses, paid no particular heed. Landlords, they said, must look after themselves. But now it is the institution of property itself which is challenged, and large industrial fortunes excite an even fiercer animosity than large landed estates, because they have been more directly and more rapidly accumulated out of the labour of the working classes. Enoch Craggs in *Endymion* expressed a sentiment which still finds general utterance when he said that he would "sooner be ruled by gentlemen of estate, who have been long among us, than by persons who build big mills, who come from God knows where, and when they have worked their millions out of our flesh and bone, go God knows where." It is no new doctrine that property is theft, but it is rather a new development that owners of property should be deprived of their possessions not by the violence and pillage which

usually accompany revolution, but by the deliberate and formal processes of legislation. In either case, however, the result is confiscation, and capitalism, by its development of Trusts and Combines, whose published balance-sheets sometimes reveal almost incredible profits, positively invites attack and facilitates the task of its would-be executioners by obligingly reducing the number of its necks. On the Sankey Commission the representatives of the miners objected to the proposal to pay the royalty owners for what was to be taken from them. *Hæc mea sunt: veteres migrate coloni.* That is the spirit which animates the Labour Party and sweeps it along. If the assault on the mines and on the railways is successful, the turn of the other great industries will speedily follow. There will be no waiting to see if the experiment is successful. It is so much simpler to declare it an assured success beforehand. Nationalisation means that the control of industry will be taken out of the hands of private individuals and transferred to Government Departments, acting through a bureaucracy which will be dependent in each case upon the pleasure of some union or federation of unions, whose principal care will be that its members have as easy a time as possible. Yet, for good or ill, England's greatness depends on her industrial prosperity and progress, and these in turn depend upon private enterprise and individual energy. The Prime Minister, in his speech to the Liberals of Manchester, said that the real issue of the present as well as of the future lay between Private Enterprise on the one hand and Socialism on the other. Here are his actual words :—

"The State must educate, the State must assist where necessary, the State must shield the weak against the arrogance of the strong, but the life—the life—springs from individual impulse and energy. That is one view, what is the other? That private enterprise is a failure, tried and found wanting, a complete failure, a cruel failure. It must be rooted out and the community must take charge as a community, to produce, to distribute, as well as to control. Those are great challenges for us to decide."

Mr. Lloyd George was right. Labour has been loudly declaring war on the capitalistic system ever since it established a separate party organisation. Yet both the old parties clung to the delusion that they had only to find the right formula and Labour could be charmed once more to heel and help to swell the Radical or Conservative triumph.

Even now Liberals cannot believe that Labour will never again serve as their Left Wing. Mr. Asquith himself quite recently expressed the pious hope that Labour would in the future, as in the past, enjoy the hospitable shelter of the Liberal Party. He

at any rate was magnanimously ready to forgive and forget, and promised that in the wide Liberal fold a warm place should be found for his old allies. It was very like some fallen favourite of the stage meeting his successful younger rival and offering him a minor part in the mysterious play which is to take the town by storm, but which the other knows will never be put on the boards. Mr. Asquith cannot forget the years from 1906 to 1914, when, though Labour was not in formal alliance with Liberalism, the understanding between them was complete, and its influence upon the domestic policy of the Liberal Government was great enough to place the Trade Unions above the law. That arrangement was entirely satisfactory to the Liberal chiefs and to the Radical Left, which is hardly less Socialistic than Labour itself; but Labour is now openly contemptuous of the snail-pace of Liberal progress, and, above all, its leaders are itching for power. But the average middle-class Liberal has little more sympathy with extreme Socialism than has the average Conservative. Marxism and Liberalism have nothing in common. The nationalisation of industry is repugnant to the ideas in which Liberalism is rooted. The Liberal manufacturer of the North is still more than half inclined to echo—at least in the privacy of his counting-house—the words of Cobden that he would “rather live under the Dey of Algiers than under a Trade Union Committee,” and he hates, beyond words, the bureaucratic control which is inseparable from the nationalisation of industry. The purely Nonconformist view of Marxism and Socialism must be very mixed, for Labour presents two contradictory sides to the world. One is the Brotherhood side, which is engendered in Nonconformist chapels; the other is the street-corner side, which is aggressively free-thinking and atheistic. The one is Rousseauism; the other is sheer Jacobinism.

There is no effective place for a strong Liberal Party between a strong Labour Party and a strong Conservative Party, provided that the latter is sanely led and recognises the necessity of moving with the times. No doubt the results for Liberalism at the last election were too bad to be true, like the results for Unionism in 1906. But, after all, what does official Liberalism stand for at this juncture apart from Free Trade in its old pedantic and pre-war interpretation? It is not sought to minimise the importance of the fiscal stumbling-block in the way of the formation of a strong united party out of the existing Coalition. No one will expect fanatical Free Traders, if they remain fanatical, to accept a policy of Protection, or even of full-blooded Tariff Reform. But, as matters stand, there is no likelihood of either, both being about as dead as pure Cobdenism, unless and until the Labour Party

turns Protectionist, as it quite possibly may when it finds that to be the only means of maintaining its newly-won rates of wages and shorter hours. The concessions in fiscal matters which Coalition Liberals are asked to make to their colleagues are very small, and fiscal differences, therefore, need be no insuperable obstacle to closer political union, even though compromise means shedding a number of extreme Free Traders and the disgruntling of the extreme Protectionists. What else stands in the way? Certainly not Home Rule, because the cause of Unionism has been abandoned by Conservatives—sorrowfully, it is true, and against their deliberate judgment, but in recognition of the fact that three-quarters of the Irish people think that they would rather be badly governed by themselves than well governed by Great Britain. Imperial Defence? There is no difference on that head between the two parties in the Coalition, but there is the gravest difference between them and Labour and between them and most of the Independent Liberals.¹ Education, again, used to be an acid test between Liberals and Unionists. But now most sensible people have progressed beyond the stage when they could be lashed into simulated fury over "right of entry" or the preposterous cry of "Rome on the Rates." The greatest Education Bill of recent times has been passed without the religious question being raised at all. Nor need the Constitutional Question prove a serious obstacle. The day of the House of Lords is over. But the great majority of Coalition Liberals believe just as strongly as their Conservative colleagues that a Second Chamber is a necessary part of the British Constitution. Thus, whenever the House of Lords question is raised again, it can only be raised as a Second Chamber question, the necessity for which is common ground to both sections.

The more, therefore, the supposed obstacles to union are tested, the less formidable they appear. But this is only the negative side of the argument. The positive side is vastly stronger. The clamant necessity for a strong, solid Centre or Conservative Party must be felt by every citizen with a sense of responsibility. The whole of Europe is a shaking quagmire. All the countries bordering on the Russian morass are trembling for their new-found

(1) It is one of the ironies of the situation that the old Liberal Imperialist Chiefs should be left in command of the Liberal remnants which were most opposed to Liberal Imperialism, while the Prime Minister, who began as a Little Englander and was always most reluctant to spend money on Imperial Defence, is now the leader of the Liberal Imperialists. The Liberal Imperialists, with few exceptions, belong to the Coalition; the rank and file unofficial Liberals are as little fit to be trusted with Imperial Defence as is the Labour Party. With both it is an obsession to trust blindfold to the League of Nations—a rickety prop—and to reduce the Service Estimates irrespective of imperial responsibility

liberties. Every country looks to Britain; if Britain fails, the despairing will sink to lower depths of despair. The United States, which was expected to assist in helping the world to its feet, shrinks back into its old isolation. How is Britain to stand fast if she is rent by domestic disunion, or is being turned upside down by a Labour Government striving to fulfil the revolutionary promises on which it has climbed to power? It is not true to say that the alternative to a Socialist Government in Great Britain is a reactionary Government, and it is a malicious falsehood to describe the present Government as reactionary. Its record, compared with that of any other Government of modern times, has been wildly Radical. The reactionaries do not count. There are not more than a handful of Tories, and they dare not express their real minds in public. The fact is that in these days even a Conservative Party must be a Reforming Party or it cannot live, and its reforming measures must be generously conceived.

It is interesting to recall the declaration of policy which Disraeli made in addressing the House of Commons for the first time as Prime Minister in 1874. He said that the domestic policy of the new Administration would be "a liberal policy." Naturally, the Opposition laughed, but Disraeli was quick to turn their merriment to profit. He repeated the phrase. "A liberal policy—a truly liberal policy—a policy that will not shrink from any changes which are required by the wants of the age we live in, but will never forget that it is our happy lot to dwell in an ancient and historic country." Where is to be found a better description than that of true Conservative policy, unless it be in Lord Randolph Churchill's great speech at Blackpool in 1884 when he said that his party's "only aim should be to increase and secure within imperishable walls the historic happiness of English homes"? Labour may say that it has been preaching for years the doctrine that "the wants of the age" require changes. Yes, but such changes must be regulated by prudence, and the virtue of prudence is most clearly recognised by interest. Conservatives need not shrink before the taunt of interest. The defence of vested interests—always presuming they are honourable interests—is a patriotic duty, and none are more tenacious of their class interests than Trade Unionists. But what are the supreme vested interests of this "ancient and historic country"? There is the Crown, which exists only for the good of the people and the protection of its liberties, for the welfare of the Empire, and the unity of the British Commonwealth of Nations. There is the British Empire itself—the grandest heritage which ever descended to a free people, which has been extended during the war by the valour and devotion of its sons,

but which can only be maintained by continued sacrifice and by perpetual vigilance. There is Liberty, not in any narrow sense of the term, but the Liberty which is gravely threatened by recent developments of Trade Unionism, and especially by the threat of powerful agglomerations of organised Labour united to put compulsion upon the State. The autocracy of Labour threatens the whole fabric of the State—constitutional and industrial. Its creed is a creed of subversion. In so far as it has a philosophy at all, it professes the destructive philosophy of Marx, and its most philosophical elements are the most violent and the most revolutionary. Many people talk of a Labour Government as though it were an alternative Government, in much the same way that a Liberal used to be the alternative to a Conservative Government. If it were, there would be nothing so very formidable in the prospect. But the creed of Labour is opposed root and branch to the creed of Conservatism. The one is the absolute negation of the other. The fact that the majority of those who will place power in the hands of the first Labour Government will not be revolutionaries will not stay the revolution. It is not the Kerenskys who are to be feared, but those who come after. Labour has been eagerly teaching the people how to make the task of carrying on the King's Government impossible. They will be driven on to extremes, the thought of which is now repugnant to, and repudiated by, all the more moderate elements in their ranks.

There should be no delusions about the political prospects of the immediate future. All the recent bye-elections have shown a tremendous landslide towards Labour, which demonstrates the extreme instability of the new electorate. The mood now seems to be that Labour should be given a chance to show what it can do, because the Coalition has not fulfilled its promises, and the country is dissatisfied with the non-appearance of the millennium. Yet if the millennium had come it would not have been recognised, and the dissatisfaction would not have been appreciably less. All parties in turn say that they have confidence in the ultimate common sense and fairness of the English people. But it is not very much consolation to Conservatives to know that when a Labour Government has caused some irreparable damage to our Imperial interests, or destroyed some ancient institution in a fit of passion, the people who returned them to power will rend them at the next election. The temper of the country is certainly not revolutionary. But it is unstable and unreliable; it cannot be depended upon to keep a steady political course. Conservatism cannot hope to outbid Labour. At that game it is bound to lose every time. On the other hand, if it resists—as

it is too often inclined to do—the reform even of glaring abuses, because it is afraid that the abuses cannot be cut away without damage to the structure to which they cling, Conservatism will make no appeal to the great bulk of the electorate. Till the world settles down again after its stupendous upheaval Conservatism will be fighting a losing battle; its defeats will be many; its successes few. Nevertheless, the natural instinct of the English people is Conservative, individualistic and intensely patriotic, and it will take a long time to breed British insularity out of our bones. Long-haired cosmopolitanism is repugnant, if not to British ideas, at any rate to British prejudice; and when the Socialistic theory-mongers have half ruined British industry, there will be a great clamour to be let alone.

The most urgent need is a speedy return to the old two-party system. But that is only possible by the fusion of the great mass of Liberals and Conservatives into one party. The extreme Conservative Right, the remnants of Toryism, have nowhere to go if they quit the main body. Therefore, they will stay. The Radical element of Liberalism, which has more sympathy with Labour than with the Liberal Centre, will break away and join the Labour Party, which itself is a mass of discordant elements and warring sections. So long as the Coalition is in power the disintegrating tendencies will probably remain in the ascendant. Independent Liberalism will cling to its vain hopes till it has had further humbling experiences at the polls; then, if a Labour Government is returned to power, its first Budget is likely to have a very persuasive influence upon Liberal opinion towards Conservatism. The mercantile element in Liberalism has always been its strongest support, and it has always been soundly individualistic at heart. A large part of the Radical lawyer contingent may withdraw towards Labour, because Labour will have plenty of patronage to bestow; but commercial Liberalism—threatened with nationalisation and its attendant bureaucracy—will gravitate towards its old opponents. But if Liberals and Conservatives were wise they would not wait for the triumph of Labour before they joined forces; rather, they would hasten to come to terms, sinking personal differences and antagonisms in face of the certain defeat which otherwise awaits them from their exultant adversary. Others may discuss this matter in terms of ideals. Terms of interest less vague are more easily understood, and they are also in closer correspondence with facts.

J. B. FIRTH.

IS THE BATTLESHIP DOOMED?

EVERY war teaches its own lessons, and the main deduction which has been drawn by some highly qualified observers from the recent struggle by sea is that the battleship is doomed owing to the development of the submarine on the one hand and of aircraft on the other. Surface craft, it is claimed, have been rendered obsolete, and it would be to waste money either to retain in commission, at heavy expense, those which have been built or to continue to construct such vessels. While we have our own prophets on this side of the Atlantic of the doom of the battleship, an officer of the United States Navy has gone further than to pronounce sentence and has delivered a considered and reasoned judgment. Rear-Admiral W. F. Fullam has claimed that "there are five different methods of attack that involve the possible destruction of the immense and costly ships that are now regarded as the measure of sea-power." The methods of attack which are, in his opinion, to drive the present types of surface ships from the seas are : (1) the plunging fire of modern guns at extreme ranges of 16,000 yards and above ; (2) attack by bombing from aircraft ; (3) submarine mines ; (4) torpedoes fired from destroyers ; (5) torpedoes fired from aeroplanes.

If this formidable indictment against the familiar types of service men-of-war were supported by irrefutable evidence, all the existing fleets of the world might as well be sunk as a measure of wisdom and economy, for the maintenance of these ships represents heavy annual charges on national funds. The scuttling of the condemned ships under the White Ensign would mean the destruction of war material which has cost this country from £200,000,000 to £300,000,000. When the melancholy ceremony had been carried out, presumably in the Atlantic, the taxpayers would have to resign themselves to the building of another fleet (representing new, unproved, and fantastic ideas), which would cost at least as much money, unless British maritime interests were to go unprotected and the British Isles and the other parts of the British Empire were to be left without defence against invasion. For in the absence of defence by sea, whether by submersible craft or surface vessels, security against invasion of the British Empire, widely distributed over the oceans of the world, cannot be provided. An army is not, and never can be, effective

against the invader who comes by sea. That is an old truth, which the great Elizabethans established for all time. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his *History of the World*, made the great avowal, which is this country's "sure shield," and the vindication of the course of policy which it has pursued since the Spanish Armada was defeated.

"I say that an army to be transported over sea, and to be landed again in an enemy's country, and the place left to the choice of the invader, cannot be resisted on the coast of England, without a fleet to impeach it; no, nor on the coast of France, or any other country; except every creek, port, or sandy bay, had a powerful army, in each of them, to make opposition."

"... For there is no man so ignorant, that ships without putting themselves out of breath, will easily outrun the soldiers that coast them. 'Les armées ne valent point en poste;'—'Armies neither flye, nor run post,' saith a Marshal of France. And I know it to be true, that a fleet of ships may be seen at sunset, and after it at the Lizard, yet by the next morning they may recover Portland, whereas an army on foot shall not be able to march it in six days. Again, when those troops, lodged on the sea-shore, shall be forced to run from place to place in vain, after a fleet of ships, they will at length sit down in the midway, and leave all at adventure."

Every development of physical science since Raleigh wrote those words has emphasised their truth; the steam engine and the long-range gun—the latter capable of firing a shot weighing over 2,000 lb. from Calais to Dover—have underlined the principle. An army, with all its encumbering paraphernalia, can move no more swiftly now than then; but, on the other hand, speed at sea has been multiplied four, five or six times, and the movement of ships is no longer at the mercy of changing winds.

Seeing that we, as islanders, are so dependent upon sea-power, we shall do well carefully to examine the lessons of the war before we consent to sink the existing British Fleet. It is not the first time that the battleship has been condemned. As long ago as 1889 Lord George Hamilton, then First Lord of the Admiralty, confessed, in introducing the Naval Defence Act, that he had hoped some two years before that the *Nile* and *Trafalgar* would be the last battleships to be built in this country. It then appeared, he added, as if there was to be a general cessation of armour-clad building, and that for reasons not far to seek—torpedo-boats had come into use, and naval officers were inclined greatly to exaggerate the effect of the change. The result was that the second European naval Power—France—practically suspended her armour-clad building, and other nations followed her example; "but, since then, owing in part to the development in quick-firing guns, and partly to the invention of new explosives, a great impetus has been given to battleship building." The construction of battleships for the British Navy was consequently

resumed. During later years, the argument between the advocates of the gunship and the apostles of the cheap and quickly-constructed torpedo vessel continued without abatement; but the advantage lay with the former, with the result that more and more of the nation's capital was invested in battleships and large cruisers, and in response to the inexorable demand for heavier armament and higher speed, the displacements increased from year to year. The *Trafalgar*, to which Lord George Hamilton referred, displaced 11,940 tons, and the cost was £819,192; on the eve of the war, the newest battleship was the *Queen Elizabeth*, which displaced 27,500 tons, and cost upwards of £2,500,000. The menace of the torpedo, though it reacted on naval design, and the pleas of those naval officers and others who urged the folly of putting "too many eggs in one basket," were ignored, in deference to the weight of instructed naval opinion. And thus it happened that, in spite of the tentative decision reached by the Admiralty in 1887, in spite also of the remarkable development which the torpedo underwent, and in spite, furthermore, of the appearance of the submarine and the rapid progress in its design, we possessed on the outbreak of war in 1914 the incomparable Grand Fleet.

It might be assumed from much which has been written since the signing of the Armistice that the war had been won by submarines and aircraft. In that event victory would have gone not to the Allies, but to the Central Powers. What did happen? The latter abandoned the use of the seas completely so far as merchant ships were concerned, and almost completely in the matter of men-of-war travelling on the surface. On the other hand, the Allies could not have continued to exist unless they had been able to draw reinforcing strength from the seas. The Allies, in other words, had to use their mercantile marine resources to the utmost, exposing to attack by enemy submarine and aircraft from 15,000 to 16,000 merchant ships. It would be difficult to form even a rough estimate of the number of times these vessels entered and left the danger zone in the course of their voyages over a period of upwards of four years; but it is apparent that the enemy had ample opportunities of proving the value of both the submarine and aircraft. In order to protect this enormous volume of traffic, the Allied navies—and particularly the British Navy—had to maintain an efficient watch and ward, cruising both in the war zone and beyond the limits of the war zone, for it should be recalled that German submarines operated off the Atlantic coast of the American continent.

It is an historical fact that, although the Central Powers presented no targets for attack by the Allies, and the Allies were

compelled to offer hundreds of thousands of targets to the Central Powers, well equipped with submarines and aircraft, it was the Allies who won? Over a period of many months, the Germans believed that with the aid of their submarines they would force the Allies to sue for peace. They attached no importance to aircraft as weapons of destruction, but relied exclusively on the submarine. If it be suggested that they failed to make efficient use of their air power in fighting the Allies' sea power, it may be replied that in the opening months of the war they tested aeroplanes and airships. *Not a single British warship was destroyed either by airship or aeroplane* in the course of the long war, although it might have been supposed that the North Sea provided an ideal area for their use. Aircraft similarly failed in attacking merchant vessels, though in the early months of the struggle the former were without an apology of defence.

The submarine, on the other hand, proved for a time, but only for a time, an effective weapon against merchant ships, once the Germans had abandoned all regard for international law and the dictates of humanity. But it was only against merchant vessels that the submarine was effective, even for a time. Throughout the course of the war, extending over a period of more than four and a half years, no battleship, battle-cruiser, or cruiser of the Grand Fleet, each presenting a large target, was destroyed by the enemy as a result of submarine attack. The significance of that failure can only be adequately appreciated if the activities of these vessels in the North Sea, and even in the Bight of Heligoland (in close proximity to Germany's naval bases) be borne in mind. British seamanship and the high speed of the ships defeated the enemy. And what is the record of the submarine war on commerce? At first it appeared as though it might succeed, for it was a departure which took not only British seamen, but all the seamen of the world, by surprise. No provision had been made by either the British, French, Italian, American, Japanese or other naval authorities for countering the submarine employed as the Germans employed it. Lord Jellicoe in the emergency was recalled from the Grand Fleet, and, on becoming First Sea Lord, this officer, in association with Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Duff and other experienced seamen whom he brought with him from the North, devoted himself to the problem of countering the German submarine. The extent to which the submarine was mastered is partially revealed in the figures of the sinkings of merchant tonnage. In April, 1917, 516,000 tons of British shipping were destroyed, and in October, 1918, the sinkings had fallen to 54,577 tons. That is one side of the account. Captain E. R. G. R. Evans, in his recent book, *Keeping the*

Seas, gives a little table showing the other side—the steady progress which was made in sinking submarines:—

Year.							Average number of submarines sunk.
1914	1 per month.
1915	1.5 "
1916	2 "
1917	5.5 "
1918	7 "

It may be said that these figures merely show how effective were the operations of small craft in hunting the submarines and destroying them. It may also be urged that the results were mainly due to the introduction of the convoy system. "An officer of high rank on the active list of the U.S. Navy," signing himself "Glaucus," writing in the *New York Herald U.S. Merchant Marine Supplement* of November 12th last, has declared that "England finally held starvation at arm's length by a method long understood, but the Admiralty was very loathe to use this method, and it was not until American counsel was added upon our joining the war that the Admiralty at last agreed to throw overboard the patrol system and adopt the convoy system." There is not a statement in that long sentence which is not inaccurate. The implication that the convoy system was the one and only source of the defeat of Germany's submarines rests on no foundation. Convoys were introduced by the Admiralty in February, 1917, and it was the entrance of the United States Navy into the war in the following summer which enabled the system to be further developed. Secondly, the patrol system was not "thrown overboard," but, after the convoys were running, was still further developed; at the time of the Armistice the British Navy had 3,700 patrol vessels engaged in hunting down submarines. The convoy system and the activities of the patrol assisted in defeating the submarine campaign. The Northern and Southern barrages in the North Sea also contributed powerfully to that end. The Straits of Dover, as Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon has explained,¹ were finally closed by mines by the end of 1917, as soon as suitable mines were available. The Northern Barrage, which required 70,000 mines, could not be begun until July 8th, 1918; by July 29th a complete barrier had been created from the Norwegian to the Scottish coasts, but this great war plan, in which the British and American Navies co-operated, had not been carried to completion before the Armistice was concluded. These two barrages not only destroyed many submarines, but they exercised a powerful deterrent influence on the enemy; under the menace of one of the most awful deaths the system of voluntarily

(1) *The Dover Patrol, 1915-17* (Hutchinson).

recruiting in Germany for the U-boats broke down, and at last the compulsory measures adopted for manning the submersible craft hastened the mutiny which finally broke up the German Navy.

Admiral William Sims has given an interesting explanation of the defeat of the enemy's submarine campaign, tracing it to the superior strength in surface ships which this country supported.¹ He has laid bare a secret which has gone hitherto largely unrecognised, and hence the false deductions which have been drawn from the naval war. In the first place, he has reminded us:—

"All the time that we were seeking for a solution of the submarine problem, we really had that solution in our hands. The seas presented two impressive spectacles in those terrible months of April, May and June, 1917.

"One was the comparative ease with which the German submarines were sinking merchant vessels; the other was their failure materially to weaken the Allied Fleets.

"If we wish a counter picture to that presented by the Irish Sea and the English Channel, where merchant shipping was constantly going down, we should look to the North Sea, where the British Grand Fleet, absolutely intact, was defiantly riding the waves.

"The uninformed public explained this apparent security in a way of its own; it believed that the British dreadnoughts were anchored behind booms, nets and minefields, through which the submarines could not penetrate.

"Yet the fact of the matter was that the Grand Fleet was frequently cruising in the open sea, in the waters which were known to be most infested with submarines.

"The German submarines had been attempting to destroy this fleet for two and one half years. It had been the German plan to weaken this great battle force by 'attrition,' that is, to sink enough battleships to make possible a general engagement with some chance of success; yet the submarines had not destroyed a single dreadnought.

"In this situation, merchant ships constantly being torpedoed and battleships constantly repelling such attacks, there was certainly much food for thought."

As Admiral Sims has also remarked:—

"There was no mystery about the immunity which these great fighting vessels enjoyed, for the submarine problem so far as it affected the battle fleet had already been solved.

"The explanation was that whenever the dreadnoughts put to sea they were preceded by a screen of cruisers and destroyers. These surface craft apparently served as a kind of impenetrable wall, against which the German U-boats were beating themselves unavailingly.

"To the casual observer, however, there seemed to be no reason why the destroyers should have any particular terror for submarines. Externally they are the least impressive war vessels afloat.

"Sailing ahead of the battle squadrons, the destroyers were little, ungraceful objects upon the surface of the water; they suggested fragility

(1) *Pearson's Magazine*, November, 1918.

rather than strength, and the idea that they were the guardians of the mighty battleships behind them at first seemed almost grotesque.

Yet these little vessels really possessed the power of overcoming the submarine. The war had not progressed far when it became apparent that the U-boat could not linger anywhere near this speedy little surface vessel without running serious risk of destruction.

Events soon demonstrated that, in all open engagements between submarine and destroyer, the submarine stood very little chance. The reason for this was simply that the submarine had no weapon with which it could successfully resist the attack of the destroyer, whereas the destroyer had several with which it could attack the submarine.

"The advantage which really makes the destroyer so dangerous . . . is its excessive speed. On the surface the U-boat makes little more than fifteen miles an hour, and under the surface it makes little more than seven or eight.

"If the destroyer once discovered its presence, therefore, it could reach its prey in an incredibly short time.

"It could attack with gun, and, if conditions were favourable, it could ram—and a destroyer going at thirty or forty miles could cut a submarine nearly in two with its strong, razor-like bow.

"In the early days of the war, these were the main methods of attack, but by the time I had reached London another and much more frightful weapon had been devised.

"This was the depth charge, a large can containing about three hundred pounds of T.N.T., which, exploding anywhere within one hundred feet of the submarine, either destroyed or so injured it that it usually had to come to the surface and surrender.

"The depth charge looked like the innocent domestic ash can, and that was the name by which it became popularly known. Each destroyer eventually carried twenty or thirty at the stern; a mere pull on a lever would make one drop into the water.

"Many destroyers also carried strange looking howitzers, made in the shape of a Y, from which two ash cans could be hurled fifty yards or more from each side of the vessel.

"The explosion when it ensued within the one hundred feet I have mentioned as usually fatal to the submarine would drive the plates inward, sometimes making a leak so large that the vessel would sink almost instantaneously.

"At a somewhat greater distance it sometimes causes a leak of such serious proportions that the submarine would be forced to blow her ballast tanks, come to the surface, and surrender."

The methods adopted for protecting the Grand Fleet from submarine attack proved to be effective when applied to merchant ships; the one success was deduced from the other.

Let the fullest tribute be paid to the officers and men who carried out convoy duties; let a full measure of praise for their resource and tenacity be accorded to the officers and men of the patrol service; let due credit be given to those who planned and laid the great mine barrages; but, when all is said, the ultimate credit for the defeat of the enemy lay not with these, but with the Grand Fleet, consisting of battleships, battle-cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers, and other surface craft. Every defensive

measures taken against the enemy submarines depended, first and last, upon this impressive display of naval power. Admiral Sims has done well to remind us of a truth which more dramatic events at sea have tended to obscure :—

"Only the fact that the battleships kept the German fleet at bay made it possible for the destroyers and other surface craft to do their beneficent work. In an open sea battle the surface ships would have disposed of the German fleet, but let us suppose for a moment that an earthquake or some other great natural disturbance had engulfed the British fleet at Scapa Flow. The world would then have been at Germany's mercy, and all the destroyers the Allies could have put upon the seas would have availed them nothing, for the German battleships and battle-cruisers could have sunk them or driven them into their ports.

"Then Allied commerce would have been the prey not only of the submarines, which could have operated with the utmost freedom, but of the German surface craft as well. In a few weeks the British food supplies would have been exhausted. There would have been an early end to the soldiers' ammunition, which Britain was constantly sending to France. The United States could have sent no forces to the Western front, and the result would have been the surrender which the Allies themselves, in the spring of 1917, regarded as not a remote possibility."

The naval war was won by the gunned, armoured and swift surface vessels of the British Fleet, whether battleships, battle-cruisers, or light cruisers; and everything else, destroyers, submarines, and aircraft, were extensions of the power which resided in those large ships.

At a moment when the cry was being raised that the future lay with submarines and aircraft, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe was being dispatched by the Admiralty, the repository of all the lessons of the war, on a mission to the Oversea Dominions to lay the foundations of a policy of Imperial naval defence. What conferences took place between him and the Sea Lords before he sailed were, of course, confidential; but there is no doubt what Lord Jellicoe's opinion is as to this controversy or as to the policy which the Dominions should adopt. When visiting Australia and New Zealand, he urged that those Dominions should co-operate with the Mother Country in the provision and maintenance of a Pacific Fleet. Lord Jellicoe, while not ignoring either submarines or aircraft, has suggested that eight battleships of modern Dreadnought type, eight battle-cruisers also of modern type, ten light cruisers, forty modern destroyers, two flotilla leaders, and two dépôt ships for destroyers should be provided.¹ Lord Jellicoe's opinion on the future of our naval power must carry great weight, since he was not only Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet during the most critical period of the war, but as First Sea Lord put into operation the methods which eventually led to the enemy's submarine campaign being

(1) Sydney Correspondent to the *Times*, December 12, 1919.

decisively defeated; no fewer than 203 of these craft were destroyed from first to last. Lord Jellicoe passed from New Zealand to Canada, and at Montreal, in an address to the Canadian Club, he dealt specifically with the question—Is the battleship doomed?

"I would utter one word of caution," he said, "against the school—two or three schools, rather loud-spoken schools, that are so sure that these two weapons (aircraft and submarine) are going to knock out the navies altogether. I have met air-enthusiasts who say that nothing will live on the seas, not even submarines under the seas, when the aircraft of the future attacks them. I have met submarine officers who say that nothing that floats on the sea will ever withstand the attacks of the submarine of the future.

"Now, gentlemen, I have every respect for the enthusiasm of any particular arm, but I do not think that the time has yet come when the surface ship is knocked out. It is a very tempting thing for people who handle the public purse to say, 'X. says the aircraft will knock out navies,' or 'Y. says that the submarine will knock out navies; don't let us spend any more on a navy.' "

Lord Jellicoe went on to describe the operations of the Grand Fleet in face of all the submarines and aircraft which the enemy could muster, and said something of the work of the Tenth Cruiser Squadron in intercepting enemy trade to the far north. He paid tribute to the splendid activities of the Auxiliary Patrol and to the fine courage exhibited by merchant seamen; and then he reminded his hearers that "at the top of the whole organisation lay the Grand Fleet," which "was the pivot of the whole of the Allied naval operations." In the light of Lord Jellicoe's recommendations as to the constitution of a new Pacific Fleet, and of his remarks later on at Montreal, no doubt exists as to the views of this officer, with unrivalled knowledge and experience as seaman and as administrator.

What is the Admiralty's view as to the future of the battleship? From 1887 down to the eve of the war successive Boards which embraced the best seamen of the Navy continued to build battleships and cruisers, in spite of the arguments against "putting too many eggs in one basket" and the claims advanced by torpedo enthusiasts. It is well that they did so, for otherwise the war would have been lost by the Allies. Each battleship and cruiser as it was laid down represented an improvement on its predecessors; the displacement of the former advanced from 11,000 tons to 27,500 tons represented in the battleships of the Queen Elizabeth class which were passing to sea when the war broke out, and from 7,000 tons to 28,500 tons, the displacement of the battle-cruiser *Tiger*. Lord Fisher, as First Sea Lord, was responsible for the final leaps in displacement.

Later developments are particularly interesting. At the end

of 1915 the battle of the Falkland Islands fully confirmed the wisdom of the conception of the battle-cruiser, and underlined the lessons drawn from the actions in Heligoland Bight and off the Dogger Bank. On May 31st, 1916, the Battle of Jutland was fought; Sir David Beatty again used his battle-cruisers with fine courage and tenacity, and then the battle fleet under Lord Jellicoe came on the scene, and, under a devastating fire delivered as the evening was drawing on, the enemy turned for his home ports. The action was decisive, for the Germans, *in spite of all their submarines, airships and aeroplanes*, refused subsequently to face the Grand Fleet.

It became the duty of the Board of Admiralty, with Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Jackson as First Sea Lord, to deduce the appropriate lessons from the reports of the senior officers of the Grand Fleet. Did they decide that the battleship was doomed? Did they conclude that the day of the battle-cruiser was over? On the contrary, they came to the conclusion that the battleship was the vital factor for obtaining command of the sea, and that the battle-cruiser was an essential complementary agent. A design was eventually prepared by Sir Eustace Tennyson D'Eyncourt, the Director of Naval Construction, embodying in one hull the characteristic features of the battleship and the battle-cruiser. Provision was made to carry a greater weight of armour than that of any vessel previously built, protection being afforded to the deck and gun positions against plunging fire; arrangements were made for a more complete subdivision of the hull, and "blisters" or "bulges" were to be fitted, experience having shown that no ship having this ingenious invention of the Director of Naval Construction would sink under the blow of a torpedo; measures were taken to protect the deck from bombs or torpedoes discharged by aircraft. The *Hood* also carries anti-aircraft guns. The design embraced the same main armament as was mounted in the battleship *Queen Elizabeth*—eight 15-in. guns—but the speed was increased from 25 to 31 knots. Instructions were given for four of these ships to be laid down in the autumn of 1916, but only one had been launched by the time the Armistice was signed. So three of the vessels were abandoned for reasons of economy and have been broken up, and H.M.S. *Hood*, which is now about to serve as the flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, commanding the Battle-cruiser Squadron of the Atlantic Fleet, survives as the only representative of this new type. The *Hood*, owing to the combination of qualities which she possesses, is the largest man-of-war ever built, and she has also been the most costly, the expenditure upon her having been £6,035,000. Is the *Hood* a

battleship or is she a battle-cruiser? She is both, and, if she is not unsinkable, it is at least certain that she would survive the explosion of a torpedo.

It may be suggested that the Board of Admiralty in laying down H.M.S. *Hood* and the three sister ships were reflecting the conservative tendencies of senior officers wedded to the accepted formulæ of naval power. That explanation is, however, exposed if we glance further afield to ascertain what is being done by other Powers. There are only two other navies of first-class importance now that the fleets of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia have ceased to exist, while the development of the French and Italian navies has been arrested for five years. What is Japan doing? The Japanese Navy Department has in course of construction two battleships of 32,000 tons, and is preparing to lay down two battle-cruisers, larger and more powerfully armed than any hitherto constructed. But for the most remarkable evidence that the battleship is not doomed we must look to the United States. The American naval authorities shared to the full all the secrets of the Allied naval Powers, and, possessing ample financial and industrial resources, they are in the position to translate into ships the well-considered lessons of the naval war. Since the *Hood* and her sisters were begun in this country, the Americans have made great headway in strengthening their fleet in battleships and battle-cruisers. The latest report of Rear-Admiral R. H. Griffen, Chief of the Bureau of Engineering, reveals that the following vessels are now *under construction* in the United States :—

Battleships	10	Destroyers	166
Battle-cruisers	6	Mine sweepers	9
Scout cruisers	10	Tugs, sea-going	18
Fuel ships	3	Tugs, harbour	26
Gunboats	2	Oil barges	8
Ammunition ships	2	Submarines	55
Repair ships	1	Patrol boats, Eagles	45
Hospital ships	1					

Neither Great Britain, Germany, nor any other country has ever had under simultaneous construction so large a number of armoured ships as the United States has in hand at present; and, within the past few weeks the General Navy Board has recommended Congress to authorise the laying down of two more battleships as well as an additional battle-cruiser. Nothing has been revealed as to the size, armament, and speed of these three vessels, but presumably in every respect they will mark an advance on recent designs. The latest battleships to be laid down in the United States will displace 43,200 tons, will mount twelve

16-in. guns as their main armament, will be pierced for two 21-in. torpedo tubes, and will have a speed of 23 knots. It has been semi-officially announced that their armament protection and under-water protection against torpedo attack will be unusually complete and will include features which the experience of the war has shown to be of the most vital importance. They are also being equipped for meeting attacks by aircraft. As originally designed, the six battle-cruisers were each to displace 38,400 tons, and the designs provide for a speed of 35 knots. Since Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the United States Navy, visited Europe last year, in company with his principal technical advisers, it has been decided to re-design these battle-cruisers, and it would not be surprising if the ships closely resemble H.M.S. *Hood*. The cost of each of these units will range from £8,000,000 to £10,000,000. With these sixteen large capital ships already authorised, if not in all cases actually laid down, the Navy General Board, as has been stated, urges that three more, larger and more costly, shall be begun. In the light of the constructive policy which is being pursued in the United States, as well as in Japan, it is apparent that the naval authorities of neither country are prepared to admit that the battleship is doomed.

The attitude which the present Board of Admiralty is adopting towards this problem was revealed by Mr. Walter Long in the House of Commons on December 10th last. A new body of Sea Lords has recently taken office, with Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty at their head.

"We see it stated sometimes, on the authority of great and famous men, that the day of the capital ship is over and that it is to be destroyed. If I stand here and say I do not accept that view and am not prepared on behalf of the Board of Admiralty to adopt it, I shall be told by the superior critics that it is because I am a stupid old fogey who cannot think of anything new, and who lives entirely in the past. I do not mind if that criticism is made, because I am in remarkably good company. As it happens, the present naval members of the Board of Admiralty have the immense advantage, amongst many good qualities, of youth. They are singularly young men for the offices in which they to-day find themselves, and it is really not a very sensible thing to say that these men, full of knowledge, full of experience, gained in the naval battles of the war, and keeping themselves fully informed by the constant study of these questions, are not ready to conceive new ideas."

Mr. Long protested that the Board of Admiralty was not blind to the "immense possibilities of the future." The naval authorities were carefully investigating all the problems created by the development of the submarine, the airship, and the aeroplane. "The Admiralty, through the scientific departments, are working regularly and incessantly," he added, "on

these scientific developments, and they believe that in these are to be found more probably the solution of the difficulties than in the abandonment of the great ship which has told, and will tell again, when it comes to a great conflict, and when weight of metal is essential in order to secure the balance of victory."

It is interesting to recall that, exactly ten years ago, Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, the first Inspecting Captain of Submarines, in an address before the Institution of Naval Architects, foretold the building of a ship of as great displacement as H.M.S. *Hood*. "Constructionally there seems no doubt," he said, "that the larger the ship the more likely she is to survive the blow of a torpedo," and he went on to aver that "we still had plenty of places where we could berth ships 100 per cent. larger than the *Dreadnought* and without any real inconvenience." He thus envisaged a ship of 40,000 tons displacement; the *Hood* displaces 41,400 tons. In summing up, Sir Reginald Bacon said:—

"All considerations of offence and defence point to increase in size of battleships as modern gun construction advances. But since the modern battleship no longer holds the supreme position which in the old days made the battleship the sole ultimate arbiter of sea power, it is improbable that, as the torpedo improves, battleships, unable to defend themselves against any form of torpedo craft, will be built merely to fight battleships. The functions of the large cruiser will therefore be assumed by the battleship, high speed will become more and more necessary, and armour protection will be less accentuated than at present.¹ The link between the ocean-going destroyer and the battleship will become closer; and we may reasonably expect that the huge monsters of the future will always be accompanied by torpedo craft of high sea-going speed as defensive and offensive satellites.

"The battleship as now known will probably develop from a single ship into a battle unit, consisting of a large armoured cruiser, with attendant torpedo craft. Line of battle, as we now know it, will be radically modified, and the fleet action of the future will, in course of time, develop into an aggregation of duels between opposing battle units. The tactics of such units open up a vista of most exhilarating speculation, and will afford to the naval officer of the future a scope for his tactical skill never dreamed of by us or our predecessors. The whole future is pregnant with radical obliteration of our present notions as regards tactics, but we may confidently prophesy that size of ships and power of gun will increase and increase until war, the great arbiter among theories, will confirm or reconstitute our opinions regarding naval armaments."

The greatest naval war of all time has since been fought. In the knowledge of the characteristics of H.M.S. *Hood*, and of the great capital ships which are being constructed in the United States and Japan, we can appreciate the accuracy with which Admiral Bacon foretold the course of naval construction. Ships even larger than those he suggested, to the amazement of his hearers, are now being built on both sides of the Atlantic. In

(1) In this respect, H.M.S. *Hood* and the American and Japanese ships belie Admiral Bacon's prophecy.

this country naval construction has for the time been arrested mainly by economic pressure, on the one hand, and, on the other, by the obliteration of the naval power of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia. The Board of Admiralty is content to study afresh all the data which the war has provided and to prepare plans for the future development of the fleet with deliberate care and with full appreciation of the probable future of the submarine, the airship, and the aeroplane. This country, possessing a fleet never more supreme than to-day, can afford to watch and wait. But the statements of the First Lord, the opinions of Lord Jellicoe, and the activities of the United States and Japan supply ample evidence that the great capital ship is not dead.

The other day it was reported that the world was speedily coming to an end—the date was mentioned—and a good many people believed the prophecy, just as they are willing to find justification for killing the great capital ship in fantastic statements as to the coming apotheosis of the submarine and the influence which aircraft dropping torpedoes will have on naval warfare. Experience has, however, shown, first, that the submarine was formidable mainly because it was new, and, secondly, that there is nothing more difficult than for an aeroplane or airship to hit either a ship of war or a ship of commerce when steaming at a moderate speed and following a zig-zag course. Moreover, the man-of-war will not be without anti-aircraft guns. If the confident assertions of “futurist” enthusiasts rested on sure foundations, the fate of our mercantile marine, apart altogether from our war navy, would be sealed from the day war opened, and we should be condemned to starvation, for under no practicable scheme could this country be fed either by submersible craft or aircraft.

There is no finality in naval design, because physical science never stands still, but is always advancing from one triumph to another; but at a moment when H.M.S. *Hood* is passing into active commission this country may take some pride in having provided a vessel which embodies the post-war ideal. The *Hood* has the armament of a battleship and the speed of a battle-cruiser, is practically unsinkable, and carries four anti-aircraft guns, besides being defended against bombs and aerial torpedoes. What the future may have in store, who can say? But the probability is, assuming that the New World has navies, that this new composite vessel of remarkable powers, on which upwards of £6,000,000 has been expended, indicates the line upon which naval constructors, reflecting the considered opinion of the young and war-tried sea officers of to-day, will continue to work.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

FRENCH LITERARY ACTIVITY IN THE PAST YEAR.

WOULD a survey of the books published in France during the year 1919 afford an accurate idea of the nation's activity? Or, to put the question in another way, would a librarian, shut up for a whole year in his library with nothing but his books around him, be able, without any other contact with the external world, to form an adequate idea of what is being done and thought in a great civilised country? The picture, we imagine, would be singularly incomplete, especially if the country in question happened to be France. Everywhere one sees the scars of the fearful ordeal through which she has passed and traces of the unimaginable suffering she has been called upon to endure. How fares it with her at the present hour? Books, indeed, shed a considerable light on the matter. They are the medium adopted by all who have a message to impart, be they men of thought or men of action, or, to state the matter more simply, by all who have a narrative to unfold, a story to tell, or a testimony to deliver. Undoubtedly, then, the books published during the year do give some idea of recent and current events, and they prove how profound is the interest which, despite the heavy task confronting her at home, France is taking in the progress of the world and in those great problems of which the fate of nations and of humanity at large demands a prompt solution.

Those who beheld the Russian Revolution and managed to escape with their lives from the Bolshevik inferno recount their experiences and tell of the scenes of horror and bloodshed that were enacted before their eyes. Such books throw fitful and lurid flashes over the ghastly scene and awaken in the reader's mind feelings of agonised curiosity and stupefied amazement that such outbursts of madness should still be possible in a world that prides itself on having reached an advanced stage of civilisation. Other countries, too weak or too weary to intervene, look on helplessly at the criminal misapplication of political principles and theories that have been refined and tempered by centuries of inquiry and discussion in the long attempt to bring about the reign of human liberty. And now they behold the fabric of their dreams foundering in a welter of the most hideous tyranny and the basest instincts of the race.

The war of class against class is a dangerous thing. It is no less baneful than the militarism which incites nation against nation. Can it be that this age is destined to turn a deaf ear

to words of peace and love, and that Christ's divine message has lost, at all events for the men and women of this generation, its pure and noble signification? From every war the antagonists emerge maimed and impoverished, nor is there any quarrel in the world, be it the most futile or the most grave, which is not susceptible of settlement by arbitration if it is approached by both parties to the dispute in a spirit of genuine faith and goodwill.

There are hundreds of books published in the course of 1919 which describe the Great War, the suffering it entailed, and the results that have come of it. A great many of the combatants jotted down their impressions during the long years of fighting. These notes they gathered together and put into shape, and as we turn the pages of the volumes thus formed we come upon passage after passage of moving beauty and incomparable grandeur. Of such books it would be impossible to give a complete list, but we cannot forbear from mentioning the notes that M. P. A. Muenier, the driver of a motor ambulance, has collected and published under the title of *L'Angoisse de Verdun*. That epic struggle, during which the whole of the French Army was brought up in relays to prevent the German hordes from battering their way through the gate of France, is set out with marvellous skill in these arresting pages. At length victory lighted on the banners of the French, English and American troops, and the hapless inhabitants of Belgium and France were set free from the tyranny and the menace that had hung over them for so long.

Then there came books of another sort: stories of the hostile occupation, records of the sufferings of the invaded people and of the atrocities committed by their oppressors, stories of heroism, and admirable patience. These books will afford much important material to the future historian, and the readers of them will be enabled to form an idea of the moral torture endured by millions of innocent people and to estimate the terrible nature of the sufferings for which no Peace Treaty could even formulate, much less exact, adequate compensation.

Then, again, there are the cities which came under fire and which were destroyed piecemeal, such as Rheims, whose mutilated cathedral, one of the glories of the world, still rears aloft its proud towers, blackened and gnawed by the flames, in undying witness of the vandalism perpetrated by the barbarians from beyond the Rhine. All these martyred cities have had their chroniclers, and one of the best of them is M. Henri Malo, who, combining the accuracy of the historian with the charm of the literary artist, has graphically described those never-ending bom-

bardments which imposed so long and terrible a trial on *Dunkerque*, *Ville Héroïque*.

Next summer will no doubt bring thousands and thousands of tourists to France—it were perhaps better to say pilgrims, for the tragic grandeur of the ruins and the poignant pathos of the cemeteries demand a word of deeper import than is connoted by "tourist." These spectacles of an unmeasured woe will, we hope, inspire them with an inflexible resolve to render the recurrence of such horrors for ever impossible. Through the various stages of their pilgrimage they could not have a better guide than the beautiful book by M. Henri Bidou, *La Terre Héroïque*, which will prove an indispensable handbook for all who desire to visit the battlefields.

More ambitious is the task attempted by those writers who set out to give a general history of the war. Among the most successful efforts in this class of work must be mentioned *L'Histoire de la Grande Guerre*, by M. Victor Giraud, and *La Grande Guerre sur le Front Occidental*, in which the progress of the struggle on the Western front is set out with remarkable skill by Général Palat, who has recently published in the *Anglo-French Review* articles of the greatest interest regarding the part played by Field-Marshal French during the opening weeks of the campaign. It is a curious fact and worthy of record that of all the Allied generals who were actually engaged in fighting, the French are the only ones who have, up to the present, written nothing for publication concerning the part played by them. The German military commanders were the first in the literary field, and they have presented their cause in their own way, put a gloss on their defeat, and ascribed the responsibility for it to any and everyone but themselves. Those who were in supreme command of the British forces have published lengthy volumes which have stirred up violent controversies and called forth heated denials. The generals who had command of the Canadian, Australian and other contingents have published narratives of the rôles which they played and the battles in which they were engaged. Italians and Americans have followed suit. Neither Joffre nor Pétain, nor indeed any of the great leaders who commanded armies, or groups of armies, on the French front or in the East, not even Foch himself, have published a line on what they themselves performed. In deference to the laws of military discipline, they have been content to leave to others the task of interpreting their actions to the general public. Journalists and authors have written more or less interesting monographs about them, of which those which M. René Puaux and Commandant Grasset have devoted to Foch call for special mention. A work

of wider scope, which its author, M. Raymond Recouly, has entitled *Foch, le Vainqueur de la Guerre*, is not so narrowly confined to the personal side of the great soldier. It would be impossible to speak of Foch without bringing in Clemenceau, and "the Tiger" has also had his biographers. M. Gustave Geffroy and M. Louis Lumet have produced in collaboration a work entitled *Clemenceau, sa Vie, son Œuvre*, which is remarkably well written and is, moreover, adorned by numerous excellent illustrations. The abolition of the censorship has at length made it possible to publish a certain number of works which a variety of reasons rendered it inexpedient or dangerous to bring out during the war. Two of them deserve special notice. The first is from the pen of Capitaine Dutil, who gives some remarkably interesting details concerning the tanks, or *chars d'assaut*. His book reveals the all-important part played by these *cuirassés de terre*, or land-ironclads, monsters which that remarkable prophet, H. G. Wells, imagined years ago and even described in a tale which is to be found in one of his volumes of collected stories. The other work although different in character, is none the less important; it at last makes known *La Vérité sur l'Offensive du 16 Avril 1917*—the real facts about the offensive of April 16th, 1917. It is from the pen of M. Paul Painlevé, formerly War Minister and subsequently Premier, to whom, without the smallest justification, people had freely imputed the responsibility for the check given to this sanguinary and costly enterprise. Documents which have now been brought to light prove beyond all cavil that the great mathematician, in whose hands the direction of the war then lay, has been the victim of the basest calumnies. For more than two years he was obliged to hold his peace and to maintain a silence which the most violent and unjustifiable attacks could not tempt him to break, and all this time calumny was busy, stealing in wherever it could find an opening, like a noisome stream, spreading itself abroad, growing ever more ample and more foul. In Parliament M. Painlevé might have publicly vindicated himself, and his book, which is based on irrefutable documents and figures, will enable the reader to judge the merits of the case. Public men must needs be imbued with lofty virtues, and I know of no one who was put to a more severe test than M. Painlevé, considering himself, as he did, bound to maintain silence and to say nothing in his own defence when a single word would have scattered the lying rumours concerning him like chaff before the wind. Now we do him the tardy justice to recognise that it was he who was the first to place the Allied forces under a single command. This command he entrusted to Foch, in whose genius he reposed the fullest confidence. Is

it permissible to hope that everyone is now clear upon this point? We doubt it. Basile is usually right—"Fling mud enough, and some will always stick."

The American participation in the conflict also furnishes its contingent of new books. They are far too numerous to mention in detail, and, what is still more remarkable, they are all of first-rate quality. Reference must be made first and foremost to M. André Tardieu's *L'Amérique en Armées*. Then the rôle of *L'Armée Américaine dans le Conflit Européen* is recounted by Lieut.-Colonel De Chambrun and Capitaine Maranches. Next M. Alfred Bourcier gives us a series of impressions in a volume entitled *Dans l'Amérique en Guerre*, and, as curiosity was quickly aroused concerning the Allies whose home lay so many thousand miles over the sea, a host of works of a more general character were soon placed within reach of the general public. Amongst them we must mention the excellent *Précis de l'Histoire des Etats-Unis* compiled by M. Henri Hovelague.

A whole literature has been called into being by the discussion of the Peace terms. Everyone seems to have had advice to give on the complicated questions involved, and there have been some excellent things written on this subject. Whoever has followed the discussion that has been going on in the Press and in books concerning the arrangements necessary to ensure a lasting peace cannot but conclude that the most practical solutions, the most idealistic suggestions, have emanated from France. But far be it from us to invite a controversy on this delicate subject. Three works stand out as especially important and worthy of the reader's attention concerning the Treaty of Peace with its various modifications and the League of Nations. These three works are: *Le Pacte de 1919 et la Société des Nations*, by M. Léon Bourgeois; *Le Traité de Paix*, by M. Louis Barthou; and *Le Traité de Versailles du 28 Juin 1919*, by M. Gabriel Hanotaux. It is not necessary to remind our readers that M. Léon Bourgeois was several times Prime Minister of France. The work which he accomplished at the Hague Conference in favour of international arbitration earned for him the surname of "Le Père de la Société des Nations"—the Father of the League of Nations. M. Louis Barthou has also held the Premiership. He drafted the report of the Parliamentary Commission entrusted with the duties of examining the Peace Treaty, and it was in this capacity that he proposed its ratification to the Chamber of Deputies. M. Gabriel Hanotaux, who is an eminent historian and member of the Académie Française, formerly held for several years the position of Foreign Minister.

When accounts had at last been settled with the aggressors

France called her Parliament together again. Among the men she summoned to take control of her destinies were some who were new to politics, but who, whether as civilians or as soldiers, had played an important part in the organisation of victory. She retained in her counsels those members of the former Parliament who had done their duty, who had acted with a full sense of the lofty nature of the task they had been called upon to perform. On the other hand, a clean sweep was made of all who had manifested any sort of sympathy with the elements of disorder and revolution. True, some few who were worthy of readmission to her deliberations were treated with scant gratitude, yet on the whole a deep significance attached to the elections in France. The representatives who will sit on the municipal, regional, and legislative councils have already been chosen. In a few weeks the executive will also be appointed. People are asking whether Monsieur Poincaré will be re-elected as Chief Magistrate of the Republic. There are rumours that he is not particularly desirous of resuming the burden. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that in the course of his seven years of office he had to deal with situations of tragic difficulty. He beheld France within an ace of having her capital besieged and occupied by the foe, and of suffering irremediable defeat in the struggle. Time and again he was called upon to give utterance to the thoughts, the hopes, the aspirations of his country. His speeches showed him to be the worthy compeer of the great statesmen of history. The volume containing his *Messages, Discours et Allocutions* constitutes a collection of passages in which a lofty idealism, a firm moral purpose and faith in the immanent justice of his country's cause, are set forth in language that exhibits French style at its best. Before the war M. Raymond Poincaré had been elected a member of the Académie Française, in which the Bar is always represented by one of its most distinguished members, and the fact that the choice lighted upon him is an indication of the literary repute in which the great advocate was held. His professional speeches were shining examples of forensic eloquence. More than this, the speeches he delivered during the war were animated by an ardent patriotism. Through them there ever breathed the spirit that prompted the *poilus* of Verdun to cry, "Ils ne passeront pas"—They shall not get through.

It is, of course, the rule of the Académie Française to include among its members men who have made themselves famous by their achievements in literature or scholarship, who have made a profession of Arts and Letters. But it also reserves some of its forty seats for men who have attained distinction in other

domains, men of action, soldiers, politicians, clerics, diplomats, and great administrators, and all, no matter what their vocation, have this distinction in common, they are all great Frenchmen. Among these illustrious citizens the brothers Paul and Jules Cambon enjoy the esteem and respect of everyone. A country honours itself by honouring its great servants. M. Paul Cambon, the present French Ambassador in London, greatly prides himself on his membership of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. His brother is now a member of the Académie Française. Thus, in addition to the elaborate ambassadorial uniform, they both have the right to wear the famous garb with the green palms which was designed by order of Napoleon, and which has been made the object of so much raillery and sarcasm, but which nevertheless, when all is said and done, is one of the few uniforms that are not also a livery. M. Jules Cambon, in a work which he entitles *Le Gouvernement Général de l'Algérie*, has related one of the finest chapters in the history of France. M. Jules Cambon was appointed Governor-General of Algeria in 1891, a post he relinquished in 1897 to become Ambassador at Washington. Thence he went to Madrid in 1901, and thereafter, in 1907, to Berlin. He was still there in 1914, when he quitted the German capital amid the jeers and insults of the infuriated mob. Under his administration Algeria entered upon a period of great prosperity, and so well have his successors continued the liberal traditions which owe to him their inauguration or development that at the present moment the vast North African colony is ripe for political and economic union with the mother country.

M. Jules Cambon's work shows what a great public servant can perform for the honour and welfare of his country, for the advancement of civilisation and the enlightenment of backward races. As we read these chapters we are conscious how profound a sense of duty animates those men who have served the Third Republic, strong in the conviction that they are serving a Government whose guiding principles are Liberty and Fraternity. It was men trained by masters such as these who formed those armies whose courage nothing could daunt, whose spirit nothing could quell.

Nor in the civil domain were examples lacking to inspire us with a longing to rival the virtues of our forbears. The various volumes of collected articles in which M. Maurice Barrès has essayed to define *l'Ame Française et la Guerre*—the Spirit of France and the War—indicate how French worth and French courage revealed themselves to those who, even in France itself, were so blind as to have lost faith in them. Doubtless M.

Maurice Barrès has analysed with much insight the various manifestations of the French national spirit, but there are certain aspects of it which, notwithstanding all his efforts at impartiality, he has not succeeded in setting forth with due completeness, and in many respects his books fall short of their writer's aim. It is interesting to compare them with *La Décemposition du Socialisme Allemand*—The Decay of German Socialism—which Professor Charles Andler, of the Sorbonne, sets forth with such merciless and convincing clearness. Himself a Socialist, Professor Andler is one of the greatest French authorities on Germany, of which he possesses a curiously intimate knowledge and of which, in the days before the war, he openly professed his admiration.

We do not say that everything is perfect in France, and we get an idea of some things in which reform is urgently needed when we read M. Henry Leyret's *Le Gouvernement et le Parlement*. The author was private secretary to M. Waldeck-Rousseau, formerly Prime Minister and one of the ablest statesmen to whom the fortunes of the Republic have ever been entrusted. With such a chief to inspire him M. Leyret also acquired that sense of duty and devotion to the common weal which has been the distinguishing characteristic of so many great Frenchmen. Since those days he has played the part of spectator of the political arena, and never has there been a better informed or more profound commentator on political topics and events. His work should be in the hands of all who desire to make a study of the institutions of republican France, their working, their defects, and the reforms necessary to enable them to adapt themselves more readily, more automatically, so to speak, to the ceaseless evolution of ideas. The new Parliament will be called upon to discuss these reforms, and M. Henry Leyret's book will prove an invaluable guide to all who are desirous of following the debates on the question with intelligent interest.

While the political and economic life of France, thrown into temporary confusion by Germany's savage onslaught, is getting back to the normal, her intellectual activities have been more pronounced than ever. They had indeed never been interrupted, for ever since the existence of men with the capacity for thought nothing has availed to prevent them from using their brains. The utmost the censorship was able to do was to impose restrictions which patriotic motives compelled one to respect, indeed, while longing all the time for the return of the days when that freedom of expression which democracies hold so dear should be once more restored to its pride of place. When we speak here

of intellectual activities, we refer more especially to those forms of composition which are usually included under the headings Fiction, Poetry, Criticism, History; in short, everything that may be classed as Literature. Clearly the war has brought forth books which, but for it, would never have seen the light, and has made writers of men who in time of peace would never have dreamt of taking to the pen, because they would have had nothing special to relate. They would have been absorbed in their own occupations, business, commerce, or administrative work, where they would have had no inclination to take to authorship. But now we are going to speak of professional authors, of men and women who have devoted their lives to writing as a fine art or to literary scholarship. Let us first of all give our attention to the novelists, though our survey of this field must perforce be rapid and by no means complete or exhaustive. We shall, of course, keep our own personal predilections in the background, our only desire here being to give our readers some indication of the outstanding works that have been published in the realm of fiction during the past year. There are people to whom the names of M. René Bazin, for example, or M. Paul Bourget are anathema, while others deem that there are no writers in the world to compare with them. We take no sides in the dispute, but merely record the fact that no new work has been produced by M. René Bazin, whereas M. Paul Bourget has just published, for the delectation of his admirers, a romance entitled *Laurence Albani*. It is written in M. Bourget's familiar style, but it is briefer than usual, a circumstance doubtless not unconnected with the paper shortage. It will afford our readers no less interest to learn that Anatole France has not yet been able to give us a continuation of his delightful *Petit Pierre*, an English version of which, by J. Lewis May, joint editor of the bilingual monthly, the *Anglo-French Review*, is shortly to be added to John Lane's authorised series of translations of the master's works. We hear, however, from a highly credible source that we shall shortly be revelling in the promised sequel. May we soon hail its advent!

It is not without some misgivings that I venture to embark on the ocean of fiction. For a long time—maybe it is so still—foreigners used to look askance at anything in a yellow cover. They thought it was a sure indication that something unseemly, something that could only be read "behind the arras," so to speak, was to be found within it. No greater mistake was ever made. Thousands of articles and hundreds of books have been written on the matter. Morality in art is a delicate subject, not so much in itself as on account of the susceptibilities of the people who treat of it. Shakespeare has received the attentions

of the expurgator, and the Catholic Church has forbidden the reading of the Bible, at all events of the Old Testament. Let us, then, say that the French have a Shakespearean and Biblical way of treating the problems of life and morals, and let that be the end of it. Among the books I am about to mention there are, I dare say, some which would bring a blush to the cheek of the immortal Thomas Bowdler, but I am sure they are no broader than Shakespeare and certainly not so broad as the Bible. Then, again, when a foreigner reads a French book, let him beware of forming too hasty a judgment. Let him not, "mounted upon the airy stilts" of his lofty prejudices, condemn a book which is perhaps written with a high moral purpose. The French have been praised because they have the moral courage to look facts in the face, and from those facts to draw a high moral lesson. Zola's perpetual aim was to issue a warning of the dangers involved in giving way to the baser passions, such as alcoholism, sexual vice, in a word, the seven deadly sins. His constant object was to show that those who indulged in them were bound to come to hopeless grief. Before we condemn our neighbours let us remember what Pascal said: "What is truth on this side of the Pyrenees is a lie on the other."

But let us get back to our novelists. French gallantry demands that I should first of all mention Madame Colette Yver and her *Cousins Riches*. The other Colette, the lady who is known simply as Colette, has given us nothing this year, but anyone who wishes to know to what heights of excellence a great woman writer can attain should ask his bookseller for her previous works and notably her inimitable stories of dogs and cats. Nor has Madame Rachilde favoured us with any new product of her talented pen for whole months past, but a new volume, we hear, may be shortly expected. On the other hand, M. Louis Dumur, the author of those exquisite tales of Genevan life, such as *Les Trois Demoiselles du Père Maire*, has written a powerful and vigorous novel entitled *Nach Paris*, which tells the story of a Boche who took part in the dash on Paris. It should be read through from cover to cover, without flinching, because it is true; and then—well, set your teeth and clench your fists, for there are some crimes too horrible for human nature to forgive. In *Grandgoujon* M. René Benjamin has drawn an unforgettable portrait of a "Cuthbert," and he has also whetted his satire on the men of law, parasites and plunderers, in his *Le Palais et ses gens de Justice*.

There is originality in M. Louis Chadourne's *Le Maître du Navire*, and originality and the personal touch to boot in M. Henri Bachelin's *Le Village*, M. Binet-Valmer's *Lucien*, M.

Victor Goedorp's *Le Rempart*, M. Emile Henriot's *Valentin*, M. Henri Duvernois' *Edgar*, M. Gaston Chérau's *Le Monstre*, M. André Maurois' *Ni Ange ni Bête*, M. Edmond Jaloux's *Les Amours Perdues*, M. Charles Darennes' *Les Conquêteurs d'Idoles*, Jeanne Landre's *Madame Poche*, Paul Wenz's *Le Pays de leurs Pères*, Léon Worth's *Clavel chez les Majors*, and A. T'Serfeven's *Les Sept Parmi les Hommes*, and I might go on to quote a score of others.

The poets seem to have been less productive. Some of the best of them have not broken silence—Henri de Régnier and Francis Viélé Griffin among others—and the "Blind Fury" has for ever sealed the lips of Emile Verhaeren in whom the violation of his country by the Huns had called forth a lyrical outcry of poignant and incomparable beauty. Only he on whom had been bestowed the title of "Prince of Poets," to wit, Paul Fort, has continued to pour forth his *Ballades Françaises* so charming in their inexhaustible diversity. He has given us three volumes of them—*Les Chansons à la Gauloise*, *Les Enchanteurs*, and *Barbe Bleue, Jeanne d'Arc et mes Amours*. Since he has taken to babbling those childish litanies of his and become a worshipper at the shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Francis Jammes has lost that insight into the everyday life of men and women that gave so great a value to his poems. As for Paul Claudel, whom one must admire under penalty of passing for a Boeotian, he is suffering from a kind of amorphism complicated with Catholic mysticism which makes his work about as great a puzzle as a cubist picture.

On the other hand, it is with agreeable ease that we are able to follow *Les Sentiers dans la Montagne*, traced by M. Maurice Maeterlinck, our European Emerson. More recent, vigorous, and singularly original is the work of M. Georges Duhamel which the *Mercure de France* was the means of revealing—and, indeed, a revelation it was. From his pen come two books of poignant interest: *La Possession du Monde* and *Les Entretiens dans le tumulte*.

Biography is a department in which the English flatter themselves they are past masters, and in truth they have to their credit some incomparable examples of the art; but the French seem to possess in a greater degree the faculty of depicting a man "in his habit as he lived." They have a way of eliminating the superfluous and of only including in the picture just so much as is necessary to paint a living, speaking portrait, bringing withal to their task all the knowledge and research requisite to the production of a thoroughly sound and reliable piece of work. In this category we place the fine monograph of M. Charles Bouvet

on *Les Couperins, organistes de Saint Gervais*. The church of Saint Gervais has rich musical traditions, both vocal and instrumental. Every Easter week lovers of religious music come from far and wide to listen to its glorious services. It was in this church that many people met their deaths on Good Friday, 1918, when a shell from Big Bertha struck one of the pillars, with the result that a portion of the roof came crashing on to the congregation. Since we are on the subject of music, we must refer, *en passant*, to the admirable *Essais sur l'émotion musicale*, by M. Camille Maclair, and the collected correspondence of *Hector Berlioz le musicien errant 1842-1852*, edited by M. Julien Tiersot. The letters in this volume relate to the most moving and sorrowful period in Berlioz's career, years when disappointment fell heavily upon him, when his days were embittered by the non-success of his *Damnation de Faust*, now universally regarded as a masterpiece. Liszt, Meyerbeer, Théophile Gautier, Jules Janin, Balzac were his principal correspondents.

The annals of literature abound in mysteries, and the Shakespearean question—we might almost call it "l'Affaire Shakespeare"—is still a long way from being settled. One of the most important contributions that have appeared on the subject for a long time past is a work in two volumes entitled *Sous le Masque de William Shakespeare*, by Abel Lefranc, Professor of French Literature at the Collège de France, Directeur de l'Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes (Sorbonne), Président de la Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes, etc., etc. "Professor Lefranc's work will be found to mark a new era in Shakespearean controversy," says Sir George Greenwood in the *Anglo-French Review*. In a recent letter received by us from Professor Lefranc he stated that a third volume on the Shakespeare mystery was about to see the light. It will be abundantly stocked with fresh arguments against the traditional doctrine. Meanwhile the Professor has brought out an edition of the hitherto unpublished works of André Chénier.

A proof that a good biography need not necessarily be a long one is afforded by M. André Fontainas who, in *La Vie d'Edgar Allan Poe*, has given us a little masterpiece in less than two hundred and fifty brief pages. The author, who is a poet, historian, and art critic, belongs to a generation of writers and critics who, with Stéphane Mallarmé as their centre, used to regard Edgar Allan Poe as one of those geniuses at whose shrine it was meet to burn the incense of their admiration. He has an intimate acquaintance with the American author, and his biography fills a gap, inasmuch as Professor Lauvrière's voluminous work is not easily accessible to the reader.

It is time to bring this survey to an end, but we must not conclude without recommending to the attention of all interested in the French language in its vital, living form the admirable studies of military and provincial slang by Professor Albert Dauzat. On the other hand, all who wish to improve their knowledge of French literature during the past thirty years will find it very profitable to read M. Alfred Poizat's *Le Symbolisme, de Baudelaire à Claudel*. What, after all, is symbolism but a label which critics, for the sake of greater convenience in discussion, and often as a mark of contemptuous condemnation, applied to writers, poets, and artists of the most divergent talents and tendencies. They had, indeed, when all is said and done, no other connecting-link between them than that they published their works in the *Mercure de France*, which, founded in 1672, was revived in 1889 by a group of young men whose manuscripts were unfailingly rejected by the editors of other newspapers and periodicals. The *Mercure* at first boasted only thirty-two pages and appeared once a month. In less than ten years the number of pages had increased tenfold. It now came out every fortnight, and its circulation went on increasing steadily. When war broke out it ceased to appear for seven months, then it resumed publication with two hundred and twenty-four pages, while from December 16th onwards it will be still further increased by the addition of sixty-four new pages, with that series of monthly *chroniques* which was so unique and indispensable a guide to all who aspire to keep themselves *au courant* with the trend and development of ideas.

Peace year in France is drawing to an end amid signs of the happiest augury. The elections clearly show that the vast majority of the people are on the side of law and order. In the realm of economics the outlook is no less reassuring. The factories are getting to work again, and the quantity of articles produced by them is going up by leaps and bounds. The agricultural and wine-growing districts promise a yield on a scale not very far short of the pre-war standard. The people have lost nothing of their former love of thrift. The amount deposited in the savings bank, per period of ten days, has increased from 5 million francs in 1913 to 35 millions at the present date. Finally, in the world of thought, the intellect is more active than ever. Those who know France and saw how she strove during the war to repel the invader, and how, since the Armistice, she is striving to make good her losses, entertain no shadow of doubt that she is entering on an era of glorious renaissance.

HENRY D. DAVRAY.

PROBLEMS OF THE MIDDLE EAST.

(1) THE ARAB QUESTION.

HOWEVER severe may be—and is—the pressure of our domestic problems, it will not do for us to ignore the fact that the situation in Asia generally shows no improvement, but on the contrary has become more threatening, the growing menace to the British Empire in particular being very distinctly noticeable. The Middle East is in ferment, and so is the Far East. The long delay in reaching a settlement with Turkey is obviously a reason to some extent for the disturbed state of affairs in the former region, and the same unfortunate delay has been attended by a somewhat marked reaction on India, where Mahommedan opinion appears to have crystallised in the demand that the Sultan of Turkey should remain at Constantinople as Caliph and “Commander of the Faithful.” It may be remarked, in passing, that this concern for the Grand Turk on the part of the Mahommedans of India is of recent origin. But Turkey is not the chief reason for the deeply troubled situation in Asia—that is to be found in the military triumphs of the Red Armies of Lenin and Trotsky, in Europe, as well as in Asia. As last year closed the Bolshevists were in effect victorious almost everywhere. The promising effort of Yudenitch had gone down in disaster before them, but that has proved the least of their successes. They have heavily defeated both Koltchak and Denikin, and these are the defeats that matter. On the one hand, the Bolshevist victories over General Denikin in the area above and bordering on the Black Sea have as their natural consequence the opening up to Red assault, whether by arms or propaganda, of the western side of the Middle East by way of Caucasia. On the other hand, the successes of the Bolshevists against Admiral Koltchak in Siberia, and their advance in Trans-Caspia to the frontier of Persia, combined with their intrigues in Afghanistan and among the tribes north of it, have brought them into contact with the Middle East and India on the North. And this contact, it would seem to be inevitable, means conflict, for by its nature Bolshevism is aggressive or it is nothing; it aims at the conquest of the world, not alone of what was Russia. With Mesopotamia, Persia, and India, actually or virtually, in her hands, Great Britain will be called on to bear the brunt of this conflict, if it develops. The situation is dangerous. While the general position in Asia is thus grave, there is, happily, one bright spot. The problem of Syria, which only a few months

ago looked formidable and likely to embroil the French and ourselves, may be regarded as solved.

In an article entitled "The New Middle East in the Making," which was published in this REVIEW for October last, the writer, after discussing the Anglo-Persian Agreement, signed in the preceding August, went on to consider the Arab question, together with some of the problems that question involved, among them being the fate of Syria. Since the article was written further light has been thrown on the subject by various books dealing with Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Persia, by statements, official or otherwise, in the Press, and by the despatches of Sir Reginald Wingate, which appeared in December last and gave an account in considerable detail of the operations in Arabia of the Hedjaz Arabs who ultimately, with other Arabs, co-operated with Lord Allenby in the overthrow of the Turks in Palestine and Syria. Sir Reginald was General Officer in Command of the operations in the Hedjaz, and much of the information he supplied was new. The Arab campaign opened on June 9, 1916, Mecca and Jeddah being captured within a month. The attack on Medina, however, was a failure, the Arabs had to retreat, and the Turks in their turn moved on to the re-taking of Medina, but in this they were unsuccessful because they were diverted from their objective by the raiding of the Hedjaz railway by the Arab forces under the Emir Feisal and his brothers. Many of these raids were carried out by Colonel (then Captain) T. E. Lawrence, who also, when a captain, "brilliantly planned and executed" the operation which resulted in the capture of Akaba. A fascinating Life of Lawrence, by Lowell Thomas, is now running serially in the *Strand Magazine*, under the title of "The Uncrowned King of Arabia," and this provides still further information of interest and value. At the outset of their revolt against the Turks the Arabs were victorious because they took the enemy by surprise, and it is clear that later they would not have been successful had not the Allies, mainly the British, come powerfully to their assistance. Mr. Lowell Thomas writes:—

Because of the scarcity of munitions, the revolutionary Arabs ran out of supplies after their first success, and it would have been impossible for them to have gone on if the Allies—particularly Great Britain—had not come to their rescue. The British not only sent supplies to the Arabs, but gave them important military encouragement; they sent them a number of their most brilliant young officers to co-operate with the Arabs and offer them suggestions.¹

Among these officers was Lawrence, and according to Mr. Lowell Thomas, it was Lawrence who brought about the unifica-

(1) *Strand Magazine*, January, 1920, p. 46.

tion of the Arabs in the struggle against the Turks—it had been understood that this was the work of the Emir Feisal. Mr. Lowell Thomas says (with some pardonable exaggeration perhaps) of this really wonderful achievement :—

The spectacular achievements of Thomas Edward Lawrence, the young Oxford graduate, are still unknown except to a handful of his associates. Yet quietly, without any theatrical headlines or fanfare of trumpets, he brought the disunited nomadic tribes of Arabia into a unified campaign against their Turkish oppressors—a difficult and splendid stroke of policy which caliphs, statesmen and sultans had been unable to accomplish in centuries of effort. Lawrence placed himself at the head of the Bedouin Army of the King of the Hedjaz, drove the Turks from Arabia, and restored the caliphate (*sic*) to the descendants of the Prophet. Allenby liberated Palestine, the Holy Land of Jews and Christians; Lawrence freed Arabia, the Holy Land of millions of Mahomedans.¹

After reading this, one may be excused wondering whether Lawrence was responsible for revivifying the idea of a great Arab Empire—the idea that had impressed itself on the Emir Feisal, and of which he has been the exponent and advocate. Early in October last the Emir, in an interview published in the *Jewish Chronicle*, said, after stating that from the Arab standpoint, Palestine was an Arab province and not a separate country, that the intention of the Arab leaders was to build up an Arab Empire, which would include, as a minimum, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine. "From that we cannot recede," he added; "there is not an Arab throughout the world who would not resent any whittling down of this our minimum claim." When he was told that nearly all Jewry, relying on the famous declaration of Mr. Balfour, expected the setting up in Palestine of a Jewish National Home, which would develop in time into a Jewish State, the Emir replied that such an expectation was not in consonance with the Arab programme. At the same time, he appealed for the friendly co-operation of the Jews, who, like the Arabs, were Semites, in the formation of the Arab Empire—in which case a concentration of Jews in Palestine might make of that land a "Jewish sub-province of the Arab Kingdom." In a word, he made it perfectly apparent that he regarded Palestine as Arab. His attitude naturally was disconcerting to the Zionists who believe in and look for the complete restoration of Palestine to the Jews. In this connection it is worthy of remark that some Zionists in Palestine are represented as having offended the natives by the arrogance of their bearing, and that they have excited the suspicion that there is a design on the part of the Zionists to supplant the peasants, the present proprietors, in the possession of their lands. Further, Christians and Mahomme-

(1) *Strand Magazine*, January, 1920, p. 42.

dans are declared to unite in denouncing these Zionists; numbers even of the Jews, resident or long-settled in the country, are reported as regarding with disfavour the political activities of these intrusive co-religionists of theirs. Be these things as they may, there is no doubt that the Emir Feisal's uncompromising statement with respect to the Arab claim to Palestine vastly perturbed the Zionists generally, and an effort was made to get him to modify the position he had taken up.

In November last the English Zionist Federation held a meeting in London to celebrate the second anniversary of the publication of Mr. Balfour's letter. In the course of the proceedings Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.P., announced that he had had a conference with the Emir, from which it appeared there had been some misapprehension. The Emir had understood that he had been asked to define his attitude towards the immediate establishment of a complete Jewish State in Palestine. But, said Mr. Samuel, all Zionists recognised such a step as impracticable, and no responsible Zionist leader had suggested it. Admittedly, the placing of a majority (Arab and other non-Jewish inhabitants of the Holy Land) under the rule of a minority, which would be contrary to the first principles of democracy, would be the effect of the immediate establishment of a complete Jewish State in Palestine. Mr. Samuel said that the Zionists desired the promotion of Jewish immigration, Jewish land settlement, the concession to Jewish authorities of many of the public works of which the country stood so much in need, Jewish cultural development, and the fullest measure of local self-government in order that the country might become a purely self-governing commonwealth. Later in his speech he declared that "the creation of a Zionist Palestine coincided with the fundamental objects of British policy," and this is true. The plan has been and still is to constitute Palestine as a separate political unit, with Great Britain as mandatory supervising the carrying out of the Zionists' schemes for organising a National Home for the Jews. But unless the Emir was absolutely misreported in the interview mentioned above, this plan was not and cannot be looked on with favour by him and the other Arab leaders. Their new Arab Empire was to include Palestine, as well as Syria and Mesopotamia, and, of course, Arabia. British policy regarding Palestine has not undergone any alteration, and still meets with the approval of the great majority of people. But Great Britain must see that all races in that country receive fair treatment and that existing rights are respected. There must be no arbitrary, harsh Zionising of the Holy Land. It seems, however, as certain as anything can be in these uncertain times that Palestine will not form a pro-

vince of an Arab Empire, and that this part of the Emir's dream must go.

With the problem of Palestine eliminated from the Arab question, the problem of Syria comes up next for consideration. Apart from the religious associations connected with the Holy Land, Syria is far more important than Palestine, which is a poverty-stricken, small country, much of it infertile, though capable of development. If the Lebanon be left out, as would appear to be the case in the settlement which has been adumbrated in the Press, Syria is even more predominantly Arab than Palestine, and it has much larger opportunities. Along the coast, on which are the harbours of Beirut and Alexandretta, the latter of which will probably become a great port, the population is very mixed, but in the interior the cities—Damascus, Homs, Hama, and Aleppo—with the areas surrounding them are Arab. Indeed, Damascus is an Arab capital, and from it the Hedjaz railway extends southward well into Arabia proper. It is not in the least unnatural that the Emir Feisal and the other Arab leaders who support him should make Damascus the centre of the Government of the Arab Empire of which they dream—or dreamt. But just as other interests intervene in Palestine to prevent the realisation of that dream, so do other interests intervene in Syria with the same result. The whole world is aware that these other interests in Syria are the interests of France; this is not a new thing, for it has been recognised for many years. It has been well understood that in that part of the world France would possess the land after it passed from the Turks. When King Hussein, of the Hedjaz, then Grand Sherif of Mecca, was encouraged by the British to revolt against the Turks, he was assured that, conditional on that revolt taking place, the British would recognise the independence of the Arabs in the territory south of latitude 37 deg., except in the Baghdad—Basra areas of Mesopotamia, and also *except in the regions where Great Britain was not free to act without detriment to the interests of France* (the italics are the writer's). It is plain from this, which is quoted more or less literally from a letter of Colonel Lawrence published in the *Times*, September 8, 1919, that the Arab leaders knew from the outset that Great Britain stood by France with regard to her claims to Syria; they could be in no doubt about it, though they might be in doubt as to what precisely these claims were.

What these claims were was explicit in the Sykes-Picot Agreement, which was made between Great Britain and France in May, 1916, a time when the Great War was being waged none too prosperously by the Allies. For information respecting this

Agreement—the official text has not been disclosed—we are indebted again to Colonel Lawrence's letter in the *Times*, referred to in the foregoing paragraph.¹ The Arab provinces of Turkey were divided into five zones, one of them being the French area, and this was defined as the Syrian coast, from Tyre to Alexandretta, Cilicia, and most of Southern Armenia, from Sivas to Diarbekir. The other zones were Palestine, which was declared to be "international," the block of territory reaching from Haifa, above Palestine, on the west, to Tekrit, in Mesopotamia, and thence to the Persian Gulf, which was declared to be British, and interior zones covering the Provinces of Aleppo, Damascus, Urfa, Deir, and Mosul, which were declared to be "independent Arab"—the whole vast area being placed under two political "influences," one French, the other British. French influence was to extend north of the line drawn across Syria and Mesopotamia from Haifa to Tekrit on the south to the line of latitude 37 deg. on the north. With respect to this region Great Britain agreed that she would not seek any political influence within it, and that France should have priority, both economically and politically, besides having the right to provide such advisers as the Arabs desired. British influence was to extend south of the Haifa—Tekrit line to a line drawn across Northern Arabia from Akaba to Koweit, and with regard to the region thus specified France made an agreement similar to that which Great Britain had made for the other region. What was meant exactly by the independence given to the Arabs under the Sykes-Picot Agreement was none too definite. Perhaps something clearer was seen in a British statement made in Cairo in June, 1917; it gave an assurance that Arab States which were in existence before the Great War, and Arab districts freed by the military action of their inhabitants during the war, would remain entirely independent. Colonel Lawrence says of this assurance that it was unqualified, and might have conflicted with the British promise to the Grand Sherif, as well as with the Sykes-Picot Agreement, but that friction was avoided by an arrangement between General Allenby and the Emir Feisal, as the result of which the Arab army operated almost entirely in the area assigned to the Arabs by the Sykes-Picot Agreement, i.e., in the Hedjaz and Eastern Syria.

When the next declaration of British policy respecting the Arabs was made Turkey had collapsed and had been granted an armistice; the Arab army of the Emir Feisal had been in occupation of Damascus for three or four weeks. This declaration was

(1) In 1917 the Bolshevist Government published what purported to be this Agreement.

made jointly by Great Britain and France, and is extremely important. Colonel Lawrence says that it was interpreted in the Orient as changing the British and French zones set forth in the Sykes-Picot Agreement into spheres of influence. It was published on November 8th, 1918, and is worth quoting in full :—

The object aimed at by France and Great Britain in prosecuting in the East the war let loose by the ambition of Germany is the complete and definitive emancipation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and the establishment of Governments and national administrations deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous populations. In order to carry out these intentions France and Great Britain are at one in encouraging and assisting the establishment of indigenous Governments and administrations in Syria and Mesopotamia, now liberated by the Allies, and in the territories the liberation of which they are engaged in securing, and in recognising these as soon as they are actually established. Far from wishing to impose on the populations of these regions any particular institutions, they are concerned only to ensure by their support and by adequate assistance the regular working of Governments and administrations freely chosen by themselves (*i.e.*, by the populations referred to in the first clause of this sentence). To secure impartial and equal justice for all, to facilitate the economic development of the country by inspiring and encouraging local initiative, to favour the diffusion of education, to put an end to dissensions that have been too long taken advantage of by Turkish policy—such is the policy which the two Allied Governments uphold in the liberated territories.

Though the Arabs are not mentioned by name in the above declaration of the two Great Powers, two points stand out which have a bearing on the Arab question. One is that France and Great Britain aimed at the complete and definitive emancipation of Syria and Mesopotamia from Turkish rule, and the other is that France and Great Britain also aimed at establishing indigenous governments and administrations as soon as possible in these countries. In an article entitled "The New Middle East," which appeared in this REVIEW for April, 1919, the writer gave a connected account of the evacuation by the Turks of parts of the Arab regions which they still held after the signing of the Armistice. Mention also was made of the presence in Paris during the Peace Conference of delegations and representatives of the nations and peoples of the Middle East, all intent on making out the best case for themselves. Among these representatives was the Emir Feisal, whose picturesque and attractive personality made a decided impression. A Syrian Committee was much in evidence. But the Conference paid little attention for some time to the East, whether Near or Middle or Far, beyond receiving and hearing statements of claims; its serious preoccupation was with things it deemed of wider significance.

Meanwhile Allenby organised Palestine and Syria (Mesopotamia was outside of his orbit) under a sort of Government

which was known as the O.E.T.A., these letters standing for Occupied Enemy Territory Administration. The O.E.T.A. was divided into four parts—South, West, East, and North. The South consisted of Palestine; the West of the coastal region, north of Palestine to about Antioch, and bounded easterly by the Lebanon; the East of the territory stretching south from about Aleppo to the frontier of the Hedjaz, and lying partly, on the north-west, over against O.E.T.A. West; and the North, which comprised the former Turkish vilayet of Adana. As time went on O.E.T.A. North and West had a French administration, South remained controlled by the British, and East had an Arab administration under the Emir Feisal, with its capital in Damascus. All this organisation was subordinate to Allenby; it was purely provisional from the nature of the case, the governing factor being the military situation, coupled with the absence of a settlement with Turkey. It will be seen that the French were by way of getting a portion only of the territory to which they were entitled, under conditions, by the Sykes-Picot Agreement. France wanted the rest of it, and this led to the agitation in the French Press which was a marked feature of the early autumn last year, and which placed a certain strain on the relations between our French friends and ourselves. The French thought they were being treated unfairly, and that their position in Syria was being compromised. The upshot was that in mid-September a new Anglo-French Agreement was reached, the effect of it being, according to a statement in the *Temps*, the withdrawal of all British troops from Syria and Cilicia (Adana) and their replacement by French forces, except in the cities of Damascus, Hama, Homs, and Aleppo, which were to continue under the administration of Feisal. The exception, it may be supposed, was contingent on order being maintained in these cities by the Arab administration. The Agreement pacified the storm in France, and in November last the British troops evacuated Syria and Cilicia in favour of the French.

General Gouraud, one of the most distinguished soldiers of the Great War, was appointed French High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief, and, in accordance with the arrangements made by the Governments concerned, he replaced Allenby as head of the military administration of Syria and Cilicia. A *Reuter* telegram from Cairo—Lord Allenby was now High Commissioner for Egypt—announced that Cilicia, and O.E.T.A. West, including the Lebanon, Beirut, Tripoli, and Alexandretta, had been handed over to Gouraud, whose forces, moreover, had relieved the British in the area north and north-east of Aleppo, in the Marash, Aintab, Urfa, and Jerablus districts, and in which

the Turkish authorities had been permitted, for some unaccountable reason, to continue their administration, apparently as before the war. The same message stated that O.E.T.A. East, including Damascus, Hama, Homs, and Aleppo, had been transferred to the Arab administration under the Emir Feisal. This announcement appeared in the British Press about the middle of December. It will be noticed that under the new Agreement the French practically obtained military possession of something more than the zone allotted to them under the Sykes-Picot Agreement. And there was wrapped up in this fresh deal the understanding that the Emir Feisal and the Arab administration of what had been O.E.T.A. East were to look to France and not to Great Britain for advice and support. In plain words, the idea, the dream of an Arab Empire, so far as Syria was concerned, was shattered. France, with plenty of experience of the Arab in Africa, and with her eyes fixed on the inexorable realities of the situation *vis-à-vis* the Arabs generally, can hardly be imagined as enamoured of an Arab Empire in Asia now or even in the comparatively near future. The Emir Feisal had intimated that the Arabs relied so much on Great Britain that unless great care was taken the removal of the British troops would cause a serious position of affairs, but that nothing unfortunate would occur if the people knew that the withdrawal did not involve a partition of the country or a final decision. The final decision rests, of course, with the Peace Conference, and in point of fact the evacuation of the British forces was accomplished without incident. There have been incidents since France took over Syria, but in reality they have not been very important, and are probably a witness to the present incapacity of the Arab for self-government rather than to any undue pressure by the French. It is well to recall what the Arab is—not in the least progressive; civilisation, as we consider it, means little or nothing to him; he is a “born” reactionary.

Mesopotamia was to form part of the Arab Empire. As a geographical expression the term Mesopotamia is somewhat loosely used, but, roughly speaking, the word covers the old Turkish vilayets of Mosul, Baghdad, and Basra, otherwise the region called Irak. This territory is still occupied by the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. Under the Sykes-Picot Agreement Mosul was to be “independent Arab,” but under French influence—which, so far as is known at this writing, is not being exercised; Mosul does not seem to have been dealt with in the new Anglo-French Agreement. It is true that Irak is inhabited largely by Arabs, but they are divided into many tribes, often in the past at variance with each other, nor are they all Sunni

Mahommedans, as are most of their kin elsewhere. They certainly do not regard Damascus as the capital of all the Arabs, nor King Hussein of the Hedjaz and his family as lords paramount over them. On this subject an article, written at Baghdad, by the Special Correspondent in the Middle East of the *Times*, and published in that journal on December 16th, is most illuminating. From this it is learnt that three questions were addressed to the people of every administrative district of Irak in November, 1918. The first was, Were they in favour of an Arab State, under British tutelage, from the northern boundary of Mosul vilayet to the Persian Gulf? The second was, if they answered the first question in the affirmative, Were they in favour of placing the new State under a titular Arab head? And the third asked, Whom did they suggest as Emir of the State? The answers are thus summed up by the correspondent :—

The replies received are an inestimable revelation of the mind of the country and of its elementary political condition. With the exception of two minority representations, signed by about 45 persons in one case and 143 in the other, received from Baghdad and the neighbouring Kadhimain respectively, which ask apparently for an independent Musulman Arab State, and suggest as ruler one of the sons of the Sherif of Mecca (King Hussein of the Hedjaz), there is practically complete unanimity that no Arab Emir is possible. The unanimity of the tribes is unbroken on the point, and out of a population of two and a half millions some two millions are tribesmen.

In this article an extract is given from the reply of the district of Nasiriyeh, which was signed by 271 tribal sheikhs and notables, who discussed the matter very fully and frankly. Their conclusion was that they did not want an Arab Emir; they said :—

"If you are bent on appointing an Arab Emir we would request you not to do it now, but after some years. When you have handled and administered the Irak and El Jezireh (Arabia) you will then be able to decide whence an Emir should be selected, whether from Mecca, the Yemen, or Syria. It can be taken for granted that if the Emir were selected from among the nobility of El Sa'dun, the Sadat of Basra would say they were more qualified for the post. Similarly the people of Baghdad would grumble at the appointment, and the same applies to the people of Mosul and all the Arabs of El Jezireh. We should thus remain disputing with each other till we died. . . . Our last request . . . is that the affairs of the Irak may kindly be managed by his Honour Sir Percy Cox. . . . We request the British Government to return him to us and to our brethren of the Irak. We cannot adequately express our appreciation of his love and sympathy for the Arab nation."

From all parts of Mesopotamia came this demand for the return of Sir Percy Cox, the present British Minister at Tehran. General, too, was the demand that Irak should be one compact country, from the north of Mosul vilayet to the Gulf.

Remains Arabia. Such of its States as were virtually independent of the Turks before the war will doubtless become independent in fact, but this does not mean that they will draw together to form a Confederation. There is no great driving force in that direction from within, and events tend the other way. The unification of the Arabs which was achieved during the war has not endured. Since the writer drew attention last October in this REVIEW to the conflict between the King of the Hedjaz and the Emir of Nejd-Hasa, a conflict in which the latter stands with his fanatical followers for the extreme Mahomedanism of the Wahabis, and the former appears as the representative of orthodox Islam, there has been no approach to a settlement of their quarrel, which is concerned with the delimitation of their respective frontiers, and has already led to severe fighting, with a victory for Nejd-Hasa. Perhaps the British, who have been appealed to in the matter, may succeed in composing the dispute as to boundaries, but they can scarcely be expected to succeed in composing the religious differences, for they go very deep. There is no Arab unity in Arabia proper—this is the truth. And it would seem to be unlikely in the last degree that the two leading native States—much the most considerable in Arabia—will ever come into any sort of real political association. Nearly all the tribes are divided by conflicting interests and century-old feuds, and this division still persists throughout Arabia.

It will be seen from all that has been set forth in this article that to all intents and purposes the Arab Empire, instead of consisting of Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia as a minimum, has been whittled down to the long narrow strip of Eastern Syria which contains Damascus, Hama, Homs, and Aleppo. This is the same thing as saying that there is no Arab Empire. And from what leaks out—there is little direct information available—it is to be feared that the erection of the East Syrian territory, under the Emir Feisal, into a State is a rather artificial business, and that the Arab administration leaves much to be desired—which is precisely what was to be expected in the circumstances. What, then, of the official statement of the British and French Governments of November, 1918, to the effect that they aimed at establishing indigenous governments and administrations in the lands freed from the Turks? That was a definite statement of a definite policy, and it must be implemented sooner or later, but the facts suggest that it is advisable to do so later rather than sooner. Long tutelage will be necessary for success in these efforts in setting up Arab States. The Arabs are a congeries of tribes, some settled, and some nomadic; and the desert is in the

blood of every one of them. Government in the modern sense is unknown to them. There are those who maintain that the Arab is incapable of governing a modern civilised State as it should be governed. This is a hard saying, but with enough truth in it to indicate what is the real difficulty of the Arab question. At least it may safely be said that the establishment at present of Arab States, without firm and strong guidance from outside, is undesirable, and might be disastrous both to the Arabs themselves and to the general interest.

ROBERT. MACHRAY.

PROBLEMS OF THE MIDDLE EAST.

(2) PILSUDSKI AND THE NEW POLAND.

WHOEVER has come in contact with the Polish people has found that, fourteen or fifteen months after the resurrection of their country, six or seven months after the signing of the Peace Treaty by Germany, there exists a feeling rather of sorrow than of anger in respect of Great Britain. It is as well to be frank about these matters; it is only after recognising such national sentiments that we can search for the causes and endeavour to establish really friendly relations. The British are held in the highest esteem; the Poles, who possess the spirit of tradition like all who in exile or in bondage have clung tenaciously to the hope of restoration, feeding their faith on historical memories, admire profoundly the love of tradition in Great Britain, and even seek to found in some measure their Parliamentary institutions upon ours; our love of liberty and our large tolerance are held up for model. Indeed, in spite of their closer contact with the French, and the influence of the French culture and conceptions upon them, British ideals and British power are looked upon as the most solid and excellent things, and they would be prepared to do almost anything for our whole-hearted support.

But they cannot acquit us of the charge of thwarting their legitimate aspirations and of placing obstacles in their political path. So generally is the belief held that we have crabbled and cribbed the New Poland, that we should certainly make an effort to understand the Polish point of view. There have been, on both sides, painful misunderstandings due to inadequate information. Certainly in England the importance of the rôle that Poland is destined to play in European politics is but dimly realised. Mr. Lloyd George appears to consider Poland as one of a dozen negligible little nations, to be directed by the Entente. America made a proposal to take Poland under her wing, which grievously insulted the Polish people. France also would like to rule Poland from the Quai d'Orsay. It is not sufficiently remembered that there must be a political hierarchy among the nations which extend from the Baltic to the Adriatic, forming a rampart to the East, and that Poland, by numbers, history, and territorial extent, is undoubtedly at the head in such an hierarchy.

The true reason for the eclipse of M. Paderewski is precisely to be found in the disappointment that Poland experienced in East Galicia. The region is only leased, as it were, to Poland for a period of twenty-five years. Now in the rebuilding of a great country a quarter of a century is short; but in that space

of time all the capital that is required for the development of a district should have been sunk. There are great natural riches, but the exploitation of the oil wells cannot be encouraged as it should be if there exists a perpetual state of uncertainty. The devastated condition of Galicia is deplorable, and Poland will have a considerable task in front of her to repair the ravages of war. Is it not natural that, with some doubt about what will happen in a few years, Poland should experience some uneasiness and resentment? It is not unfair to liken East Galicia to a business in which the man who sets it going and who provides the funds is informed that another may reap the reward. The Ruthenian minority in this admittedly mixed population would have had its rights preserved; but by leaving the question open, the Peace Conference has given another field to intriguers, whether of Ukrainian or other origin. As on previous occasions when the wishes of Poland have been unfulfilled, British diplomacy was the cause of the Polish failure.

England appears to the Polish people to be in constant opposition. This was only the latest of a series of blows which had gradually undermined the reputation of M. Paderewski, who came to be regarded as too weak, too disposed to relinquish the fight without a struggle because of a complacent personal amity with British statesmen. It is more or less inevitable that until the Russian situation becomes less confused the frontiers generally on the East shall be left untraced, though the inconvenience that thus results is evident. But it is not only the Russian frontier that remains undefined; everywhere there is an incertitude which renders difficult the national consolidation. It is impossible to arrive at a knowledge of the extent of the Polish territory, of the Polish population, of the Polish riches, of the Polish means of production. There are innumerable administrative difficulties owing to this lack of clarity. All the disputed territories are hotbeds of intrigue; Poland is thrown into unhappy rivalry with Czecho-Slovakia, with Lithuania, and even with Rumania, and it would indeed be strange if Germany and Russia—whether the Russia of the Bolsheviks or the Russia of the “one-and-indivisible” patriots—did not take a hand in stirring up strife. In Teschen and in Upper Silesia in particular it is realised that, in face of German manoeuvres in the months that precede the plebiscite, Poland can only look on helplessly while popular opinion is directed against her. Dantzic and the free access to the sea, which is indispensable, remain in German hands until the ratification of the Treaty. Rightly or wrongly, England receives the blame for all the refusals of territorial demands and all the delays which result from the institution of the plebiscites.

Clearly much of this feeling is totally unjustified by the facts, but when it is common knowledge that the British Premier declined to ratify in at least one case the opinion of his own experts and of the representatives of other Powers, the acceptance of this attitude as the general attitude of England fatally follows. Our Polish friends cannot be too plainly assured that our only aim was justice; that there has always been, in our sincere search for equitable solutions, a desire to give the most enduring base to the New Poland that could not be challenged by any adversary. And, on the other hand, it is as well to remind ourselves of the immense political possibilities of Poland, which is undoubtedly, placed between Germany and Russia, the key-State of Europe. The centre of gravity will lie neither at Paris nor at Moscow, neither at London nor at Berlin: it lies at Warsaw.

In considering the present state of Poland, at the end of something over a struggling year of life, it is essential that we should stay to study that remarkable man, General Pilsudski, who is the President of the Polish Republic. There is no more striking figure in Europe, and it is surprising how little seems to be known of him and of his character and political views in England. We have no room for two personalities in our conceptions of a foreign country; and as M. Paderewski was already known, and was picturesque, and appeared on the Paris stage, he had all the limelight. Many who know Poland, and who have watched her in this painful but glorious year of history, not only look upon Pilsudski as the principal pillar of the New Poland, but also as one of the greatest of her long line of heroes, and as, perhaps, in a time when there are so many who can destroy, the greatest builder of our age.

If we have failed to recognise the worth of this soldier whose sword has become a trowel, who did not cease patiently and sagaciously to march towards the achievement of his hopes in the teeth of Allied opposition and of the opposition of his own countrymen, Poland has at last recognised what manner of man he is. He has recently been acclaimed as the real saviour of his country, the veritable apostle of Poland. No matter where he went on this triumphal tour, he was uproariously welcomed. In Lemberg, as in Posen—where an attempt had been made to turn German Poland against Russian Poland and Austrian Poland—as in Cracow—the ancient capital of Poland where kings were crowned—he was saluted as the noble regenerator, the man who has realised national unity in a land which was divided between three Great Powers speaking different tongues. Not only did the peasant applaud him, but the proprietor also; not only a party, but a people. He has had a hard struggle, and, as will be appre-

cated from what I have already said, stability has not yet been attained; but unanimously Piłsudski is taken as the representative man—the man who has not only hewn out a territorial Poland, but who has given Poland a soul.

People are fickle; popularity may pass; but history will assuredly write the name of Piłsudski with the name of Kościuszko. More fortunate than the great insurgent, Joseph Piłsudski has seen his patriotic dream come true. What manner of man is this who, in spite of the distrust of the politicians, the old diplomatists, took his rightful place as the true Polish leader? His principal outward characteristics are his simplicity and his calm. He is the chief citizen, but he lives humbly, disdains useless ceremony, remains poor, devoting himself not only to the large affairs of State, but to the welfare of his soldiers, to the domestic needs of the people. His ardour is equal to his abnegation, but he preserves a steel-like exterior: cool, temperate, tactful, courageous, far-seeing, and without those personal foibles, those petty vanities, that often assail the strongest characters in success. Implacable, he is quiet; with definite opinions, he is conciliatory. When the politicians, fearful of this strange man who had suffered in Russian and German prisons, who was one of the leaders of Socialism during an association with the party of nearly twenty-five years, brought in Paderewski to counter-balance his influence, he accepted Paderewski with open arms and made him his best friend and assistant. This example of how he can take any tool presented to him blade foremost in the hope that it will cut him, and wield it for national purposes, is an excellent example of his genius for statesmanship. Between him and M. Dmowski, the polished diplomatist of Petrograd and Paris, supple, opportunist, conservative, there seemed no possibility of collaboration; but even M. Dmowski was compelled to acknowledge that the simple soldier, the former preacher of armed revolt against Russia, the agrarian and social reformer, was not a demagogue, not a hot-head, not a Bolshevik, but a clear-thinking man of action.

It is amusing to remember the grotesque panic that was produced in the official world when there emerged from the German gaol of Magdeburg this rebel who had repulsed with scorn the bogus German offer of a *camouflage* "autonomy." Even many of his fellow-countrymen who had long striven for freedom could not but regard askance a man who had been deported to Siberia; able politicians with orthodox methods do not get themselves deported to Siberia. Already he had raised legions which constituted the new national army. At the Armistice he came soberly to a work still more difficult than the striking of blows for freedom. He had created the Polish Army—he had now to

recreate a country. The Bolshevik scare was beginning, and the democrat was distrusted by the *émigrés*. His immediate object was unity; and he effaced himself internationally. The diplomats were not molested by him; he silently strengthened his army. He fought; he fought with ill-shod, ill-clad, ill-nourished troops, in whom he had inspired his own heroic faith; he fought on all the borders of Poland, against the Bolsheviks, against the Germans, against the Ukrainians, against invaders on every side, and where it was not necessary to fight it was necessary to keep guard. That Germany would have driven by force the Poles out of Upper Silesia had he not been vigilant, ready to oppose force against force, is certain. His military performance alone has been prodigious. To-day Poland has a splendid army of 600,000 men.

Even his political adversaries could not but admire such energy, such resolution, such skill; as the Bolshevik legend which had been woven upon this patriot wore thin, he rallied the suffrages of all parties for his constructive policy.

To expose the guiding principles of Pilsudski is to indicate the orientation of Polish politics. Just as the doctrinaire Socialist will not admit that there is any possible reform outside Socialism, so Pilsudski the patriot would never in the old days admit that there could be any real amelioration of the condition of the Poles without their complete emancipation. He was intransigent on this point, and therefore to-day he stands naturally for the full freedom of Poland—a Poland without *entraves*, a Poland which shall not have to rely upon its ancient masters, Germany or Russia, in an economic or political sense. This means, of course, that he, like the majority of Poles—even those who are the least tainted with Imperialism—demands, in the adjustment of the Eastern frontiers, that count should be taken not merely of absolute ethnological majorities, but also of traditional links, and, above all, of economic necessities. The line should be a logical line. It is impossible ever to arrive at a boundary in which one or the other country shall not have, in a given district, a majority of the nationals of the other. To push the theory of self-determination too far will lead to absurd results. A country should be compact, self-contained as far as possible, and *unitaire*. But Pilsudski has not the impossible ambitions of certain Polish statesmen; he has not the smallest desire to take in great groups of peoples who claim their independence. He believes he has found the solution of a number of territorial disputes in the principle of Confederation.

This is the great idea of Pilsudski which deserves the closest study and, in my opinion, the support of Allied statesmen—an

Eastern Confederation which will unite, in their common interest and for their protection, all the Baltic States, the Ukraine (though the Ukraine is in chaos, nobody can foresee its future, and in practice it had better be left out of our plans for the present), Czecho-Slovakia, if she will come in, and indeed, further to the East, Rumania and any other States that can be induced to form one great solid buffer, sustaining each other, and by their solidarity preventing each other from being crushed out of existence between the upper and nether millstones of the Eastern and the Western Powers.

The Poles are often charged with being visionaries, and their grandiose dreams are supposed to enter into their politics. As a fact I have always found them coldly realist, with an intense practical sense in the international domain. It is, I think, notably the case of Piłsudski, who is not so much concerned to bring negotiations for a Confederation to a successful issue on paper, as to establish first the fact of a Confederation. Create the reality, he says, and afterwards the formal conventions will easily be made. There is now, I think, little illusion in Polish circles about the possibility of the Baltic States living by themselves and to themselves. They cannot. They must either be the vassals or the *protégés* of some Power, or they must form a big Confederation. If they escape the Bolsheviks or the Russian Loyalists—and Poland and the Baltic States are not unnaturally or improperly asking if the danger to their existences does not rather lie in the restoration of a Military or a Monarchical Dictatorship at Moscow than in the Soviet *régime*—they will inevitably fall into the hands of Germany. Germany is not so dull that she does not discern the advantages of having the control of this Baltic seaboard, of commanding Russia in one sense or another from this Baltic platform. Poland would not have hesitated to go across Lithuania to aid the Baltic States against the Bolsheviks and to dislodge the Germans had not the Peace Conference decided otherwise. If these States are indeed to be independent—and I will not discuss the rather conflicting conceptions of the Quai d'Orsay and the Foreign Office—then they must, by the force of events, be driven to the Piłsudskian policy of Confederation.

At the least a Customs Union is essential, and so is a military alliance. Poland envisages a special position in the Baltic ports, and a protective pact. With most of her Baltic neighbours the relations of Poland are admirable, and one might almost say that the Confederation is already in process of formation. With Lithuania there are territorial differences that have caused some strained feeling. A curious detail is that Piłsudski is of Lithu-

anian origin, as, I believe, is Paderewski—that is to say, they were born on territory which Lithuania probably rightly claims, but which the Poles believe to be Polish. In any case, he has probably as complete a knowledge of Eastern problems as any European statesman, and when we consider our own policy in these parts we must remember two things—one, that Pilsudski will continue to have for some time a dominant influence upon Poland—an influence which will turn Polish policy into definite and permanent channels; two, that he is not disposed either by temperament or by ignorance to work out a wrong policy on behalf of the Entente.

An illustration of this latter statement is his attitude towards Bolshevism. It is now also the attitude of Poland, but is far from being understood by the Allies. Poland accepted to be used in her early days as a weapon in the hands of the Entente; but only so far as such acceptance was compatible with her own interests. Pilsudski is anti-Russian (most Poles, remembering their subjection and their sufferings under the Tsar, are anti-Russian); he is anti-Bolshevik, since his greatest desire is an orderly and ordered Poland. But his principle, and the principle of his compatriots, is not to interfere in Russian affairs. His policy was defensive and not aggressive. He could at one time easily have marched to Moscow. He would not. The consequences of the adventure were too hazardous. It is as well to realise that, apart from the strict defence of Polish territory and the occupation of small buffer tracts of land a little beyond the Eastern frontier that Poland actually expects, Pilsudski's policy has been purely one of complacent acceptance of Allied wishes in principle, because it was essential that Poland should not become in the slightest degree separated from the Entente; but also of their application always with a prudent regard for the national interests. Poland emphatically does not want to find her hand turned against every man. She is not to be forced too far.

Poland is to be the kernel of this Eastern Confederation. The point I have often made, which it would be wrong to stress too much, but which certainly is of some importance, is that in such a Confederation there must necessarily be less heartburning about the precise frontiers. There are no clear ethnic frontiers; that is the truth. Whatever line is drawn, for example, between Poland and Lithuania must be conventional. It could not satisfy either country; it will dissatisfy them less if they have liens of social amity and of commercial arrangements. There is no question of crushing out the little States; it will be a free union of free peoples. By her history, by her geographical situation, by

her large population, by her superior capacity for organisation, Poland is necessarily the chief star in this galaxy of States. The Entente has made some woeful mistakes in Eastern Europe, and the hands of Pilsudski have been perpetually tied. What he strives for is inevitable unless confusion is to endure, unless little State is to go out after little State like the morning street lamps at the passing of the lamplighter; and I think that Pilsudski, who is, it is more and more evident, the one man upon whom the destinies of Poland depend, should be left to pursue his policy in peace.

Here is the true alternative to the "Pologne Forte" so dear to the Quai d'Orsay, that is to say, to the "largest possible Poland," which, according to some diplomatists, should take in populations to which it can only put in the most shadowy claims. As an ally, even in a Europe in equilibrium, even with the restoration of the old Balance of Power, a Confederation of Poland and her neighbours would be better than the hugest patched-up Poland. Strength in the sense in which the word is used in some Entente circles is the synonym of weakness, for there will only be produced internal troubles, while disputes with neighbours will be multiplied.

At the present moment the Polish Army is one of the largest in Europe. Whether it is necessary to retain 600,000 men under arms may be doubted, but it is certainly the policy of Pilsudski to possess great forces while Poland is in a transition stage. The effect of this upon economic conditions is obvious. These soldiers are necessarily non-productive, and constitute a heavy burden for the rest of the community. There are, in addition to the feeding and clothing and arming of these men, large devastated regions to be cared for. These are the two chief difficulties in the economic domain. Without them there would be no trouble about the *ravitaillement*. There are plenty of foodstuffs for Central Poland; but the regions liberated from Bolshevism are in an unhappy dependent plight.

A mistake seems to have been made in fixing the unemployment doles too high. The out-of-works are certainly thus saved from any tendency to Bolshevism; money appears to be an excellent anti-serum for this disease. But the price paid is overmuch. The eagerness to set to work disappears, and it has therefore been found advisable to reduce the amount. Agriculture is prospering, and at Lodz and Warsaw factories are humming. The mines are being exploited, though a good deal of improvement is still called for.

Considering the low value of the Polish mark—it can be exchanged at the rate of five or six to the franc, and the franc,

of course, in its turn is extremely low—the cost of living is rather surprisingly moderate. It would sound bad enough expressed in pounds and shillings, but the relation of prices with the value of money has to be remembered. It is clear, however, that with the exchange against her Poland requires aid from the more fortunate nations if she is to obtain proper supplies of raw materials and manufactured goods. She needs long credits. America rather clumsily proposed these credits, forgetting that there is a psychology of nations. Poland is proud—perhaps it is her failing. The American conditions included the introduction of experts in all branches of Polish industry and commerce, which, rightly or wrongly, in the opinion of the Polish rulers, constituted a veritable management of Polish affairs. Rather than accept such sort of assistance Poland prefers to suffer. But it is to be hoped that she will not be allowed to suffer more than is unavoidable. There are great national riches, whether in timber, in minerals, or in petrol, which are a sure guarantee to all who now help in building up the new-old land.

What it means to organise a new country can hardly be realised. A year ago there was practically no administration. There were three sorts of Poles—German, Russian, and Austrian—who, although preserving their nationality, had acquired the conflicting characteristics of these three countries, having lived under different laws and different administrative systems. To have welded them into one people under one administration is the gigantic achievement of a single year. If I have dwelt at length upon the personality of Pilsudski, it is because I believe that only a popular personality who is, as it were, a synthesis of the nation, who is taken as embodying its ideals, was capable of fusing and fashioning a people recast in such conditions.

Politically, as I write, the prospects of permanence of the new Cabinet do not seem very bright. The majority can be easily shifted, and even the measure of agrarian reform which was passed is again in question. The idea is to break up large properties in land, but to expropriate the owners with proper compensation. The Poles, unlike some classes of Russians, possess a strong sentiment of the sanctity of property, and although it is absolutely necessary if Poland is to be a partner in modern civilisation that the landed estates should be divided, dispossession of the great landlords, who remind one in some districts of feudal figures, is to be conducted with scrupulous fairness. The measure which fixed (with certain exceptions) the limit of holding at 400 acres was only passed in the Sejm by one vote. It is sought to raise it to 750 acres. In such a reform it is a mistake to proceed too swiftly and too radically.

M. Skulski, who was called to be Premier, is a new and largely untried man, although I have excellent reports of his administration at Lodz, where he was Mayor during the German occupation. The significance of his selection is that Poland is more than ever opposed to Germany. There are, it is true, German menaces to which a firm front is the only reply; but as Poland, after all, simply must live on good terms with her big neighbour if she is to live at all, this policy may be taken as a passing phase. As for M. Patek, my impression is that the ex-Minister at Prague, who also replaced M. Paderewski during some of the Paris negotiations and who displayed some *finesse* in the Teschen dispute, is a man of tact and judgment without having any special competence. The Cabinet generally is regarded as essentially Conservative, and cannot look for a long life. There is one man, whose grip upon Polish affairs, whose undoubted sincerity, and whose proved ability make him more and more the strong pillar of Poland—Pilsudski.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

PROBLEMS OF THE MIDDLE EAST.

(3) THE TURKISH TANGLE.

HISTORY has proved that Turkey has been the scene of, and the reason for, war after war, and that for many years the numerous questions connected with that country have been responsible for some of the greatest difficulties in European diplomacy. Whilst for the moment Germany and Russia may have been removed from the arena of Near Eastern intrigue, and whilst the Ottoman armies may have been defeated on the field of battle, the situation to-day is none the less difficult in that the satisfactory settlement of the Eastern Question and the future peace of the world depend upon whether the Peace Conference, reassembled in Paris, can come to arrangements which will prove workable, and upon whether, when once a settlement has been arrived at, Great Britain, France and Italy, with the direct or indirect support of the United States, will be prepared to enforce the maintenance of that settlement.

Before entering into details, let me, however, briefly remind my readers of the extent of the territories at present involved in the Turkish Question. In Europe there is the small area which remained Ottoman after the Balkan Wars. In Asia, whilst no decision has been published on the subject, there seems no question of the re-establishment of the Sultan's political authority (except perhaps a nominal authority typified by the maintenance of the Turkish flag or by the existence of a theoretical suzerainty) in Syria, Palestine, the Hedjaz, Arabia or Mesopotamia, that is to say, in those parts of his former dominions situated to the south of a line approximately drawn west and east from Alexandretta to Mosul and on to the Persian frontier. Practically the whole of these areas had passed out of Turkish hands either by the force of Allied arms or by the direct wish of the inhabitants at the time of the signature of the Armistice. For these reasons, therefore, and because it would be contrary to the letter and the spirit of the Fourteen Points and of the declarations of Mr. Lloyd George and other statesmen to return these territories to Turkey, we have, so far as that country herself is concerned, only to occupy ourselves here with what remains of the Ottoman Dominions in Europe and with the Asiatic possessions of the Sultan situated to the north of the above-mentioned line. These territories fall into, and should, I think, be discussed as, three more or less distinct units—Constantinople and the Dardanelles, Armenia and Turkish Anatolia.

In a speech delivered in the House of Commons on December 18th Mr. Lloyd George rightly stated that in the future "we cannot trust the same porter" to guard the Straits. That statement, which naturally attracted the widest attention, was undoubtedly in part responsible for the announcement which appeared in the *Matin* of Paris on December 31st to the effect that the Turkish Government would be transferred from Constantinople either to Broussa or Konia, and for the subsequent authoritative statement published in the *Times* of January 1st, that no decision on the point had then been reached. As we do not, therefore, really know whether or not Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau actually agreed, at least in principle, to a "bag and baggage" policy during their recent conferences in London (in that case the announcement of the *Matin* might in fact be correct, though still diplomatically inaccurate and premature), as the Prime Minister seems more recently to have veered in the direction of the retention of at least a nominal Turkish authority at Constantinople, and as the question may be settled ere the publication of these pages, the only course which remains open to me is to examine the several alternatives capable of adoption by the Peace Conference reassembled in Paris, and to discuss very briefly the various advantages and disadvantages of each of them.

The first and all-important questions are whether the Sultan should be removed out of Europe and whether all or the greater part of the Ottoman territory, situated to the north of the above-mentioned line, should continue, at least nominally, to form part of Turkey. These questions are practically interdependent, for the departure of the Ottoman Government from Constantinople would practically mean the dismemberment of Turkey. Consequently, if we are agreed, as I think that all serious students must be agreed, that the same "gatekeeper" cannot remain in *undisputed* charge of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, then it must be recognised that the Allies are faced by the necessity of arriving at a decision perhaps more momentous to the civilised world, especially to this country, than any other arising out of the war. The difficulties of that decision, which must almost unavoidably be taken partly on grounds of principle and partly on those of expediency, have been greatly increased by developments, some of which occurred during, and some of which have taken place since, the termination of the war. Thus, whilst from March, 1915, until her claims were renounced, it seemed clear, though, I think, highly unsatisfactory, that Russia must have Constantinople, the collapse of that country left the world without any obvious method of resolving this all-important problem. Again,

after waiting for more than a year in the untiring hope that the United States would assume a rôle of all-preponderating influence in the Near East, Europe is once more thrown back upon her own resources, and this at a moment when the local situation has become far more complicated and acute than was the case at the time of the signature of the Armistice. And, lastly, although there is every reason to hope that, before the publication of these pages, the differences between the standpoints of Great Britain and of France will have been reconciled, those differences must unavoidably have their bearing upon a problem any possible solution of which is possessed of present and future dangers.

From whatever standpoint we may look at the Turkish Question, it is necessary to create a special Constantinople zone or area. That zone and the world highway which it controls should be unfortified, and open in times of peace and of war to the ships of commerce and of war of all nations, thus fulfilling the peace conditions laid down by Mr. Lloyd George and by Mr. Wilson. Moreover, as is the case with the Suez Canal, the Straits should be neutralised, that is to say, no belligerent act should be permitted to take place there, except in the eventuality of an attack from without. The frontiers of that zone, in Europe and in Asia, should, therefore, be such as to ensure the protection and good administration of the Straits which constitute an international waterway quite as truly as do the great rivers of the European Continent. On the West, and in Europe, the boundary should be that of the pre-war Turkey, that formed by the Rivers Maritza and Ergene, or that made by the Enos-Midia line—a line agreed to by the Great Powers at the time of the signature of the Treaty of London of 1913 and a line which was to form the frontier of the area actually conceded to Russia by Great Britain and France under the arrangement of March, 1915. In Asia Minor, and consequently on the south and east of the Straits and of the Marmora, the districts bounded on the east by the lower stretch of the River Sakaria and on the south by a line drawn from the main bend of that river just to the north of Broussa and on to the Mediterranean coast at or near the Gulf of Edremid, should go with Constantinople. The establishment of such a zone, which should include the islands of Imbros, Tenedos and Castellorizo, expressly left to Turkey by the London Ambassadorial Conference of 1913-1914, in order to enable that country to protect the outer entrance to the Dardanelles, would render the Straits practically safe from the danger of interference with their neutrality.

So far there is unlikely to be any serious disagreement with the suggestions which I have made. We now, however, come

to the highly controversial questions bound up with the future position of Turkey in or not in this area, and with the nature of the external control or actual administration to be set up for its safety and good government. With regard to the former of these problems, three alternative courses appear to be open to the Peace Conference. First, the Ottoman Government, as such, might be relegated to Asia, the Sultan being allowed to remain at, or at least to execute his spiritual authority in, Constantinople and the surrounding territory. Secondly, the Turks, driven from Europe altogether, might be compelled to establish their seat of government at Broussa, Konia or Angora, as a purely Asiatic Power. And, thirdly, Stamboul might continue to be the seat of the Ottoman Government and the residence of the Sultan, Turkey in that case remaining the *nominal* Sovereign Power in the Straits zone. The adoption of either of the two first-mentioned plans would necessitate the creation of a new *governing* authority at Constantinople, whereas the acceptance of the third proposal would entail the bringing into existence of what would have to be an effective *controlling* force.

At the moment of writing (January 14th) it would seem that any one of these schemes is capable of acceptance by the Peace Conference. It remains, therefore, not so much to prophesy as to explain what may be the results, advantageous and disadvantageous, of decisions, one of which must almost inevitably now be taken in Paris. There is nothing to be said in favour of the first, that is, for the retention of Constantinople merely as the residence of the Caliph. The city, as a city, is not sacred to Moslems, and such an arrangement cannot be justified by expediency or principle. Indeed, the establishment of a sort of "Vatican" would, in fact, lead to religious and political complications. For instance, instead of gratifying the world of Islam, what would amount to the imprisonment of the Caliph might well have an opposite effect. Politically, too, the acceptance of such a solution would mean the establishment not of a spiritual chief, dispossessed of all temporal power, but of a Pontiff Sultan, whose worldly dominions, in any eventuality, must extend almost to what would be the confines of his then only religious domicile.

The Turk, therefore, must either be driven from, or remain in, Constantinople. The adoption of the former policy, apparently favoured by Mr. Lloyd George when he made his speech of December 18th, would carry with it a well-deserved punishment for the crowning Turkish atrocity—the shocking massacre of Armenians during the war. Possessed of an appearance of finality, it would also gratify the sentiments of the subject nationalities. But to set against these advantages banishment

would mean a decreased opportunity for Turkish intercourse with Western civilisation, without any guarantee that a better start would be made in fresh surroundings. Further, to those who know the country and its conditions, it is clear that, once exiled to Broussa, or still more to Konia or Angora, instead of being maintained at Constantinople as a sort of hostage, the difficulty of exercising control over the Ottoman Government and the dangers of Bolshevism would have been considerably increased. Thus, instead of being able to employ direct pressure, made real if necessary by the presence of an International Fleet at the Golden Horn, the Allies or even the League of Nations would be in the position of being obliged either to depend on mere words, which do not count with Turks, or to send a military expedition to enforce their decisions in a capital situated at a distance from the sea coast. Moreover, the Turks definitely expelled, there would arise the problem of finding a new system of *government*, not merely of *control*, on the Straits—a problem the difficulty of which would be greatly enhanced by the aspirations of Greece—aspirations in that case much less easy of disappointment than were the Sultan's authority to be prolonged, at any rate in name.

From the more strictly British point of view, although we know that it has become the habit of the Government rapidly and completely to change its policy, the enforcement of retribution upon Turkey would carry with it a direct reversal of Mr. Lloyd George's originally expressed war aims, for it is almost unnecessary to repeat that he said, in his memorable speech of two years ago, that "we do not challenge the maintenance of the Turkish Empire in the homelands of the Turkish race with its capital at Constantinople," without making any suggestion that this statement was intended not as a post-war pledge, but merely as an "offer" or as an "invitation" to the Ottoman Government then to sue for an independent peace. Such a pledge, which cannot be broken without something more than the mere juggling of words, is important, for, whilst even if it be true to say that the interest displayed in Turkey by millions of non-Ottoman Moslems is of more or less recent growth, we have it from the Aga Khan, from Mr. Ameer Ali, and from other distinguished authorities, that the feelings of Islam are now very real and deep upon the subject. By acting in the face of such warnings and by courting a danger, which seems to be recognised in France and Italy, neither of whom have as many Moslem subjects as Great Britain, the Conference would force into prominence the question of the Caliphate, the Sultan's claim to which is based partly upon the fact that he is still the greatest Mohammedan Prince of the day—a question the settlement of which depends, not upon the

victors in the war, but upon the wishes and sentiments of the Moslem world.

For the above and other reasons, to which I will now allude, it therefore seems that there is much, in fact, almost everything, to be said for the alternative policy, apparently advocated by France and Italy, namely, for the maintenance of Turkey in a limited area of European territory and for the retention of her Government at Constantinople, that Government being subject to strict and definite control in things concerning the Straits and their protection. The setting up of such control, which, if necessary, might, for the moment at least, take the form of the prolongation of the existing administration, carried out by High Commissioners of the Powers, would in itself be simpler than the creation of a sovereign authority to replace the Turks. This solution of the problem would also avoid the difficulty of ceding disputed territory to either Greece or Bulgaria, for were the Turks to be removed from Constantinople, this might well mean a reduction in the size of the European section of the Straits area in such a manner that Adrianople and the surrounding country would be located beyond it. So far as I am aware, too, whilst much has appeared in the Press upon the subject, no justifiable argument has yet been produced to prove that a controlling body would be any more susceptible to intrigue than would be a new sovereign authority. And, lastly, although many of the high moral standards enunciated during the war have not been and will not be realised, and although the Greek element of the population may predominate on the shores of the Straits and of the Black Sea, Constantinople is Turkish on the basis of nationality.¹

The next difficulty arises from the fact that whether the Turks stay or do not stay in Constantinople, in any case it becomes the duty of the Peace Conference to decide upon the nature of the *régime* to control or to replace them—a *régime* the determination of which is likely in either case to be governed by more or less the same principles. It is here that it is particularly regretful, although Mr. Morgenthau, writing in the *New York Times* so lately as November last, still believed his country should accept

(1) Viscount Bryce in *Transcaucasia and Ararat*, gives 800,000 as an estimate of the total population and states that of these, "the Armenians reckon themselves at 200,000, the Greeks are nearly as numerous, the Mohammedans more numerous, probably 350,000."

A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Constantinople in the issue of that paper for June 26, 1919, says: "The majority of the population is certainly composed of Turkish-speaking Moslems, who probably form about seven-twelfths of the entire population of the city. The bulk of the land belongs to Turkish landlords."

a mandate in the Near East, that there seems but a meagre hope that America will now be persuaded to undertake a responsibility for which her qualifications are absolutely unique. This unwillingness to risk complications and to set an example of high-minded unselfishness to the civilised world—an unwillingness which may make all the difference between a success and a failure in the Turkish settlement—necessitates the formulation of some other alternative, an alternative almost unavoidably to be sought by a process of elimination of what is impossible rather than by a selection of what would be desirable. Thus, whilst the Turks would probably prefer the control of England to that of any other country, and whilst very many of them would undoubtedly object to the single presence of France at Constantinople, it seems hardly likely that either of these two Powers would accept such an onerous responsibility as a permanency, especially as a European acceptor might ultimately be brought into dangerous relations with one or more systems of government in Russia. Perhaps Italy, and certainly Greece, would take a different standpoint, but, even could an agreement be secured upon the subject, for the Conference to hand over the Straits to either of these countries, and particularly to the latter, would be for it to close its eyes to the national and international conditions of the past, of the present, and of the future. Consequently, and as a *pis aller*, it seems almost inevitable that, for the moment at least, resort must be had to the creation of some form of International Commission, if possible to be established under the presidency of an American, enemy countries not being allowed to be represented, at any rate until such time as it may be decided to permit them to enter the League of Nations. Finally, whilst the existence of such a Commission would have to be made real by the presence of naval and perhaps of limited military forces, the costs of administration of the Straits area might be defrayed by the imposition of maritime dues, by the taxation of the inhabitants, and, if necessary, by an international subsidy to which the United States might perhaps contribute. Unsatisfactory as such a divided superintendence or such an international executive might prove, in this case it would at least have as advantages that, once the fateful question of the position of Turkey is decided—and that must be definitely decided now—the rules for international administration need not now be very strictly codified, and time might be called to the rescue either until the United States is prepared once more to come to the assistance of mankind or until such a time as the future of Russia becomes much more clear than it is to-day.

Whilst Constantinople constitutes the *pièce de resistance* of

the Eastern Question, so far as Europe is concerned, the future distribution and government of Asia Minor are, in fact, far more important to the various subject races of Turkey. It goes without saying that Armenians have been murdered in the capital and that Christians have been maltreated in the European Provinces. Nevertheless, however dreadful may have been Ottoman misrule in the Balkans, it has been nothing to be compared with that represented by the massacres and deportations which have taken place in recent times in the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, when the years 1894, 1896, 1909, and 1915 are among the most bloody in history. Consequently, although it might be a gratification to humanity at large, and particularly to the oppressed nations of the Near East, to witness the departure of the Turks from Constantinople, that departure itself would do little, if anything, to put an end to the gradual process of extermination which has been in progress in Anatolia for years. For these reasons, therefore, and because so long as there is unrest or disorder in Turkey so long will there be an ever-recurring danger of, and excuse for, foreign intervention, it is incumbent upon the Peace Conference to find a solution of a problem which is rendered unusually complicated by the fact that, whilst the Turks only constitute an army of occupation, they are actually the largest element of the population in many of the districts which they misrule.

In the opinion of such authorities as Mr. Morgenthau—an opinion with which I thoroughly agree—the question of Asia Minor should be dealt with in two categories, Armenia and Turkish Anatolia. With respect to Armenia, which should either be entirely independent of Turkey or, at any rate, subject to only a nominal and theoretical suzerainty, there is but little divergence of opinion, for it seems practically an accepted fact that an Armenian State should now be brought into existence. Consequently, the primary problem here is one of frontiers—a problem which cannot be decided exclusively upon the ethnological distribution of the inhabitants, for to adopt this course would be to reward the Turks and other Moslems who have endeavoured to solve the Armenian question by means of the destruction of that race. Here, therefore, the only foundation upon which to work is to establish a State sufficiently large to secure its independent existence and to enable it to receive emigrants now domiciled beyond whatever may be its future frontiers. If this thesis be accepted, I think that the six so-called Armenian vilayets (with the exception of North-Western Sivas), together with the eastern part of Trebizond, should become part of Armenia, her southern frontier being made contiguous to whatever may be the northern

boundary of Mesopotamia. The Armenian Republic of Ararat is reported to have elected to become part, and therefore should be included. For the rest, that is, the questions of Cilicia and of a port upon the Mediterranean, a solution must depend largely upon the arrangements arrived at for the distribution of Syria and upon the identity of the Mandatory or Protector of the new State.

When we come to the remainder of Anatolia there are two alternatives—disruption and the maintained integrity. The adoption of the first would probably mean the at least partial realisation of the Anglo-Franco-Russian agreement of 1916, of the Pact of London, and of Greek aspirations at Smyrna. Such an arrangement, carrying with it a series of different mandates, would almost certainly cut off Turkey from the Mediterranean, and in robbing that country of areas which are preponderatingly Turkish in race it would prove neither durable nor fair. Rejuvenated integrity, on the other hand, would maintain, as Turkish, territories the population of which is probably 75 per cent. Moslem, and it would avoid the establishment of two rivals—Italy and Greece—as neighbours in Asia. No doubt therefore remains in my mind that the easiest and least unsatisfactory course of adoption would be for the Allies to abrogate the above-mentioned agreements, rendered obsolete as they are by the exit of Russia from, and the entry of America into, the war, and to prolong a supervised and controlled Turkish administration, with its capital at Constantinople or elsewhere, in all the areas situated to the west of the Armenian frontier.

Turning to the question of mandates, we are once more in an unhappy position, for, as the United States seems destined to refuse any serious commitments, not only the mandates, but also the mandatorys, may have to be different for the two areas of Asiatic Turkey. Armenia, who cannot at once stand on her own legs, will require strong outside influence to create, to assist in the development of, and to strengthen the actual State, to ensure to its inhabitants, Christians or Moslems, majorities or minorities, absolute equality before the law, and to safeguard the integrity of the frontiers. In the Turkish zone the task of the superimposed authority will consist in controlling and purging something which already exists and in guaranteeing to the non-Turks the fulfilment of the "privileges" which they already possess or with which they may be endowed in the future. These difficulties, which might be satisfactorily overcome by means of distinct mandates, held by a single mandatory—Great Britain or America—cannot, I believe, be surmounted, to the advantage of the world and of the peoples concerned, by any other single

country. *Faute de mieux*, therefore, the Conference may be compelled to agree to the appointment of a single High Commissioner, or group of High Commissioners, for Armenia and to a French or some other mandate for Turkey, the respective controlling forces being responsible either directly to the League of Nations or to the executive authority established on the Straits—an authority which would then be paramount throughout the areas the destinies of which are discussed above.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavoured to place before my readers some of the conditions and considerations likely to influence the future of Turkey. So many are the entanglements and so multitudinous are the complications, that I make no claim to have found a satisfactory solution of a question which seems well-nigh insoluble, or to have discussed all the features of a subject which must occupy the attention of experts for months, if not years. The problems of finance (the expenditure necessary for the achievement of the several schemes and the apportionment of the Ottoman debt), of a unified system of jurisprudence, and of the economic relations to be established between the several units are only a few of those to which no reference has been possible. The solutions of these problems and of many others can only be found by the display of a conciliatory spirit on the part of the Allies—a conciliatory spirit which, if it means sacrifices to-day, will have its rewards in the future. For many years prior to the war the Near East was a storehouse of explosive material. It will so remain until its problems are settled upon a rational and fair basis.

H. CHARLES WOODS.

P.S.—On re-reading the above article I find two points upon which further stress might be laid:—

(1) The historical antiquity of, and the religious justification for, the attachment of non-Turkish Moslems to the Sultan and to Turkey matter to us far less than does the actual existence or non-existence of that attachment, which is the practical point.

(2) Whilst there may be actually nothing from the religious standpoint in the removal of the seat of the Caliph from Constantinople to Asia Minor, the banishment of the Sultan might affect his claim to the Caliphate, in that, for reasons well explained by Mr. Wilfrid S. Blunt in his *Future of Islam*, the right of the sword and the non-existence of a temporal rival constitute one of the reasons for the spiritual rule of the House of Othman.

January 20th, 1920.

H. C. W.

WORLD-REVOLUTION.

THE phenomenon of the moment is the prevailing belief of the world that it is on the eve, if not in the midst, of a "revolutionary" epoch.

Revolution is a term of widely varying connotation. The history of every people presents its own peculiar type of struggle to substitute a new political or social order for the one already existing. With the growing industrialisation of the world, and its marked psychological effects upon every civilised people, the nature of this struggle inevitably tends to be determined by the interaction of economic conditions.

In general, two movements characterise the ceaseless effort to re-act to environment—first, the conscious subversive element, Socialist, Syndicalist, Communist, or what not, and, secondly, the evolutionary tide of human energy directed to this or that phase in the gradual transformation of society.

All progress alike among the nations *inter se* and within the nation itself is due to the sway of ideas—or, what comes to the same thing, culture-types—now competing, now co-operating. The War was rooted in the national idea which had been inculcated into the German mind. The antecedent causes of Bolshevism are clearly traceable to the environment of the Russian people. The present world-unrest, ever since the centre of European gravity shifted to a self-centred and energetic people in the heart of the Continent, has similarly been developing under the two-fold pressure of German ambition and the growing power of a vast proletariat. This pressure is making itself felt far beyond Europe's own confines. Thus the whole East to-day is quivering with restlessness—the psychological effect produced by cables, wireless telegraphy, the modern Press, a prodigious propaganda, the amazingly improved communications which have plunged the Orient into a new atmosphere, and, perhaps above all, by the theory of the self-determination of *peoples* on the wholesale plan of President Wilson, which has upset the mental balance of all racial minorities.

But the world-revolution which we are invited, with ceaseless iteration, to regard as imminent, if not of enemy origin, has been adopted and manipulated as part of a concerted scheme to create and use the class-war, not for what is grandiloquently called "the economic emancipation of the masses," but to undermine the national stability of every country by turns. Germany is, in short,

still sowing the wind and has deliberately elected to risk reaping the whirlwind. Nay, more than that, she threatens, if she cannot make a better bargain, to become the plague-spot of Europe.

Revolution, every whit as much as *Kultur*, was Germany's message to mankind. It was no sudden artifice devised under the stress and strain of War, but a settled purpose during years of Peace. "Divide et Impera" was the old Hapsburg motto. "Erst zerteilen, dann besitzen"—"First split up, then possess"—might have been the maxim of the Hohenzollerns. Penetration, always directed against national sovereignty, was not merely an economic challenge or business ruse. It predicated *Deutschtum*, and *Deutschtum* denied the right of any other nationality to be co-equal, much less paramount, even at home. And if these designs have been stealthily pursued they have been almost openly proclaimed.

Germany, as we all know now, long ago founded schools for teaching sedition. Since 1909 there has been a subsidised machinery at Berlin for training Indian, Turkish, Persian, and Egyptian nationalists, for instance, who were sent on to Madame Cama at Paris or to Oxford and Cambridge for a finishing touch. Anarchism, which is nothing if not cosmopolitan, has had its secret centres even in our seats of learning. Certain "circles" have there long worked in secret, consciously or unconsciously, on parallel lines with the Berlin and Paris schools. Indian anarchists hovered—and are still hovering—between Berlin and Bern; London and Paris.

The French Yellow Book of 1914, giving the documents relating to the negotiations which preceded the Declaration of War, contained an "Annexe" (dated Berlin, March 19th, 1913) to a Report forwarded by M. Etienne, Minister of War, to M. Jonnart, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Of indubitable authenticity, this was, although anonymous, obviously the work of a high military authority. It was entitled "Note Regarding the Strengthening of the German Army."

It placed German aims and methods in a clear light :—

"Neither the ridiculous clamour for revenge of the French Jingoës, nor the English gnashing of teeth, nor the wild gestures of the Slavs will turn us from our end, which is to strengthen and extend *Deutschtum* throughout the entire world."

This candid avowal of an aggressive purpose was cynically followed by counsels as to the necessity of instilling into the German mind that any war would be defensive. And then, as to the means, it went on :—

"Disturbances must be stirred up in Northern Africa and in Russia. This

is a means of absorbing forces of the adversary. It is, therefore, vitally necessary that through well-chosen agents we should get into contact with influential people in Egypt, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, in order to prepare the necessary measures in case of European war."

A plan, constructed with malefic ingenuity, was then sketched out for using "secret allies," and it was put significantly in the light of the present outbreak: "The Egyptian School is specially suited for this. More and more it gathers together intellects of the Mussulman world." A "rising" in Egypt has never since possessed any element of surprise. Its *raison d'être* has been pro-German and pro-Turk suggestion working upon all chronic discontent. For a foundation for invoking first the environment and then revolution at will was well and truly laid not only in Egypt, but in almost each and every country which came within the German orbit.

German Ambassadors, Ministers and *Chargés d'Affaires*, acting upon orders from Berlin in their own and neighbouring countries, have deliberately pursued the policy and practice of seditious agitation. Prince Bülow in Italy, Prince Ratibor in Spain, Prince Reuss at Teheran, Count Bernstorff in America, Admiral von Hintze at Peking and Christiania will serve as examples of diplomats who abused their official immunity to instruct German Consuls to promote social, political, and industrial strife. Mr. Justice Bailhache, in the case of the S.S. *Tennyson*, pointed the obvious moral from the indubitably authentic instructions to naval *attachés*, one of the *pièces de conviction*, to enlist and pay anarchists and criminals. And these acts were so synchronised or serialised as to produce a cumulative effect and convince society that its dissolution was drawing nigh.

Dr. Paul Lensch—who has just been appointed by the new Republic to the professorial staff of Berlin University—with amazing, but all the same calculated, indiscretion confessed¹ that Germany's policy has long been, and was throughout the war, frankly revolutionary—the *nuance* is obvious but immaterial. "But these years" (*i.e.*, 1893-1913), he says, "also raised to the full height of its world-historic significance that antagonism between Germany and England which had long been latent; and they finally revealed the revolutionary rôle which Germany has to play in this world-war." Again, elsewhere, he put it: "We should perceive that in the present world-revolution Germany represents the revolutionary, and her great antagonist, England, the counter-revolutionary side." We can accept the admission. It is true in a much wider sense than Lensch intended. The two

(1) *Three Years of World Revolution*, (London, 1918).

nations are respectively the protagonists of the conflicting ideals—the ethic of Force and the ethic of Civilisation.

Lensch dates back the assumption of this "revolutionary" policy to 1879, when Bismarck re-instituted Protection, because the decision placed Germany in a position in relation to the rest of the world of "the representative of a higher and more advanced economic system." The conclusion is characteristically Teutonic, and as an admission usefully illuminates the back of the German mind, showing that they deliberately construed their world-mission to be in truth one of "Divide and Conquer."

M. Kautsky has lately caused no little sensation by publishing some of the ex-Kaiser's reckless annotations to reports. In one of these, which has attracted a totally needless amount of attention, Wilhelm II. records the necessity of giving orders to German Consuls to stir up insurrection, and avows his intention of seizing India. If there is nothing new in these amiable avowals, the *Political Review* (December 12th, 1919) adds a useful confirmation from the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*—Count von Moltke's suggestions to the Foreign Office to incite revolts in Poland, India, Egypt and the Caucasus. If it is retorted that all this is ancient history, it may be remarked at once that the same policy is being actively carried out to-day. It is easy to find perfervid admirers of the Peace Treaty and the pact of the League of Nations who laugh at the idea of any present-day German conspiracy, with or without Bolshevik support, to plunge mankind into anarchy. But facts are stubborn things, and we have to face the truth, that world-revolution is being feverishly fomented by Germany and German agents. The appeal of the German Socialists to the world proletariat has never been denied or concealed. The Allied working classes are to make common political cause with Germany in defeat, rescind the Peace Treaty, sweep away Imperialism and capitalism, and establish upon the ruins a new social order.

What was the agency by means of which the idea of an impending revolution was to be inculcated? The question brings us naturally to the consideration of *Massensuggestion*, that formation of a psychological mass—which is a science in Germany—a powerful auxiliary in a campaign of corruption. To create an atmosphere is the supreme *métier* of the Teuton. We must never lose sight of the elementary fact that, as well as revolution itself—always more easily threatened than accomplished—Germany has aimed at the creation of a fitting environment. If a people can be persuaded that a social cataclysm is impending, the event comes at once within the range of the practical. That the British working classes were on the verge of revolt against

capital and authority ; that France was passing through a succession of crises which must inevitably result in disintegration ; and that the extreme Italian Socialists would, in conjunction with other intransigent elements, sweep away the dynasty and establish a republic, are now commonplaces of German propagandist suggestion.

Nobody, it is true, can have been so blind to the lessons of the history of our own times as to doubt that for generations evolutionary forces have been at work effecting momentous social and political changes. A "revolution," loosely so-called, has always been more or less in silent progress. But neither the fact nor the legitimately disruptive effects of the war nor the peace suffice to explain the exaggerated character of the noisy ferment which is all but universal. When we reflect that enemy activities can be clearly demonstrated to have been directed to this purpose, the conclusion as to the effective cause of much of this world-unrest is irresistible. German agents in neutral countries have long been vehement in their warnings of impending political and industrial catastrophes, and studiously active in endeavouring to bring them about. You can take each country by turns, and you will find, as well as the often scanty subversive *matériel*, evidence that a forcing-house atmosphere has been created from outside. Thus, fore-ordained to be in any event the first of the fruits of peace, it is, in truth, small wonder that revolution should be *en l'air*.

The use of the Press has long been, and is still, Germany's trump card in this campaign of imposture. The manipulation of the neutral organs of public opinion¹ has already been sufficiently indicated. But, considered in this context, it presents an amazing study. For world-revolution, as if it were an accomplished fact, is now the burden of their song. The flamboyant mouthings of self-confessed anarchists have had pride of place, and that not merely in their own or in Germanised organs, but in the independent Press. It must have long been surprising to every thinking mind that every malcontent, Pacifist, Communist, or merely variegated, should have so long had his fulminations, with us ordinarily limited to the publicity of Hyde Park, loudly trumpeted through our own Press. For there is not a fragment of proof that their views to-day have any more genuine public approval than they had during the war. There seems, in short, to be lacking any sense of proportion. One is tempted to diagnose the activity of the publicity agent.

*For the revolutionary ferment of the moment, wherever it exists at all homogeneously, is transparently artificial, if not in

(1) See *Germany and the Neutral Press* (FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, June, 1919.)

its origins at least in its applications. The most cursory examination will be enough to convince most people that, if fostered by native anarchists and strengthened by economic stress, it is, too, in its present manifestations, whatever its type, mainly alien in form.

The United States, at any rate, have given this interpretation to their "present discontents" by shipping 5,000 alien anarchists, who were plotting revolution, to their homeland. A similar "round-up" in Ireland might usefully supplement the unanswerable disclosures of our Press Bureau last May as to the enemy backing of Sinn Fein—whose reign of terror is fast emulating that of Moscow. Civil war in Ireland is exactly what the German Irish Society would desire as a Peace Celebration.

Monsieur Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George admit that their Governments possess cogent proofs of the working of foreign influences designed to stimulate the paralysis of labour as part of a concerted plan. That aliens are keeping constantly alight the fires of strife between employers and employed is a matter of common knowledge. But this, it must never be forgotten, does not point to anything like mass-corruption having been accomplished. The whole thing is, at the moment, perfectly simple. *Mass suggestion* may sway a multitude absolutely unconscious of being influenced from without, and therein lies its insidious power. A trade dispute may be unconsciously so twisted as to play the enemy game without the men concerned having the least inkling that they are not free agents acting solely in their own interests. Yet few can pretend that it was merely a coincidence that the deliberations of the Peace Conference were so interrupted by strikes and threats of strikes that it seemed as if they would prove largely abortive.

If, again, we look around to-day we see strikes, obviously factitious, in France, in Italy, in the United States and Canada. Holland, and, for that matter, every country in Northern Europe, has been, and is being, chronically threatened from within with the "universal strike," one of the enemy's favourite weapons. The amazing part of the whole business has been its ubiquity. It is no wonder that the world has become obsessed with the belief that a universal industrial cataclysm was impending. We hear one day of an impending "universal strike" in Denmark, or Sweden, and, almost before we are assured that it had been staved off, the same madness seems to have seized the Argentine. Then it crops up in Spain or in Switzerland, or breaks out in Australia, and so on. Now it is quite unnecessary to pretend that the working classes of all these countries were, or are, all contaminated with Germanism or Bolshevism, or both. But the

German provocator works underground, and chooses his myrmidons with practised skill. He doesn't attempt to preach any of the Potsdam philosophies. He pitches upon any grievance, old or new, and fans the slumbering embers of discontent into a flame, and then goes off to do the same thing elsewhere. He believes in the force of cumulative effect.

"Direct action" and "Internationalism," his favourite shibboleths, are vague if well-worn terms to the toiling millions in every country, who rarely do much hard thinking for themselves. Their leaders proclaim that the industrial workers of one country are bound to the industrial workers of another by a stronger community of interests than to the ruling class at home. The masses, nevertheless, remain intensely national, even if the currents of feeling excited ebb and flow according to general economic conditions. There is not a fragment of evidence that any revolutionary virus has infected the heart of the people in any country. It really ends, where it begins, with insurgent minorities.

But the artificiality of the whole cosmopolitan phenomenon is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that the world is now passing through an epidemic of aggressive and many-sided propaganda. If the movement were the outcome of a genuine outburst of mass opinion, it would not require any such adventitious aids to publicity. In every country, again, it is not the people, nor even the working classes, but extremists of every *nuance*, often of alien birth, that have all the limelight. If we simply consider for a moment the relative position of professional revolutionaries in any country before German and Bolshevik intrigue had been at work and—it must be said—German and Russian gold had flowed like water, we need not labour cause and effect any further.

We have had, moreover, many official admissions, notwithstanding, perhaps, an exaggerated reticence, of an alien movement in our midst backed by considerable funds, and this is still as much German as Bolshevik. No doubt a great deal of mischief is frustrated, but it is perfectly well known that a great deal is being perpetrated by the dissemination of ready-made opinions designed to disintegrate. The movement gains an added force from the adhesion, more or less, in most countries of a section of the advanced Revolutionary Social Democrats. Bolshevism is aiming at a *rapprochement* with the Italian, Swiss, Norwegian, Dutch, American, and, now, with the Independent German Social Democrats. We thus reach a visualisation of the new enemy front.

A plot so grandiose in conception as the excitation of actual revolution throughout the world in the sense of a simultaneous upheaval of all social order appears to many people to be, *prima*

facile, merely an illusion of the imagination. But that the plot had been perfected down to the most minute detail before the beginning of war in nearly every country is now a demonstrable truth, and by accumulation it was so directed as to embrace the habitable globe. The design involved a machinery capable of promoting outbreaks in every Allied and every neutral country as and when Germany willed. In the German view, it must be reiterated, it was a natural *ruse de guerre* for her ubiquitous agents to arrange, if they could, for civil and industrial revolt and insurrection in all enemy countries. To German morality it was equally a legitimate device to blackmail neutral States by threatening them with revolution from within, as well as with invasion from without. Everybody knows something of the part Germany has played in the Russian cataclysm; of her past attempts to convulse the Indian Empire; of her plots in Morocco, in Abyssinia, in South Africa, and in Mexico. We have, too, in spite of an exaggerated reticence, known perfectly well that all Northern Europe, Switzerland, Spain, for instance, have been kept on the brink of social or political tumult. All this is common ground. It is not, perhaps, so obvious that the plot has been adopted in its entirety by the new Germany, that with variations dictated by defeat and with German influence discreetly screened behind Bolsheviks, Anarchists, Nationalists, and Internationalists, it is in full activity to-day.

Yet throughout the Mahommedan world, in spite of the ludicrous fiasco of the Sultan's *Jihad*, holy wars are now being preached by renegade Moslems in German, Bolshevik, or Young Turk pay, and even if they prove, as they always have proved, immediately abortive, they will sow seed of which the fruit will have to be harvested some day. Frenzied, and, for the moment, by no means wholly futile, efforts are still being, and will long be, made by enemy agents to spread sporadic outbreaks of Moslem fanaticism from the Caucasus to Mahommedan China; from Asiatic Russia to Afghanistan and Persia; from Kabul (more than ever a present and future centre of Germano-Turkish intrigue) throughout India; from the Red Sea to the Niger; and, in effect, from Cairo to the Cape. Spain has her own type of epidemic insubordination, but the patriotic Press has no illusions as to the alien origin of the recurring outbreaks now paralysing, or attempting to paralyse, Spanish industry. The Germans in Spain prefer fishing in troubled waters. Dutch Communism was a negligible quantity until backed by the Germano-Bolshevik cabal. The brand of Germano-Bolshevism which now threatens Norway, Sweden, and Denmark is of a type made familiar to all students of propaganda by the International conspirators who have made

Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Christiania their centres of activity. Italy has survived one Bolshevik outbreak, and is threatened with another, as the result of the machinations of "Parvus," who was released from arrest by the Swiss Federal authorities on the personal solicitations of the German Minister, and worked up the whole thing from a safe asylum in the Canton Grisons. Lenin's latest dream, "the United States of the Orient," presages a union between Germano-Bolshevism and a new Pan-Islamism which would make the most bigoted unbeliever realise the nature of the new Utopia.

We can ignore, in this context, any Bolshevik outbreaks in Germany itself. No other people has been less actuated by the revolutionary spirit than the German. The German Bolshevik pure and simple may really exist, or be evolved; but Spartacism is not Bolshevism, while revolutionary Socialism is, again, a very different thing. Marx saw in science, technique, the development of machinery, and the concentration of capital, *die eigentlichen Revolutionäre*. The idea of an entirely new social order is inseparably bound up with his economic interpretation of history. This is "the inevitable trend of modern industrialism," which works evolutionary and revolutionary changes at one and the same time. But it was in pursuit of an entirely different policy that Germany sent Bolshevism, as a disintegrating force, to every country. Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, North and South America, Australia, South Africa, India, and China have all been supplied with Bolshevik emissaries, who have been welcomed by German settlements and given the free and unrestrained use of "the machine." Germany, in sublime indifference to the alleged breach between Berlin and Moscow, is out to wreck civilisation in the interests of *Kultur*.

The paradox presented by the official German hostility to Bolshevism, and the personal support of its action, more especially *vis-à-vis* the Allies, is a great source of confusion of thought. To many people the precautions of the German Government against the spread of the Terror in the Fatherland are, in spite of past intrigues, a crowning proof of good intentions. It is even solemnly proposed that the Allies should enlist Germany in policing the Russian frontier. But we should have badly read the lessons of the war if we had not learnt that, like Janus, Germania faces both ways. From the beginning of the Soviet rule of Russia—a rule only possible through German aid and German leading—we have been confronted with the apparent enigma of Germans working or fighting on both sides. No doubt the murder of Count Mirbach—which Lenin has never really explained away—estranged Berlin from Moscow, but a dissolution of partnership

is never easy of consummation and becomes impracticable when the partners are in *pari delicto*. Direct evidence exists of a joint German and Bolshevik conspiracy *contra mundum*.

Last October the German newspapers were publishing lengthy extracts from the advance proof-sheets of the third volume of Herr Helfferich's *Weltkrieg*. The volume bears the title, "Vom Eingreifen Amerikas bis zum Zusammenbruch," and must be regarded as one of the most important historical documents which the literature of the war has so far produced. Herr Helfferich says that Germany's relations to Russia and the East "had long brooded over him with gloomy insistence," and that it was at his own request that the German Foreign Office sent him on his "Moscow mission" in 1916. He warned his Government again and again to abandon all hope of effectual Bolshevik assistance for German policy. He himself "strove, but without success, to guide Germany's *Russlandpolitik* along entirely different lines." Lenin, Trotsky, and Radek never attempted to conceal their real goal, which was "to use all available means to revolutionise Germany." Even if we accept all Herr Helfferich's statements at their face value, the fact remains that, according to his own admissions, many prominent Germans expected the march of Bolshevism in Russia to further German designs in the field of world-politics.

There is another factor which can only be lightly touched upon here, and that is Germany's future relations with International Socialism. It may be admitted at once that many Socialists of all nationalities proved themselves to be patriots first all through the war. But with peace the old lines of cleavage are becoming more and more apparent. Internationalism is once more asserting its sway. The second *Internationale*, which died a sudden death on the outbreak of war, was under the practically complete control of the German Socialists. We may disregard, as another story, the diversions of the third *Internationale*, which was captured by Lenin, and confine ourselves, in this context, to the German effort to dominate the International proletariat. The movement has a twofold operation. It is subversive of the existing order and the national ideal in every country. It is constructive of an International Brotherhood of Man, culminating in "the International Socialist Fatherland," a conception "made in Germany."

Lench lays down as a self-evident proposition that "the future of Democracy and Socialism is bound up with the fate of Germany." The statement is pregnant with meaning. The German Socialist organs are now making a strong appeal to the rest of Europe for international solidarity. What would Internationalism have meant for them had the German scheme succeeded according

to plan? For at least a quarter of a century, at each successive stage in the history of European Socialism, one traces the effort, unfortunately only too successful, of German Socialists to convert Internationalism into an instrument of *Deutschtum*.

General von Bernhardi declares that "the entire development of the human race is ascribable to this German people." And we have yet to meet the unchanged and unchanging German conception, or misconception, that in the pursuit of her historic mission *der Zweck heiligt die Mittel*. The Supermen of a Super-State are not to be trammelled by convention.

It was, comparatively, as easy a matter for the enemy to erect a machinery for carrying on simultaneously an underground war after the war as during hostilities. The existence of an organisation radiating to the uttermost parts of the earth, forming one co-ordinated whole, and capable of grappling at will with each and all of the necessities of the moment, is one of the outstanding features of contemporary history. *Deutschtum im Auslande* still signifies a vast national force of supreme concern to the rest of the world. Germans at home are now devoting more energy than ever to the organisation of this movement, linking it up with all the elements of Teutonic influence abroad, and laying the foundation of a solid structure for the work of future "penetration." It need not be contended that German infiltration abroad as a whole represents illegitimate activities; but it is demonstrable that much of it comes to nothing less than a seditious conspiracy.

The end is not yet. All revolutionary parties must make their ultimate bid avowedly to the "common people." Is there a class in the community whose interests are more at stake? For the industrial worker victory over *Deutschtum* on the home front is a matter of life and death. If in a sense the Great War was in itself a sign and symbol of the eternal "War of Ideas," its lesson remains to indicate the next phase, which will not be the last. For the two eternal forces directing these ideas are freedom and despotism.

The revolutionary "made in Germany" is a despot seeking to exercise the "will to power," and unless fairly and squarely met on his own plane, if not by his own methods, it is impossible to measure his potentiality for working havoc in the world. The danger threatening us to-day is lest we should conclude that the motive forces which have actuated *Deutschtum* during the past half-century reached their final phase with the signing of the Peace Treaty.

W. MORRIS COLLES.
A. D. McLABEN.

M. CLEMENCEAU'S NOVEL, "THE STRONGEST."¹

PARIS Society still exists, although fifty years have elapsed since that *débâcle* at Sedan which overthrew the Napoleonic dynasty and converted France into a Republic. The most inveterate haters of Bonapartism included M. Clemenceau *père*, M. Georges Clemenceau *fils*, and M. Henri Rochefort, a trio of writers of whom the only survivor is the eminent statesman who for the last two years has guided the fortunes of France. No need to reiterate to Englishmen that he is *un esprit fort*. With his eighty years close in front of him he now appears to us in a new character, that of a novelist.

Readers of *The Strongest* will find that the austere, self-willed, autocratic, yet fervently democratic author can be quite a lively *chroniqueur* of Paris Society, learned even in frills and furbelows and conversant with the wiles and duties of the *mannequins*! And following on the heels of these *houris* of the man-milliner's devices come elaborate dissertations upon economics and "views" on that Labour question. Remembering our author's detestation of that Bonapartist rule which ended, as it seemed, in a moment, it is agreeable to find him "letting down" that *régime* thus gently in the opening sentences of his first chapter:—

"Henri Lepastre, Marquis de Puymaufroy, led the great rout of the last years of the Second Empire brilliantly. His duels, his adventures in gallantry, made him famous at Longchamps, in the châteaux, at the theatres. They were very jolly days, as one of the heroes of the occasion said, and Henri de Puymaufroy was at the height of the carnival of folly. When the outraged virtue of the sentimental Germans broke up the carnival with shell fire, Henri de Puymaufroy went to the front as dashing as to a rendezvous, returned with his arm in a sling, and refused to be consoled. He said that his generation had done too much evil to take pride in the common courage of resisting the invader.

"'Of course, I am a hero,' he replied whenever people tried to flatter him, 'but I am a hero of a defeat. Ribbons, and pieces in the paper, and the whole parade that goes with them, will not console me for my country's loss—for which we are to blame. What is the slash of a bayonet compared with other wounds that will never close over?' They thought him queer. 'The war struck home to him,' said his friends. And since he was ruined in any case, and had retired to what was left of his estate, they decided that he had gone under, and . . . good-night!'"

Although Henri de Puymaufroy is the most prominent figure in

(1) *The Strongest*. By Georges Clemenceau. London: Eveleigh Nash.

a gallery of portraits skilfully limned by their creator, and although we learn very early in the narrative that he "made Claire [a married woman] love him because he loved her, only to find Dominic [her husband] already installed in her soul, the legal father arrayed against the legitimate pretender," many will refuse to see in him naught but the sinner. Henri's father, "one-time gentleman-in-waiting to Charles X., a lover of white wine and pretty country girls, was killed in a hunting accident before he knew that he was to have an heir. His mother, *née* Pannetier, a stupid, ugly creature, daughter of an army contractor, died three days after the birth of the child." An uncle was named first as guardian and then tutor of the little marquis, who was tended by an *abbé* from the bishopric of Nantes and "the two Nanettes, his childhood's nurse and her little daughter."

Henri's illegitimate daughter, Claudia Harlé, is skilfully sketched, and outvies the legion of womenfolk surrounding her—as she easily might do, for they are Parisian worldlings to their finger-tips. There is no suspicion by her presumed father that she is not his daughter, nor does he learn the truth until the final pages are reached. She mingles with the *grandes dames* of the capital as one equal in every respect to them all. They took her to their arms willingly, not merely because she was beautiful, but because she was, in their eyes, the legitimate offspring of the wealthy plebeian, Dominic Harlé. "Money needs money," says her real father, Puymaufay, to Mlle. Claudia Harlé. "Money attracts money." "So it is money," she retorted.

"It's everything. What you call 'the world' is simply a union of the strongest. Your papa puts that very well. And when you've done with brute force money is the power which includes everything. The old nobility pretended that they put a crown of chivalry on wealth and strength. If you don't look at it too closely it seems a beautiful dream. What's left of it to-day? Richelieu dynamited the châteaux of the nobility; Louis XIV. ruined his Court; Louis XV. corrupted his. The Revolutionists guillotined the nobility; and, what was worse, put it into their heads to call in aliens against France. From that time the nobility is nothing but a memory. It's a memory which some people exploit out of vainglory. Others traffic in it at the auction sale to which we have reduced marriage. That's why your papa dreamed of making you the Comtesse de Hauteroche."

A propos to-day, whenever they were written, are the passages in which Claudia's reputed father, M. Harlé, inveighs against the workpeople at his paper manufactory. In such a matter the author is entirely on his own ground, and it is easy to imagine him writing a "leader" for his own journal in past years or addressing the proletariat assembled to hear the words of wisdom thundered forth from the platform by this recognised leader of the People. He did well, therefore, to make the papermaker

Harlé what not a few of his more critical English readers will regard as the strongest character in this romance, the original French edition of which, if one remembers aright, provoked no criticism in this country, and was, one might venture to add, practically unknown outside France. The same might be said of the United States, or there would hardly have been an American edition of *The Strongest*.

We are taken by M. Harlé to his factory, where a visit is paid to it by some of his aristocratic friends and self-seekers—among them being that "pushing" lady, the Comtesse de Fourchamps, to whom the proprietor of the "works" had explained in advance his plans for becoming one of the merchant kings of France. "Everything in the factory had been swept up and polished and cleaned, but the Comtesse could hardly suppress a movement of disgust. The Comtesse was more of a spectacle to the factory than the factory could be to her. She passed with lowered lids under the ironic silence of the distant creatures at whom she would not even look. What to her were these men begrimed with coal or with paste?—these women, so prematurely aged; the girls, the children, stupefied with the mechanical grind? They were at opposite poles."

The proprietor of the factory was the captain at the helm. The people neither loved nor hated him—they merely obeyed him. That was all he demanded of them. "He's part of the factory," they said. The visitors remembered little, if anything, of what they were shown. "You are a benefactor of mankind," remarked the Comtesse to Harlé. "I hardly needed to get stained and dirty to find that out." It is in this section of the story that our author reveals his ample knowledge of the reasons, or no reasons, which animate Capital and Labour when both are at daggers drawn, as they have been for over half a century and as they are to-day. It is conceivable, and perfectly natural, that there will be much "skipping" by fair readers of these elaborate arguments *pro et con*; "so unusual, so out of place in a novel," one can imagine them murmuring. And, in truth, M. Clemenceau's greatest admirers of all he says and does will be indisposed to regard the "dry" chapters with anything approaching favour. Our author, however, is a law unto himself, and he may retort, with that smiling *moquerie* of which he is a master, that what was "good enough" for his own feminine compatriots is, or ought to be, "good enough" for ours.

There is reason to believe that here he is expecting too much. Even the pliant and always delightful girl whom, until her actual father's confession, the wealthy papermaker not unnaturally believed to be his own child—even the dazzling Claudia crossed

swords with him when he argued on behalf of the employers and reviled the employees. She sided with the *séducteur* of her erring mother. To the girl the erring aristocrat, Puymafray, stood in the relationship of an uncle, nothing more. "I'm like uncle," she said; "I wish it were possible to moderate this struggle between conflicting interests. I think uncle was right when he said that all the power [of the capitalists] is in our hands." "Do you think, then, that I am abusing my power? Do you think that that whole organisation of charity which I just showed you is a malicious tyranny?" "I know that it is a good thing. Only, papa dear, you're the only one who has the right to say how much each one shall get, and you know that you put conditions on your charity. Perhaps your men would like to have a word to say about that." "Oh, ho! so you want them to get more of my share? Isn't it enough for the Government to think always of ruining me with its taxes and regulations of industry? . . . Where is it going to stop? . . . Everybody will be ruined. Then there will be nothing but poor people. That's progress for you!" "There ought to be a place for everyone," said Claudia; "but how?"

It cannot be denied that all this (and there are pages of it) is germane to the conditions of all countries prevailing in 1920, as they have so long prevailed, and as they will remain for an indefinite period. But, to employ a racing phrase, is it not "trying us too high" to incorporate it in a work which, albeit it is a novel, something ostensibly produced for the entertainment of all and sundry, we take up for amusement rather than for instruction? Will the mantle of M. Georges Clemenceau cover the sterility of too many of its three hundred and seventeen pages? "The answer is in the affirmative." There is so much that is attractive and amusing in the narrative that it seems justifiable to predict for it a genuine success.

For the evidence on this material point the reader should turn to the seventh chapter, p. 141. We are given something more than a glimpse of the interior of a well-known establishment (with, presumably, an Englishman at its head), where the only discourse is of costumes, where the "rank and fashion" (*et cetera*) of Paris, Princesses and Countesses and Marquises, and Mlle. Claudia herself are, like the dresses, on view.

The day was a memorable one at Morgan's. . . . It was nearly three o'clock. The *mannequins* were trotting out in front of a delegation of Chicagoans when the name went up—like an electric shock—"Mélanie! She's come."

It was an exciting moment when Mélanie made her dramatic entrance *en scène*. All eyes were fixed upon her. "She was

dressed in a blue tailor-made suit, with a waistcoat of white *pique*, prettily setting off the authority of her figure. Her hat was a bit 'sporty,' but a white veil softened the effect. She did not even wear a bracelet. The good taste of the *débutante* was loudly approved. 'You can see she graduated here,' said her comrades very proudly."

Our truly versatile author here becomes really comical. For we read: "As 'Troy pressed upon the ramparts to see Hector and Achilles race round the walls, so all the House of Morgan stood, in silent, closely-packed ranks, deserting the astonished Americans, to attend the unheard-of event." It was a great moment when Mélanie let it be seen that the Prince de Luques was with her. "He saluted her as Louis XIV. might have greeted a maid on the backstairs at Versailles, and stepped nobly with his companion into the famous white Psyche room. 'Tell Morgan we're waiting for him, won't you?' he said casually. And Morgan came. The Prince de Luques was too valuable." He was familiarly known to the foreign element in Paris as one who could arrange introductions to the French leaders of society. The Comtesse de Fourchamps brought Claudia to Morgan's ateliers on this auspicious occasion. "My compliments, Monsieur Morgan," said the Comtesse; "the end of Mélanie for you is as honourable as her beginning." "It's quite Parisian," Morgan replied. "Tell us that there's nothing behind it. Everyone will think you arranged it on purpose." "No. It happened of itself, and that's what is so beautiful."

Then the "trying on" business began, Claudia posing as a martyr, allowing herself to be turned and pushed about until the question, "Is that all right?" was answered by "Not yet." All the time the *mannequins* came and went, posing before the Marquis as if saying, "Look at me." When Morgan was asked to give his opinion on a robe or a skirt he delivered a lecture. We have a taking little portrait of one M. Etienne Montperrier, a young Deputy, "a potential Cabinet Minister, whose eloquence had so often struck down the Opposition—which always rose from its ashes." In such matters as these M. Clemenceau is at his best.

Whenever Parliamentary affairs are touched upon in *The Strongest* we are assured beforehand of amusement, without any admixture of those depressing economics. (The Comtesse de Fourchamps called the Deputy Montperrier "the Bouguereau of the Tribune"; and one can fancy not a few of our fair feminines somewhat puzzled at his identity. Now Bouguereau was a famous French painter, who died full of honours in 1905, as might well have been mentioned in a footnote in this English edition.)

But we have scarcely reached the ninth chapter, which opens with a reference to the arrangements for a charity sale on behalf of the "Old and Incurable," than we get another instalment of commercialism. Harlé is speaking to Puymaufray: "You have never asked me about my great scheme. In a month we'll be before the public. It's extraordinarily simple." I'm becoming a journalist. Follow my line of thought. I make paper. I get my sheets from Norway and Austria. . . . But both countries stop midway, and I have to take up the work where they leave it. That's a loss of power and time. But when I make my paper, what do I do with it? I hand it over for other people to destroy its original whiteness with print. They sell it at a good price. My product is their raw material, just as Norway's product is mine. But why shouldn't I complete my work? Why let someone else blacken my sheets and get the profit? This writing industry is only recently organised—it's only beginning to walk. As usual, the beginning is anarchy. Someone must come to group all these attempts, to organise and co-ordinate the work, for the greatest possible result. So I've studied this curious business thoroughly. It's strange it should have been neglected until now by the great organisers for, all things considered, it is the thing that makes humanity act."

M. Clemenceau has been throughout his long life as indefatigable a student as was Gladstone and as is Lord Morley. His knowledge is encyclopædic, as the chapter at which we have now arrived proves. There is a discussion on the *tableaux vivants* which are being arranged for the helpless, and the talk *chez* the Comtesse de Fourchamps is about everything and everybody. An *abbé* is there, and the hostess hopes that the *tableaux* will please him, because he knows in advance by what feelings they are prompted. "Surely, madame. You can take scenes from the Bible or from the lives of the Saints." "But the field has been pretty thoroughly gleaned. Couldn't we join the sacred and the profane?" "Why not?" answered the *abbé*, "if you avoid anything shocking." "That's the difficulty. M. Deschars has proposed to represent some scenes from the life of Buddha. Isn't he a false god?" "Many pagans, notably the Chinese, worship him as divine. There are dangers in that." "We need a lot of money, Father, and M. Deschar's *tableaux* would be the hit of the evening." "You make me reconsider, madame. As a matter of fact, this Buddha was a very modest and a very good man, who arrived on earth many centuries before Our Lord, and nevertheless had some gleams of the future truth."

Although M. Clemenceau has never professed to be attached to the Papal or any other ecclesiastical car, he pursues this

dogmatic *causerie* into another chapter. Claudia thinks that two scenes will be enough for India; "the religious scenes will be simpler to do." "But, mademoiselle," says Montperrier, "suppose I ask you to put on the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon?" "Oh, that's a lovely idea," cries Claudia. "We can show the splendours of the Orient in it, too." Montperrier agrees, to give only two scenes: the departure of the Prince when he leaves the royal palace to preach renunciation of the world, and then the scene of his temptation under the Tree of Knowledge. The ladies ask him to explain that. "I don't want to give you a lecture," he replies, "and we needn't conform strictly to the legend. The Prince, Siddhartha, never went out of the palace of the King Kapilavastu, his father."

This perisiflage will probably be more welcome to the average English reader than the stereotyped leading-article style which marks the dissertations on strikes and strikers, etc., to which reference has been made. It is a pity that there is not more of it.

The final pages make ample atonement for the aridity of some of those preceding them. In these Harlé learns for the first time the deception which has been practised by the son of that "one-time gentleman-in-waiting to Charles X., a lover of white wine and pretty country girls." This episode is Thackerayan, inevitably recalling the scene between Rawdon Crawley, Becky, and Lord Steyne. At breakfast Harlé, the plebeian papermaker and proprietor of the *Universal Daily*, tells his supposed daughter that the Pope has made him a count, and that he is marrying the Comtesse de Fourchamps. As to the Papal title, it is a bagatelle in view of the position he has acquired. He needs no one and everyone needs him. But (he tells Claudia) "the Comtesse is our best friend. . . . I must have a woman's aid in the political career on which I am embarking." The Comtesse joins Harlé and Claudia, and there are mutual congratulations. "I am delighted," says the representative of the Paris "world." "The old nobility is played out. A man like your father is destined to set great modern activities astir. Politics must have him." Etienne Montperrier, the aspirant to Claudia's hand, is announced, and Harlé makes matters very easy for them. *Adieu* papermaker and his future; and the lovers are left face to face.

Henri de Puymafray arriving, and learning that Harlé is in his study, gives occasion for what the author describes as a "merciless duel" between Henri and Claudia. "Their eyes flashed like blades crossing in mid-air. Claudia was on the defensive, and she faced Henri's attack without flinching. 'So

you, you have spoken that way,' he said, approaching her. 'You, my daughter!' 'Yes; I, your *god-daughter*,' corrected Claudia coldly."

Harlé joins them, and the tragedy begins. Claudia asks Puymaufroy, whom from her childhood she has called "uncle," why he had devoted himself all these years to looking after her. "Surely," she says, "this was my father's duty." "And your mother's, too. I received from her the duty of love which to-day I must fulfil." She tells him he had made it harder for her to go her way, to follow her father. "My sufferings and my tears are due to you. I owe to my father nothing but happiness—my father, whom you are accusing behind his back." "Silence! You do not know what you are saying. With a word I could bring down your castle in the air. . . . Suddenly, roughly, he pointed at Claudia and said, 'You have willed it. The tomb is going to open.'"

"Puymaufroy joins Harlé in his study. 'I have just said good-bye to Claudia,' Henri began. "'Good-bye,' you understand?' Harlé nodded. 'Well?' he queried. 'Well? Nothing. I wanted to talk to her about her mother, who, on the threshold of death, asked me to watch over her. You were absent, then——' 'Yes, but I am here now. As for Claudia's mother, she was mad.' 'I forbid you to insult Claire.' 'Claire?' cried Harlé, stupefied. 'Who gives you the right——?' 'I say that I forbid you to insult Claire,' repeated Puymaufroy menacingly. 'Listen. The supreme moment has come. . . . Claudia is my daughter!'"

Harlé fell into a chair, overcome. Finally the explosion came. The blood had rushed to his face; his eyes were starting from their sockets.

Without extending these extracts it is only fair to M. Clemenceau to say that, although his leading motive is not an elevating one, he has treated it with as much delicacy as was possible. If he is to be blamed for making his plot turn upon the greatest injury one man can do another, Thackeray cannot escape censure for the Steyne episode in his *Vanity Fair*. It is an unquestionable fact that the morals of nations and empires do not appreciably improve with the lapse of time. The painters of manners would indeed be cravens if they refrained from founding their plots upon the actualities of everyday life. Whatever may be the reception given to the renowned statesman's first issue of one of his romances in our own language, we may be certain that it will receive fair treatment at the hands of those called upon to pronounce upon its merits, more especially in view of the fact that in the course of a few months *The Strongest* will be followed by two other novels from the same versatile pen.

EDWARD LEGGE.

THE SENTIMENTAL INTEREST IN POLITICS.

IN the July number of this REVIEW Miss Gertrude Tuckwell contributed an article upon "The Human Interest in Industry," in which she used the need of the wage-earners for improved working and living conditions as a plea in support of the general political programme of the Labour Party, and in particular of the Nationalisation of all "vital services" and the State regulation of the lives of the people. This line of argument is nowadays so frequently employed that many of those who admit the need for reform are led to believe that the remedy proposed is the only one that is possible. An ever-increasing number of people, including many who profess to be opponents of Socialism, are led to support Socialist remedies, because their heart-felt conviction of the need for change blinds their reasoning powers as to the value and the nature of the remedies proposed. For all evils Miss Tuckwell has the one remedy—State action. She does not define what she means by State action or decide between the bureaucratic form of Nationalisation proposed by Mr. Sidney Webb and the Soviet form of Mr. Smillie. Like most Socialists, she is content with the name. All our social evils are to be somehow removed by a supersession of independent action by State control. The State with its wand of official action is to play the part of the Fairy Queen in children's tales. In this attitude Miss Tuckwell is typical of a very large number of social reformers.

To quarrel with the remedies proposed by Miss Tuckwell is by no means to show lack of appreciation of the need for change or a want of sympathy with those who suffer from present evils. It is becoming increasingly common for those who dispute the merits of the Socialist panacea of State control to be considered as mere reactionaries. But doubts about the remedies proposed do not necessarily show any lack of realisation of the evils that surround us. There is no monopoly of heart-felt sympathy with those whose life is drab and hard. Sympathy and sentiment are just as likely to lead to unsound quack remedies as to useful reforms; "hard cases make bad law" is a maxim well tested by experience. Plenty of genuine reformers sincerely believe that State control is baneful. Among the opponents of the creed which nowadays is summed up by the one word Nationalisation are plenty of men and women whose eagerness to improve the conditions around them is at least as genuine as that of the Socialists. Unfortunately it is widely assumed that to insist that

reforms shall be in conformity with economic laws and of our knowledge of human nature seems nowadays to be accepted as proof positive of a reactionary and unsympathetic disposition.

Few would quarrel with Miss Tuckwell's statement of our social needs. We all want improved working conditions, better housing, more education, and so on. But some of us cannot accept as proved the assumption that all these changes can be brought about through the enslavement of the public by the State. No emphasis upon the sentimental side of the case can convince that Nationalisation is the remedy.

It is becoming common in certain self-styled progressive quarters to plead "the straining of the spirit of man to be free." This phrase, quoted by Miss Tuckwell, happens to come from the evidence given before the Coal Commission by Mr. William Straker, Secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association, who advocated the Nationalisation of the coal mines. This kind of general and sentimental phrase is being very frequently employed and is part of a specious campaign now being conducted to secure a political change by means of arguments that appeal to the emotions. The case put forward is that "the workers" (*i.e.*, the trade unionists) have advanced to such a high moral plane that they can no longer labour in private employment, but must work for the good of the community. Those who oppose Nationalisation of whatever kind are at least as keen as the Socialists that the wage-earners should live on a higher plane than heretofore. But they keenly resent this attempt to claim a monopoly of democratic sympathy and to attribute to any class a superhuman altruism.

In the same passage in Mr. Straker's evidence comes the following: "Once he (the miner) secures the freedom of spirit, he will as a natural sequence secure a material welfare equal to what united brains and hand can wring from mother earth and her surrounding atmosphere. Any administration of mines under Nationalisation must not leave the mine-worker in the position of a mere wage-earner, whose sole energies are directed by the will of another. He must have a *share* in the management of the industry in which he is engaged, and understand all about the purpose and destination of the product he is producing. He must feel that the industry is *being run by him* in order to produce coal for the use of the community, instead of profit for a few people." This passage is very typical, and the words in *italics* are significant. All will agree that it is to the general benefit that the wage-earners should be in the closest possible touch with the undertaking in which they work. But here this laudable ambition is used as an excuse for the Soviet rule of

industry—purchase by the nation and management by the trade unions. Mr. Straker first claimed "a share" in the management, but, warming up to the task, he shortly afterwards revealed his true intentions, namely, that "the workers" should conduct the industry. That this was no mere rhetoric is proved by his cross-examination which followed. He was definitely asked: "You mean that the spirit abroad among the men is that unless they get control they will never cease to agitate?" Mr. Straker's reply was: "That is so. You cannot expect them to be content otherwise." This is an excellent example of the danger of what I have termed "the sentimental interest in politics." Miss Tuckwell was herself carried away by the high-falutin moralising, but ignored the merits of the practical political plan that lay behind it.

The evidence given before the Coal Commission in support of the Nationalisation theory was full of such appeals to sentiment. Thus Mr. Sidney Webb asserted that modern society has grown out of the sordid idea that men work out of self-interest. He maintained that self-interest had given way to a realisation of public service. "The root cause," he said, "of the relative inefficiency of the British coal supply is its foundation of private profit making." When one of the mine-owners asked him whether, under Nationalisation, men "would not be chiefly stimulated by the prospects of personal advancement?" Mr. Webb replied: "I think that is taking too cynical a view. I think that the stimulus (to work) becomes more potent when people work directly under the public service." Later Mr. Webb spoke of the "psychological exhortation" that comes from working under national control. This view captured even Mr. Justice Sankey. He justified his recommendation of Nationalisation in these words: "I believe that the workers can and will maintain an output of 250,000,000 tons a year at least. I rely upon the honour of the men's leaders and of the men to achieve this result." Unhappily this result has never been achieved, and the output of coal has continued to fall. Mr. Justice Sankey's own words form sufficient comment. "If the output per man continues to go down, the supremacy of this country is in danger." Later Mr. Justice Sankey reported that the evils of State management (which even he admitted) could be avoided. He condemned "the present Civil Service system," and, relying on the evidence of Lord Haldane, convinced himself that for national mines the State could secure, and presumably could retain, "a class of administrative officers who combine the strongest sense of public duty with the greatest energy and capacity for initiative." Had Mr. Justice Sankey had any practical experience of Civil Service

methods, even in the armies on service, he would have realised that the blight of "the Government stroke" haunts all State action, even when circumstances produce the maximum "psychological exhortation." Once more sentimental pleas have succeeded in winning support for unsound political changes.

The greatest need in politics at the present time is that men and women should not be led by captivating phrases and appeals to sentiment into accepting a policy which hard experience proves can never fulfil the expectations of its supporters. It is well to remember that "the Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose." It is not the avowed sentiments of the advocate, but the practical nature of his plans that demand attention. Our need now is not for sentimental generalities, but for a discussion of political changes in the light of facts and experience. There never was a time in which there was less conservatism among public men. There is now a general willingness to redress existing wrongs, and to do all that is possible to improve the conditions around us. But only damage is done when politicians are induced by appeals to sentiment to adopt easy paths to illusory utopias.

An excellent example of this danger is the problem of Indian reform. "Home Rule" has a fascination for all theorists, and a large number of those who support the demand for Home Rule for India are merely captivated by the label which a few astute men in India have given to their policy. Thus the Labour Party hears of this demand and supports it, regardless of the fact that the leaders of the Home Rule movement in India are men who in reality are more extremely Tory and reactionary in all their domestic politics than any British politicians ever were. Practical men, on hearing a demand from India for Home Rule, would ask why Home Rule is desired. The answer is that a clique of agitators, among whom Brahmins predominate, are anxious to re-establish their waning power over their fellow-subjects. The real democracy of India, so far as it is capable of expressing itself at all, is crying loudly for a continuance of British rule, since the impartial rule of the British is its only protection against caste and racial oppression. This the advocates of Indian Home Rule are careful to conceal. They know that the weakness of British politics is the power of the phrase and of the sentimental appeal, and they succeed in capturing the support of Labour men and women in this country who know nothing of India's internal affairs.

But this power of the sentimental appeal shows itself nowhere more strongly than in the question of Nationalisation. "Public Control" has become a "blessed word Mesopotamia," and vast numbers are led to believe that to place industry in the hands

either of State officials or of a trade union oligarchy would be a democratic reform. It is easy to wax eloquent upon existing evils, but it is necessary to analyse very carefully the value of the remedy proposed. Behind this cry for Nationalisation is a "lust for power" in State officials and trade union executives. The latter merely wish for the State to be their employer because, conscious of the political power which organised labour leaves in the hands of trade union executives, they know that under Nationalisation industry would be in their power. The issue is only obscured when sentimental people concentrate upon whatever weaknesses there may be in our present form of society. Nationalisation stands condemned because it has failed in practice. The bureaucratic form has proved a failure in the national post office, the national telegraphs and telephones, in the municipal tramways, and in much of the war activities of the various State Departments. Every promise of its advocates has proved a snare. Economy has not been secured, profits have not been obtained for the community, relations between employer and employed have not been established on a basis of lasting concord, and, above all, men and women have shown that, whether they work for the State or not, they are human beings, actuated by the natural desire for personal advancement and comfort. Of the Soviet form of Nationalisation nothing need be said save that it has been tried in Russia and has there produced universal ruin. If only the merits of Nationalisation could be judged in the light of economics and experience, the policy would have few supporters. It is only this cloud of false sentiment that makes Nationalisation seem attractive.

Given continued national security, constitutional Government and industrial peace—the very conditions which the sentimentalists not only frequently ignore but sometimes attack—the wage-earners can continue to win better living and working conditions. This country can be made "fit for heroes to live in." But personal hard work and a realisation of the duties, as well as of the so-called rights, of citizenship are essential. Without any supersession of individual by State action, vast improvements have already been made in the standard of society. A general uplifting is now going on. The omnibus conductor or the miner of to-day stands far higher in the scale of civilisation than his predecessor of previous generations, and if his son has the personal ability, there is no limit to his possibilities. In its present form society offers unlimited opportunity to those who have capacity, and as to the majority who have but ordinary capacity, the fact remains that they are one or more rungs further up the ladder of civilisation, for all around them is an

improving world. The need is for continued evolution, not for rash experiments organised by the State with the professed object of bringing about Utopia.

These considerations apply to all such problems as housing, wages, leisure, and so on. If trade unions would turn from attempts to undermine the structure of industry, or to dictate the government of the country, and if they would investigate the possibilities of co-operating with the employers in social reform, the pace of progress could be appreciably quickened. Even Miss Tuckwell says that "the best results can only be achieved by the harmonious and willing co-operation of all concerned"; but she supports those who seek to shake the foundations of both industry and society, and thus to prevent the creation of wealth. Miss Tuckwell joins in the denunciation of "wage slavery," yet neither she nor any other advocate of the Labour view has shown what there is wrong in the system of paying and receiving wages or what could be substituted for it. Why should it be degrading or "slavery" to receive wages? By all means let the wage-earners come into the closest possible contact with their industry. But the whole system of co-partnership and every effort to bring about a closer union between Capital and Labour is decried by the Socialist visionaries. As an instance, the proposals of the mine-owners, in their minority report of the Coal Commission, have been dismissed without any consideration by the Socialists. By the gradual adoption of the Ford-Leverhulme method industry can be transformed so that the humblest wage-earner can secure a more personal interest in his work and greater amenities of life. But all attempts at united action are regarded by the sentimentalists as treachery to the cause of "the worker."

Political changes cannot be healthy unless they are prepared and discussed in a scientific manner. We have had enough of the young dilettante from the university, who, without any experience of industry, is ready to remodel the whole of it under the inspiration of Fabian tracts and street-corner oratory. We have had enough of the sentimental enthusiast who carries away his audience by expatiating upon existing evils and then leads them more or less blindfolded to an unsound solution which happens to bear an attractive label. We can only progress by evolution, and in our efforts to progress we must consider, not only the need for reform, but also the practical nature of the remedy and its measure of success in so far as it has already been applied.

CECIL SHIRLEY.

INSURANCE ~~AGAINST~~ UNEMPLOYMENT.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE QUESTION OF EXTENSION.

I.

It seems to be generally admitted that adequate provision for unemployment is under modern conditions a necessary background to high efficiency in production. The Joint Committee of Employers and Workmen appointed by the National Industrial Conference early in 1919 were, for example, unanimous in the view that "normal provision for maintenance in unemployment should be on a wider and more adequate basis than is provided by the National Insurance (Unemployment) Acts . . . whatever may be the basis of the scheme ultimately adopted it should include provision for under-employment as well as for unemployment." It is recognised that, in a world subject to changes of season and changes of mood, production, however organised, must be subject to fluctuations in demand sufficiently extensive to prevent the volume of labour required when demand is keenest being fully utilised in periods of depression. In the nature of things there is an ebb and flow in the tide of industry which no devices for equalising demand can wholly overcome, and this fact tends to reduce efficiency in two ways. In the first place workmen are influenced by the fear that unstinted output may result in a shortage of work and wages, and in the second place their capacity as workmen is liable to deteriorate during spells of no employment or too little employment.

Agreement as to the nature of the disease does not, however, extend to the remedies which ought to be applied, and the introduction of a Government measure dealing with the subject provides a convenient opportunity for bringing together the main considerations which have been advanced in this connection. The provision which ought to be made for unemployment in a modern economic state is, for reasons described below, a matter on which there is room for wide differences of opinion, but at the same time hardly any action can be taken without effective co-operation between employers, workmen, and the State; progress is only possible in so far as measures can be adopted which meet with substantial approval amongst all the interests concerned. If progress has hitherto been slow, it is mainly because the process of public discussion and analysis has not yet gone far enough to reveal the basis on which general agreement can be reached.

As the principle of indemnifying individuals against risk of

unemployment in return for the payment of a premium shared between workman, employer, and State has already received statutory sanction, it might not be thought necessary to preface a discussion of the problem of unemployment insurance by examining certain of the alternatives which have from time to time been put forward.

The fact that alternatives have been put forward is, however, one of the reasons why progress on the lines of contributory insurance has hitherto been slow. An addition to the weekly contribution, which forms the financial basis of labour organisations, is obviously not a matter which Labour can be reasonably expected to welcome, unless all possible alternatives have been explored and shown to be defective. Accordingly it may be useful to preface the discussion by setting out the principal alternatives to contributory insurance.

These can perhaps be most conveniently classified as :—

(a) Proposals for "making work" through State factories or public works.

(b) Proposals for equalising demand for labour over good and bad times by systematic control over the giving out of Government orders by central and local authorities.

(c) Proposals for giving all employed persons a more or less qualified right to a maintenance allowance from public funds when out of employment.

(d) Proposals for developing insurance against unemployment by subsidies to trade unions or other organisations undertaking such provision on a voluntary basis.

A.—"MAKING WORK."

The argument may be stated thus: The ultimate cost of unemployment has in any event to be paid for by the community, and as things stand the loss is cumulative. There is, first, the absolute loss of labour power which might and ought to have been put to making things required for the service of the community. There is the loss of efficiency inseparable from spells of idleness, and, so far as unemployment results in destitution, there is super-added the cost of relieving it, whether in the form of indoor or outdoor relief or private charity. Humanity apart, the State would, so the argument runs, effect an actual economy by laying out capital and setting the unemployed to work. Even admitting that the value of the work done may represent a loss on balance, at least some return will be secured for an expenditure which in some form or other cannot in any event be avoided.

The suggestion is that the State should offset a reduction in the

demand for labour due to seasonal or cyclical depressions by increasing the output of its own factories and putting in hand useful public improvements of various kinds, such as the construction of new roads, the reclamation or afforestation of waste lands, etc. The object in view, the abolition of unemployed workpeople, would not, of course, be assisted at all unless the State undertakings produce at the time and during the period of depression a net increase in the number employed. From this point of view the mere transference of undertakings from private to public control serves no useful purpose. It may, indeed, have quite the contrary effect, since it is likely to dry up and depress private enterprise just at the moment when private enterprise most requires encouragement. If there is necessary and useful work to be done it had clearly better be done by making use of the normal trade machinery rather than by improvising *ad hoc* State machinery for the purpose. On the other hand, if, in order to avoid competition with private traders, the State undertakes work which, however useful and ornamental, is not, strictly speaking, necessary, it is merely adding to the cost of relieving unemployment the cost of materials and supervision required for setting the unemployed to work. Moreover, there is a further difficulty. The "unemployed" at any time consist of a congeries of individuals, some skilled, some unskilled, drawn from every trade and including every possible degree of competence and incompetence. It is therefore impossible to insist on any definite standard of industry and output. If, on account of the inferior output, less than the full standard rate is paid, the men normally engaged on the class of work in hand have reason to complain that the State is undercutting the standard rate, and everyone engaged on the job feels that he is justified in exercising the least possible energy, than which nothing can be more demoralising. On the other hand, if the full standard rates are paid, they are either not earned or they attract competent workmen who could and should be employed in the normal labour market. That is to say, relief works end by increasing and accentuating the problem they are intended to solve, and that in the most costly and demoralising way. Moreover, the provision of relief works tends to create a class who look to their recurrence year after year.¹

B.—SYSTEMATISING PUBLIC ORDERS.

The dilemma which must, as suggested in the previous paragraphs, attend any attempt by the State to "make work" might,

(1) Figures in illustration were given in the Report of the Central (Unemployed) Body, 1908-1909. See p. 17 of my *Unemployment and Trade Unions*, 1910 (Longmans, Green & Co.).

it is urged, be avoided if the State (including, of course, local as well as central authorities) in its capacity as a consumer of goods required for the public services arranged its programme of orders in such a way as to set off fluctuations of trade. Combined with an effective decasualisation of labour by the proper use of a system of national employment exchanges, the State might, it is said, in this way so far equalise the demand as substantially to prevent unemployment altogether. No doubt it is possible to mitigate unemployment in this way, and, so far as the policy here advocated can be reduced to practice, it should clearly be thoroughly applied.¹ It is not clear, however, whether the extent to which public authorities can exert an effective influence over the labour market in this way has really been subject to analysis. It is relatively easy to construct a programme of public requirements under which orders would be given out in proportion as the labour market was depressed or otherwise, provided the power of the public services to postpone or anticipate their demands is not subjected to too close a scrutiny.

There is obviously a point, however, beyond which orders for any class of commodity required for the public services cannot possibly be postponed because the degree of depression at which, in accordance with the pre-arranged programme, orders ought to be given out has not yet been reached. Soldiers, policemen, and postmen cannot go without clothes because the clothing trades happen to be busy at the wrong time, and the public might not prove compliant if required to dispense with a due supply of telephones and post-offices until the curve of unemployment in the engineering and building trades reached the proper stage.

But if the State cannot postpone, it may be said that it can, at any rate, anticipate its demands on a sufficient scale and for a sufficient number of things to exert a real and invigorating influence on a falling market. But the power of the State to anticipate requirements in this way must inevitably be subject to very narrow limitations. It would only add to the cost of unemployment to construct battleships which must be obsolete before they are required, even if the loss of interest involved by such anticipation could be properly ignored. Similarly the construction of public buildings, *e.g.*, post-offices and schools, in anticipation of populations expanding in a definite locality is almost as likely to be stultified as to be justified by the event. No Chancellor of the Exchequer could or would consent to gamble his resources in this way. But finally this theory

(1) Attention was called to the need for better regularisation of Government Contracts in the Report on the Unemployed made to the Poor Law Commission in January, 1908 (Appendix, Volume XIX, p. 133).

appears to attribute a weight and importance to public requirements in comparison with the flow of private orders in the market for any class of goods which they almost certainly do not possess. The clothing required for a few hundred thousand public servants for a whole decade would, for example, go a very little way towards setting off a depression in the world market for textile goods. The great cyclical movements of trade are world movements, and it is not yet possible to see how they can be deflected by any devices within the power of Governments.

C.—STATE MAINTENANCE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

For reasons explained below, any general measure of unemployment insurance on a contributory basis involves the reconciliation of widely divergent interests, and it was evidently not possible under war conditions to find the time or labour necessary for launching a difficult and controversial measure of this kind. When hostilities ceased, it was accordingly deemed necessary to meet the general dislocation of industry which immediately occurred by the grant of free out-of-work donation to civilian workers on the lines of a scheme already prepared to meet the needs of men demobilised from his Majesty's Forces. During the twelve months following the cessation of hostilities, therefore, the State has definitely undertaken the liability of maintaining unemployed workpeople under a scheme of free maintenance allowances. There was obviously considerable justification for a measure of this kind. The "change over" from war to peace conditions involved a general state of chaos for which neither workmen nor their employers were in any way responsible. In the circumstances, and in order to alleviate inevitable hardships and ensure smooth and rapid demobilisation, it was felt that the State should meet an unprecedented situation in an unprecedented way.

The question whether unemployment can be dealt with permanently on the principle of free maintenance allowances is, therefore, of more than academic interest, and it can be discussed in the light of actual experiment thoroughly carried out on a great scale. After all, it may be said, employers and workmen in general are really no more responsible and have no more control over seasonal and cyclical fluctuations in the labour market in normal times than they had in the abnormal circumstances which obtained at the end of a great war. Unemployment is a necessary incident of the industry by which the community lives, and it is, therefore, only right that the community should as far as possible indemnify the individual against the risk to which he is inevitably exposed. It is merely the obvious direct way of meeting a cost which must in any event in the long run fall upon the community.

The objection to this theory is the fact that it is not quite complete in two important particulars. It is true that employers and workmen in the mass have no means of controlling fluctuations in the market by which they live. But the question whether a particular workman shall be retained or dismissed, and the question whether particular factories shall continue running at all, and whether with full or reduced staffs, depend on factors over which individual workmen and employers can and must exercise immediate and effective control. It is always the least competent and industrious workman who is selected for dismissal. With the employers, on the other hand, it is not always the management which is least progressive and enterprising which may decide to close down or go on short-time. They may think that the time has come to stop a fall in prices by starving the market, i.e., by throwing their men out of work and refraining from producing goods which the community actually needs at the low price which the community is willing to pay.

On the one hand, therefore, allowances which cost the individual nothing, paid under a scheme which leaves him with no motive to refrain from claiming them except as a last resort, tend to undermine the springs of industry in the individual workman, and are apt to be demoralising for this reason. On the other hand, when the State is prepared to maintain his workmen without direct and obvious expense to himself, the employer has no encouragement to adopt the many devices open to him to keep his staff together and his hands employed even at some immediate loss during the period of depression. He is, on the contrary, tempted to adopt the least desirable of all courses by keeping men idle at the public cost in order to mulct the community by creating artificial scarcity and higher prices.

Finally, any scheme under which payments during spells of idleness bear no relation to work done must be liable to abuse, since there is no obvious automatic means of preventing the idle and thriftless securing year by year the maximum amount payable in respect of unemployment. The State will always be in danger of securing as much unemployment as it is prepared to pay for. No administrative rules can wholly eliminate this danger, and so far as they are effective they must be arbitrary and often unjust and liable to crumble under criticism.

D.—STATE ENCOURAGEMENT OF VOLUNTARY INSURANCE.

This is the oldest, and in many respects the most attractive, of the devices for ensuring provision for workmen who are unemployed. Under this system the whole of the machinery and a great part of the funds are provided by the workmen themselves

through their own voluntary trade union organisation, and the State merely undertakes to repay to the unions a proportion of their expenditure on unemployment benefit. Under this plan the burden on the State is reduced to a minimum, no expensive State organisation is required, and there is no risk of the State trenching upon a field which trade unions have made peculiarly their own. The State merely helps workmen to help themselves through their own voluntary organisations. Following a precedent created originally by the municipality of Ghent, the principle of subsidising voluntary unemployment funds has been widely adopted, and notably in this country and in Denmark. It is, therefore, possible to submit this device to the test of actual experience carried out on a great scale over a considerable period. Since the system rests on a purely voluntary basis it could not, of course, be expected to cover all the ground; the utmost that could be looked for would be such a development in the membership of the voluntary organisation benefiting by the subsidies as would substantially cover the population exposed to risk so as to make other measures for the relief of distress due to unemployment unnecessary, at any rate, in normal bad times. In Denmark, where this system has been in operation since 1907, and has been very fully developed, whilst there has been a great increase in the total membership of the unemployment association (from 95,000 in 1909 to 221,000 in 1918), the subsidies have failed to bring more than a fraction of the population exposed to risk within the orbit of insurance. In this country, as is well known, subsidies at the rate of one-sixth of the amount expended by associations on the provision of benefit for unemployed members have been given under Section 106 of the National Insurance Act, 1911. All trade unions providing unemployment benefits are eligible for this subsidy, and not merely unions in trades falling within the scope of compulsory State insurance. In 1906, according to evidence given by the Board of Trade before the Poor Law Commission, there were 747 unions in this country which provided unemployment benefit with a total membership of slightly less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions. In 1917, according to figures supplied to the International Labour Conference at Washington, this total had risen to rather more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, i.e., about one-seventh of the population exposed to risk. Accordingly, judged by the criterion of results, it seems quite clear that the policy of subsidising voluntary insurance, just because it is voluntary, has not been a really effective substitute for compulsion. It is defective not only because it fails to cover the ground, but also because it gives the least help to the least skilled and poorest workmen, who stand most in need of it. Whereas, for example, the Dockers' Union have never been able to provide a voluntary

benefit for dock labourers, and therefore derive no advantage from the subsidy, the Navvies' Union, whose members fall within the compulsory scheme of State insurance, have developed voluntary insurance as a direct result of the compulsory scheme. They have done this in order to take advantage of the section of the Act which enables unions which supplement the State benefit by payment out of their own funds to enter into arrangements under which they administer the State benefit in conjunction with their own.

It seems clear from this examination that none of the alternatives discussed in the preceding paragraph, however useful some of them may be, has provided a satisfactory solution of the problem. On the one hand, demand for labour fluctuates in sympathy with world movements which are as much beyond the control of individual States as of individual workmen and employers, and, on the other, any scheme which omits to take into account all the factors which make for unemployment, including factors within the personal control of workmen and their employers, is bound to break down. Accordingly the process of exhaustion seems to lead to the conclusion that some system of contributory insurance is not merely the best, but the only practical method of dealing with the question on a comprehensive basis. *

Contributory insurance has, however, to make progress not merely by eliminating rival methods, but by finding some workable solution of a difficult problem peculiar to itself. This arises from the fact that the risk of unemployment is very unevenly distributed both as between individuals in the same trade and between one trade and another. In some groups over a period of years it amounts to an average of no more than 1 per cent., and in other cases the average rises to as much as 10 per cent.

It may be deduced from the report of the Government actuary on the Bill now before Parliament that, whilst the average risk of unemployment, taking all groups together, is in the neighbourhood of 4 per cent., a population amounting to nearly a third of the total and including the great groups of mining, agriculture, and domestic service is exposed to a risk estimated not to exceed 2 per cent., whilst another fraction, amounting to approximately one-quarter of the total, including the important group of textile industries, is exposed to a risk amounting to little more than three-quarters of the normal risk, taking all industries together. In other words, if these three groups are brought into a pool with other trades they must in effect be compelled to pay a premium which may be two or three times greater than their risk is worth.

It is to be observed that the difference in rate of exposure to risk is at least as wide in the case of individuals in the same

trade. Even in the least stable trades there are many individuals in the comfortable security of perfectly "safe" jobs. It is, in fact, on this account that all insurance against unemployment must contain an element of compulsion. The trade unions secure this from the fact that the motive for joining the union is found in the desire to protect the standard of life, and only indirectly for the purpose of securing an indemnity against risk of unemployment. The essence of insurance must be the pooling of risks, and obviously any scheme which allowed all the good lives to go out would inevitably break down. If only for this reason, unemployment insurance must be compulsory, and if it is to be really effective must have behind it the force of law. If the State must compel, it is clearly reasonable that the State should also contribute, and, having regard to the direct interest which the State must have in securing adequate and effective provision for unemployment, it seems to follow that this contribution ought to be a substantial proportion of the whole. A State contribution is, therefore, one of the essential features of a system of compulsory insurance and corresponds to the general factors, the world movements influencing the labour market, just as the contributions of employers and workmen may be said to stand for their obvious personal responsibilities in the matter. Each of these parties has responsibilities, and it is desirable that the contributions should be so apportioned that each has a direct premium interest in reducing unemployment to a minimum arising from the fact that an increase in the amount of unemployment must result in an increase in the rate of premium required to cover the risk.

But the State contribution may be conveniently regarded also from another point of view, as a payment intended to equalise the premiums required to meet the varying risks of different individuals and different trades. That is to say, the fund derived from the contributions of the State ought properly to be regarded as a pool from which each trade draws a diminishing amount as its risk approaches and falls below the normal. This conception of the functions of the State contribution, it will be seen, becomes of importance in considering the possibility of compelling all trades to insure for identical benefits through a common central insurance fund which will be dealt with next month.

As regards dissimilar risks in the same trade, the fact that the State undertakes a substantial part of the cost obviously goes a long way, from the point of view of the individual, towards sweetening and justifying compulsion. Apart from this, the individual, as a rule and in the mass, is influenced by the feeling that he is a corporate member of the trade by which he lives, and ought, therefore, to contribute his fair share towards meeting the

risk to which less fortunate fellow workmen are exposed. But when it becomes a question of compelling great trades notoriously exposed to little or no risk to pool their contributions with other trades in which the risk is notoriously high—in other words, to pay more for a given rate of benefit in order that other trades may pay less—human nature is apt to assert itself. It is of little use, for example, to point out to agricultural labourers that their relative immunity from unemployment arises in part from services rendered to them by the less stable shipbuilding and transport industries, and that, as all trades are members of one economic society, it is fair that all should bear an equal share in meeting the general risk of industry. Accordingly, whilst there is in the abstract almost everything to be said for compelling all trades to pool their risks in a common fund—this is indeed the very essence of a scheme of national insurance—it is quite certain that, in practice, unless the pure doctrine of insurance can be modified in some appropriate way, the scheme will break down owing to opposition from the trades least exposed to risk.

CYRIL JACKSON.

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH.

THE recent war has wrought many changes in our institutions and our modes of thought, and the Church of England has not escaped the shock of the general upheaval. She has now come to the crossways, and must either choose the difficult path of reconsideration and reform, or the easy road of apathy and complacency leading to disestablishment, and perhaps to disendowment. Several Reports of Committees appointed by the Archbishops have disclosed many blots and defects in the working of her system, and the Enabling Bill has been approved of by the House of Commons. Whether mere legislation and a wider representation in the Councils of the Church will render reforms as easily carried out as most people wish remains to be seen, but when we see three independent, organised bodies, such as the "Life and Liberty," the "Free Catholic" movements, and the Churchmen's Union, all advocating reforms from their different points of view, it is clear that something will be done.

The question is how far it will be possible to go to satisfy the claims of those who desire a wider interpretation of the Scriptures, a restatement of the Creeds, and a revision of the Services. And these reformers are no negligible quantity: they comprise the average thinking layman, and many who would come to church oftener, but stay away because they are bored or irritated, and not from irreligion. They see the Church clinging to the letter of tradition, and almost consciously avoiding the spirit of Christianity which its Founder intended the Church to spread and make common among the nations.

For years past there have been fewer University candidates for Holy Orders, and those have been of a low intellectual average. Young men of originality and leading have been attracted to other careers because the Church affords little scope for their powers. Those who do join are, for the most part, men of mediocre capacity who, after an absurdly short sojourn at a theological college, are sent out half-baked to the ministry. The result is that they shape themselves to one pattern: they pray alike, think alike, and preach alike, and this similarity is accentuated in those who have not had a University training. We all know the parsonic voice. If a sermon rises above platitude and becomes argumentative, it frequently develops into an unconvincing defence of orthodoxy against an imaginary opponent. The skittle is placed on a tottering

foundation, and the bowl never misses its mark. You are told that unless you believe what are called the "cardinal facts of Christianity as contained in the Creeds" you are beyond the pale, and, though the last clause of the Athanasian Creed is seldom insisted on, there are some left who would like it to remain together with the Creed of which it is a part. One reason for this is that they have never doubted, nor, like Browning, prized the doubt.

A curate once came with a long and anxious face to the late Mr. Rogers, of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, to confess the awful fact that he had doubts as to the truth of the story of Balaam's ass, and Mr. Rogers' characteristic reply was, "Sit down and write a sermon on it, my boy." If this advice was followed, it is probable that the result, if not so instructive as Bishop Butler's sermon, was at least helpful to his brother doubters. If we could only hear from the pulpit some of the preacher's own difficulties, it might help us a little to solve our own.

The belief in the divinity of Christ is not necessarily dependent on belief in all the miracles which are held up as proofs of that divinity. If we accept the general story of His life and follow His teaching as far as we can, we are surely free to accept some and to discard others. The belief that He was born of a pure virgin does not add one cubit to the stature of His divinity in the eyes of many people, although we know it is an essential help to others. We do not find Christ Himself insisting on the fact, but more often alluding to Himself as "the Son of Man." We should therefore be slow to insist upon the letter of our man-made Creeds, and to condemn those to whom this or that tenet or miracle presents a serious difficulty. As Björnson once said, "Faith is not for judgment, but for guidance."

But there are some who will raise this objection. "Once you begin to prune the Creeds, you will go on pruning till there is nothing left. Belief in the supernatural is essential to religious faith, and, once you let doubt creep in, there is no knowing where it will stop." Now a gardener will say that it is good for some plants to be pruned occasionally in order that they may bear good fruit. We have discovered many things, both in science and biblical criticism, since the days when the Creeds were devised to distinguish the Christian from the heretic and the heathen. We live in a rational and critical age, and, if we wish a Creed to be a living help and reality—to be something which the majority of thinking people can hold, we must cut it down to that to which their consciences can subscribe. The religious faith of the average man, if he thinks at all, is not what he is told to believe, but what, after mature consideration and perhaps many changes of opinion,

he holds to be true. *Credo quia impossibile* may be well for a few ardent souls, but it is a hard saying to the average man.

To him who says that belief in the supernatural is essential to religious faith the answer is "Yes, but that depends on what you mean by supernatural." There was a time when earthquakes, eruptions of volcanoes, and other perturbations of nature were regarded as miraculous manifestations of an angry God. Meteorites and comets were considered portents from heaven. Men peered into the stars to discover a cause for our good or evil fortune. They still peer into the hand with the same object. When we pry into the secrets of Nature we constantly find exceptions to her apparently rigid laws. Biology has disclosed instances of parthenogenesis, or virgin birth, occurring in certain forms of animal life. This world suspended in equipoise, a mere fraction of a minute system amid the immensity of stellar space, is no less a miracle than the origin of life which we enjoy on its surface. Is it wise, therefore, to dogmatise too exactly as to events which happened some two thousand years ago, and which, according to recent theological criticism, were not committed to writing till nearly a century had elapsed since their occurrence? If a firm belief in these miracles is helpful in making us live virtuous lives, let us cling to them with all tenacity, but let us not condemn those who are content with less. Let us each believe as much as we can. As Pope says:—

"Tis with our judgements, as our watches; none
Goes all alike, but each believes his own."

And if we are unable to believe the miraculous part of the biblical story, we have still that essence of wonder and beauty, His life and example, and His teaching. These things none can take from us, for they require no proof: their character and cohesion proclaim them to be the outcome of one divine mind.

There is no reason why our faith should not be a simpler one, nor why the Creeds should not be so revised and restated as to admit of a broader view and a wider religion more acceptable to the man in the street. If we keep them in their present form, they remain for the tactless clergyman to emphasise and force upon an unwilling congregation, which at present he is justified in doing because they are made an important part of our Services, especially the Baptismal Service. There is always a tendency towards unbelief whenever the strict letter of faith is insisted on, and this is natural, since no two men's conception of any set of facts is likely to be identical. A hard and fast Creed, if not necessary for all, may be a fatal encumbrance to many. If you insist that a man shall carry a walking-stick too heavy for him, he will end by throwing it away.

The distaste for rigid formulæ, and the exaggerated value attached to them, is not confined to the laity, for Bishop Mercer at a conference of Modern Churchmen went so far as to say: "Has the Church the right to demand complete intellectual submission for any of the dogmas she adopts and formulates? Such dogmatic statements can never be final or infallible. Even in the case of the Creeds, some of the articles are open to criticism from the side of science, and others from that of historical research. Faith is essential to the existence of religion, but it cannot provide its own contents. The Church is a developing organism, and her doctrines, therefore, are subject to the laws of development, the goal of the process being free personality." And perhaps the late Canon Ainger summed up the matter more poetically when he said: "Creeds, however they have been worn and fought for, parties, systems, theories, interpretations—all that may have been trusted to in times of sunny security—all vanish, unhelpful, unprofitable, unless in the great furnace which burns up all else our eyes are opened to see in the midst One walking in form like the Son of God."

No one need despair of religion in these days. Mr. Bernard Shaw has taken his hat off to Christianity in *Androcles and the Lion*, and Mr. Wells, the protagonist of materialism and machinery, while rummaging in his laboratory of experimental thought, has suddenly discovered God, and roundly proclaimed the fact. Atheism has nowadays become unfashionable, and I am not sure that religion in its broadest sense is not very much alive, though no one talks about it. Certain it is that, during the war, men have been at close grips with more pain and deliberate cruelty than has ever been suffered before. Do we hear of atheism or irreligion in the trenches? On the contrary, we hear of more practical Christianity and unselfishness than ever came out of normal life in peace time. Not only have the men been kind to one another—"Tommy never pinches the grub on his comrades, however hungry he may be"—but also to the enemy wounded and prisoners, and some who have brought water to wounded Germans on the battlefield have been shot for their pains. And yet we hear that they are dreadfully foul-mouthed. True, they "swear strange oaths," and "their mouth is full of cursing," but not of "deceit." Swearing is not a pretty habit, but the guilt of bad language lies in its evil and malicious intent, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred men mean no harm by it. The man who described a certain food as a "maca—bloody—roni" pudding meant no ill to his neighbour; he merely meant to object humorously to the too frequent occurrence of an otherwise acceptable dish.

The point is, however, what influence the Church is going to have on these men now they have returned from the war, and what influence our citizen army is going to have on the Church. They have been face to face with bitter realities, suffering, hardship, and wounds: they have hardened themselves to sights which would make us at home sick: they have seen death in its most revolting aspect. Will they settle down and be contented with our long, dull, and repetitious services? They will surely want something more practical than the insistence on outworn Creeds, something nearer to the needs of modern life. During the war one young officer, a great sportsman, told me that when peace was declared he would never want to kill anything again, but would like to plant things and see them grow. Obviously the Church will have to see life more clearly, and throw away many of her trappings and non-essentials to attract and keep such men within her borders.

I read the other day of a military chaplain who was very reluctant to administer the Sacrament to any who had not come to him for confession, and was also perturbed because he could not get any wafers to distribute at the Service. It might have occurred to him that Christ took bread, and not wafers, when He instituted the Sacrament, and that confession was not enjoined as a necessary preliminary. As regards confession, it is well to look back and see in what light the English Church, when it seceded from that of Rome, regarded this practice. It should be remembered that one of the Homilies, which were appointed to be read in all churches instead of sermons, deals with Repentance. Its text is taken from the Epistle of St. James: "Acknowledge your sins one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be saved." The writer observes: "And whereas the adversaries goe about to wrest this place, for to maintain their auricular confession withall, they are greatly deceived themselves, and doe shamefully deceive others: for if the text ought to be understood of auricular confession: then the Priests are as much bound to confesse themselves to the Lay people as the Lay people are bound to confesse themselves to them. And if to pray is to absolve: then the Laytie by this place hath as great authority to absolve the Priests as the Priests have to absolve the Laytie." Then follows a quotation from St. Augustine: "What have I to doe with men that they should heare my confession, as though they were able to heale my diseases? A curious sort of men to know another man's life, and slothfull to correct and amend their own." The writer adds this: "I doe not say, but that if any doe find themselves troubled in conscience they may repair to their learned Curate or Pastour, or to some other godly learned man and shew the

trouble : but it is against the true Christian liberty, that any man should be bound to the numbering of his sinnes, as it hath been used heretofore in the time of blindness and ignorance." Such narrow sectarian views as those of the padre mentioned above will have to be discarded before the Church becomes popular with the nation at large.

"What are the prospects for the future religion of England?" asks Mr. Gordon in his *Papers from Picardy*. "If we are to judge by the church-going or professed Christianity of the army, none but a blind and wilful optimist can deny that the prospects are gloomy in the extreme." Now what is the Church going to do to keep these men and the mass of the educated population within her borders? There is only one way. Discard formalities and the letter, and adopt more of the spirit of Christianity as laid down by her Founder.

But, even supposing that we do not revise our Creeds and Liturgy because we are unable to agree upon a form acceptable to the majority, we might do well to follow the practice of our brothers north of the Tweed. There we seldom find dogmas and creeds insisted on. The creeds are there, no doubt, but they are not unduly forced on the congregations. The services are simpler, and the effect on a stranger is that they are more earnestly conducted than ours. The absence of a Liturgy has its disadvantages, but it makes for devoutness. The minister must at least think of what he is saying and bring his mind into an attitude of prayer. Therefore it might be well to vary our beautiful Liturgy with a few extempore prayers. Moreover, it is the custom in the North to encourage young ministers to read heretical books in order that they may combat the ideas contained therein, and this tends to give interest to their sermons. It is a sad thing to hear, as I did once, an English clergyman, a cultivated University man, confess that he would not read Renan's *Life of Jesus* for fear that it might upset his religion. Probably it would have helped him to realise the human side of Christ. Yet such is the attitude of mind surprisingly common in the English Church. Instead of wandering about between random quotations constantly wrested from their context, and frequently quoted in the wrong sense, let our parsons display more mental courage : let them try to tackle modern ideas in their sermons, and show some acquaintance with what the world is thinking about and doing. What is driving the modern young man from the Church is the weekly effort in the average pulpit. If he is caught young, he may go to early service, but that sermon, to use his own language, is "the limit." The sermon is no integral part of Morning Prayer, neither is the Litany, nor the Communion, and

it is certain that more would come to Church if these were not rolled into one, but held separately as they were originally intended to be. Why should any young man with a scanty general education and no experience of the world or gift of oratory be considered competent to stand up and lecture his fellows every Sunday merely because he has spent a short period in a theological college? "Large numbers," says Mr. C. H. S. Matthews, "hardly open any book but the Bible, some strictly orthodox commentary thereon, and such little books as are published every Lent with episcopal commendations," and about a year of this training, we are told, takes the place of a University training in a large number of cases. The cure of our bodies is strictly safeguarded by medical degrees and severe examinations in the healing art, and such is the preparation deemed sufficient for the cure of ~~our souls~~! No man should be licensed to preach until he has attained a certain age and gained some knowledge of life, or evinced some special aptitude for speaking. The result would be fewer sermons, and perhaps of a better quality. We could still live virtuous lives if we only heard twelve sermons a year.

"Religion cannot be kept alive by institutions." Churches can only aid us to keep our religious sense keen and bright, and, as museums and picture-galleries keep our artistic sense pure, so our churches should give us only what is essential and practical towards living a higher life. For instance, we do not need numerous replicas of the Lord's Prayer, beautiful though it be, for we have been told to avoid vain repetitions. Neither is it necessary to read our services in an artificial manner which robs the words of all their meaning, nor to read the Bible so indistinctly that only a few can follow the meaning. Is there any reason why elocution should not form part of the training of the clergy?

In our places of worship we possess the most inspiring buildings in the world, fit temples in which a man may lift up his soul, and in the Establishment we have a body of good and earnest men with every desire for the Church's welfare. The machinery is there, but it needs oiling and readjustment. The nation has come to demand reality, and not form, in its religion, and if only our brother in the surplice were less pedantic and hide-bound, and more natural and articulate in his ministry, the Church would regain its popularity and become what it ought to be, the National Church.

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It is the decision of the Editor that the pen of a young writer should work in connection with that of Mr. Frederic Harrison, and should take up every now and then the running commentary upon affairs which Mr. Harrison initiated last month. It is a task sufficiently heavy to dismay even an infant Hercules, but it is to my mind desirable that alongside the ripe judgment of age there should also be heard something of the unblighted hopes and convictions of youth. The youth of this generation has had a rude awakening. It has learned to its cost that though it may be for the Senates to decree, it falls to the *iuvenes* to execute, the decision. It has been brought ruthlessly face to face with the reality of politics, and it has been proved to it that the controversies of to-day may effect not merely the scene of its declining years, but its very existence at the present moment. And while none have shrunk from their executive responsibility, there have been many who, while ready to do and die, have not been so ready to abstain from reasoning why. They are on all sides making themselves heard, in politics, in literature, and in art. And they have surely a very real and valuable contribution to make to the solution of our difficult problems.

This second New Year of Peace found us somewhat disillusioned, with a hope not less steadfast, but certainly less fond, than that of twelve months ago. We have found, in fact, that the task of peace-making is more difficult than that of waging war, as, indeed, creation is always more difficult than destruction. For it is to the definite creation of a New World, and not to the mere binding of the wounds of the old, that the nation's have set themselves. They have thereby made their own task more difficult, but the chances of happiness of future generations incomparably greater. That seems to me to be the fundamental argument for the League of Nations, and for the type of peace settlement which it implies. We have learned our lesson and are unlikely to forget it in our lifetime. The service we can render to posterity is to create an instrument which they will find ready to their hand and which was lacking to us in our great emergency. And if when the test comes they are to know how to use it, we ourselves must learn to use it and hand it on to them in working order. The strength of the League will come not in the main from the ideals which have inspired its creation,

still less from the fears in the minds of its inventors, but from the actual every-day work it will have to do. The force of the law is derived not from fear of the policeman, still less from fear of the social chaos it prevents, but from custom. Its decisions are accepted because it never occurs to men to do anything but accept them. Yet the time was when this was not so, when the King's Courts were but some among many courts, and the sphere of life ruled by them was severely restricted. If we can but contrive that for a generation the League shall really function, that in its administrative capacity it shall clearly facilitate commercial and individual life, that its Labour legislation shall really bring better conditions to working people; if we can clearly show that problems apparently insoluble in Paris have solved themselves under its auspices; if we can dissolve but one war-cloud by means of its machinery for arbitration, then we can safely leave it to posterity as a going concern, and all the lessons of history go to prove that they will accept it.

America's suspicions of it are easily comprehensible. There are, in fact, two great movements for the reform of international politics. One looks to a greater co-ordination of effort on the part of the different national governments, the other to a more rigid control by the several democracies of the foreign policies of their respective governments. It is quite obvious that unless we are careful these forces may tend to pull not together, but in different directions. The Americans not only conceive this to be the case, but they also consider that they have already attained democratic control, and see in the League of Nations and in the way it was arrived at a definite challenge to their local freedom. We cannot hope or desire to drag them into it against their will. All we can do is to go on with the scheme, to hope that they will co-operate in it up to the maximum they consider possible, and to endeavour to demonstrate to them its practical advantages. We ourselves have aspired both to splendid isolation and to absolute parliamentary freedom in international affairs. We have found the one dangerous and the other illusory, and I cannot but think that the experience of the United States will be the same.

A much more serious danger is the present condition of Europe, and particularly of Northern and Eastern Europe. We can see for ourselves in the daily Press the outward manifestations of an acute economic crisis in the territories which used to be Germany and Austria. Mr. J. M. Keynes, in his book *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, has given us an exhaustive

analysis of the diplomatic mistakes which have done much to cause and to aggravate this economic disorder. He shows that we expect of Germany (witness the indemnity clauses of the Treaty) that, having lost a large proportion of her coal and iron resources in the Saar Valley, Alsace-Lorraine and Silesia, and at the end of an exhausting war, she is suddenly to transform herself from a country exporting less than she imported into a country with exports enormously exceeding her imports. He also shows that the new political frontiers of Central Europe have been decided with little regard to economic considerations, and may gravely decrease the general productivity of the Continent. As economic forces are becoming more and more important in politics, and as the mass of working people are no longer prepared to accept privation as part of the general scheme of things, we have here all the material for a future conflagration.

It is, of course, utterly lamentable that the new international order should have to start under this heavy burden of bitterness and destitution. I am not, however, without hope. The bitterness, I think, is already fading away. We are already willing, nay, anxious, to subscribe for the prevention of starvation in Vienna. As the fond hopes of huge indemnities die we shall, I think, soon begin to understand that civilisation is a unit, that its maintenance and reconstruction is a single problem, that we ourselves by our firesides will suffer if it is allowed to perish in Central Europe. Then the modification of the bad parts of the Treaty will inevitably follow. Perhaps their most hopeful feature is that they are manifestly unworkable. The crucial point is whether we can keep things going in the interval, whether we can prevent wholesale starvation, with the concomitant social disorder, during this very winter. It is to this task rather than to the trial of the Kaiser and of submarine commanders that I would like to hear that the Allied statesmen are devoting their time. Let the dead past bury its dead, and let us turn our faces away from it and look resolutely to the future. But this immediate necessity only goes to demonstrate still further that the League is an absolute essential. The sessions of the Peace Conference continue, and who would care to say in how many months or years it will be able to announce that the time is ripe for its own dissolution? For years a permanent international body in constant session will be absolutely necessary, and the sooner it is put upon a proper basis and made fully inclusive the better it will be for Europe and for all Europeans.

In domestic politics the paramount issue is that of Ireland.

The position in that country is such that it may fairly be said that she must either be settled or that she will soon have to be reconquered. She is now in a state of passive rebellion varied by outbreaks of a more violent disorder. Before I go on to make comments which might seem to support Sinn Fein, I would like to say that I consider that party utterly mistaken in its ideas. It is just about two generations behind the times. Like Signor D'Annunzio, it belongs to the period of Garibaldi and of insurgent nationalism. That period culminated in the great war and in the worst clauses of the Peace of Versailles, and the sooner humanity writes it off as a ghastly mistake the better. But against the background of that past Sinn Fein makes a better showing than it does against any ideal of future politics. Most Englishmen cannot understand how other peoples can be blind to their transcendent merits, and it is difficult to make them see that the Irish have no historical reason to do anything but detest them. But the Home Rule Act of 1914 did seem to show that at last the Irish were to be allowed to manage or to mismanage their own affairs. That hope was blighted during years which saw Poles, Czechs, Yugo-Slavs and other peoples, some of them scarcely heard of, win their freedom, even though many of them had taken a most effective part in the military struggle against the Allies. Is it, then, to be wondered at that the extreme party in Ireland gained rapidly in strength?

The last year, however, has wrought one great improvement in the situation, and that not in Ireland, which has gone from bad to worse, but in Great Britain. There is now no serious opposition to Home Rule over here. The days when Irish votes or Ulster militarism were factors in the English party game are, for the moment at any rate, over. The British people are now ready to welcome any scheme of Home Rule which has a reasonable chance of success in Ireland. This is a great gain not only in itself, but because it means that English opinion can, for the first time, play a reasonably impartial part as arbitrator between Irish Nationalism and Ulster Protestantism. The impediment is now Sinn Fein, which, in spite of its quite natural growth, is nevertheless advocating a scheme which cannot hope to come to anything and is, therefore, a political nuisance, and which, if it did succeed, would result in economic disaster for Ireland. What, then, ought we over here to do to dissolve the deadlock?

It seems to me that there are only two alternatives. Let us examine first the less preferable of the two. We can announce

that at the end of a definite period our government will cease outside Ulster, and call a constituent assembly to decide the form the future administration is to take. We should in that case announce that we resolutely refuse to hand over Ulster to a Republican Ireland, but that we are not prepared to back her in resistance to a scheme of reasonable Home Rule such as has been sketched by the Prime Minister or the *Times*. This course would be a gamble on the reasonable chance that the imminent and obvious economic disaster of a complete separation of Southern and Western Ireland from the rest of the British Isles would bring the Irish people, as distinct from their present leaders, to their senses, and that they would return to the Constituent Assembly delegates prepared for reasonable compromise, and that, if it did not so happen, a few months of chaos of their own making would produce a chastening of the spirit.

The other possibility, and, I think, the better course, is to go on with some such scheme as the Prime Minister's, to make such amendments to it as discussion may show to be desirable, and then to put it into force in the firm conviction that nothing can be worse than the present state of affairs, without waiting for its endorsement by a majority of the Irish people at all. I do not think there is the slightest chance that such a scheme will be accepted while in the preliminary stage of being merely an offer. The Irish will almost all oppose it in the hope either of widening or restricting its scope. But if it is once in operation it cannot be treated with more contumely than the present system of government, and there is a reasonable chance that in the course of time it may win gradual acceptance. It is said that the Irish will boycott the elections; they are, in fact, boycotting Parliament. It is said that there will be disorder; short of rebellion there could scarcely be more. But if this course is to be taken, as I think it should, we must keep in mind three essentials. First, the scheme must be rapidly formulated and put into actual operation. Secondly, if it is on the lines of the Prime Minister's scheme, there should be a clear promise that a much increased scope will be granted to the Irish Government if the future brings reasonable behaviour and unity between the provinces. Lastly, the Irish Executive must abstain for the next few months from its present needlessly provocative methods and give the policy a fair chance.

The portentous Labour vote in recent bye-elections is most significant. First of all it means that a great change is coming

over the Labour Party itself. Hitherto a party only of organised Trade Unionists with just a sprinkling of middle-class intellectuals, the polls at Bromley and St. Albans show that it is no longer so limited. In a residential suburb and in an agricultural constituency with its centre in a cathedral town the purely trade union vote cannot have been of such dimensions. The Labour policy must have attracted the votes of a large number of middle-class electors. The charge against the party that it is purely a class organisation is therefore losing force. The Labour Party is, in my opinion, tending more and more to approximate to the traditional form of a political party in this country, namely, a general mass of people inspired by a common principle of political theory rather than a purely class organisation. If, however, it is to conform in full to our old political traditions, this leavening of its *personnel* will have to spread from the bottom to the surface. Its Parliamentary representatives are still almost exclusively of the old trade union type.

The chief cause of this extension of the appeal of the Labour Party is the Coalition Government. Our constitutional system depends on the alternation in office of two principal parties, the one conservative and the other progressive. The vice of the Coalition, to my mind, is not so much in its creative as in its destructive work. It has upset the constitutional balance by attempting to destroy just that potential alternative government which is essential to the proper working of the constitution. At a time when men are more than ever they were divided in opinion, when nearly every established institution is being criticised and challenged, when there is an infinity of controversial questions to be settled, the Coalition leaders pretend that there is substantial unity in the electorate, that they stand for the vast mass of the national opinion. The bye-elections have progressively gone to show that they do not, that the division of the electorate which our political system pre-supposes is still in existence. Those, therefore, who are dissatisfied with the Government and who desire a change turn to the party which is most fundamentally in opposition. A great part of the Labour vote is not so much a vote for Labour as a vote against the Government which is choosing the most obvious means of making itself effective. And whatever the result of a general election might be, one thing is certain. The Coalition would have to fight it not as a great national unity, but as one party among and against others, and without any absolute certainty as to the result.

Mr. Churchill is of opinion that Labour could not form a Government. He shows by that argument that he does at any rate understand the basic principle of the Coalition itself, for that organisation can only be defended on the ground that no other Government is possible. His argument, however, has been used so often before and has always been proved so utterly mistaken that he would not be well advised to stake too much upon its accuracy. But if when Labour does obtain a majority it is to form a Government which is to be worth considering, it will have to change not necessarily its policy, but its methods. I remarked above that, in spite of the spread of its doctrine in the middle class, both its Parliamentary members and its candidates are still almost exclusively of the old trade union type. Many of them are still union officials. All of them are rather delegates than representatives. Now a Cabinet Minister responsible to Parliament cannot also be responsible to the members of a particular trade union. He must be free in details, bound only by the principles of the political faith for which his party stands. The Cabinet must be a Cabinet of plenipotentiaries, not of agents constantly referring matters for decision by sectional groups.

- Allied to this question of freedom from immediate trade union control is that of the so-called "intellectuals" of the party. It is clear that any effective Labour Government would have to include a large proportion of these, a proportion far greater than the number of their immediate following in the party would warrant. This fact is, I think, fully realised by the leaders of the party, but it is not so realised by the local bodies which have absolute power over the selection of candidates. The choice of local trade union officials in preference to non-resident unattached "intellectuals" was perhaps justifiable when Labour was a small Parliamentary group whose exclusive task was to voice the opinion of organised workers in a hostile House of Commons. It will be absolutely stultifying if it is persisted in when Labour is making a definite bid for office. The Labour Party, in fact, will have to take a lesson from analogous bodies abroad and become more and more of a Social Democratic Party and less and less of a small annexe of the Trade Union Congress. The choice before it is this : Either it can remain a purely trade union party in essentials, and can combine to form a Government with the more radical wing of Liberalism, which in that case will in the long run win back the middle-class vote ; or it can try to establish itself as the great all-embracing progressive party which in our dualistic system provides the alternative to conservative

government. If it is to do that, it will have to slough off its old cramping trade union skin.

The exhibition of war paintings in Burlington House is a great artistic and moral event. My impression of it can be summed up by saying that these pictures differ more from other war pictures than this war differed from other wars. I doubt whether war was ever like those earlier romantic efforts; I know this war was not. But in some, in many, of these paintings the spirit of the great conflict has been caught with amazing success. The artists have realised that war nowadays is not an individual, but an elemental thing; not a beautiful or a romantic, but an abominable thing. By this I do not mean that the pictures are gruesome. There are only about two which even a Jane Austen heroine would call that. But some of them are horrible, though there is no sanguinary detail in them. Sir William Orpen in many of his paintings leaves out the soldiers altogether, and depicts only the scars of the battlefield itself. From nearly all of the exhibits one gets the impression of a universe in anguish, the suffering of men being only an incidental part of the whole. Coils upon coils of barbed wire, miles upon miles of shell-holes full of water under a leaden sky, a road with lorries stretching without a bend into infinity; that is war, and it is war as these pictures show it. There is no glamour, nothing but intolerable discomfort and desolation. There is only one feature of the exhibition which could possibly attract one to war, and that is the brilliant portraiture of generals and admirals by Mr. McEvoy. Any man must want to look like that, but he has only to glance at the remaining pictures to know that after an hour or two in the trenches he would have no chance of so looking. That, and possibly one or two of the pictures of aerial warfare, where a little of the romance of chivalry is preserved. Taken as a whole the exhibition is the revolt of artistic civilisation against war, a sign that the age-long prostitution of art to its service is at an end, that it is to be shown up for the ugly, devilish thing it is.

Mr. Wells's *Outline of History* (Geo. Newnes, Ltd.) bids fair to be a great literary and educational achievement. There is no doubt that during the last generation Clio has outgrown her clothes. She has, in fact, grown so big that we can only see her through a microscope, and historians sit down no longer, like Gibbon, to treat of the decline and fall of a civilisation, but to discuss the events of a single year. And the teaching of history has been of the same piece-meal type, partial and local, so much

so that during a university course the student, though expected to read more books than in any other school, may well have begun with the Middle Ages and never have considered seriously any civilisation other than the European. I do not know of any other comprehensive sketch of the whole process of evolution, both physical and cultural, such as Mr. Wells is attempting, and it is to be hoped that when it is complete it will be given a recognised place in historical curricula. But even in Mr. Wells's work it is impossible not to see a sign of these bustling times. A History of the World produced in about twelve months! A mere interlude in a literary lifetime. I am loth to believe that the making of great books is at an end, but how few of them there are! Men are no longer prepared to devote the greater part of a lifetime to one masterpiece, one monumental achievement. Monographs and treatises abound, but at the moment, in the historical field, I can think only of Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, which can be set on a level with the great books of old.

H. B. USHER.

THE MIRAGE.

ἀμέραι δ', ἐπιλοιοὶ μάρτυρες σοφώτατοι—P'INDAR, 1st *Olympeian*.

TO MISS JULIA McMAHON.

THIS was the story the camp fire told me, when I thought I saw her image dance in the flames:—

Mohammed Abdou, the traveller, was returning home from his long journey. He had visited many lands, witnessed many strange customs; he had seen the grand Khan of Tartary, talked to the learned talebs of Fez, and his mind was as a treasure-house filled with the spoils of experience, and yet he was not happy. "All is illusion," said he sadly to himself, "vanity and emptiness. Knowledge does not confer wisdom, nor wisdom happiness," and he wondered whether he had done right to go so far in quest of truth, and whether it were not better to wait for it by the fountain of the Mosque, and listen to the tales of the running waters which carry the love message of their mother the Earth to her lord the Sun.

"Malesch," he murmured, "that which was to be is, and we fight in vain. I am but as the sand of the desert on the breath of the great simoon, coming whence I know not, unwitting whither I go; at one moment lying corpse-like in the stillness of the desert, then wafted aloft by the whirlwind to dance fiercely over turrets and gilded domes, threatening their pride with destruction." And he remembered the great cities which now lay prone, conquered by the almighty dust—Palmyra and Baalbeck, whose huge columns seem raised by Atlas to support the sky, and the seven doors of Thebes that open no longer, but are as blind men's eyes, and he wondered whether the same fate would ever befall Damascus, the Pearl of the East that gleams like some great gem in its aigrette of palm trees. And Allah saw with displeasure that Doubt had crept into the heart of His servant, and that the time had come when He should send him another visitation. So He summoned the djinn, and caused a great cloud to surround the caravan, and darkness set in which no eye could pierce, and the shadows devoured the light so that men fled one from another in terror, lest their friend should chance to be an unknown enemy. The hours passed by in grim succession, each one slaying her elder sister, for the Present is ever jealous of the Past, and fearsome of the Future, which is bound to overtake and destroy it.

When the spell was lifted, Mohammed Abdou found himself alone with his camel on the top of a small knoll. Around him lay the circle of tawny sands like a huge lion's skin spread over swell and swale, which the long fingers of the setting sun stroked or ruffled till the horizon purred voluptuously. No sign of life met his

anxious gaze as he scanned the vast circle of emptiness when he bethought himself that the hour was nigh when the muezzin should call the faithful to prayer from the slender minaret. He got off his camel, and, having performed his ablutions with the sand, he spread the sacramental carpet and turned his face towards the East, where Mecca stands in all her holiness guarding the Black Stone. As he knelt and swayed backwards and forwards with the rhythm of his recitation, his lengthened shadow would dart out and then speed back, like the swift tongue of the serpent, while, jingling beside him, the camel's bell kept away the evil spirits that might have troubled his devotions. He arose much comforted, when lo! what is this vision which seizes his eyes and holds them fast? A lake, luminous as a great moon, and palm trees shaking their leaves in the breeze like birds that preen their feathers; below these a dense underbush of pomegranates, of orange and lemon trees, with here and there a gnarled fig tree, twisted and deformed as an old witch; reflected in the pool shone the whiteness of a small mosque whose cupola recalled some dervish's skull cap. All was peace and candour and beckoned with the enigmatic grace of a tempting houri.

Mohammed Abdou thought his prayer had been vouchsafed, and, mounting the mchuri, he dug his spur into its ribs, and the beast ambled in the direction of the oasis. As he rode, he kept wondering what he would find, whether some new stepping-stone to further wanderings, or perhaps Shalom, the peace of oblivion, that rest for which we all crave who have journeyed long, where the mind is active though the limbs be still, and the heart smiles with the amber-glow of the midnight lamp in the harem, love's sanctuary; Shalom, the Promised Land, and of all Nomads, of the Jews, and the Arabs, and the children of the Desert, their last Oasis.

As he sped onwards over the silent billows, expecting each ridge to become the last, the goal would mockingly sink farther away, until anxiety seethed in his impatience-panting bosom. Not yet, though, had he perceived that he was but a plaything in the hands of irony, for hope wears blinkers, and, like the Arab's charger, sees and moves only straight ahead. Suddenly the magic veil was rent, revealing the nothingness behind it—as when the face of one beloved alights a moment on the mirror's edge, then flits away unclasped by it or us. "The mirage," he exclaimed, "the echo in the clouds, is this to be my fate—alone with dreams to die?" "No, no," Hope answered; "all dreams come true if we but pursue them unflaggingly; there is no echo without a call, no mirage without an oasis. Inshallah! Peace belongs to the dead alone, passion to the living!" "Give me desires aflame, make of my heart a cresset and a beacon, that I see my way through the darkness of the world, and find the hearth whence came this tiny spark alive in me, the garden where my flower was culled."

All through the night he wandered on, gazing at the stars, till "pearly mists, the morning's pride," streamed phantom-like across

the sky, and slowly sank to hide in hollows from the all-absorbing eye of day. Mohammed Abdou again fell on his knees, and eagle-like, fixing his eyes upon the sun, chanted the holy truism that has swept across half the globe, the battle-cry of faith challenging mankind: "Allah ill'Allah." "It is better," thought he, "to believe than to understand, for to believe is to create, and to understand is merely to answer a question, to relieve a doubt. Knowledge is of the moment, and changes as do the clouds; we learn but to discover that all things vary with the point of view; meanwhile we have lost the golden key that opens all doors, and unpadlocks the very mountains from their earthly chains."

He glanced around him, uncertain as to the direction he would take, hesitating whether or not he would hold his course, when the memory of an adventure in India came back. He was lost in a dense forest alone, having strayed away from the camp in his meditation, and he had wandered hither and thither, trying to find the trail, quite bewildered, when he decided to follow a small brook, satisfied it would lead him to a stream, and this to a river and the haunts of men. Over rocks he had clambered, fought his way through thickets, down precipices, he had swum pools and sunk in mud-banks; but though paths had tempted him, he had passed them by, and faithfully clung to the silver thread in the labyrinthine wilderness, and he had been saved. He would do likewise this time, and follow the portent.

All through that day he journeyed, and once again the semblance beckoned with the promise of reality; it was useless to flog or spur his mount's fast-ebbing strength, so he spoke to it, and told of its noble race, and how they had been faithful unto death, so that, to reward their loyalty, Machmoud himself, the great sultan whom we call Mahomet II., had got off his battle-steed to make the conqueror's entry into Stamboul on a camel's back. He pleaded, he threatened, he claimed the last ounce of quivering flesh, only to see the phantasm sucked once more by the thirsty sands; then despairingly he sank back in the saddle, and his lifeless weight bore down the humbled mehari, as though it had become a mere beast of burden. A few gasps, a tremor which shook the whole gaunt body, and it was all over—the poor creature was dead. Mohammed Abdou was brave, he had met death face to face many times as an equal, nor could he be cowed into giving up the fight; but he was weak from hunger and thirst, and the remedy lay prone at hand. "You gave me unstintingly your speed and your endurance, you have given me your life, oh friend, and I thank you; but I must ask for more, and I beg forgiveness for what I am about to do," spoke the traveller, lapsing atavically back to the strange rites of his ancestors, in dim prehistoric times. "I beg forgiveness, for not through greed or anger, revenge or ingratitude, am I about to spill your blood. I do not wish to hurt you, nor to steal from your helplessness, but to renew the covenant between your

forbears and mine, to partake of your lustihood, that your indomitable vigour should be reborn in me and not die fruitless." Then, whipping out a dagger from its bejewelled sheath, Mohammed Abdou slit the scrawny neck and sucked the blood of its veins ravenously like a panther. After a few moments, into him came sleep, that ruthless mirage, which each day rehearses with us the final act, to make it less alarming.

When he awoke, the enchanted stillness of the night yet breathed silent harmonies on myriad strings unseen, and filled his soul with rapture pregnant of great hopes that breed victorious deeds. "Onwards!" he cried. "The prize is never nearer than when it seems most far. It moves to meet us as we ourselves proceed, or, like the desert-bride, fleeing from her captor-groom, oft turns about, and if he be tardy she hastens on, but stays her speed if he prove swift of foot and ardent at the chase. Onwards!" he cried. "The minutes fly, each step failed is one move lost in this stern game of life. We may forfeit our turn, nor can we take back the pawn once played; yet Fate must abide by the rules ordained, and they are the same for her as for us."

He started, and night smiled on him through her million eyes that one by one she coyly closes, though maid-like still keeps one a-peeping to catch a glimpse of day.

When the cold sweat of morning beaded on the desert's wrinkled brow, it stuck clammy to his aching limbs and froze his exhausted body, but he kept on gamely.

When noonday heat shimmered on the glistening sands, and the air seared like the breath of a furnace, his footprints grew larger and nearer, yet he still wrote his tale on the dust. He durst not stop, fearing to be unable to rise again, weary unto death, without thoughts save one, which obsessed him like a craze—to walk, and still to walk, whither he knew no longer; why, he had forgot.

Oh, those hours of life which are silent, because we cannot grasp their clue, timeless hours fraught with shadows, massive as mountains of lead! Is it fair we should be the same to-morrow as we were yesterday, nearer the end, not the goal, walking as blind men do, when led by another blind man? The astute Cathaian, with a deep sense of humour grown kindly with age, provided two distinct lengths for the mile—up hill and down dale, he measures the distance by the effort entailed: wherefore, alas! is time so literal and dogmatic?

Mohammed Abdou kept on walking. He was now so feeble, his track looked like the script engraved on Indian temples: each parallel footmark linked by a streak; but he noticed it not, though his eyes seldom left the ground, nor did he ever understand why suddenly he lifted them, unless through the same instinct which calls the invisible vulture from the clouds to fall on his quarry.

There, in the sunset, like some embroidered pattern on cloth of gold, delicate as the arabesques of the copper basin, wherein the honoured guest dips his fingers before the feast, a line of palm trees

friezed the horizon; only their tops were visible, and seemed the befeathered helmets of some barbaric host in battle array being reviewed by the fiery war-lord of the West. The magnificence of the scene filled Mohammed Abdou's soul with silence, and stilled the voices of anxiety and fatigue. "I have seen," thought he, "the sun rise on old Himalaya's peaks, singing the glory of the world's awakening, as-if the rainbow's seven mystic notes had swelled their coloured harmonies to conquer the heavens. I have seen his mid-day triumph, in equatorial skies, when the tireless shadows are trampled underfoot and dare not dog the pilgrim's strides. And if to-day I should be carried aloft by the forelock of the Faithful, I will take with me as an offering to the pride of Eternal Truth, the symbol of all illusions, Mirage, and my eyes will have ceased seeing as the splendid cycle comes to an end."

But it was not to be; so unconsciously he limped along, drawn by the golden sphere towards that mysterious West, which calls all men to their migrations, as amber attracts the little shreds of wool.

Imperceptibly the trees rose out of the ground, straining their long necks to peer above the rim of the horizon; then gradually appeared the sacred tomb (Kouba), white as the bones of those who have fallen on the way, and the tangled mass of fruit trees, slyly tiptoeing over the neighbour's walls. At last the whole chess-board of the oasis was lifted into view, with its swaying barley-fields that humbly surround the central orchard.

"Truth," he exclaimed, "this is no illusion, for one by one its several parts have been unfolded—not instantly as in a vision, but in slow-moving sequence."

Then he bowed his head, and thanked the Lord. "Allah," he prayed, "You have had mercy on Your servant, and have rewarded his unworthiness. You have taught him in Your own tremendous way that dreams are the fathers of realities, but that we must become their mother, whose glory it is to be patient, and bear and be delivered in pain."

Such was the story the camp fire told me, when I thought I saw her image dance in the flames.

A. DE RICHELIEU.

Paris, November, 1919.

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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—(III.).

WITH bankruptcy, war, and revolution hanging over Europe, the immediate need is an official declaration by Britain that we do not now exact the full measure of the Treaty—so-called of Peace. It is, as I said last month, "impossible, ruinous, suicidal." When I so described it I had not seen Mr. Keynes' book on its *Economic Consequences* (Macmillan, 14th thousand, 1920). The world had already condemned the Treaty as an elaborate scheme to crush Germany and Austria for a whole generation, to which the fierce passion of the French Minister and the Mosaic judgment of the American President had made us a party. Wilson and Clemenceau are gone; and the dominant part which Wilson held when he came to Europe in 1918 has now passed to Britain. France and Italy may struggle to get the vast sums and the rich lands they claim from Germany and Austria. But we can, and we must, revise the Treaty—or chaos waits for us, at home and abroad. No doubt the British Government cannot now withdraw from the *Entente*. Any formal alteration of the Treaty must be made by the League of Nations. But Britain should at once make it clear how far it will assist in crushing Germany and paralyzing Europe.

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Mr. Keynes' book has now been published three months, and no sort of official reply to it has been issued. Nothing but the angry cries of bureaucrats has been heard. No such crushing indictment of a great act of international policy, no such revelation of the futility of diplomats has ever been made. In the teeth of its masterly analysis the literal execution of the Treaty is out of the question, for it would strangle our own industrial revival. The Prime Minister said at first—whatever he said afterwards—that we "*were not going to wreck our own industries.*" We are doing it now. Whatever public men, in or out of office, may have talked about penalties, indemnities, and reparation, whatever exultant millions expected in their triumph, we must

all face the facts that these promises and hopes cannot be fulfilled; and to talk more about them is to starve Europe and ruin ourselves. It is one of the canons of an unlimited democracy: *populus vult decipi—et decipiatur*. If Aristides will not humour their passions, he must retire into exile.

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I have carefully studied Mr. Keynes' book, and I entirely agree with his main conclusions. So far as it is a personal criticism of ministers and a political pamphlet, I say nothing; nor do I pretend to judge the details of his economic estimates and his proposed "remedies." Whatever may be his miscalculations or his indiscretions, he has made out an overwhelming case against the Treaty as it stands—on its economic side and the scale of its reparations. We are not likely to agree to Mr. Keynes' doctrine that the Germans can bind us to the exact language of Mr. Wilson's various addresses, speeches and letters; the words of which not ten men in Europe or in America had in mind on November 11th, 1918, when the German delegates accepted Foch's terms. They knew they were exhausted and might be utterly destroyed. To talk about Wilson's orations in New York as interpreting the Treaty is mere debating verbiage.

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The main points on which the Treaty is unworkable are these: (1) The annihilation of the German mercantile marine is extravagant, if German trade is to exist at all. Unless it does, no payments can be made. (2) To exclude Germany from all overseas possessions and to confiscate all property of Germans therein is a further destruction of German trade. (3) The expropriation of German private property is a vindictive and immoral provision; and when it is extended to non-German lands, and even to those of neutrals, the whole scheme is ludicrous by its impossibility, as well as infamous in its spite. The complicated attempt to make Germany an outlaw in international trade—economically outside the pale of civilised nations—is little more than a grim joke.

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As to the provisos about coal and metal, whilst the savage destruction of mines by the defeated Germans must be repaired, this ought not to be carried out with a violence which would stifle German industries. And the prolonged occupation of purely German lands, especially those lying far to the East, will be a continuous source of unrest to Germany and of risk to the Allies. And the same holds good of the railway and river transport in German territories. Again, the embargo on the union of German Austria with the Empire is wanton blindness. In the first place, the union is inevitable, and, in the next place, without such union

Vienna is a starving derelict. Writing whilst everything is still in the making, and the League without U.S.A. in suspended animation, waiting for "artificial respiration," I shall say nothing now about territorial rearrangements. Many of them are quite questionable, and will have to be modified. Poland is a desperate *cruz*.

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The strength of Mr. Keynes' book, and the key to the problems of Europe, lie in the scheme of reparation, as designed in the Treaty. Its literal exaction would deprive the populations of Europe, including our own, of the means of livelihood. I make no attempt to explain, or to criticise, the figures given by Mr. Keynes, who is a consummate economic and financial authority. The world knows that, after detailed examination, he puts as a total recoverable from Germany in a course of years a sum not more than two thousand millions of pounds in one form or other. Perhaps, if he were writing to-day instead of last autumn, he would not put it higher than one thousand million, and that without interest over a long period. For my part, I should be glad to hope that the Allies together may receive even that reduced sum.

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It may be asked—how came such an extravagant scheme to be made by the Heads of the Great Powers, and accepted by the democracies of Britain, America, and France? The answer is that it was done in secret sessions; the real meanings were falsified; and when the Gargantuan Treaty of June 28th, 1919, was at last published, none but professional publicists ever read it through, and none but professional economists could understand its subtle effects. The thing was a case of *cephalitis turgida*—"Swelled head." Wilson caught the disease from Wilhelm; and he improved on it, with the American way of going ten times better than anyone else. He infected France; and then British good sense succumbed. And in the hullabaloo of the Peace celebrations real facts and imminent dangers were hidden away and overlooked. We were hoodwinked. I know that I was.

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I shall not attempt to criticise the "remedies" proposed by Mr. Keynes, nor do I venture to propose any others. The burning question of the hour is rather by what power, and under what authority, can any remedies be effected. As the Treaty and the Covenant stand, the only lawful way of modifying the Treaty is by revision by the League of Nations. The Niagara Treaty was signed by twenty-eight States. It consists of 440 Articles,

and occupied eighty-four columns of close print in the *Times*. The League of Nations is the Court of Appeal. What is the League of Nations doing now? And if it be in active session, what chance is there of any decision being taken when, by the constitution, all decisions must be unanimous? Is it conceivable that France or Italy will release their claims and forgo the awards on which they built such hopes? And must we be bound by their claims and their hopes? I trust not.

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Even if the fatal *Liberum Veto* did not exist, when is the League going to act in force? But the dangers, the famine, the bankruptcy are urgent. Something must be done at once. As immediate and official revision by the League is out of the question—as indeed the Treaty at the moment is almost a scrap of paper again—action is left for Britain, the only Power whose head is beginning to shrink to normal proportions. We can, and we must, by any such diplomatic camouflage as will serve, make it understood by Germany that at least by us the penal articles of reparation will now be partly relaxed—and at any rate will be postponed. U.S.A., which is out of the game, “retired hurt,” will not complain. Nor will Japan, which has cynically watched the suicide of Europe. If France insists on full payment, if Italy desires both sides of the Adriatic and part of Asia Minor, they must take their own course. Britain is not bound to help them to ruin civilisation, whilst the author and potential President of the Covenant is “not taking any.”

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I turn to another book on the Treaty and the League—*Europe and the League of Nations*, by Charles Sarolea (G. Bell and Sons, 1919)—a masterly criticism of the Versailles settlement by one who is a firm believer in the idea of the Covenant, but has made a thorough study of all the difficulties and dangers it presents. Mr. Sarolea, by birth a Belgian, long settled in Britain, and now Professor in the University of Edinburgh, is one of the best living authorities in the languages, history, and diplomacy of the European Powers. His book serves as a counterpart and supplement to that of Mr. Keynes, for it deals largely with the territorial and national problems of the settlement, as Mr. Keynes deals with the economic and reparation problems. The two books together make an unanswerable case for the immediate revision of the Treaty and for the consolidation of the visionary League of Nations into a practical international Union.

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Mr. Sarolea begins by grasping the enormous problems pre-

sented by the dissolution of four great Empires that extend from the Rhine to the Pacific. I hope he overstates the case in saying—"it will take fifty years to organise the new Europe." Certainly it was not done in six months at Versailles. The only remedy against chaos and famine, he says, is international co-operation; but Mr. Sarolea rather undervalues true patriotism—which should be neither aggressive nor exclusive. He stoutly defends the claim of the smaller nations to an equal voice in the League on the principle of the American Senate's equality of votes. The most valuable part of his criticism is the discussion of the "Obstacles to the League": (1) military—that of disarmament by land and by sea; (2) political—the conflict of external and internal disputes between races and religions; (3) domestic—the adjustment of delegacies to the League with the changing representatives of nations at home; (4) then come in difficulties economic, of the League, or of separate nations; (5) that of the biologic growth of peoples within their own borders; (6) that of race and of language, of national sentiment, of religion, of intellectual culture; (7) of organisation within the League; and, finally, of its executive power, *i.e.*, of the *sanction* to compel submission to its decisions. He truly says: "A weak League of Nations would be far more dangerous than no League of Nations." As things are, he sees that the League is rudimentary; but he has faith that all these obstacles can be overcome.

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Would that our able Labour leaders and the vast organisations they control would take to heart all that Mr. Sarolea writes in his Chapter VII. on "Democracy in Foreign Policy." He shows how the settlement of Versailles was a compromise made under conflicting party cries at home. "The Congress of Versailles mainly reflected the mind of the mob, whilst the Congress of Vienna (1814) reflected the sober reason of a few responsible statesmen." By the "mob mind" he means, first, the mind of the war party, and next, "the mob mind systematically worked by a sensational Press and secretly acted upon by private financial interests." "Modern democracies have been more generally aggressive than pacifist." And he insists on a really essential axiom when he writes that "under modern conditions a body of expert specialist diplomats is even more necessary than under the old conditions." "Amateur diplomacy by party politicians" is a source of danger and confusion. The popular cry for all open diplomacy in the eyes of the people is as preposterous as to ask that bankers and traders should make all business deals in open exchange. The ultimate assent of the nation to any liability

imposed on it is a totally different thing from the public discussion of its conditions.

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One of the most valuable chapters in this book is that on the "Future of Poland." He shows how the policy of the Allies has varied thrice. At the outset there were Polish armies in every one of the three great armies—shooting down each other. At first the Allies used Poland against Prussia and Austria. When Russia entered Galicia the cause of the Poles was forgotten and suppressed. At the end of the war, with Russia out of it, the Allies took up the cause again, and even worked to make Poland a barrier to separate Germany from Russia. Truly tragic is the state of Poland, as Mr. Sarolea with first-hand knowledge describes it as "the most vulnerable of the new States." It has no real frontier: an open plain, an historic battlefield. It has neither true limits nor centre, is surrounded by its secular enemies, with no homogeneous race, and with five millions of Jews whom it cannot assimilate, of German and Russian origins. Divided in races, religions, industry, classes, and by tradition, Poland is at the mercy of its mighty neighbours. Its one hope lies in the League of Nations, which as yet is itself little more than a hope.

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It is an axiom of politics that as between nations the sentiment of gratitude has no place. To-day we might rather say that *ingratitude* is the natural and normal rule. We are told that our country is now the object of universal ill-will and depreciation among our Allies and friendly neutrals. This is utterly unreasonable, but it seems to be human nature. There is not one Power which we have injured—nor even one that we have not helped and treated with singular amity. That France should turn round on us and talk of breaking up the *Entente* would be monstrous. If in August, 1914, we had not rushed in to save her, France would be now reduced to the level of Spain—if not of another Poland. Where is our offence? Simply that we refuse to be dragged by France to decimate and crush Germany and to second all her claims to some Mediterranean coasts. Poland is sore that we cannot guarantee her the extensions she demands. Roumania, Italy, Serbia, Greece, Syria, Arabia—all make impracticable claims and charge us with deserting them. Because the nations are bitter to find their extravagant hopes unrealised, they turn round upon the Power which for the time is the least stricken and seems the strongest.

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We have gained nothing ourselves to the detriment of any one of these nations. On the contrary, we have done all we can to

help them in men, arms, and money. Our sole offence is that we will not—because we cannot—do more; and we refuse to follow them in aggressive and impossible adventures. Italy calls on us to curb the Serbs and the Greeks. Serbs and Greeks call on us to resist the aggression of Italy. Under the impulse of Wilson—the Old Man of the Sea striding on the Covenant—no doubt we promised more than we can perform. Things change—Governments change—and what is possible one month is impossible the next. In all our long history there never was a time when the Governments of Britain were faced with such a sea of dilemmas. At home and abroad they are beset with cries to embark on policies which are contradictory, impossible, would mean new losses, further debt, even more wars—whilst the whole world is heaving as if it were waiting for an earthquake. Give us all we ask—cry foreign nations! Do this—and do not do that!—is the babel of party cries at home. The confusion abroad and at home makes any action impossible—even if Heaven sent an archangel to be our Minister.

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Of all the attacks on us the most unreasonable are those of the baser party Press in America. Of what can the Republic complain? When war broke out it stood officially (not too benevolently) neutral, grumbling about maritime rights recognised by nations for centuries and practised of late by U.S.A. We accepted the lead of their President when he came over, as if he were President of the United States of Europe. We joined in with his tremendous schemes for reorganising the world. Was it for us to ask him to prove that he represented his nation? What would have happened if we had said—Bring over senators of both parties, or we cannot recognise you as representing your country? To make our Irish trouble an American injury is an outrageous defiance of national independence. What if we treated as a British injury the oppression of their coloured citizens and our Japanese allies, or of all who choose to drink alcohol. The Irish problem is a struggle between two races and two religions, not in Britain, but in Ireland—as much a domestic question as that between Democrats and Republicans in the States.

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A new translation in verse of Lucretius which has just reached me—*Lucretius on the Nature of Things*, by Sir Robert Allison (Arthur L. Humphreys, 1919)—turned my thoughts again to the great Roman poet, who in the lurid times of the old Republic meditated on the World and on Man. It is a book to study in our not quite dissimilar days. And I at once re-read Morley's

stirring chapter in his *Recollections*, Vol. II., pp. 113-130, which he calls "An Easter Digression": a disquisition on the Lucretian theory of Life and Death. After some telling passages from ancient and modern writers, he "revives his memories of Lucretius"; and a fascinating study in criticism it is. He begins by quoting various estimates and translations of the poet; and what has been said of him by Dryden, Polignac, Voltaire, Lamartine, Macaulay, Mommsen, Goethe; and then Morley gives us his own idea of the *Pessimism* of Lucretius—warmly praising the brilliant Chapter IV., which J. W. Mackail devotes to this poet in that most masterly of all hand-books—his *Latin Literature*.

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Sir Robert Allison, of Trinity College, Cambridge, already known by his translations of Plautus and of Cicero, has now put the 7,400 lines of Lucretius' six books into close and literal blank verse, nearly keeping line for line. It is impossible to render Latin hexameters into English pentameters in quite the same space—above all, such closely-knit verse as that of Lucretius—without at times sacrificing an epithet. But this is far better than Dryden's way of adding needless words. So the English reader, who finds Munro's exact prose version of these mighty metaphysics rather too stiff and lugubrious, may read the entire poem in Sir Robert Allison's accurate, easy, and sonorous lines. He adds to the charm of Lucretius by constant quotations in foot-notes of parallel passages from modern poets—Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Gray, Byron, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne—several of these being evident reminiscences of the Latin lines.

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I cite a few lines of Sir Robert's version of some famous phrases that everyone knows:—

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum. I. 101.

To such dread deeds did superstition lead—

Humana ante oculos foede cum vita jaceret
In terris oppressa gravi sub religione
Quae caput a caeli regionibus ostendebat
Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans,
Primum Graius homo mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus primusque obsistere contra. I. 62-67.

When human life lay grovelling on the ground,
A piteous sight, by superstition crushed,
Who lifting high her head from heaven, looked down
With lowering look, then first a man of Greece
Dared lift his eyes, and dared to face the foe.

Augescunt aliae gentes, aliae minuuntur
Inque brevi spatio mutantur saecula animantum
Et quasi cursores vitae lampada tradunt. II. 77-79.

Some nations wax and others wane, and soon
 The races of mankind are changed, and each
 In turn to other hands the torch of life,
 As runners do.

I welcome a second and revised edition of Mr. F. S. Marvin's *Century of Hope* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1920). It is a worthy continuation of *The Living Past*, now in its fourth impression, at the same press. The former book was a sketch of Western Progress down to 1815. The new volume is a manual of the growth of political, social, scientific, and artistic humanity from Waterloo to the Great War (1815-1914). It is, of course, only a summary of the leading ideas in thought, and of the decisive events which made the unity of the West and the progress of a common civilisation. It deals with Nationality and Imperialism, with Socialism, Internationalism, Evolution, Education, and Religion, in the same spirit of judicial sanity, sound learning, and synthetic imagination, which make the former book a trustworthy manual for the teacher. And though written by an ardent patriot in the midst of war, it is perfectly just to Teutonic energy and genius.

The *Century of Hope* is a standing rebuke to the shallow jesters who cast stones at Victorians—at the work of their own fathers and grandfathers—as if the nineteenth century was an age of conventional formulas and contented torpor. On the contrary, it was an epoch of concentrated effort to expand the life of civilisation in new achievement. It did not think this could be realised in an intellectual and moral *go-as-you-like*; nor did it hail a millennium in anything which looked new and surprising. But, as Mr. Marvin shows, the age from 1815 to 1914 was inspired by optimism—at once sane and instructed. Pessimism and optimism are labels flung about by the frivolous or the ignorant. To be obsessed either by gloom or by hope, without knowledge of facts, is equally wrong. Humanity is ever encircled with tremendous difficulties: it is endowed with incalculable powers of recuperation. The ignorant do not see the dangers; the poor-hearted do not feel the hope. The wise man is often full of anxiety for the immediate future: he never loses faith in ultimate victory. He is always at once pessimist and optimist; for he never underrates the practical difficulties which obstruct the path of progress. But all the time he knows that progress must in the end prevail. And in the darkest hour he awaits the certain Dawn of Light.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

GERMANY'S ECONOMICAL COLLAPSE: A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, *February 1st.*

GERMANY is marching through an economical crisis which may any day bring about breakdown of the governmental machine, but which, being national even more than it is State-financial, will more likely take a chronic form in non-production, hunger and ultimate depopulation. To anyone familiar with the economical development of Russia between the collapse of the Tsardom and the Revolution of Lenin, the parallel would seem ominously close; it would, in fact, be a complete parallel were it not that national questions accelerated Russia's dissolution, and that in Germany Bolshevism is so far an insignificant force. But about German Bolshevism no competent observer feels very certain. Bolshevism in Russia is quite as much the result of economic ruin as it is the cause; as far as paper finance, non-production and ruined communications go, the Soviet system differs in measure, but not at all in nature, from the system of the Provisional Government of Kerensky and Lvoff and from that of the autocracy which preceded them. Here in Germany, though Bolshevism is knocked down every time it raises its head, its economical motives and impulses are being daily reinforced; and the only arguments against it that the masses can understand are being weakened. These arguments are the hunger and general material misery of Russia under the Soviets, which naturally Germany's vast majority of anti-Bolshevik politicians do not neglect to parade. But, watching the steady progress of Germany towards economic ruin, one must ask what will happen when hunger and misery come, as they must come, under the present anti-Bolshevist *régime*? Probably the German working man will reason that systems of government have nothing at all to do with the matter; he must starve and go naked in any case; and, if so, why not have the ideological consolations and the apparent proletarian triumphs of Bolshevik rule?

During the three months spent by me in Germany, State-financial and private-financial conditions have grown rapidly worse; and in connection therewith has grown worse every branch of economic activity. The food supply is scantier (its best stage was reached last summer after the stoppage of the blockade, and before the new, heavy rises in the foreign exchanges checked

importing); industry is worse off, because it is worse supplied with fuel and raw materials; communications are more imminently threatened with breakdown; and the currency inflation, which is one of the causes and also one of the effects of all the other troubles, has gone to extremes. One sees, indeed, serious attempts to set in order both State and private finances, and to provide stable conditions for industry and trade; but so far the measures taken have been taken too late, and they have not been drastic enough to meet a desperate situation. Germany's lack of a currency system is vitiating every attempt to put governmental and industrial finances in order. Money in the sense of a constant, or slowly changing, register of the values of commodities and services no longer exists. Not only has the foreign exchange of the Reichsmark fallen so low as to make foreign purchases of necessities practically impossible, but the movement of this exchange is so capricious, and so entirely divorced from the mark's real value at a given time, that the export operations of industry have been thrown into hopeless confusion. After the exchange kept fairly level for two months it dropped in one week of January to less than half, and forced German exporters to repudiate dishonestly but inevitably, foreign delivery contracts concluded in marks only a few weeks before. Merely because the mark's purchasing power for certain raw materials has dropped 80 per cent. within the last six months, German manufacturers are also repudiating wholesale home delivery contracts; and the Courts have just upheld the repudiations on ground of *force majeure*. In December, thanks to the energetic Erzberger, the vast State expenditure of 1920—24,000,000,000 marks—was provided for, on paper, by a drastic taxation scheme; but before the ink of Herr Ebert's signature was dry, the money-value assumption on which the highly progressive scales were based was nullified by increasing devaluation; good middle-class incomes suddenly became working-class existence-minimum incomes, and the National Assembly had to set to work to amend the law. Industrial wages which at Christmas were living wages are to-day impossibly low; therefore the strike era which, so Germans hoped, ended in 1919, began again after the New Year, and now threatens chronic unrest. All this, aggravated by war and by native disorderliness, also took place in Russia in the eight months preceding the coming of the Bolsheviks; and if the process continues unchecked for another year Germany can hardly escape Bolshevism, anarchy, or some other extremist cataclysm which will express the national disillusion and rage.

The economic disease from which Germany is suffering is a result first of all of the war and of the Revolution, and not of the

Versailles Peace. Every foreigner here is assured by every German of the contrary ; the economical provisions of the Versailles Treaty, and the territorial provisions in so far as they cut off resources, make, Germans affirm, recovery impossible. That, no doubt, is true ; but it is not at all sure that, independently of the Treaty, the conditions precedent of recovery exist. This would require intelligent management by Germans of their badly damaged affairs, which management should have been begun, as far as was practicable, immediately after the military collapse and the change of Government. Undoubtedly in this Germany was hampered by the continued blockade, the apparent design of which was to prolong the waste and non-production which already threatened Europe with destruction. But the economic policy pursued by Germany herself has failed badly. During the fifteen months that followed the Armistice she has conducted her affairs in the spirit of a half-ruined man who imagines that he can restore his fortunes by selling everything of value he has, and by accepting every bid, however small. This policy has been carried out with an unconscious single-mindedness which could not have been bettered if Germany had been deliberately planning to ruin herself in order to escape the burdens imposed by the Treaty. Nothing better than this could be adduced to demonstrate the fatuity of the Versailles Treaty-drafters in their elaborate attempt to tie up for reparation claims what remains of Germany's national wealth. A very great part of the wealth was flowing unobserved into neutral and, indeed, Ally (private) pockets while the Treaty was being drawn up.

On November 18th last, and during the following weeks, sat in the Berlin Reichswirtschaftsministerium a conference of departmental representatives and others, with the aim of devising means to stop the process which newspapers called "The Auction of Germany" (*Deutschlands Ausverkauf*). The Auction of Germany is, put briefly, the selling to foreigners as very cheap exports, for which Germany gets no equivalent imports, of the commodities which are Germany's only realisable wealth. This is a consequence of the fall in Reichsmark exchange, and of the resulting cheapness. Months ago, when the mark's exchange as against gold was just three times as high as it is to-day, the National Assembly member, Baron von Richthofen, wrote that Germany was the cheapest country in the world. Since then, while German prices have risen much, the mark exchange has fallen a great deal more ; and the cheapness is more marked than ever. This cheapness favoured, and still favours, export ; and the anti-dumping agitation of English, American and other manufacturers was not without cause. But the national loss was Germany's.

Had Germany merely undercut her competitors by the narrow margin of price necessary for the securing of orders, foreign manufacturers might have suffered, but she would have gained. With the large sums received for her exports she could have imported corresponding values in food and raw materials; and the real purpose of trade, the gain of an equivalent in commodities, would have been served. But this did not happen. Germany bought her imports at full world-market prices, paying since January, 1919, 2, 5, 10, and at last over 20 paper marks for every one gold mark's worth of goods; but she charged for her exports only their native paper-mark price, which is a fraction of the price at which countries with good exchanges put similar products on the world-market. Put in plain terms of the barter, which trade really is, Germany exported goods to foreigners and got in exchange goods worth only a fraction of the exported goods' value. In this way Germany during the past year, mostly before she realised what she was doing, denuded herself of a great part of her national wealth, and produced accidentally a queer parody of the Versailles Treaty economical conditions, the burden of which is that they compel her to deliver goods without her getting any equivalent. That is just what she has been, and is, still doing; but goods which, if the pretence of control in the Versailles Treaty had been a fact, might have gone into the hands of the victor countries with reparation claims, have been dissipated beyond recall.

The collapse in the mark exchange, which started this bleeding dry of Germany, is the biggest anomaly in the economical condition of Europe. Every competent judge knows that the mark has fallen far too low—too low, that is, if only economical factors are taken into account, and the political fears of exchange speculators in neutral Europe are ignored. Months ago, when the mark sold in Stockholm at around 20 öre, less than a quarter of its gold parity of 89, the Swedish Professor Wicksell calculated that its buying power was at least 47 öre. A week ago the mark sold in Stockholm at around 5 öre, though its buying power is probably 40 öre. Had Germany been able to produce for export abundantly, and at the same time to prevent import of unnecessary goods, the exchange of the mark would stand at the mark's real buying power. But Germany, though she produces cheaply, cannot produce abundantly; and she has failed hopelessly to check the import of unnecessary goods. At the present time some of Europe's most prosperous States, among them Denmark and Norway, are considering—merely because their exchanges have fallen a trifle—new drastic prohibitions against import of luxuries. Germany, though she cannot get enough foreign exchange to pay for bread or boots, is swamped with imported luxuries for which

Versailles Peace. Every foreigner here is assured by every German of the contrary; the economical provisions of the Versailles Treaty, and the territorial provisions in so far as they cut off resources, make, Germans affirm, recovery impossible. That, no doubt, is true; but it is not at all sure that, independently of the Treaty, the conditions precedent of recovery exist. This would require intelligent management by Germans of their badly damaged affairs, which management should have been begun, as far as was practicable, immediately after the military collapse and the change of Government. Undoubtedly in this Germany was hampered by the continued blockade, the apparent design of which was to prolong the waste and non-production which already threatened Europe with destruction. But the economic policy pursued by Germany herself has failed badly. During the fifteen months that followed the Armistice she has conducted her affairs in the spirit of a half-ruined man who imagines that he can restore his fortunes by selling everything of value he has, and by accepting every bid, however small. This policy has been carried out with an unconscious single-mindedness which could not have been bettered if Germany had been deliberately planning to ruin herself in order to escape the burdens imposed by the Treaty. Nothing better than this could be adduced to demonstrate the fatuity of the Versailles Treaty-drafters in their elaborate attempt to tie up for reparation claims what remains of Germany's national wealth. A very great part of the wealth was flowing unobserved into neutral and, indeed, Ally (private) pockets while the Treaty was being drawn up.

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incalculable sums have been paid. In Berlin French perfumes are sold at 400 marks for a small bottle. These things are in law import-forbidden, and Germans put all the blame upon the so-called *Loch im Westen*, the "hole in the West" which cannot be vigilantly watched owing to the presence of the occupying armies; but the Bauer Government, though it has a well-justified complaint here, has itself neglected to stop the retail sale of smuggled-in goods. Naturally, the flood of Reichsmarks abroad does not cease. The other causes of the mark's fall mostly come under the heading smuggling. Marks are unlawfully smuggled out, or goods are lawfully exported, and the proceeds banked to the exporter's credit in a foreign bank. Finally, there is speculation. This started as bull speculation in the belief that the mark would recover, but it has operated as bear speculation, and helped the decline. An official estimate of the quantity of marks held abroad is 17,000,000,000. The estimate of the President of the Darmstadt Bank is 20-25,000,000,000. Alone in Denmark, a chief theatre of German currency speculations, over a milliard marks are held. Most of this speculative buying began a year ago when the mark exchange was at half gold parity. The inexhaustible possibilities of currency collapse were then not understood; many of the marks were bought over-confidently on margins (in Copenhagen the mark, when at 40 öre, could be bought on a 10 per cent. margin); and when the collapse, which took place in the latter part of the summer as result of the Peace Terms, forced these margin-speculators out, the mark went down further still. The figures of the Zürich exchange tell their own tale:—

100 Marks	=	Francs.
Gold parity		123'45
1919, January 2nd		60'50
1919, end March		45'50
1919, end June		42'50
1919, end September		24'75
1919, end December		11'00
1920, January 27th		5'50

All last year, particularly during the concluding months, Germany's price-level rose rapidly. But prices could not multiply elevenfold in thirteen months, as would have been necessary to keep in tune with the collapse in mark exchange; hence, priced in gold or in any stable currency, German goods have been getting ever cheaper and cheaper; and the national loss caused by the *Ausverkauf* has been getting greater. With the mark at its present rate of 300 to the £ (it touched 400 on January 27th), the cost of living in Germany is a sixth, or at most a fifth, of the cost of living in England. An English working-class income of £250

here turns into 75,000 marks, an income which only very rich Germans enjoy. All the prices which directly or indirectly govern production-cost are trifling. In Berlin the annual rent of a modern six-roomed flat is about £12; the annual wage of a female servant £3; the annual rent of a telephone 25s.; the stamp on a letter of standard weight about three-twentieths of a penny. The price of food is extraordinarily low; though eggs and butter can hardly be had, they cost a fraction of their price in Denmark, where they are plentiful. Breadstuffs, having risen 150 per cent. since 1914, cost in gold about 16 per cent. of their price of that year, so that hungry Germany could profitably export flour to Minnesota. Indeed, rumours declare that foodstuffs and forage are being smuggled out of Germany. Even clothing, manufactured as it is mostly out of foreign materials, is, owing to the cheapness of the other factors in production, about half as dear as in England. The manufactured goods which Germany produces specially for export out of native raw materials have probably gone up all round about fivefold; that means their gold price is only a third of that of 1914, or a sixth or a ninth of present English prices. Berlin shops display lead pencils at 40 pfennigs a dozen, which is about one-fortieth of an English penny each. Factory rents have risen about 50 per cent., which reduces them to 10 per cent. of their gold price of 1914; industrial wages have risen about 200 per cent., which means that they cost in gold one-fifth; travelling, freight and other production-cost elements have also fallen to a fraction; and the cost in gold of the basic native raw materials was until lately lower than it was before the war, and even now is much lower than in the best-supplied countries of the world.

These conditions meant that unregulated export would drain Germany of everything she possessed. That process has already gone far. During all last year the Republican Government was extraordinarily lax. It prohibited exports as far as prohibition was necessary to ensure a home supply; but it made no attempt to prevent export-permitted goods being sold at a fraction of their world-market value. During the second half of last year Germany was overrun by foreigners, including many Englishmen, who bought up everything they could get—there was nothing German that could not be profitably sold in Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland or England. At the Frankfurt Fair Germans first took to charging foreigners a higher price; but the supplement so charged was usually only 25 per cent. above home prices, and this did not frighten off foreign buyers, who could make 500 per cent. by selling the goods to their own countrymen. Only about November did the economic import of this begin to penetrate

the national head; and with that began the present agitation against *Deutschlands Ausverkauf*. Newspapers have since then teemed with facts as to the lowness of German export rates. The President of the General Electricity Company reported that a 52-ton locomotive had been sold to Luxemburg for 225,000 marks, then about £1,500; and that in Spain Germans were offering at 8.6 pesetas small cast-iron articles for which English export manufacturers asked 70 pesetas. When the public was sufficiently educated to the meaning of this, the Reichsbank appealed to traders to charge foreigners a supplement to ordinary prices; and since then the big Berlin shops have made a pretence of charging foreigners an extra 25 per cent. The Solingen steel firms last month came to an agreement not to sell to English buyers except in sterling at prices 100-200 per cent. above the peace price; to French buyers except in francs 200-300 per cent. above peace price; and so on. But, in general, German export manufacturers, rejoicing at the ease with which they can sell abroad at under world-market prices, care little about the national loss caused—the current doctrine that all German resources over the existence minimum will go into Entente pockets naturally makes the average German indifferent to such considerations—and it is now plain that the complete sucking dry and irremediable ruin of Germany will result unless the State drastically intervenes.

This the State has now done, though not drastically, and, so far, only on paper. Two courses were open: one to encourage German home prices to rise to world-market level, so making the unprofitable dumping impossible; and the other to keep home prices low, but to ensure that high prices are charged to foreigners. On this question there is a radical difference among Germans. Faced with the same situation in aggravated form, the Austrian Finance Minister last month declared in favour of letting native prices rise till they reached the world level. Here this policy is advocated by certain experts, among them the raw material magnate, Hugo Stinnes, and, in part, by the former Finance Minister, Gothein, who points out the absurdity of Germany's exporting her precious coal at 120 marks, which is only 8s. a ton. The Government, having its eye on the consumer, opposes this demand. The official Exchange Committee declares that the abandonment of price-limitation measures would lead to a catastrophe; Herr Schmidt, Minister of Industry, predicts that price-freedom would send industrial wages up to the impossible height of 10 marks an hour, that is (what can better demonstrate German cheapness?), to about 8d. The Government in January, 1919, abandoned the policy of maximum prices for iron which had been in force since July, 1917; and because after that the price

of iron rose rapidly, the maximum-price policy is about to be reintroduced. The price of native-grown food has been successfully kept down. Breadstuffs, as bought from the farmers, fetch only 120-150 per cent. above peace rates, this although field wages have risen 200 per cent., coal over 1,000 per cent., wood 800 per cent., saddlery 1,600 per cent., and fertilisers up to 900 per cent.

The bad results (apart from the drainage abroad) of this policy are that production is checked; and that the State finances—owing to the fact that a Government which hesitates to raise prices for its services cannot prevent prices being raised against itself—are thrown into confusion. After a period of tolerably good supply the German cities are again threatened with severe shortage of bread. Of 2,000,000 tons of corn which the farmers ought to have delivered, only 1,000,000 tons have been delivered. The cause is unwillingness to sell for rapidly depreciating paper money; and that is another parallel with Soviet Russia. From all sides, officials and manual employees make fresh salary demands upon the State; but the State does not make the public pay. The cost of a first-class railway ticket from the Baltic coast to Berlin is about 4s. gold. Last summer, freight rates were raised 50 per cent.; and they are now about to be raised another 100 per cent.; but the Government admits that rates would have to be sextupled if the latest increases in wages and salaries are to be met; and admits further that home postage, telegraph and telephone rates would have to be trebled. In practice, of course, the Government has to recognise the inevitable price-rise; though it does that unwillingly, and late. The production of sugar, which cost 9'50 marks a centner in 1914 and now costs 53 marks, has fallen off so badly that the price has to be raised to 150 marks. The big raw material and manufacturing companies put up prices steadily with or without Government consent; but their works are still mostly being carried on at a loss, and the price-rises leave them no better off. Krupp's nett profits of 5,000,000 marks in 1917-18 turned into a nett loss of 36,000,000 marks in 1918-19; the Hohenlohe Mining and Metallurgical Company turned its 16,000,000 marks profits into 6,000,000 marks loss; and many less important concerns are still worse off. By the time the Government consents to a new price-rise a new fall in the mark exchange has probably brought prices, relatively to those of the world-market, lower than ever. In November the standard product bar-iron, which before the war cost only 238 marks a ton, rose to 1,745 marks; but even then it was less than half the price of the Swedish products which at 400 crowns cost about 4,000 marks, or of the French product which was costing about 3,500 marks. The Government policy of keeping prices down

was signally defeated; but the opposition policy of letting prices rise to world-market levels was defeated by ever fresh falls in the mark exchange.

At the end of last year, and as results of the deliberations of the conference which met first in November, a paper solution was found. Germany's Auction, or, as it appears to foreigners, Germany's dumping, is to be made cease by severe export control. As Government control is here badly discredited, the work is to be done by unofficial Foreign Trade Bureaux, one for every exporting branch of export industry, on which the different private interests concerned will be represented. These bureaux will have power to prevent export commodities at prices materially under the world price. To ensure that the higher prices paid by the foreigner shall not flow into private pockets, export duties will be temporarily levied. Whether these measures will stop the Auction is very doubtful; and in any case they come too late, because enormous values in German products necessary for Germany's own use, and in theory part of the reparation assets which the Versailles Treaty-drafters vainly imagined they had attached, have streamed abroad, without any equivalent being received, leaving Germany as a debtor country so much the nearer to insolvency.

The fact that Germany lost a great part of her wealth in the last year is sufficiently proved by the tremendous price-rise. This price-rise is usually put down altogether to currency inflation; and that the currency inflation is indeed extreme one may see from a table of circulation of Reichsbank notes and *Darlehnskassenscheine* (which roughly correspond to our Currency Notes):—

					Millions of Marks in Circulation.	
					Notes.	Kassenscheine.
1914, 30th June	2,406·5	—
1914, 31st December	5,045·9	445·8
1915	6,917·9	972·2
1916	8,054·4	2,878·0
1917	11,467·7	6,264·5
1918	22,191·6	10,242·2
1919	34,126·0	13,528·0

This inflation shows no sign of stopping; the increase of the note and Kassenscheine circulation in the week ending December 23rd, 1919, was the biggest recorded, exceeding even the figures in the worst week of the great currency panic which followed the military collapse. Germany's floating debt is now 86,000,000,000 marks, which nearly equals the total of the War Loans. Chief cause of the inflation in 1919 was the Government's inability to cover current expenditure otherwise than with help of the Reichs-

bank. The monthly deficit during the greater part of the year was two milliard marks; only in the last months did it sink to 11 milliards. Herr Erzberger's Savings and Premium Loan of last autumn, which was to yield 5,000,000,000 marks, yielded in fact only 3'8 milliards, and half of this was old War Stock. Another cause of inflation is hoarding as a means of tax evasion. Herr Erzberger's plan to stamp all notes in circulation made hoarding risky; and last summer as result a period of moderate deflation began; but the abandonment of the stamping plan and the fixing of December 31st next as assessment day for the Emergency Levy which is to yield fifty milliards caused new hoarding; and a rush to remove money from the banks was the result.

The known fact that part of the nearly fifty milliards of notes and Kassenscheine officially described as in circulation are in reality hoarded, and the other known fact that money is circulating more slowly than during the war are sufficient proof that inflation is not the chief cause of the price-rise. The price-rise is far greater than could be explained by inflation. Prices of basic commodities have risen fivefold or sixfold in periods in which the total of money in circulation rose only 50 per cent. Money, it is plain, is being devalued by other causes than its absolute amount. The prices of coal and iron, which dominate every branch of finishing manufacture and largely influence the production-cost of food, show how far this devaluation has gone. The biggest jumps upward in price, often at a time exceeding by several hundred per cent. the whole price of 1914, have taken place in the last few months. The figures for coal (best Ruhr, so-called Nusskohle I. and II.) are:—

	Marks.
1914	13
1918, January	15
1918, April	29'40
1919, January	46'40
1919, October	85'60
1919, December	97
1920, January	118
1920, February	160

These successive rises were all fought out between the Ruhr Coal Syndicate and the Government; and in the end always, owing to easily proved higher cost of wages, higher cost of iron and wood, the need for renovating plant which has deteriorated during the war, and other causes (need for miners' dwellings, etc.), the Government had to abandon its anti-price-rise policy. It has now decided to raise the coal tax. This tax has been levied

since 1918 at the rate of 20 per cent. *ad valorem*, and it was yielding at the end of last year about 1,500,000,000 marks; it will be raised until it yields 4,000,000,000 marks, which means a tax of over 50 per cent. One aim here is to get better value booked for the coal which Germany has to deliver under the Peace conditions, and which must not be charged at higher than native prices. The price-rise of iron is still greater. The present rate for pig-iron (hæmatite) is seven times higher than it was in January, 1919, and twenty-seven times higher than at the outbreak of war:—

1914	1.1.19	1.4.19	16.6.19	1.10.19	1.12.19	1.1.20	1.2.20
79·50	314·50	366·50	418·50	573·50	1171·50	1718·50	2227·50

The price of the standard commodity bar-iron was raised last month to 2,470 marks a ton, and is now nearly 1,000 per cent. above its 1914 level. But all these prices remain below world-market levels. Further, they are not yet fully felt by the consuming public. The manufactured articles now being purchased were mostly produced when iron and coal were a fraction of their present prices. The other elements in production-cost—wages, rents, freight and taxes—have risen relatively little. That explains why with coal 1,100 per cent. and iron 2,600 per cent. over 1914 rates, German exporters sell to foreigners metal goods at only 300 or 400 per cent. over nominal peace prices, and at half or a quarter of the peace gold price; and that explains why living conditions for Germans are still bearable. But the rise in native raw materials, and also, as result of the falling mark exchange, in foreign raw materials, is every day becoming more sensible in ordinary life, and as wages always lag behind rising prices, adjustment can be achieved only by way of unceasing strikes and threats of strikes. That is what is happening. The latter half of 1919 saw exceptionally big rises in the prices of raw materials; and the result was soon felt in all trading transactions; in Berlin in the three weeks around Christmas the prices of many necessities rose by between 30 and 50 per cent.; and the strike movement of January was the outcome.

This movement cannot be explained by any cause except the draining of Germany of necessary commodities by sales abroad, which have been a sort of tribute to foreigners and which have therefore aggravated the scarcity caused by low production. The German business world has abandoned all hope of cutting down prices to the normal 150–200 per cent. over peace figures which is the rate in the more fortunate belligerent and in the neutral countries; and naturally with that has disappeared hope of any material improvement of the mark exchange. Manufacturers

began last month to take formal steps to register this conviction. For years they kept to their peace price-lists, announcing from time to time "price-supplements," expressed in a percentage increase of the peace price. As production-cost rose, the percentage rose also; and at present some firms are charging clients the peace price plus 1,000 per cent. Last month some manufacturers, led by the electro-technical concerns, formally abandoned the peace price-lists, and declared for new price-lists three times higher, the new prices, however, to be only ground-rates to which percentage supplements would be added according to the varying degree of the mark's devaluation. In this abandonment of hope in the stabilisation of prices lies a threat to the State Budget which Herr Erzberger has so laboriously succeeded in balancing. In the few weeks which have passed since the yield of the new taxes was calculated, prices of all commodities which the State buys and the wages of State employees have either risen enormously or threaten to rise; so that, unless the inflation is stopped and production greatly increased, the Budget three months hence will not be worth the paper it is written on. The mere stoppage of the drain abroad—if it is stopped, which is doubtful—will not check the price-rise as long as Germany consumes far more than she produces; and that is the case to-day. It means Labour unrest; disorder in the public finances; inability to buy necessities abroad; and a serious aggravation in the present semi-starvation; and it means in the end the Austrian, or Russian, condition of irremediable pauperism, and probably in the end Bolshevism on top of all.

Germany's production apparatus, human and material, showed during the second half of 1919 only one promising factor against a dozen unpromising factors. That is the greater diligence and steadiness of workmen. Labour unrest of purely political and revolutionary colour practically ceased. The January railway strike in Westphalia and Cologne was entirely a wage strike; and such wage strikes, for the reasons given, must continue. But industrial company reports agree that, as a rule, better work is being done—there are even concerns where *per capita* output has of late increased 10 per cent. The present industrial output of Germany is estimated at only 30 per cent. of peace level. In Berlin the figure is 50 per cent. The cause of this is not Labour unfitness, but shortage of raw materials, transport and fuel. Of these, shortage of raw materials is the least serious. When the military collapse came the War Ministry had large reserves of metals, leather and textiles. The transport shortage and coal shortage are really one question. Germany's coal production is insufficient for the country as a whole; yet often, owing to lack

of rolling stock, large reserves of coal accumulate at the pits' mouths. The Westphalian Coal Syndicate even contracted to raise Holland's monthly supply from 50,000 to 150,000 tons if only Holland would send her own transport. Before the war Germany had 17,500 locomotives in running order; after the Armistice deliveries she had only 13,200. In the past year she turned out 1,151. But because the repair shops could not keep pace with their work, the number of locomotives in running order steadily decreases. The loss in the last three months is 600, and the total now available is only 12,700. In this branch German Labour shows at its worst. The Railway Department last month closed two Berlin, two Breslau, and nine other construction and repair workshops as result of the incorrigible inefficiency of the employees. When peace came, the men were physically so run down that the war standard of required output had to be reduced by 60 per cent.; but in some of the closed workshops only a quarter, and in some only an eighth, of the reduced standard was reached. One hundred and sixty thousand repairers are to-day doing less work than 70,000 did before the war. The production of new rolling stock, for which the Government has a definite programme, is checked by shortage of iron; the shortage of iron is a result of the shortage of coal; and the shortage of coal is in turn a result of the shortage of rolling stock. From this vicious circle there seems to be no escape, except perhaps by largely increasing the number of miners; and here progress has been made. The number employed rose from its 1919 minimum of 635,000 to 710,000 men; and the number of miners of brown coal is greater than in 1914. But before the number can be further increased a big scheme of housing has to be carried through; and again the coal shortage hampers; the cement industry has only a fraction of the coal it needs; bricks cannot be baked; and there are no trains to carry to the western parts of the Republic the necessary wood.

How the coal production has fallen since the last peace year is shown by the following table. The table takes no account of brown coal, which has tended to increase, and which in 1919, with 77,614,000 tons, was a little above the figure of the last peace year :—

						Tons.
1918	160,615,000
1916	133,599,000
1917	139,377,000
1918	140,990,000
1919	95,591,000

The average production during the last few months, at about

10,500,000 tons, is considerably above the monthly average for the whole of last year ; but even this is threatened, for the miners, whose working day has already been reduced from eight and a half hours to eight and from eight hours to seven, now demand a six-hour day ; which would mean a reduction of 1,500,000 tons in the monthly output, and would reduce the coal allowance of industry, which is at present 3,000,000 tons and less than half the peace figure of 6,500,000 tons, to about a quarter of the peace figure. At present all industries are starved of coal. The cement industry is allowed 65,000 tons a month as against 300,000 tons in peace time ; the potash industry 70,000 tons as against 250,000 tons ; the porcelain industry 25,000 tons as against 30,000 tons. Of 18,000 brick kilns all but 1,200 are closed owing to lack of coal. In the Siegerland ore and smelting district of Westphalia seven of the ore mines have ceased work, and are at present in danger of flooding. The blast furnaces in this district are still. The Solingen steel works long kept themselves going by transporting coal from the pits in their own motor trucks, and so managed to meet an unexampled foreign demand, and, as result of the mark collapse, to undersell Sheffield all over Europe. They, too, are now in difficulties. In Berlin, the Siemens-Schuckert and Siemens and Halske Works both, owing to coal shortage, closed entirely for several days ; Hamburg and Altona have been without electrical power ; and the Rhenish-Westphalia Syndicate has declared that it will soon be unable to supply local power stations. The Prussian railways have never more than eleven days' supply ; the Bavarian only three days ; the domestic supply is chronically on the verge of ceasing, but somehow precariously keeps going ; in Berlin many schools are closed, and it was this week declared that within three weeks they would all be closed.

If for no other reason than the coal shortage, Germany's prospects of restoring production would be small ; as it is, with shortage of iron and with very small supplies of overseas materials coming in, her position is desperate. This month she managed to negotiate with Holland a credit for ten years of 200,000,000 gulden, of which 60,000,000 gulden are to be spent on Dutch and Dutch-Colonial food products and the remaining 140,000,000 on raw materials, to be purchased in any country. The Berlin Government has seized at the straw of the proposed International Financial Conference, which, it is imagined, will help first those nations with depreciated currencies, this though no international service can possibly be rendered unless the more prosperous nations take upon themselves collectively and officially burdens and risks from which their financiers at present unofficially shrink.

Meantime Germany's course lies towards falling production, a decreasing stock of realisable wealth, devaluation of money, further inflation, and hopeless disorganisation of State, industrial and private finance. Already the ominous movement, which is here called "The Flight from the Reichsmark," has begun. It takes form of frantic efforts to get rid of discredited paper money and to acquire real values instead. This movement is at present causing on the Berlin Stock Exchange a boom which is not justified by anything in the prospects of the concerns involved, most of which are working at a loss or are not working at all. Native industrial stocks are already about 100 per cent. above the figure of January, 1919; the quotations of stocks whose future is bound up with foreign currency have risen since September 1,000 per cent. and even more; and the boom last month reached such dangerous length that the chief banks had to intervene and limit credits. Precisely the same movement goes on in German-Austria, where the general economical collapse, and in particular the devaluation of the crown, which is practically complete, are being registered by a wild Stock Exchange boom. Germany is still far behind Austria in the race towards ruin and depopulation, but she is doing her best to catch up.

ROBERT CROZIER LONG.

BEFORE THE WORLD-WAR.

INCEPTION OF TRIPLE ENTENTE AND THE ALGECIRAS CONFERENCE.

BY ALEXANDER ISWOLSKY.¹

My appointment to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs took place in the month of May, 1906, and coincided with the opening of the first Douma. I was a *diplomate de carrière*, and, from the time that I entered the service of the State, I had been concerned solely with its exterior relations. But, in October of the year before, certain circumstances had led me to take an active part in the domestic affairs of Russia, and this was not without influence upon the decision of Emperor Nicholas to entrust me with the direction of my country's foreign policy.

The circumstances to which I have referred were, in part, as follows :—

I was at the time Minister Plenipotentiary at Copenhagen, having been transferred from Tokio in 1903, about a year before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. This post was considered a very desirable one, in the diplomatic world, by reason of the close relationship of the Danish royal family with several European courts, and the long and frequent visits that the Tsar and the King of England were in the habit of making at Copenhagen. The German Emperor, too, was fond of appearing there unexpectedly, and, as a natural result of the presence of the rulers of Europe, the Danish capital became a centre of diplomatic activity at such times, affording the foreign Ministers accredited there a particularly favourable opportunity to be in evidence. Two of my predecessors, Baron Mohrenheim and Count Benckendorff, had been promoted from Copenhagen to embassies of the first rank; a third, Count Mouravieff, a man of the most mediocre capacities, having succeeded in making himself personally agreeable to Emperor Nicholas, had left Copenhagen to become Minister of Foreign Affairs.

After the death of the Emperor Alexander III., and, still more, of Queen Louise, who was called "the mother-in-law of Europe," Copenhagen had suffered somewhat in importance, but it was nevertheless a good point of observation, and from time to time, although at less frequent intervals, a visit from one or another of the royal relatives gave it again the prestige of former days.

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As I have stated elsewhere, it was in the course of one of King Edward's sojourns that I had the opportunity, during long interviews with him, to establish the bases of the agreement concluded in 1907 between Russia and England, which exerted so great an influence on the sequence of events in Europe.

Personally, however, I had had every reason to consider my appointment to Copenhagen as in the nature of a disfavour, because, while I was at Tokio, I had been resolutely opposed to the "strong" policy adopted by Russia toward Japan and inspired by an irresponsible coterie which had gained great influence over the Emperor. Without going at length into a relation of the events which led to the Russo-Japanese War, it will suffice for the moment to say that, in my capacity as representative of Russia at Tokio, I had recommended with insistence a conciliatory attitude towards Japan and an agreement with that country on the burning questions of Manchuria and Korea. My efforts in that direction had resulted in the mission to Europe of that distinguished statesman, Marquis Ito, with the object of attempting a *rapprochement* between Russia and Japan. That mission, if it had succeeded, would have changed the course of events and prevented the war, but the poor reception accorded to the Japanese emissary at St. Petersburg and the dilatory answers given him by the Russian Government resulted, unhappily, in its utter failure. The clever Minister of Japan at London seized the opportunity to hasten the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Convinced from that moment that the policy adopted by my Sovereign, under the guidance of M. Bézobrazoff and Admirals Abaza and Alexeieff, was leading us inevitably into war, and not wishing to be made the instrument for carrying it out, I asked leave to return to Europe. On my arrival at St. Petersburg I was received very coldly by the Emperor, and the advice that I tried to give regarding the affairs of the Far East and our relations with Japan was systematically disregarded. There was another reason for my cold reception: I had the reputation at the court of Tsarskoie-Selo of being a "Liberal" and of sympathising with the movement which was already, even at that period, making itself felt in Russia in favour of constitutional reform. This could not by any possibility predispose the Tsar in my favour, and still less the Tsarina, who, even then, manifested reactionary tendencies. Although she had not yet acquired the influence that became so dominant during the last days of the monarchy, her prejudice undoubtedly contributed to deprive me of the Emperor's confidence. Under these conditions there appeared to be but little chance of my obtaining a diplomatic

post of any importance; but, on the other hand, the Dowager Empress, daughter of King Christian IX., treated me with marked good-will. This was in great part due to the friendship which she felt for my wife, who had, so to say, grown up under her eye. (My wife was the daughter of Count Charles Toll, son of the famous general of that name, and during many years the Russian Minister at Copenhagen.) The Tsar, in deference to his mother, never named a Minister to Copenhagen without first consulting her. So it happened that, in conformity with her wishes, I received the post, a very honourable one, no doubt, but which bade fair to be void of any political importance in my case and in view of the circumstances.

As time went on, however, and the unhappy events of the Russo-Japanese War gradually dispelled the Emperor's illusions, he seemed inclined to recognise my foresight and to be willing to entrust me with a more active rôle. Toward the end of the campaign he caused me to be notified of his intention to appoint me Ambassador to Berlin, a post which was soon to become vacant by the retirement of the aged Count Osten-Sacken. I learned afterwards that, in the meantime, the Emperor purposed putting to good use the special knowledge of Japanese affairs that I had acquired during my stay in the East. As a result of the mediation of President Roosevelt, negotiations were about to be opened at Portsmouth for the conclusion of peace, and the Emperor had hesitated for a long time over his choice of a plenipotentiary. This post had been offered first to M. Nelidoff, Ambassador at Paris, then to M. Mouravieff, Ambassador at Rome. Both had refused, the one giving as a reason his incompetence in Far Eastern affairs, and the other the state of his health. It appears that, after these refusals, the Emperor had fixed his choice upon me, and that, for forty-eight hours, I had been considered as the chief of the mission which was to be sent to America; but my candidature was vigorously opposed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorff, who advocated the appointment of M. Witte, with whom he was closely allied, not only personally but politically. Now the candidature of M. Witte was particularly distasteful to the Emperor, who had conceived a dislike to that eminent statesman and a distrust of him that was no less enduring even when he summoned him to the highest duties in the Empire at a later date. As for me, I was absolutely ignorant of what was going on at the time; since the beginning of the war I had made it a rule not to meddle, in my official dispatches, with matters that were alien to my own special duties, and to refrain from offering any advice whatever to the Government concerning the difficulties that presented themselves. Nevertheless, I was

so persuaded of the enormous importance that the personality of our representative would have, in connection with the success or failure of the peace negotiations, that I decided to break my silence, and I wrote a letter to Count Lamsdorff, in which I expressed my conviction, with all the energy of which I was capable, that the only man in Russia who could cope with a task so overwhelming was M. Witte. My conviction was based upon the knowledge that I possessed in regard to the exceptional prestige which M. Witte enjoyed in Japan and the kindly feeling that the Japanese retained for him on account of the part he had played during the period just preceding the war. My letter reached St. Petersburg at the very moment when Count Lamsdorff was at a loss for arguments in favour of M. Witte's candidature, and, as he himself told me afterwards, it helped to overcome the objections of the Emperor.

M. Witte went to America, and everyone knows with what consummate talent, I may almost say with what genius, he acquitted himself of his task. The Emperor, when yielding to the advice of Count Lamsdorff, expressed a desire that I should accompany M. Witte as second plenipotentiary, but at that time M. Witte was so strongly prejudiced against me that he insisted on the appointment of my successor in Japan, Baron Rosen, whom he considered to be a more docile colleague. However that may be, not only have I never regretted for a moment having intervened in favour of the selection of M. Witte, but I am convinced that, if my intervention really contributed thereto, I rendered a veritable service to my country. It is a matter of common knowledge that public opinion in Russia has shown scant appreciation of the remarkable achievement of M. Witte at Portsmouth; in this, as in other matters, his compatriots and contemporaries have done him little justice. Personally, I was never on intimate terms with M. Witte, and I felt obliged to oppose energetically some of his political ideas in the domain of foreign affairs, but I am in duty bound to render him homage for what he did at Portsmouth. Neither I nor any other diplomat by profession could have done it; the task demanded all the personal prestige of that "self-made man" to make a proper impression upon the great public of American democracy and to obtain for Russia, in spite of her reverses, a moral predominance over the representatives of her adversary. One of the causes of this predominance was the cleverness with which M. Witte knew how to make use of the Press in America, as well as in England, thanks to the devoted and intelligent co-operation of the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, Dr. E. J. Dillon. That remarkably talented publicist had been for a long time on close terms

of friendly intimacy with M. Witte and enjoyed his fullest confidence. He accompanied him to America, and I have no hesitation in attributing to Dr. Dillon a large part of the success achieved by the Russian delegation. In closing my comment upon this episode, I will add that, when I first had occasion to address the Douma, I made it my duty to undertake the defence of the Treaty of Portsmouth, although it demanded some little courage to do so at that particular time, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that M. Witte, whose heart was in the right place in spite of his many faults, cherished thereafter a warm feeling of gratitude toward me, his declared political adversary.

While the negotiations at Portsmouth were in progress I remained aloof from all active participation in politics, but a little later, in the month of October, 1906, I was pushed suddenly into a sphere of action that hitherto had been quite unfamiliar to me—the domestic affairs of the Empire. In this way I was brought into direct contact with the Tsar and the leading actors in the drama that was then playing in my country.

At that epoch of her history Russia was passing through a most serious internal crisis. The revolutionary movement, which had resulted from the reverses of the Russian Army in Manchuria, culminated in a general strike, which not only stopped all means of communication, but also completely paralysed the economic life of the country. Violent disorders broke out in the provinces, and the agitation assumed a menacing aspect throughout the Empire, and especially in the capital. The Dowager Empress, who was then living at Copenhagen, became extremely alarmed at this state of things, and in her conversations with me frequently expressed apprehension. I took advantage of these conversations to try to convince her, and through her to convince the Tsar, of the necessity of making concessions, before it was too late, to the reasonable demands of the moderate Liberal Party, so as to have the help of that party in resisting the steadily increasing exactions of the Radicals and the Revolutionaries. My efforts in this direction were seconded energetically by the brother of the Empress, King Frederick VIII., a man of great good sense in political matters, who had just succeeded his father, King Christian IX., on the throne of Denmark. The Empress consented to write to her son and persuade him to grant Russia a constitutional charter of his own accord, and it was decided at the same time that I should go to St. Petersburg, deliver the letter, and act as the interpreter and the advocate, before the Emperor, of the counsel which it contained.

It was not an easy matter to reach St. Petersburg quickly, the journey by land being impracticable by reason of the railway

strike, and there was no direct steamship communication between Denmark and Russia; but, at the request of King Frederick, the Danish East-Asiatic Company placed at my disposal one of their cargo boats, the *St. Thomas*, which had just discharged freight at the port of Copenhagen. I was able, consequently, to embark directly for St. Petersburg; the voyage was rapid, if not agreeable, the *St. Thomas* being in ballast and the Baltic most turbulent at that season.

At the moment of my arrival at St. Petersburg the crisis was nearing its maximum. I do not wish to surcharge this part of my story with the details of my three weeks' stay at the capital in those historic days of the latter part of October, 1905; it will suffice to say that, during the three weeks, I was not only an attentive observer of the events which took place at the time that the Manifesto of October 30th was published, but I also took part in those events which brought me in frequent contact with Emperor Nicholas, as well as with the principal Ministers and political personages of the moment. Simultaneously with the promulgation of the constitution, Count Witte, upon whom this title had been conferred immediately after his return from America, was made President of the first Constitutional Cabinet, and applied himself to the task of establishing the foundations for the new organisation of the Empire. He commenced this arduous labour by summoning to St. Petersburg the leading representatives of the Liberal and Moderate Liberal Parties, who were then in conference at Moscow and upon whose collaboration he counted for aid in the accomplishment of his task. Among them were Prince Lvoff (afterwards head of the first Provisional Government in 1917), Princes Ouroussoff and Troubetzkoy, Messrs. Goutchkoff, Stakhevitch, Roditcheff and Kokoschkine, who was assassinated in prison by the Bolsheviks in the year 1918. Count Witte's object was to draw up, in conjunction with them, a governmental programme and to persuade some of them to join his Cabinet. In the course of these negotiations I devoted myself to an earnest advocacy, before the Emperor, of the formation of an homogeneous Government, composed of men sincerely desirous and capable of putting in practice the constitutional reforms contained in the Manifesto, but resolute in a determination to resist the ever-increasing demands of the revolutionaries. Among the personages convoked by Count Witte I had some personal friends, and I did my best to persuade them to meet him half-way: but, unfortunately, this plan, the only one whose realisation appeared to me to be feasible, was doomed to failure. None of the men invited by Count Witte consented to collaborate with him: political passions were too intense and party tyranny

too absolute to permit of their deciding wisely. I consider even now that their refusal to sustain Count Witte was a grave political fault and a great misfortune for Russia, for that refusal left him no other alternative but to fall back upon heterogeneous and strictly bureaucratic elements for the formation of his Cabinet—elements that were essentially unpopular in the country and unable to give him any strength with which to face the future Douma.

Toward the end of my stay at St. Petersburg the situation was by no means favourable: the publication of the Manifesto had been followed in the provinces by a series of disorders and anti-Jewish "pogroms." These events had taken Count Witte by surprise, and provoked an immediate counter-move at court. The reactionary party took occasion to raise its head and to endeavour to regain its influence over the Emperor; a lively struggle ensued between that party and Count Witte, who had expected, after the act of October 30th, a general acquiescence, but instead found himself the object of violent attack on the part of the extremists of both Right and Left, as well as the contempt of the Moderate Liberals. When I took leave of Count Witte to return to Copenhagen I was struck by the pessimism of his remarks. "The Manifesto of October 30th," he said, "has prevented an immediate catastrophe, but it has brought no radical remedy to a situation which is still fraught with peril. All I can hope is that I may get along, without too much jostling, until the opening of the Douma; but even that is only a hope and far from being a certainty. A new revolutionary explosion is always possible." A like pessimism on the part of so energetic a man could not but surprise me; it was only explainable by the profound disappointment that he had experienced in the immediate results of the Manifesto, and, above all, the defection of the Moderate Liberal Party, which he had not foreseen and to which he alluded with the greatest bitterness.

The part that I had taken in the pourparlers with the Moderate Liberals made it quite natural that I should be the most probable choice for the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs in a Cabinet that might be formed with their co-operation. The Emperor, who at the time appeared to be sincerely receptive to the idea of such a Cabinet, looked with favour upon my candidacy. When he received me in final audience he told me that Count Lamsdorff, a typical functionary of the old *régime*, who could not and would not accommodate himself to the new order of things, would retire before the opening of the Douma, and that he had me in view as Count Lamsdorff's successor.

After returning to Copenhagen, I maintained a close watch

upon the progress of events in Russia, and I was more and more convinced that matters were drawing to a crisis. Count Witte was facing formidable difficulties, and it was no secret that the Emperor, while recognising his extraordinary capacities as a statesman, was unable to overcome the distrust and repugnance with which he had long regarded his Minister. Count Witte, as well, could hardly disguise his aversion for the successor of Alexander III., with whom he had collaborated and whose fullest confidence he had enjoyed. I have tried elsewhere to define Count Witte's leading traits of character; he was beyond doubt a great Minister, even one of genius, but his strong will, at that critical moment of his country's history, was destined to be bruised and broken against a chain of circumstances. One of the reasons for this check in his career, and not the least, was the absolute contrast between him and his Sovereign. The fact is that he had been forced upon the Emperor by the progress of events and at a moment when no other choice seemed practicable. The ideas of the Liberals were in the ascendant at court for the time being, but gradually the reactionary party regained its former influence over Nicholas II., and it was not difficult for that party to revive his suspicions of the Premier. It was insinuated that Count Witte was ambitious, ready and willing to overthrow the monarchy and proclaim himself President of the Russian Republic; I had reason to know, through information furnished to me by correspondents at home, that the Emperor was evidently more and more inclined to listen to such insinuations.

For my part, I placed full reliance upon Count Witte's good faith and the honesty of his efforts toward a solution of the problem without endangering the monarchical principle nor the dynasty, and without, moreover, limiting the Imperial prerogatives beyond a point that was rendered inevitable by the tenor of the constitutional charter. Again, therefore, I had recourse to the friendship of the Empress Dowager, who was still living at Copenhagen; my object being to persuade the Emperor to trust himself to Count Witte and afford him full scope for carrying out his programme. Several letters of this nature were written by the Empress to her son, but, apparently, with no lasting effect. Count Witte himself was not only fully cognisant of the difficulties of his task, but was less and less sure of being able to finish it successfully.

The Manifesto of October 30th, had it been promulgated six months earlier, as a spontaneous act prompted by the Tsar's own sense of justice, might have conciliated the discordant elements as Count Witte had expected; but, as it was, that act was considered by the revolutionary party as having been forced upon

the Emperor by the pressure of the general strike. That party openly declared that it would not be contented with the concessions already granted by the Imperial power and that the same method would be employed to wrest from that power other and more sweeping privileges.

The revolutionary agitation was rekindled, but, at the same time, it was countered by a movement which arose from the sufferings inflicted by the strike upon the population of the provinces. This counter-movement was cleverly fostered by the reactionary party, which had founded a vast association called the "League of the Russian People." This league, with the connivance of the local authorities, organised the so-called "Black Hundreds," composed of the dregs of society and charged with the job of instigating anti-revolutionary disturbances. Far from putting an end to the crisis, the act of October 30th seemed destined to create a new condition of extreme agitation; in fact, the first three months following the granting of the constitution were marked by a series of sanguinary encounters, beginning with the Cronstadt revolt. This revolt gave the signal for other military and naval mutinies at Sebastopol and elsewhere; the Volga region and others were the theatre of agrarian disorders and anti-Jewish pogroms. These disturbances were particularly violent in the Baltic Provinces, where they assumed the character of a veritable *Jacquerie*, and, finally, in the month of December, came the armed insurrection of Moscow, which could only be suppressed with the aid of regiments of the guard from St. Petersburg and at the cost of great bloodshed.

The effect of all these happenings was to weaken considerably the position of Count Witte, whose influence was at the same time being undermined systematically by a member of his Cabinet, M. Dournovo, Minister of the Interior, one of the bureaucrats to whom he had been forced to have recourse, on account of the defection of the Liberals. M. Dournovo had long been a functionary in the police service, and was quite as unscrupulous as he was ambitious; but, on the other hand, he was endowed with remarkable intelligence and energy. He was backed by the famous General Trepoff, the all-powerful Chief of Police during the period which preceded the promulgation of the Manifesto of October 30th, and, at the time with which we are now concerned, Prefect of the Imperial Palaces, a position which brought him in daily contact with the Emperor and enabled him to play upon his Sovereign's prejudice and indecision. But that which gave to M. Dournovo still greater strength was the protection accorded to him by the Tsarina, whose reactionary tendencies were no secret. Thanks to all these circumstances,

M. Dournovo, who had now become the soul of the reactionary party, was in a fair way to acquire a preponderating influence over the Emperor, whom he incited with the utmost perseverance to annul the constitutional charter and to restore the former autocratic Government. The Tsar himself appeared to incline more and more to these counsels; in the month of December, 1905, when receiving a deputation of reactionaries who came to petition for a re-establishment of the autocracy, he had still maintained that the Manifesto of October 30th was the "expression of his unchangeable will and could not undergo the slightest attaint"; but some weeks later he replied to another deputation, which insisted upon the removal of Count Witte and protested against the emancipation of the Jews, that he would "bear alone the burden of power" that he had assumed at Moscow and for which he acknowledged "responsibility to God alone," and he added: "The light of truth will soon burst forth and all will become clear; children of Russia, unite and hold yourselves ready." This enigmatic language, coloured with mysticism, gave proof of the progress attained by the labours of the reactionary party and seemed to point to an anti-revolutionary crisis in the near future.

In spite of all these alarming symptoms, the situation improved perceptibly at the beginning of March. Yielding to the advice of Count Witte, the Emperor issued a new Manifesto, accompanied by two ukases, defining the new organisation of the Empire in conformity with the principles enounced in the Manifesto of October 30th. The legislative power was delegated to two Chambers: a Council of the Empire, or Upper House, with a membership half nominative and half elective, and the Douma, all of whose members were to be elected.

This organisation endowed Russia with a complete constitutional system, which, although subject to criticism as being defective and insufficient in many respects, was none the less a decisive step forward, and for that reason it was frankly accepted by all those, including myself, who represented the Moderate Liberal Party. This party, which had taken the name of "Octobrist," continued to oppose Count Witte on personal rather than political grounds, but declared itself ready and willing to support any Cabinet sincerely desirous of carrying out the above reforms. On the other hand, the more advanced Liberals, called officially the Constitutional Democratic Party, a name abbreviated to C.D., and then, by a play of words, transformed to "Cadet," remained hostile, and maintained that the faculties accorded to the Douma were not sufficient, especially those concerning the vote on the Budget and the right of inter-

pellation. The Cadets, who were strongly organised, prepared for an active electoral campaign, and placed at the head of their programme a demand for an extension of the powers of the Douma, the opening of which was to take place on May 10th. As that date drew nearer it became more and more evident that it would be the signal for the dismissal of Count Witte, who was abandoned by the Emperor and opposed by all the political parties. Several prominent persons were mentioned as being likely to succeed him, all belonging to the bureaucracy, and a number of ministerial slates were drawn up and circulated, almost all of which contained my name for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, causing me no little disquiet, for, while quite willing to join a Cabinet composed of men sharing my own political ideas and with whom I could co-operate in putting the new measures into working order, I did not enjoy the prospect of allying myself with a group of bureaucrats, who would be sure to fall foul of the Douma. Furthermore, having been out of all active diplomatic work for three years, I felt inadequately prepared for the task of directing the foreign affairs of my country at so troubled and critical a period. I resolved, then, to try to persuade the Emperor to place at the head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, for the time being, an older and more experienced diplomatist—M. Nelidoff, for example—and appointing me, as he had at first intended, to one of the important embassies for a while, in order that I might acquire a better knowledge of the undercurrent of European politics.

In the month of March I obtained a three weeks' leave and went to Paris and London, where I wished to confer on the general political situation, and my relation thereto, with our Ambassadors in those capitals, M. Nelidoff and Count Benckendorff. I expected also to rejoin in Paris our Ambassador to Rome, M. Mouravieff, a near relative. I was on terms of great intimacy with all three, besides being in perfect accord with them respecting the leading political questions of the day, so that it was highly important for me to discuss thoroughly with them the international situation created by the foreign and domestic crisis that Russia had just undergone. I hoped, too, to gain M. Nelidoff's consent to the plan that I intended to propose to the Emperor.

My stay in Paris and in London resulted most happily for me in that it gave me the chance to arrive at a complete communion of ideas with M. Nelidoff, Count Benckendorff and M. Mouravieff as to the policy to be adopted by Russia. It was, in fact, the identical policy that I submitted to the Tsar when, only a few weeks later, I became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it finally

developed into the arrangement which became known to the world as the "Triple Entente." This communion of ideas endured throughout the entire term of my Ministry, and it is with a sentiment of profound gratitude that I invoke in these lines the memory of those three eminent statesmen who gave me on every occasion their most intelligent and most loyal co-operation, and not one of whom, alas, is now numbered among the living.

On the other hand, my plan for bringing about the appointment of M. Nelidoff to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs met with a categorical refusal on his part, and no other course remained open to me than to prepare myself, quite against my will, for undertaking a task that was rendered peculiarly difficult and irksome by circumstances.

My sojourn at Paris and London coincided with an exceedingly interesting political phase—the last days of the Algeciras Conference. The debates at Algeciras summed up, one might say, the diplomatic work that had been accomplished in Europe for a year past, and it was of great interest to me to inform myself of all that had taken place behind the scenes at the Conference. M. Nelidoff and Count Benckendorff, with the best of goodwill, initiated me into all the details of the complex play of rival interests that became manifest during that memorable meeting.

That period was marked by an incident to which the historians of the Conference have given but little attention, but which, to my mind, exerted great influence upon the relations between Russia and Germany, and, consequently, upon the course of events in Europe; I allude to the circular note of Count Lamsdorff, directing the Russian representatives to convey to the Governments participating in the Conference the instructions that had been issued to the Russian plenipotentiaries at Algeciras with regard to the crucial question of the police. The object of that circular was to put an end to the rumours, started in Berlin, to the effect that Russia refused to support France in that controversy and was ranging herself under the German flag. M. Nelidoff, alarmed by those rumours, considered it necessary to calm French public opinion, and, with that end in view, communicated the contents of the despatch to the French journalist, M. Tardieu, who published a *résumé* in *Le Temps*. This provoked a violent outburst of anger on the part of the German Emperor, who not only was disappointed because of the assistance given to France by Russia in the premises, but felt that a personal injury had been done him by the publicity with which it had been accompanied. He did not hesitate to criticise Nicholas II. in public, and in most uncomplimentary terms, for the Tsar's black ingratitude to Germany, and at the same time the

German Press, reverting to the well-worn subject of the benefits heaped upon Russia by Germany during the war with Japan and Russia's ingratitude therefor, commenced a violent campaign against Russian diplomacy, pursuant, no doubt, to Government order. Finally, the German banks were directed, under pretence of reprisals, to abstain from all participation in the Russian Loan which was being negotiated in Paris and a slice of which had been reserved for them.

It was not until later, when, in my capacity as Minister of Foreign Affairs, I gained full knowledge of the Kaiser's efforts to draw Emperor Nicholas into an alliance with Germany, that I was in a position to comprehend completely the underlying causes of the German Emperor's disappointment and chagrin. His temporary success in that direction, through the famous interview at Bjorkoe, has since been fully revealed. At the moment of which I am speaking, the German Emperor had not lost hope of holding the Tsar to the Bjorkoe agreement, but the publication of Count Lamsdorff's despatch furnished him with a tangible proof that his plans were definitely upset, and he straightway conceived for Emperor Nicholas a hatred that he managed to conceal for some years, but which burst all bounds when he finally decided to throw off his mask in the month of August, 1914.

This incident of the despatch of Count Lamsdorff had a curious epilogue at Berlin. Prince von Bülow, on being interpellated concerning the subject by Bebel in the Reichstag, rose to reply, when he was seized with a fainting-fit. Although his health was re-established, he remained in private life for some time after. It is certain that his reply, if it had not been suddenly interrupted, would have revealed to the public the radical change that had taken place in Russo-German relations, a change which, at that time, was not fully comprehended except by those conversant with all the facts.

It was during my visit to Paris and London that I learned the first results of the elections for the Douma. These results proved clearly that the Cadets were about to win a crushing victory, not only over the reactionaries but over the Octobrists as well. The supremacy of the Cadets was due, principally, to their superior organisation, but the Government, or, rather, M. Dournovo, had contributed to their success by a policy of blind and brutal repression that had exasperated the more moderate elements. This confirmed my fears that the new Cabinet, as it was to be constituted, would be brought into collision with the Douma at the very start, and I felt all the more repugnance at the prospect of belonging to it.

Shortly after my return to Copenhagen I was summoned to

St. Petersburg by the Emperor, to succeed Count Lamsdorff. I had no choice but to obey, and I arrived at St. Petersburg the same day that the Douma opened, just in time to be present at that memorable ceremony in the Winter Palace. The Emperor accepted the resignation of Count Witte on that day, and appointed M. Goremykine Prime Minister. An almost complete change in the *personnel* of the Cabinet followed; I made a final attempt to stay out, but the Emperor appealed to my loyalty in terms which made it quite impossible for me to persist in my refusal, and a few days after my appointment to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs was gazetted.

THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE OF EGYPT.

THE recent outbreak in Egypt, and the intensity of the hostility towards ourselves which it has revealed, came as a considerable shock to most people in this country, who had hitherto believed that the immense benefits which British administration has conferred on Egypt were generally recognised by its inhabitants. The causes of the outbreak have been discussed in innumerable letters and articles in the daily Press, and it is not my purpose to revert to them here. But one matter which—to judge by all one reads and hears—has particularly puzzled the public is the bitter opposition to even the principle of the Protectorate itself, which most Englishmen believed had long ago been accepted by Egyptians. This I hold to be mainly due to errors of judgment and want of foresight in the method of its establishment and declaration, which have led to grievances and misunderstanding in Egypt—supplemented and reinforced, of course, by certain other grave mistakes by which they have been followed. Some explanations, therefore, on this matter may help to an understanding of the Egyptian point of view, and be of interest at the present moment.

The Protectorate was established by a Proclamation of the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs which was published in the Egyptian "Official Journal" and placarded on the walls of Cairo, on December 18th, 1914, and which stated that, "in view of the state of war arising out of the action of Turkey, Egypt was placed under the protection of his Majesty, and would thenceforth constitute a British Protectorate; that the suzerainty of Turkey was terminated; and that His Majesty's Government would defend Egypt and protect its interests and inhabitants." This was supplemented by a further Proclamation, on the following day, deposing the Khedive, Abbas Hilmy II., and replacing him on the throne by his uncle, Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha, under the style and title of Sultan of Egypt. This latter Proclamation was accompanied by a despatch from the acting British Representative in Egypt, addressed to the new Sultan, and stating, in very general terms, the views of His Majesty's Government with regard to the nature of, and necessity for, the new Protectorate.

This important pronouncement alluded to a variety of matters relating to both external and internal sovereignty—such as British protection for Egyptians abroad, the removal of restrictions on the Army and on the grant of honorific distinctions, the privileges of foreigners, individual liberty, education, agriculture, religious institutions, and future self-government. But the only definite

announcement it contained was that the foreign affairs of the new Protectorate would in future be conducted through His Majesty's Representative in Cairo. This was, in reality, a superfluous truism, since it is the universal rule in all Protectorates.¹ What the Egyptian people, and more particularly the ruling classes, chiefly wanted to know was the degree of intervention the Protecting State intended thenceforward to exercise in the internal affairs of its dependent. This has been, indeed, the principal bone of contention in most modern Protectorates, and on this point the official documents preserved a discreet and, to the Egyptians, exasperating silence. The documents in question were therefore—as might have been anticipated—the subject of much acrimonious comment. The critics pointed out that if, among the numerous and thorny points of controversy in these matters, there is one question of principle on which international lawyers are generally agreed, it is that intervention by the Protecting Power in the internal affairs of the Protected State is permissible only so far as may be indispensable to safeguard the latter's responsibility to foreign nations, and no further. They accordingly suggested, with some degree of plausibility, that in the absence of any definite statement to the contrary, it must be assumed that this principle would thereafter regulate official relations between Great Britain and Egypt.

Moreover, as legal affairs in Egypt have for generations been mainly conducted on French lines, and French law was adopted, at the time of the establishment of the Mixed Tribunals in 1875, as the basis of modern Egyptian law, French principles and institutions have thus become familiar and congenial to most educated Egyptians of the official classes, and they are wont accordingly to turn to French precedents in all such matters. They did not, therefore, fail to observe that when France established her Protectorate in Tunis in 1884 she regulated its nature and scope with the utmost nicety. The basis of Franco-Tunisian arrangements was a formal Treaty, of May 12th, 1881, between the French Republic and the Bey of Tunis, and this was supplemented by a long series of Conventions and Presidential Decrees of the President of the French Republic, between the years 1882–1885, which elaborately defined and regulated the rôle of the Protectorate and the powers and duties of the French Resident-General, and in the main define and regulate these matters to the present day. Why, it was asked, were there no similar

(1) Cf. Westlake, *International Law*, (Cambridge, 1910), Pt. I., p. 22 :—

"In all Protectorates, it is arranged that the Protected State shall enter into no treaty or have any diplomatic intercourse with outside states, without the consent of the Protecting State."

arrangements and conventions, established by mutual agreement between the parties concerned, in the present instance?

Finally, it was objected that, inasmuch as the political status of Egypt is the result of a number of International Conventions made between the Porte and the Powers, or between the Powers among themselves, in the course of the nineteenth century, and such status has been regarded, ever since the London Convention of 1840, as a matter which cannot be abrogated or varied without agreement among the Signatory Powers of that Convention, it was not competent to the British Government alone, by a unilateral act such as this Proclamation of Protectorate, to modify such status fundamentally, abolish the rights of the Suzerain Power (Turkey), and change the ruling dynasty in Egypt.

Such were—among others—the principal criticisms levelled against our Protectorate and the manner of its establishment. It must be admitted that they contain some force, but, in essentials, they may be answered.

In the first place, the Protectorate thus declared was no new institution, similar to other European or Eastern Protectorates which at one time or another it has suited some great Power to set up. The declaration in question was, in reality, little more than a formal regularisation of a *de facto* situation arising out of the circumstance that Great Britain had militarily occupied and civilly administered the country for some five and thirty years. Her rights in Egypt are not solely, or even primarily, founded on vague and general doctrines of international law, but on the specific and fundamental fact that she rescued the country from anarchy and bankruptcy in 1882, and saved the reigning family from destruction or exile at the hands of a rebel army. In short, as the result of our armed intervention, for the benefit of Egypt, we had had a veiled Protectorate in that country for upwards of a generation. What we established in 1914 was a formal Protectorate, superimposed on the military occupation of a country which, when such occupation commenced, was, to all intents and purposes, conquered territory. To suggest, under such circumstances, that the new name necessarily implied a grave and material restriction of the powers of government and administration theretofore exercised—and exercised of necessity for the purpose of maintaining order and effecting reforms—was a dialectical quibble of a kind dear to the hearts of subtle Oriental lawyers and politicians, but having little relation to political realities or the necessities of practical administration. As to the precedent of Tunis, it is sufficient to observe that, though undoubtedly instructive, it is far from conclusive, because the local conditions are quite different, as could be easily demonstrated did

space permit. The argument concerning the international status of Egypt is more serious. We have used it ourselves on occasion in discussions with foreign Powers, and it cannot be lightly dismissed. But, as to this, it is material to remember that since 1904, when we settled our differences with France by the Anglo-French Convention of that year, the British occupation of Egypt has been formally recognised by all the Great Powers of Europe; that the action taken was doubtless approved, or tacitly acquiesced in, by our Allies; and that, as regards our enemies, it was plainly a matter which would necessarily form part of the general settlement to be accepted by, or imposed on, them at the conclusion of Peace.

In the main, therefore, a good answer can be made to the principal grievances alleged against us. None the less, it cannot, in my opinion, be denied that our manner of proceeding in this matter was unfortunate and ill-advised. The more readily the obvious objections to be encountered could be answered, the more injudicious it appears that no attempt should have been made to anticipate and refute them. In view of the mentality and character of the people of Egypt—and more especially of the Nationalist Party, which at that time by no means included the whole nation and whose ranks it was important not to swell—it was certain that such questions would be raised, sooner or later, in a more or less acute form, and some effort should therefore have been made to forestall them by fuller provisions and explanations at the time. It is, of course, by no means certain that Egyptian opposition would have been silenced, if we had been more explicit. The Tunisian precedent, to which reference has been made, does not err on the side of modesty in the rôle assigned to France and her representatives (a circumstance, by the way, which our French friends not infrequently appear to forget when they discuss our proceedings in Egypt¹), and had we followed it closely, there is little reason to suppose that Egyptians would have been particularly pleased. But, at any rate, the situation would have been frank and clearly defined, and some limits would have been set to British interference. I believe that this would have sufficed, at that time, to satisfy all moderate men who formed the bulk of the community, for nothing had then

(1) Cf. e.g. a series of "Lettres d'Egypte," which has recently been appearing at intervals in the *Journal des Débats*, and the prejudiced tone of which towards our administration in Egypt is characteristic of a certain type of French publicist. Such writers might reflect with advantage on the view taken of their own administration, in Algeria and Tunis, by very enlightened Egyptians, such as the former Grand Mufti, Mohammed Abdu. "He drew a black picture of the state of things in French North Africa, compared to which he said the sufferings of native Egypt, at the hands of the English, were as light to darkness. In Algeria, the whole administration is directed in the interests of the European colonists at the expense of the natives . . . Nor is the state of things better in Tunis than in Algeria." (See "My Diaries," by W. S. Blunt. Pt. II. p. 79).

been heard—save from a few extremists—of claims to “entire independence.” Such claims are largely the result of the blunders before referred to¹ and of appetites whetted by a more or less successful insurrection.

It has been claimed in Parliament by the official spokesman of the Foreign Office² that all these criticisms as to the failure to organise the Protectorate and define its scope are belated strictures, in the nature of wisdom after the event, of which nothing was heard at the time the Protectorate was launched, or indeed until the outbreak in Egypt occurred. This is not the case. And as I was the principal legal adviser of the Egyptian Government at the time and may be thought to bear some responsibility for the course taken and the results it has produced, I feel justified in stating that at a very early stage of the proceedings I made strong representations to the above effect. In a memorandum from the Ministry of Justice, Cairo, dated February 8th, 1915, or some six weeks after the Protectorate was launched, addressed to the British Residency,³ I urged that the Protectorate should be forthwith organised and defined—though quite as much, I admit, from the point of view of efficient control by the Protecting Power (under its increased responsibilities for the maintenance of order), as from that of extending the powers of the indigenous Government and conciliating native opinion. “If,” I wrote, “in the case of newly-declared Protectorates, such as those of Tunis and Morocco, which were not preceded by any previous military occupation, it was considered essential to organise minutely the control to be exercised by the Protecting Power, not only over foreign affairs but over administration generally, *a fortiori* would such organisation appear to be desirable in the case of a country where it has, in fact, existed, albeit in an inchoate and more or less unsatisfactory form, for upwards of thirty years.” I even ventured to predict what would happen if no such steps were taken; and in the light of subsequent events it may not be without interest to reproduce the passage here: “At the present moment the necessity for such a change of policy (*i.e.*, a more or less precise definition of the

(1) Perhaps the worst and the most fatal of these was the original refusal of the Foreign Office to allow Egypt any opportunity of explaining her views and aspirations in London or Paris, while the representatives of the new Kingdom of Arabia (Hedjaz) were received with open arms.

(2) See Statement by the Foreign Secretary in the House of Lords. *Times*, Nov. 26th, 1919.

(3) This document presumably still reposes in the archives of that establishment. The Residency was, at that time, in the charge of an Anglo-Indian official whom the Foreign Office had sent out, in the preceding December, as High Commissioner to Egypt, to which country, its men and its problems, he was a total stranger.

role of the Protecting Power) is, perhaps, less apparent than it has been, at most times, in the course of the last few years. With war actually within our borders,¹ martial law proclaimed throughout the country, great anxiety in financial matters and general uneasiness as to the future, the more turbulent elements of the community are temporarily cowed or quiescent, and order has—so far—been maintained with little difficulty. But, once all these checks are removed, and should the country emerge triumphant from its present perils, the more disquieting features recently observable in local politics, during the first session of the new Legislative Assembly, will reappear, and probably in an accentuated form. *If no steps are taken to place British control upon a more definite basis, it is probable that the government of the country, far from becoming easier under the new Protectorate, will become increasingly difficult.* It is impossible to ignore the fact that there is a profound and growing tendency on the part of the more enlightened—or, rather, of the better educated—classes of the population to demand increased powers for existing representative institutions, and further and constant eliminations of all the foreign elements in the Administration. At times, indeed, the clamour for increased administrative liberty and full representative government becomes very loud and insistent. . . . It must further be borne in mind that the impending abolition of the Capitulations—in itself a most desirable and indeed indispensable measure—will nevertheless tend to increase, rather than diminish, the difficulties of the situation. No scheme for replacing the present Mixed Tribunals, which contains what the British and other European colonies will regard as adequate securities for an efficient administration of justice, will be likely to commend itself to the classes above referred to.² . . . Moreover, if the Capitulations are abolished, Egypt will acquire not only full legislative, but also full fiscal, liberty. And it is especially in fiscal affairs that a mere moral, vague and unorganised control would be entirely inadequate.”³

(1) The Turks were then actually attacking, or about to attack, on the Canal.

(2) It would appear, now that it is proposed to preserve the mixed Tribunals—which are the outcome of the Capitulations and their principal bulwark—and even to strengthen their position by transferring to them the jurisdiction of the Consular Courts (see *Times*, January 24th, p. 11). This, if true, would denote the failure in essentials of the too sweeping policy in judicial affairs which has characterised the efforts of certain administrators in Egypt latterly. Some Committee was formed at the Foreign Office, in 1917, for the furtherance of such schemes, but no report of its proceedings or opinions has, I believe, ever been published.

(3) Finally, as regards this question of warning, I may mention that I took an early opportunity, after my retirement, of endeavouring to draw public attention to the dangers of this undefined and unorganised Protectorate—upwards of a year before any outbreak in Egypt—in the pages of our leading organ of international law. See *Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation*, Nov. 1917, pp. 238–259.

In referring to these views of five years ago, I am not endeavouring to lay claim to any particular political prescience. It seems to me that, given the general conditions, it was tolerably easy to foresee what would happen, once the strain of war was removed, even if—perhaps especially if—we were completely triumphant. Nevertheless, events proved that the authorities in Cairo were taken completely by surprise when the outbreak occurred, shortly after the Armistice, in March, 1919, and had evidently made no adequate preparation to deal with it.

However, no attention was paid to the above representations, and we persisted in a course which was, no doubt, the most convenient to ourselves at the moment, since it left practically everything open for future discussion, but which was fraught with grave and obvious dangers. How far the course in question was due to the views of the Foreign Office itself, or is to be attributed to the advice of certain officials then in Egypt, I am unable to say. But the destinies of the country at that crucial moment of its fate were, locally, in the sole charge, to all intents and purposes, of a *locum tenens* at the British Agency. This, indeed, invariably happened in Egypt, before the war, during the summer and early autumn, and—in view of the very great responsibilities involved—it was one of the least defensible features of our system of government. That a country of some twelve or thirteen million inhabitants should be habitually governed—so far as the *real* authority was concerned—for some three or four months every year by a Counsellor of Embassy, or even a First Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, was little short of a scandal. There should at least have been associated with him a Commission of Advisers, or other experienced officials, whom he should have been bound to consult.¹ But the circumstances being what they were, it is evident that the Foreign Office must bear the full responsibility for all that occurred and its results. These questions of personal or collective responsibility for past errors, and to whom it belongs, are obviously invidious and disagreeable, and I am loth to refer to them; but it is sometimes necessary to do so if any attempt is to be made—as surely it should be—to prevent the recurrence of similar errors in future. I hold very strongly the conviction—after nearly twenty years' experience of Foreign Office rule in Egypt—that the control of the destinies of that important country ought not to be entrusted mainly, or even largely, to the Diplo-

(1) The French, in Tunis, set up a Board of Civil Comptrollers, composed entirely of French officials, to assist the Resident-General in exercising his functions of government. See the French Presidential Decree of Oct. 4th, 1884. This, however, is connected with the whole problem of the English Civil Service in Egypt, which requires thorough overhauling. It is one of the numerous matters which is, doubtless, engaging the attention of the Milner Mission.

matic Service. The talents of the members of that distinguished Corps, brilliant as they are in many respects, do not ordinarily lie in the field of administration, for which they are manifestly not intended and not trained, and for which, in Egypt, they have been too largely used. Under Lord Cromer, the defects of a system, which had grown up haphazard, were rarely noticed, because his own prestige and authority early became so great that he was seldom interfered with by the Foreign Office, and, in Egypt, he worked in close personal touch with the English heads of departments (whom, for all important posts, he chose himself), confining his chancery to diplomatic routine and allowing them little influence in the actual government of Egypt. But under lesser men, and as the volume of the work increased, the defects and dangers of the system became at once apparent and acute. Yet we are such creatures of habit that, unless public opinion is enabled to understand Egyptian affairs, and demands a change, it is more than probable that we shall continue in the same groove for another twenty years to come.

My submission is that, in view of the peculiar complexity of Egyptian affairs, which are quite as difficult as those of India and necessitate an intimate acquaintance with the country for their comprehension, the Government Department responsible in future for whatever degree of control is retained over the Egyptian Government—and it is to be hoped that it will be substantial—should be assisted by some independent council or body of expert advisers, without whose co-operation it should not, in matters of importance, be at liberty to act.

MALCOLM MCILWRAITH.

Postscriptum.—While this REVIEW is passing through the Press, the outlook is still further darkened by the unfavourable news from Cairo concerning the result of the Milner Mission. It is stated (*Times*, February 9th) that its members have scattered in various directions in Egypt, that its work appears to have terminated, and that it is believed that it will shortly return to London.

So far as it is possible to judge, at this distance, from the ordinary sources of information available, it has, indeed, seemed tolerably evident for some time that the Mission had not succeeded in getting into close touch with any important section of native opinion, or enlisting any considerable body of support in favour of an understanding. The truth is that, in this matter, as in so many others during and since the war, we have been, once more, "too late." One seems to be reading over again

the history of Gallipoli—an abortive start, followed by months of delay, affording the enemy time to organise his forces for defence, an ineffective campaign, and finally retreat.

If the Mission had been sent to Egypt last spring, or even summer, shortly after its dispatch had been publicly announced, there can be little doubt that it would have been well received on all sides. All the evidence points to the fact that, at that time, even the extremists were willing to recognise it and negotiate with it. Their spirits had been damped by the subsidence of the general effervescence, as a result of the more energetic measures taken by the authorities, and they were ready for a compromise. But as time went on and the Mission failed to appear, they plucked up courage again, resumed their agitation, and demanded, this time, a boycott of the Mission and a general attitude of complete irreconcilability. It would seem that they have largely achieved their object.

Various causes have been assigned for the apparently inexplicable delay in the dispatch of the Mission. Chief among them are the (alleged) inability of Lord Milner to leave England at that time, and the express wish of the then Egyptian Prime Minister (Mohammed Said Pasha) that the Mission should not arrive till the autumn. As regards the first reason, if it was true, some other suitable chairman could doubtless have been found. Regrettable as the change would have been, the essential thing was that there should be no inordinate delay between the announcement of the Mission and its actual arrival in Egypt. This was plain to everyone with any knowledge of the country. Letters from Egypt at that time were filled with expressions of astonishment and angry comment at this deplorable procrastination. As to the views of the Egyptian Prime Minister, on a matter of this kind, and under all the circumstances, they should have been disregarded. The small degree of reliance to be placed upon this personage was demonstrated, later, by the fact that, as soon as he was subjected to pressure by a deputation of schoolboys, he hastened to assure them that, if the Mission came at all, he should at once resign—a declaration of intention which it is rumoured that he would subsequently have been very willing to withdraw, but was very properly compelled to carry out.

However, it is to be hoped that the Mission has succeeded in collecting sufficient data and information, of various kinds, on the spot, to enable it to pursue its deliberations with profit in London, and to formulate a scheme.—M. MCI.

GLIMPSES OF THE RUSSIAN THEATRE.¹

"Les acteurs merveilleux du théâtre impérial de Moscou, qui nous étonneraient," wrote Antoine in 1907, and when the fortune of war called me five years ago to Russia one of my chief desires was to see something of the acting that had received so high a compliment from this fine judge. The coming of the Russian ballet had shown us of what mimic art was capable under the inspiration of the painters and musicians who had seen its possibilities in Eastern as no one in Western Europe. Vague tales of the wonderful Moscow Artistic Theatre had penetrated to England. Gordon Craig had produced *Hamlet* there. Beerbohm Tree had journeyed thither only to see it, and came back with a characteristically witty answer to everyone's question: "Gordon Craig? Very good indeed. Shakespeare? I didn't notice him during the performance." And had not Bernard Shaw, on seeing Gorky's *The Lower Depths* produced by a Russian actress, threatened to destroy all his plays and begin to study his art again *ab initio*? Then, too, Russians in England spread the glory of the recently-founded "miniature" theatres, tiny music-halls, one made out, where a stream of wit and exotic beauty was poured into the lap of eclectic, intellectual audiences. Madame Nazimova had conquered America, and here the thrill caused by Orlenev in a Russian company playing Chirikov's *The Jews* at the Avenue Theatre was not forgotten. *Ex Oriente lux*. If Antoine's realist judgment might be questioned, it was hard to resist it when backed by that of the director of the classic Comédie Française, Jules Claretie, who addressed Madame Yavorska in the memorable words: "Vous êtes venue de loin nous révéler un art nouveau." Obviously a chance to see the Russian theatre with one's own eyes was one to be highly prized.

My first impression, I must confess, was not encouraging. And, indeed, it may be said that my experience was too fragmentary throughout to enable me to form a steady opinion. Refugee relief work, concerning which I communicated some notes to THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW later in 1915, was too strenuous an occupation to leave regular time free for the theatre, and the most I can claim is to have had glimpses of it. Even when the exigencies of the Bolshevik Revolution forced me into the theatre as to sanctuary, circumstances precluded my making

(1) Unless special mention is made to the contrary the conditions described are those that existed before the Bolshevik revolution of October, 1917.

it a systematic study. Nevertheless, I was enabled to see many interesting performances and to be the witness of the curious phase of the stage after all life in Russia had passed under the yoke of the Bolsheviks.

The organisation of the Russian theatre, which is dictated by the immense size of the country, is not quite like anything else we know in Europe. Similar geographical conditions in America have there led to a gigantic extension of the touring system, sometimes as many as five companies going "on the road" with plays that have been successfully produced in New York. In Russia, on the other hand, a regular touring system does not exist. Petrograd and Moscow have each their State (formerly Imperial) Opera House and Theatre, supplemented by a special popular, State-supported theatre, known from before the Revolution as the People's House. Petrograd has also the Musical Drama, which corresponds to the Paris Opéra Comique, and the Mihailovsky Theatre, where French comedy, performed by a resident French company, alternated with classical drama of various nations given by the company of the State Theatre. Beyond these the two capitals count hardly more than three sizeable private theatres each, which seems distinctly few for such large cities. This is said to be partly the result of very strict building laws, and is probably one cause of the existence of numerous small houses where short plays or composite entertainments, often of much merit, are given. Variety, or, in the American sense, Vaudeville Theatres on the modern scale are unknown, but to make up Petrograd and Moscow both support large and, so long as normal life lasted, highly successful permanent circuses.

The State Theatres have permanent companies; so has the Artistic Theatre of Moscow; other private theatres in the capitals renew their companies each season, and this is the practice followed by provincial theatres. The season lasts from September till Lent; Lent and Easter constitute a separate short season, for which theatres are frequently taken by different managers; and after Easter life stops altogether in those known as "winter" theatres, and in Petrograd and Moscow and all over the country freshly combined companies appear before the public in "summer" theatres, which are frequently buildings of wood in gardens offering as further attractions variety entertainers and divers side-shows, besides restaurants and tea-houses where citizens may disport themselves on the warm light evenings. There is one house in Petrograd where the summer abuts on the winter theatre, the same stage being used for both, but the back wall, of brick, being taken down after Easter and rebuilt where

the footlights stand in winter. In the provinces every town has one summer and one winter theatre, and the larger cities, like Kiev, two or three. In the capitals, except in the subsidised theatres, the long-run system is coming into practice, but in the provinces repertory work is universal. The bill is changed every night. Sunday is the chief theatre-going day, when every manager looks to have his house full. Matinees are only given during Christmas and on other holidays. It might be thought that the immense size of Russia and the length of travel from one town to another would make for complete independence of theatres and encourage the development of local theatrical and dramatic talent; but in practice this is not so. Unity is maintained by the strong Actors' Union of Moscow, which, in addition to protecting the interests of its members, acts as agent for obtaining them employment and as a sort of clearing-house for managers, and by the almost autocratic Union of Dramatic Authors, which has a representative in every town in Russia, and is the sole agent for collecting royalties. Except in the case of productions of unprinted plays, these consist of a fixed fee per act, and throughout the provinces managers have the right, without any negotiation, to perform plays that have been produced and printed.

The importance of the provinces in the Russian theatrical system can thus be seen at a glance. To authors it is hardly to be exaggerated. A play is successfully produced in Petrograd. It is immediately printed and acted, say, ten times during the season in each of a hundred provincial theatres. This gives in the course of six months the equivalent of nearly three years' continuous touring by a single company. Royalties are low, and there are probably no Russian dramatists who make the fortunes amassed by their lucky English *confrères*; but there are undoubtedly far more than among us who make a respectable living out of writing or translating for the stage. For the actor, too, the Russian provincial system has great advantages. A good actor has an enormous field of activity open to him. He is less dependent upon the taste or prejudice of the metropolitan managers. The wide demand for talent brings up salaries to a distinctly higher point than with us, when the regularity of work is taken into account. Unemployment among actors, of course, exists, although, curiously enough, it occurs more frequently among those who have risen to the top of the profession—a paradox to be touched upon later. It is also true that should an actor not obtain work for the whole season when contracts are being made by managers for their companies, there is a good chance of his remaining unemployed throughout the winter, unless a

stray vacancy occurs. Nevertheless, it is clear that a Russian actor of even mediocre talent has a much better chance of gaining a regular livelihood than an English player without special advantages of talent, appearance, or connections.

Taking this preliminary glance at the general system, we may now pass to consider the results that are obtained from it. My first view of these was at Warsaw, in the spring of 1915, where the Imperial Theatre of Petrograd used annually to play a short season after that in the capital. I saw *A Doll's House*; *The King, the Law, and Freedom*, by Leonid Andreev; *The Sisters Kedin*, a new comedy; and *The Coulisses*, by the popular poetess, Madame Shchepkina-Kupernik, a drama of silly sentiment that had made a success with that heavy middle-class public which exists in all countries and always has bad taste, and was played with the spiritedness of an old horse by the Imperial leading lady. Except for its celebrated *doyen*, Davydov, whom I fortunately often saw afterwards, the company was nearly at full strength. What struck the spectator at once was exactly the contrary of what report of the Russian stage had led him to expect, namely, an extraordinary want of unity in the performances. The effect was as if the producer, after doing his preliminary work of plotting out the positions and establishing the characteristics of the parts, had fallen ill, and not been replaced by anyone, so that the actors had had to finish rehearsals without any guidance from the front. There were some brilliant patches, but no contact was kept; each performer seemed to exist in an atmosphere of his own and to be playing only for himself. The effect on *A Doll's House* was distressing in the extreme. Ibsen, less than any author, can be used in this way; and the performance was execrable. Without a directing hand the play seemed meaningless, and one wondered how so tame and trivial an affair had come to thrill the world and create dissension in families. Of the four performances, that of Andreev's play was the most effective. The title, which is a quotation from *La Brabançonne*, gives a fair idea of the work, not, admittedly, one of Andreev's best, but interesting as an outburst of patriotic admiration for the ideals of the war as exemplified in Belgium's heroic resistance to the mailed fist. Yuriev, the leading *jeune premier* of the theatre, was helped in his interpretation of the leading part by a personal resemblance to King Albert. Just as many of our younger actors who have attained success worked under Mr. Granville Barker at the Court Theatre, so in Russia many such worked under Madame Yavorska at the New Theatre in Petrograd and in the provinces at about the same time. Evreinov, the producer, Yuriev, and the leading light comedy actor of the Petrograd Imperial Com-

pany, Gorin Goryainov, were products of this school; but Yuriev, despite his great popularity with the Petrograd public and really accomplished acting, showed himself on this occasion, as always when I saw him afterwards, cold and, from a professional point of view, selfish. He was cold in Charles V. in *Hernani*, and cold in Chatsky in Griboyedov's *The Folly of Wisdom*. The Russian public appears, in art as in politics, to be strangely under the influence of the *fait accompli*. With them it is a case of *omne notum pro magnifico*; and if a man succeeds in establishing himself in a good position in whatsoever institution, the public will continue to accept him until the end of time as dowered with exceptional qualities that they must adore. Only an *idée fixe* of this kind, plus the favour of the Commissar of Theatres, a second-rate actress named Andreeva, Gorky's "wife," could have enabled Yuriev in 1918 to play *Macbeth* and *Ædipus Tyrannus*, parts that both require, above all things, fire.

The best work I saw by the Petrograd Imperial Company was in character parts. Here the company had the advantage of a remarkable actor, who but for a certain lack of breadth might be compared to De Féraudy of the Comédie Française. Petrovsky's performance of a Prussian colonel in Andreev's play, and of a police official in *The Sisters Kadrin*, a clever *genre* picture of modern Russian provincial life, was perfect. Everything that this admirable artist touches he embellishes with rich and attractive detail; both in comedy and drama it would be difficult to find his superior, but he specialises in small parts, until he appears to have lost the habit of constructing a character on a large scale, so that on the rare occasions when he essays one the picture is overloaded with minutiae, and the general effect suffers. His leaving the State Company in 1917 was a serious loss. For the rest, it must be said that my first impression of the Petrograd Imperial Theatre was strengthened by subsequent experience. There was excellent material in the company, but it was undirected and did not produce the effect it should have done. The women were weak. The celebrated comedy actress, Madame Savina, often compared to Reichemberg, died in 1915, after a long and despotic reign that, as happens in such cases, reacted to the detriment of the company. To consider Madame Michurina, to whose ponderous talent allusion has been made, as representative of the best in the Russian theatre would be to do it an injustice. Gé, the leading tragedian, on the other hand, is an actor in the first flight. I saw him give a very fine rendering of Shylock, tempestuous, stately, sardonic; he portrayed the depths of the Jew's despair as I have rarely seen it, and was indeed the only Shylock I know to approach in grandeur and

power the level of Irving's; but, despite the richness of the costumes and the excellent scenery, that looked as though it came straight from Paul Veronese's pictures, the performance was strangely unsatisfying. The reason was that the company did not act together. Each acted with his share of skill, grace and understanding, but alone, so that the play seemed a succession of monologues delivered by persons waiting to go on and do their "turn" and without interest in the others' proceedings. Gé, whom I saw in several other parts, continued to impress me with his fire, force, and strong artistic judgment; he reminded me of Holdhaus of Dresden and of Sonnenthal of the Burgtheater, but he has a swiftness and also a power of immobility that sets him above the German school. In *The Merchant of Venice*, at the crucial moment when Shylock realises that he is caught in the toils he has woven, Gé stood perfectly still, as it seemed, for a minute or more, then fell from his height—being about 6 ft. 1 in.—on to his face, rolling over and over, his whole body racked with dry sobs of horror and despair.

It was largely as a protest against the fundamental lack of art of the Petrograd Imperial productions, in which the play is forgotten for the actors, that Stanislavsky founded the Moscow Artistic Theatre. His colleagues in the venture, which is now over a quarter of a century old, were friends and, like him, amateurs; his principle, that the object of the theatre is to render the spirit of the play and not to give a performance of histrionic talent. He would never show anything to the public that he was not satisfied was as good as he could make it, and preferred to spend three months in extra rehearsals than to admit the least unevenness or blot. Such a programme was evidently impossible of accomplishment on a commercial basis, and Stanislavsky and his business colleague, Nemirovich-Danchenko, were backed to an unlimited amount by the Mæcenas among Moscow millionaires, Morozov. But the succeeding years created for the theatre the public that did not exist at the beginning, and before 1912 the subscription list was so heavy that more than half the house was permanently *abonné*, and a thin audience a strange rarity. The Artistic Theatre has become a cult among Moscow highbrows, who go over and over again to see the same play in a spirit of veneration that does not brook even the expression of approval by the familiar medium of clapping of hands. This spirit, to the inculcation of which was due the financial success of the theatre, also indicates its weakness. In the creation of such a clique of worshippers is always the danger that the object of their enthusiasm will either become precious, or will stagnate. The latter is what has befallen the Artistic Theatre. While its

scope has increased, and it has shot off two preparatory schools known as Studios of the Artistic Theatre, both of which themselves give performances, and from being an enterprise of Stanislavsky and his immediate circle, has become a co-operative business in which every member of the company has highly-profitable shares, it has not progressed on the plane from which it takes its name.

Stanislavsky made the great success of the theatre by the plays of Chehov, and took as its symbol the name of that delicate dramatist's best work, *The Seagull*. Other of his famous productions have been Gorky's *The Lower Depths*, Tolstoy's *Powers of Darkness*, Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, and, chief among them, Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*. *Julius Cæsar*, of which it was said that Stanislavsky had brought everything from Rome—except the spirit of Shakespeare—and *Hamlet* were failures; it is more curious that Tolstoy's *Living Corpse* was not a success. Stanislavsky himself played Satin, Dr. Stockmann, Uncle Vanya (in Chehov's play of that name), and created a deep impression by his sincerity and the ingenuity of his characterisation; and since he has ceased himself to play in it, *An Enemy of the People* has, I believe, been dropped. But, generally speaking, the theatre exists on the repertory of ten or fifteen years ago. A few plays have been added, but Chehov continues to furnish the *pièces de résistance*. This cannot be healthy for a theatre. Chehov is not so classic or strong an author that a great theatre can live by him alone. On the contrary, he was peculiarly representative of his epoch, and while depicting the traits of his time and class with delicious art, lets go by much of the broad stream of Russian life, to say nothing of problems that vex the world beyond its borders. In so far as it still relies upon Chehov, the Artistic Theatre is in danger of becoming a backwater.

Chehov has had a further influence on the Artistic Theatre, also not a good one. To produce their perfect effect his plays require a uniform, as it were, grey quality in the acting that from dialogue, often apparently trivial, creates a cumulative impression of deep feeling. If brilliant acting is devoted to them they become meaningless, and, in fact, we see that *The Seagull* produced by the Imperial Theatre in Petrograd failed completely: Stanislavsky made it a lasting success. But the method he perfected for Chehov, applied to most other plays, results in monotony, and bores. Too much attention cannot be paid to detail in production; but it must not be at the expense of the large lines and the great moments. Now Chehov is all detail, and when the detail is treated with such loving, thorough care as Stanislavsky gives it, the large lines come out of themselves. Not so

with drama of a robust stamp. To take the case of *The Blue Bird*, which at the Haymarket was a pantomime but at Moscow a poem, despite the exquisite and chaste beauty of the production and the high merit of the performers, among whom Madame Halutina as Tyl Tyl deserves special mention, the play became wearisome before the end.

In these matters the golden mean is struck by the Imperial Theatre of Moscow, known, in contrast to the Opera House or Big Theatre, as the Little Theatre. This, in my judgment, is the best theatre in Russia, and one of the best in the world. For strength of company, grand traditions, high endeavour, and all-round excellence there is nothing to be compared to it but the Théâtre Français and the Burgtheater of Vienna. As is natural, its finest work is in Russian classical drama, and nothing more perfect could be seen on any stage than the performances here of Ostrovsky and Griboïedov. The latter's classical comedy, *The Folly of Wisdom*, which to some extent resembles, and was probably inspired by, *The School for Scandal*, but is deeper and more natively human in its appeal than Sheridan's satire, provides the Little Theatre with an opportunity that never stales. It is interesting to compare the rendering here with that of the same play at the Artistic Theatre. Although the latter lavishes on the production all its resources of costume, gorgeous decoration, ingenious make-up, and studied manipulation of large crowds upon the stage, and although Stanislavsky himself plays the leading part of Famosov, the old Russian noble whose feelings are outraged by the new ideas that young Chatsky imports from abroad, the effect of the play is weak compared with that produced with more modest means at the Little Theatre, where attention is concentrated on the acting. In such plays acting is everything; scenery and properties, though entertaining and useful, are of secondary importance. At the Little Theatre Famosov is played by Yujin, in private life Prince Sumbatov, unquestionably the finest actor of comedy now alive. Some Russian critics prefer Davydov, of the Petrograd Imperial Company, to him; and Davydov, it is not to be denied, is superior in subtlety and in a naturalness of art that I have never seen equalled on the stage. But Yujin is stronger and wider, and plays both drama and comedy with incomparable authority. Tall and slightly heavy in figure, his marked Caucasian features are illuminated by the most expressive and roguish pair of eyes ever seen, that in moments of strong feeling are masked by a kind of hawk-like lowering of the lids, which, thus shrouded, throw, as it were, the massive outline of the actor's whole head into relief. Both actors, to take a Western criterion, belong to the very small class

of which Coquelin aîné was incontestably the chief; yet it is doubtful whether Yujin must not be placed higher in point of breadth and geniality. To see him and Pravdin, the *comédien par excellence* of the company, playing *Beshenya Dengi* ("Money to Burn"), by Ostrovsky, is a pure theatrical joy that could hardly be attained elsewhere. Yujin is a fine tragedian, too, and one of his best parts is held to be Othello. Owing to advancing years he has now abandoned this part, but if one may judge from hearing him deliver the Moor's speech to the Senate, he must have been very fine in it indeed. In drama he now chiefly appears in his own plays, for Prince Sumbatov is himself a considerable dramatist, his works, frequently compared to those of Sudermann and Sir Arthur Pinero, enjoying great popularity with the public.

The Little Theatre is by no means wedded to Russian drama, in which it amply justifies its sobriquet of *le théâtre de Molière russe*. English and French plays, as no doubt formerly German, figure frequently in the repertory. *Un Verre d'Eau*, by Scribe, with its ceaseless movement and *brio* affords, despite the old-fashioned flavour, an excellent opportunity to the company. Among modern English plays *Mid-channel* has been played with marked success, while Sir James Barrie's *Rosalind* and Oscar Wilde's *Salome* and *A Florentine Tragedy* are constant favourites. Those who on the strength of the reminiscences of the author's unworthy translator find unholy suggestions in *Salome* (which, be it remarked, was refused a licence here not on any moral grounds, but because it infringed the rule against the introduction of persons from the Gospel), would be converted could they see the play at the Little Theatre. *Salome* is popular with the whole Russian play-going public. Of recent years there have been several new productions of it at "miniature" or Kammer theatres. It is considered in Russia a drama of extraordinary beauty and subtlety on one of the most striking incidents in the New Testament, depicting the downfall of viciousness and the vindication of the Prophet's righteousness. Not that the Russian public is specially interested to draw a moral, but if a moral must be drawn it is inevitably this. In many productions bizarre effects are aimed at, either by strange lighting or by some conventional manner of acting, intended to consort with the reiterated variations in the dialogue that give the play its melody and haunting sense. But at the Little Theatre a different method is adopted. Here *Salome* is produced with a simple and virile realism that immensely enhances its power and, were any such question raised, would crush once for all the idea that the play, treated at its true value, could corrupt anyone. The gilded luxury of the

Romanised, Asiatic court on its background of the stubborn might of the real Rome; the degenerate figure of the Tetrarch; his flaunting, bedizened wife; and Salome, an elfin creature of undeveloped mentality: these form a picture that can only revolt and inspire towards its opposite. At the Little Theatre there is no doubt with whom the audience sympathises, whose appeal thrills them: it is the commanding presence of John that rivets attention, welds the gorgeous phantasmagoria into a drama of ideals, dominates even when he has left the stage, and points the meaning of the play. It is certainly not every theatre that has a Maximov to play John; but plays must be judged when cast at their best. Maximov is the best *jeune premier* at present on the stage. Graced with a handsome head, lithe figure, and a beautiful speaking voice, he has also rare gifts of intelligence and quick feeling. When at a special performance he played Armand in *La Dame aux Camélias* to the Marguerite of Madame Yavorska, he showed both his own merit and much merit in the play that is often missed. The usual inferiority of the Armand to the Marguerite makes the story hard to believe; when the actor is capable of maintaining the balance it is seen as one of great truth and interplay of interesting emotion. Maximov played the part of Armand as that of a delightful boy, completely unself-conscious and unspoiled, in a way that compelled belief: he was the Siegfried of love, and made real at once Armand's devotion to Marguerite and her infatuation for him. Petrovsky on this occasion playing Saint-Gaudens and a well-known tragedian Duval *père*, the performance excited the highest interest, and the public, overflowing into the corridors, watched through doors that could not be shut for the throng.

It would have been a highly meritorious act in a cinema manager to bring to England the pictures of Tolstoy's *Living Corpse*, filmed from the production with Maximov and Vera Holodnaya as Fedya and Masha. Had Mr. Ainley seen these, he would have surely altered much in his production of the play (entitled *Reparation* at the St. James's) and in his rendering of the part. The London production contained, inevitably, many points that competent Russian advice would have changed or eliminated, but the main lesson of the Russian performance was to be drawn from the treatment of the central figure. Here Maximov brought out the inward delicacy of Fedya's nature, which is for ever seeking an ideal but has not the strength to achieve it. One felt the tenderness and the purity of his relations with the gipsy girl whose passion is that, as it might be, of a flower for the wind, and the inspiration that Fedya derives from the gipsy music, which Mr. Ainley's wallowing on the divan rendered at once incredible.

And unless these traits are delineated, Tolstoy's sketch (for the play is unfinished) loses its sense. Maximov, it may be noted, played the gipsy scene in a frock coat and with perfect restraint. Mr. Ainley might also have learnt that in the later scenes it was not necessary to give Fedya the complexion of a stoker.

Taste in plays in Russia is superior to that in England in so far as where subsidised theatres exist, regularly playing classical and good foreign pieces, a standard is kept and a constant process of education goes on that spreads far beyond the walls of the actual State or, as in the case of the Moscow Art Theatre for many years, privately subsidised house. Of British authors, Oscar Wilde, Pinero, and Bernard Shaw, whose new plays always prove an attraction, are the most widely known, but Barrie, Somerset Maugham, Sutro, and others also are played, and adaptations from Dickens, with whose novels every educated Russian is acquainted. They are not, perhaps, always presented entirely as their authors intended them to be, but the fact of their presentment at all shows catholicity and the modern view. It would be good for us could we say we were as well instructed in the works of Andreev, Artsybashev, Kamensky, Sumbatov, and Belyaev. There is also, in Russia as elsewhere, a wide taste for spurious drama of the type of Mr. Sheldon's *Romance* and *The Coulisses* mentioned above, and for drawing-room melodrama. Except at the Imperial and Artistic Theatres, production on its material side is far less studied than with us, and I have seen a backcloth in *The Cherry Orchard* at the latter that would certainly not pass muster in London. This, however, while jarring on the eye accustomed to London and Paris perfection in this respect, is excused by a livelier interest on the part of Russian audiences in the contents of the play, and merely magnificent spectacles stand little chance.

The organisation of the theatre throughout Russia in stock companies, of which there must be two hundred or more, has besides the merit of providing much well-paid work for actors that of rendering them remarkably quick at their work. Rehearsals take place every day throughout the season from 11 to 4, and the bill is changed practically every night, thirty or forty different plays being given in the season. This means immensely hard work, which could not be got through at all without the aid of much native quickness; but it also spells almost complete reliance on the prompter, who gives the text of the whole play to the company. Here is a defect of the system. Except in the best theatres the prompter is seldom, as he can quite well be, inaudible; while the fact that actors do not have to rely on their memory for the word tends to make them careless of

their exact position on the stage (on which English actors largely rely as a guide to memory), and this in turn tends to take the edge off the fineness of acting and to make it slipshod and the players bad "listeners." At the Little and the Artistic Theatres the prompter is seldom required and is never obvious. With three rehearsals it is hardly possible to give more than an approximate rendering of a play, and if a play produced under such conditions is one that you know, you are seldom satisfied. Nevertheless, the variety and constant application required by the work give Russian acting, as a whole, a more intelligent and elastic quality than is to be found throughout the English theatre.

A further result of the universality of the stock company is the creation of the class of actor known as "*gastrolers*," from the German word *Gastrolle*, which means the performance of a "star" coming from outside. There is a small number of actors who, owing to racial reasons, such as the brothers Raphael and Robert Adelheim, who have a large Jewish following, or to their strong liberal opinions, such as Madame Yavorska, or to reasons of personality or temperament, such as Dalsky, Orlenev and Samoilov, for whom there has been no place on the Imperial stage or that of the Artistic Theatre, and are too big to be engaged even as leaders of a big provincial theatre, where they would overbalance the company. These, then, are engaged to give special performances with local companies, sometimes in the capitals, sometimes in large provincial towns, or sometimes themselves run isolated seasons with temporary companies or make extended tours through Russia and Siberia. They receive very large salaries, as much as a thousand roubles (when fifteen roubles equalled a pound sterling) having been paid to Davydov and offered to Madame Yavorska for each of ten performances. They are usually invited to restore the finances or the prestige of a theatre in need of a fillip, and losses on a bad season may be entirely recouped by a week with a successful *gastroler*, such will be the business done at raised prices. But this results in some of the best Russian actors occasionally living in retirement for months together, and has the further disadvantage that these eminent artists seldom have the chance to study new parts, since the *gastroler* is expected to take with him the prompt books and parts of all his plays, and if these are entirely strange to the company he visits he will have to produce the plays himself from the beginning—an almost intolerable strain. Raphael Adelheim, who in youth studied at Vienna and resembles in his playing the celebrated Levinsky, and Madame Yavorska in recent years added to their repertory, but thus it happens that Dalsky, reputed the most passionate tragic actor in Russia and *hors concours* in

Othello and Hamlet, had not for years before his death by an accident in 1918 essayed any new part. Sometimes, too, the gastroler would be doing more valuable work in a permanent company, as in the case of Samoilov, the most exquisite actor of light and pathetic comedy I have ever seen, not excepting Georges Berr of the Comédie Française. To see Samoilov in a congenial part is to lose all sense that you are in a theatre. So easy and vivacious is his art that you are transported by him into the life of the play and pass unforgettable moments enwrapped in the atmosphere of his sensitive emotion. Nor is he only for comedy. Hamlet is one of his most popular parts, and he is held the best Fedyà yet seen in *The Living Corpse*.

Such was the Russian theatre as I learnt to know it in glimpses down to the summer of 1918. The Revolution and the first six months of the Bolshevik *régime* affected it but little; but when the new tyrants felt strong enough to extend their grasp to the theatre, following the State and the Church, it rapidly deteriorated. Practically no new plays were written or produced; favourites of the Councils or Soviets began to push their way to the front; outstanding ability in actors was frowned upon as an offence against the Bolshevik axiom that no one is better than the worst. Of creative power in the theatre there was no sign. Revolutionary plays were eagerly sought, but not found, for the French Revolution with its throbbing patriotism was condemned as "counter-revolutionary." Performances had to be delayed or cancelled at the caprice of the rulers, and on one occasion at the Moscow Artistic Theatre the company was forced to give Act I. over again for the pleasure of a Conciliar bigwig coming in late. Kachalov, the *jeune premier* of this theatre, being on a visit to Harkov when the latter town was captured by Denikin and taking part in a performance in honour of the General, Stanislavsky and others of the company were seized by the Conciliar power in Moscow and thrown into prison as hostages. Theatres grew unkempt, moral and intellectual leadership in them declined. The one notable achievement in the theatre under Bolshevik control was the introduction into a pretentious play by Anatole Kamensky at Moscow of a lady totally nude except for her slippers. For the credit of the profession let it be said that the principal part was played not by an actress, but by a *cocotte*. Such is the Bolshevik, not the Russian, theatre. When the base pseudo-Socialist mask has disappeared, under cover of which Germany is striving to turn Russia into a Teutonic appanage, the Russian theatre will in all probability have to reconstruct itself anew from the foundations.

JOHN POLLOCK.

THE SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST.

ONE of the most striking things in the world to-day is the triumph of Bolshevism; the triumph may be temporary, perhaps very temporary, but there it is. At the moment practically all Russia, including Siberia to the Pacific, but excluding the "Border States" and the "Government of North Russia," is under Red rule. The effort of Yudenitch failed disastrously, and the "Government of North-West Russia," which that general helped into being, has gone. Denikin has been beaten back to the Black Sea, and his position, if not hopeless, is most precarious; yet as late as last autumn his advance, rapid and apparently irresistible, had carried him to a point about two hundred miles from Moscow. Reports were current that Lenin and Trotsky were preparing to abandon their capital and move farther east. The Koltchak *régime*, which up to last spring was full of the promise that Russia would be redeemed from Bolshevism, has disappeared. In the overthrow of Koltchak, as in the defeats and retreat of Denikin, economic and political factors have played a large part, but the main cause of the great change that has taken place during the past few months has evidently been the efficiency of the Red armies, who have a capable Generalissimo in Kameneff, formerly a colonel in the old Russian Army. Koltchak and Denikin were the two chief opponents in the field of the Bolshevik forces, and militant Bolshevism has overcome them, in spite of the aid, which was by no means small, though principally in the shape of munitions and advice, given by the Allies both in Europe and Asia. The unpalatable truth is that not only Koltchak and Denikin, but the Allies, have been beaten, whether in South Russia or in Siberia. The success, moreover, of the Bolsheviks in these areas, where they have outfought fairly large and, to some extent, well-equipped forces, cannot but suggest that the continued existence of the Government of North Russia, which has its headquarters at Archangel, and for which the Allies, particularly the British, did so much, is problematical in the extreme. Where Koltchak and Denikin have not been successful, Zuboff, who has replaced Tschaikovsky, will hardly be able to stand if the Reds make a determined drive at him. The "Border States" are perhaps in a somewhat different category, and before passing on to a consideration of the situation in the Far East that has been brought about by the triumph of Bolshevism, it may be well to devote some space to the present position of these States, as their attitude

to the Bolsheviks and the attitude of the Bolsheviks to them have a bearing on the whole subject. The West cannot be divorced from the East where Russia is concerned; peace for the Bolsheviks on their western front must have a reaction on their eastern fronts.

The Border States, which stretch from the Baltic to the Black Sea, consist of Esthonia, Latvia (Lettland appears to be coming into fashion again as the name of this little country, which, however, it should not be forgotten, contains the great port of Riga), Lithuania, Poland, and the Ukraine—five States, of which the best organised and most formidable in a military sense is Poland. As was anticipated by the writer in the article on "The New Baltic States," which was published in the December issue of this REVIEW, Esthonia has come to terms with the Bolsheviks, a "Permanent Armistice Treaty," as it is called, being signed early last month. By this treaty the "Workers and Peasants' Government of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic," as Lenin terms the system of tyranny of which he is the head, recognised unconditionally the independence of the State of Esthonia, agreed to pay to Esthonia the sum of fifteen million roubles in gold, and granted to her a concession for the building of a railway from Moscow to the Esthonian frontier. Thus ends the conflict between the Reds and the Esthonians, the losses of the latter in the fighting, which at times was very severe, being put at upwards of 10,000 men. But it should be noted that a definite treaty of peace has not been negotiated, and, naturally, it remains to be seen how the permanent armistice will work out. With respect to Latvia, the struggle between the Letts and the Bolsheviks was still going on while this article was being written; the Letts had made such good progress that all the territory to which they lay claim was then in their hands. It seems to be the case that the three Baltic States have entered into some sort of alliance, and that Finland and Poland are parties to it. The settlement of the frontiers of Lithuania and Poland, at any rate, is being undertaken with a prospect of success. Now that Esthonia has come to an arrangement with the Bolshevik Government, it is to be expected that Latvia and Lithuania will follow suit.

Lenin seeks peace in the West, as the terms of the permanent armistice with Esthonia are sufficient to indicate. But there is a further indication in his action regarding Poland, to whom he has made overtures of peace, or, at least, has proposed an armistice. Before these overtures were made the Poles, in conjunction with the Letts, had strengthened their northern front by the capture of Dvinsk, and their advanced troops elsewhere were

standing on ground which the Bolsheviks regarded as not Polish, but Russian. It was generally believed that Trotsky was bringing up large reinforcements from the south for the purpose of driving back the Poles, and M. Millerand stated in the French Chamber the other day that the Allies had decided to lend the utmost support to Poland if she were attacked by the Bolsheviks. In London there had been reports in a contrary sense. Now if there is one thing more than another to which the Allies are committed, it is to the protection and support of Poland. And Poland, besides, is the principal, the central, member of the Border States that are supposed to form a wall between Western Europe and Bolshevism, and in every way it is to the interests of the Allies to defend her. But the policy of the Allies respecting the Bolsheviks has not been consistent; Poland will, no doubt, develop the necessary vigilance and look after herself to the utmost of her power. In Pilsudski, the chief of her Government, she has a strong and able leader. If it depended entirely on herself, she would have nothing to do with the Lenin-Trotsky gang, but she must be governed by circumstances. Lenin definitely recognised her independence in his overtures, and proposed that a provisional frontier should be delimited pending a final demarcation. His tone was conciliatory, and it is on the cards that an armistice will be arranged; it is quite plain that that is his desire. The last of these Border States between the Baltic and the Black Sea is the Ukraine, and there the position is very obscure. There have been rumours that the Ukrainian Government, which has its seat at Vinnitza, with J. Mazeppa as Premier, was negotiating with the Bolsheviks, and even that a treaty, of which the terms were published, was under consideration; but these rumours have been contradicted officially. According to the Warsaw correspondent of the *Times*, in a message published by that journal on February 3rd, the Soviet Government in the Ukraine is regarded by Lenin as "separate from, but federated to, the rest of Soviet Russia." This probably means, especially when the defeat of Denikin is taken into account, that the Bolsheviks make very little of the Ukraine as one of the Border States—i.e., buffer States. And if the Ukraine be negligible in this way, the Border States would in that area be Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and chiefly Rumania. Reviewing the situation in the West, the outlook suggests peace for Bolshevism, or, in other words, what is tantamount to victory in present conditions for it, on its western front. There remain the Border States of Caucasia to be considered, but since Denikin was thrown back and a road was opened for the Red armies in that region, there must be great uncertainty as to the immediate future of the little Republics of which they

are composed, and much doubt whether they can be looked on as forming a barrier to Bolshevism. And it has to be borne in mind that it is across them that the way lies to the north-western side of the Middle East, the way into Mesopotamia and Persia, where the British now have great interests.

Still, whatever may be the precise position of any or all of these Border States *vis-à-vis* the Bolshevik Government, these States at present do in some sort constitute what may be called a buffer zone between that Government and other European Governments. Apart from Trans-Caucasia, a great natural barrier region, but now more or less easily penetrable because of its railways and military roads, no such buffer zone as may be found in the West exists in Asia. With the exception of doubtful Afghanistan, the Reds stand stark and menacing on the frontiers of the Allies from the Caspian to the Pacific. All Turkistan is as Red as is all Siberia. Turkistan with its railways supplies bases for assaults, whether by arms or propaganda, on Persia, Afghanistan, and India. Already our newspapers contain accounts of the propagandist activities of Bolshevik agencies in Afghanistan and India, and those who are best acquainted with the plausibility and attractiveness of this propaganda, as well as with the energy and determination, to say nothing of the skill, with which it is pushed from its central offices at Moscow, maintain that it is folly not to take it seriously, and not to see in it a grave threat to the British Empire. But it is not only propaganda. There is the question whether the Red armies, no longer despicable but flushed with success, do not stand behind that propaganda. Reports are current of the concentration of Bolshevik forces near the frontiers in large numbers, and a descent into Persia would appear to present no great difficulty.

It will not do to rule out the possibility of Bolshevik attacks in the Middle East. With peace on their western front, and perhaps a great increase of supplies owing to the raising of the blockade by the Allies, the Red armies should be conceived of by us as the really formidable instruments of policy outside of old Asiatic Russia they can become in the unscrupulous hands of Lenin and Trotsky, and we should govern ourselves accordingly. The threat is there, and it is idle to affect not to see it. And then, in addition to the possibility of an incursion of militant Bolshevism into the Middle East, there is the possibility—if it is not already an actuality—of an alliance, as against the Allies, of the Bolsheviks with the Pan-Islamic movement, now manifesting itself in Asia Minor, Kurdistan, and elsewhere in propaganda and occasional attacks and outbreaks. A League for the Liberation of Islam was founded a short time ago at Moscow, under the

auspices of the Bolshevik Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, and its activities extend into India. In his speech at the opening of the Legislative Council at Delhi in January last Lord Chelmsford, after stating that the situation in the Middle East was painted in lurid colours in the European newspapers, said that he did not desire to minimise the danger, but that he thought the danger lay chiefly in Bolshevik propaganda and secret agitation, and not in Bolshevik military action. He intimated that the Indian Government was watching matters closely, and was setting up special machinery to deal with the Bolshevik "penetration." This machinery, it is to be hoped, will be set up not only in India, but, so far as may be, in the vast regions that adjoin it.

What has happened, and what may happen, in the Middle East and in India, as well as in Europe, gives added significance to the situation in the Far East, which has developed with astonishing rapidity in the most extraordinary and unexpected fashion during the last two or three months. To go back a little. It was almost at the very time when the Allies granted to Germany the Armistice which brought the Great War to a close that Admiral Koltchak established his "All-Russia Government" at Omsk, with himself as "Supreme Ruler." A series of victories over the Red armies in the winter of 1918-19 carried his campaign against the Bolsheviks beyond the Urals—well into European Russia, Perm and Ufa being held by him. The Red armies were reported to be disintegrating, and at the end of last April Koltchak was said to be so confident of complete success as to believe that his forces were adequate to the undertaking, without the assistance of the contingents of the Allies. In May it was stated that Japan had "recognised" Koltchak, and during the same month and the following the Council of Four took some steps in the direction of recognising him. No one then suspected that Koltchak had reached his apogee, but long before the end of that month of May the Red armies had rallied, and Koltchak's left wing was severely defeated, with heavy loss of men, equipment, and territory. In June-July Koltchak's forces were in retreat all along the line. August-September showed no improvement. In October it became plain that Koltchak would be unable to withstand the Red pressure, and in mid-November the Bolsheviks were in Omsk, the seat of Koltchak's Government having been transferred to Irkutsk, hundreds of miles to the east. At first the retreat from Omsk of Koltchak's troops, then generally known as the Siberian Army, was orderly, but as it continued eastward it became more and more difficult, and soon was disastrous. There was but the single line of railway, and

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the movements of the troops were impeded by thousands of civilians flying from the wrath to come of the victorious Reds. In the most favourable circumstances the retreat would not have been easy, but neither the railway nor its rolling stock was in the best condition, the traffic speedily became disorganised, and the result was what might be expected. To make matters worse, the commanders quarrelled among themselves, and ill-feeling developed between the Russians and the Czechs. Away from the railway there were numerous risings against the Koltchak régime, and even in Irkutsk its position was very insecure. Such was the situation as 1919 came to an end.

As the present year opened the Red armies had advanced half-way from Omsk to Irkutsk, and their subsequent march eastward has progressed rapidly, as they have encountered little or no opposition. It was clear that Koltchak's power was broken, and the question arose, what was to be done by the Allies to save what could be saved from the wreck? General Semenov, the Hetman of the Cossacks in the Lake Baikal region, had been appointed Commander of the country east of Irkutsk by Koltchak, but Semenov's record had been somewhat spotted by the exactions and excesses of his troops, who were not much better than banditti, and it was felt that he was hardly the man to cope with the emergency. The Great Power among the Allies who was more directly affected than the others by the tremendous change in Siberia, especially having in view what might take place in Eastern Siberia—the Russian Far East—was Japan, and conferences were held in Washington by Mr. Lansing, then American Secretary of State, and the Japanese Ambassador, in order to arrive at some method of dealing with the situation. It was semi-officially announced that an understanding had been reached between the United States and Japan by which the Japanese were to move fresh troops into Eastern Siberia as a barrier against the Bolsheviks. At that time Japanese troops, it was reported, were holding the line of the Angara before Irkutsk, and were determined to prevent any advance of the Reds beyond the river. In reality no agreement with respect to action against the Reds was come to by the United States and Japan. Perhaps it was because things moved too fast in Siberia. Irkutsk successfully revolted against the Koltchak Government, and Koltchak resigned. All that the Japanese did was to help in keeping some sort of order in Irkutsk while the Allied detachments were being evacuated, and they probably prevented a good deal of bloodshed. The British and other Allied Missions retired to Chita. Koltchak was imprisoned, and shortly afterwards was murdered. In the end the Koltchak régime perished in the most pitiful manner.

Meanwhile it had become known that the United States was withdrawing its troops from Siberia. Japan had asked whether America intended to maintain the *status quo*, or proceed with an entire or partial withdrawal, or whether it was prepared to send reinforcements in case of need. The American Government replied that it deemed it advisable to withdraw, as the reinforcement of its troops was impracticable, and as to maintain the *status quo* "might involve it in an undertaking of such an indefinite character as to be inadvisable." Speaking in the Japanese Diet, Viscount Uchida, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, gave a somewhat different account of the matter. After stating that the Russian question was of great moment to Japan, he commented on the fact that anti-Bolshevist forces in European Russia were on the wane, and said that it appeared to be the case that both Great Britain and France had come to the decision to render no further assistance to Russia (anti-Bolshevist Russia). He then said that Japan had approached America with a view to arriving at an understanding as to sending reinforcements to places on the Trans-Siberian railway where the forces of railway guards had been more or less depleted. Before Japan received a reply from America the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army in Vladivostok told the Japanese Commander-in-Chief in Siberia that he had been instructed to withdraw his troops from that country, and also that America would cease to participate in supervising the Siberian railways—in a word, that the United States was abandoning Siberia to its fate. Later the Japanese Government received the reply of the American Government to the same effect. In his speech Viscount Uchida added :—

"The need of sending out reinforcements to our railway guards having been intensified, the Japanese Government has taken steps to dispatch about half a division for that purpose. At any rate, the present plight of Russia is a matter of grave concern, not only to Russia herself, but also to all those interested in the general peace of the world. The Japanese Government is extremely anxious to see the speedy establishment of a stable Government in Russia and the achievement of her complete resuscitation."

There had been some idea that Japan would be given a mandate to intervene in force in Siberia, and it may be conjectured that in some quarters in Japan such a mandate would have been received with satisfaction, considering the spread of the Red Peril to the Far East. On the other hand, as, according to one well-informed observer on the spot, her effective intervention to save even Transbaikalia from the Bolsheviks meant putting at least ten divisions into the field, it is easy to understand that the majority of her leaders might well hesitate to embark on such a venture. Besides, the great majority of the Japanese people,

if they took any particular interest in what was going on in Siberia at all, were against intervention. Part of the Japanese Press favoured intervention, part was much opposed to it. In the Cabinet the only thorough-going advocate of a strong policy in Siberia was apparently General Tanaka, the Minister of War. Opposition politicians pointed out that Japan's intervention in Russia had already cost the country upwards of twenty millions sterling—for which there was no return whatever, and they asked why the resources of the country should be dissipated on such an unprofitable business. At all events, while the question of intervention was being discussed by politicians and economists, amid the apathy of the Japanese generally, things did not stand still in the Russian Far East. The state of the country became chaotic.

Semenoff's attempt to form a Government at Chita failed, and part of his forces went over to the Bolsheviks. At Harbin General Horvat, the managing director of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which has its headquarters in that city, issued a proclamation stating that he was in sole administrative control of the Russians in the area traversed by the line. The Chinese Eastern is an integral portion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and passes through Northern Manchuria from west to east. Manchuria still belongs to China, as she took care to remind the world some days ago, and Horvat in his proclamation was diplomatic enough to acknowledge China's territorial sovereignty. It looked as if there might be a repetition in that area of the situation as it was in the summer of 1918—Horvat and his following fighting the local Bolsheviks, with China intervening in the end, and driving the Reds out of Manchuria. But in 1920 the Chinese authorities, who again supported Horvat, seem to have matters well in hand, and so far there has been little disorder in that region. Immediately outside there was much confusion. The tension between the Czechs and the Russians led to frequent clashes with losses to both; the Czechs had also to combat the Reds farther west. Towards the close of January the strong eastward sweep of the Bolshevik movement was seen when Nikolsk, which is only some fifty miles north of Vladivostok, and is the junction of the Chinese Eastern and Ussuri (Amur) Railways, was suddenly occupied by Red forces. The important town of Blagoveshtchensk on the Amur Railway passed into the hands of revolutionaries about the same time. Finally, before the month ended, Vladivostok, the last stronghold of the anti-Bolshevik Russians, became greatly disturbed, and on January 31st it, too, became Red, the change taking place peacefully, as order was maintained, in the general interest, by Japanese

troops. The Vladivostok *coup* was not the work, however, actually of Bolsheviks, but of the local Zemstvoists, who established a Zemstvo Government known as the Uprava. The Bolsheviks of Vladivostok decided to uphold the Uprava, but only on condition that it "promptly liquidated the intervention in the Far East"—that is, got rid of the forces of the Allies—and "effected the reunion of Soviet Russia." It is to be expected, therefore, that Vladivostok will become Bolshevik; the Zemstvoists are at the mercy of the extreme elements, who will assert themselves on the withdrawal of the Allies.

With all Eastern Asiatic Russia in the power of the Bolsheviks, both China and Japan have the Reds on their frontiers, and cannot but view the future with grave concern. China is open to Red pressure, propagandist and military, in Mongolia and Manchuria, Japan in Manchuria and Korea. Red forces were reported to have reached the boundary of North-Western Mongolia in the last week of January. In Manchuria there is a considerable body of Chinese troops, and, as previously noted, China is maintaining order there, but the province has been subjected to Bolshevik propaganda, and it is doubtful whether China by herself could long withstand a strong Red attack in that region. The history of China during the last few years was narrated in brief by the writer in an article entitled "The Sino-Japanese Military Convention," which was published in this REVIEW in August, 1918, and in another article, headed "China, Japan, and the Peace," which appeared in the August, 1919, number. The predominating feature in Chinese history since it became a republic is the struggle between the North and the South, between Peking and Canton, as it might be put. All attempts to bring about a union have failed, and, though the effort is about to be renewed, it hardly seems likely that it will be more successful, as there is no improvement in the political situation, which is still controlled by the Military Tuchuns or Governors and their soldiers rather than by the Central Government or the civil authorities. The Tuchuns have something like a million men in their armies, but only a small part of their forces can be reckoned as fairly good troops. China is very weak from the military point of view, and the Peking Government has no money in its treasury. On the other hand, there are considerable portions of the country that are prosperous. The bulk of the people are industrious, hard-working, and most pacific. The great majority are farmers, each with a bit of land which he cultivates intensively, and to which he is attached both for the living it gives him and because, having come down from his forebears, it is associated with the ancestor-worship that is his simple religion.

Some observers think that Bolshevism is not likely to appeal to him, but he is extraordinarily docile, and Bolshevist propaganda is extraordinarily clever and effective. Trotsky was talking nonsense when he said recently that China was ready to embrace Bolshevism, but it certainly is true that China lies open to propaganda, if nothing else. Recent Russian papers assert that Bolshevist propaganda is already "intense" in China.

Japan is the predominant Power in the Far East. She has great interests in Manchuria, and she is bound to protect them against the imminent Bolshevist menace. She holds Korea, and she is aware that Moscow regards that country as a promising field for propaganda, as the Koreans still hanker after their independence, and many of them have not taken kindly to Japanese rule. It is on Japan rather than on China that the incidence of the Red Peril must mainly fall, and it is Japan that will much more strenuously combat the Bolshevist attacks, if they develop. Reports that Bolshevism has penetrated into Japan proper may be disregarded, and the same may be said of the rumour that relations have been established between the Bolsheviks and Japanese troops in Siberia. The spirit of Japan is entirely opposed to Bolshevism. Japan will have to make up her mind quickly regarding what she must do. Divided counsels kept her from doing anything to stem the tide of Bolshevism after Omsk had fallen to the Reds. For one thing, she knew that her Western Allies had decided to render no further assistance to Russia, and for another she knew that she was not popular in Siberia. And, as has been said above, most of her own people were hostile to intervention. Intervention is no longer in question; the time has gone past for it. Japan's attitude now will be defensive. She is much stronger than ever before, and almost in every way. She has been most prosperous during the last three or four years. Many of her people grew rich because of the war. Figures published of late show the enormous, literally enormous, expansion of her exports and imports. Japan's share in the war caused only a small sum comparatively to be added to her National Debt—about twenty millions sterling. The Island Empire emerged from the great struggle in a much better economic condition than did any of the other Allies. She increased very largely her stock of gold, which is now of the value of nearly £130,000,000. Japan's abounding prosperity made most of her people indifferent to what was going on in Siberia. In her Diet the Opposition, which is known as the Kenseikai, and is led by Viscount Kato, formerly Ambassador to Great Britain, draws its members from the industrial and commercial centres, and it clamoured for the withdrawal of the Japanese troops from Siberia.

The party in power, the Seiyukai, the leader of which is Mr. Hara, the Prime Minister, failed to formulate a strong policy. But with the Reds on the borders of Manchuria and Korea the whole situation as it affects Japan is changed radically, and the policy of her Government must change accordingly; she must keep the Reds within purely Russian territory. All this is obvious, and in face of it the Japanese will line up with a unanimous patriotism.

With regard to protecting Korea from Bolshevik propagandist or military attacks, Japan can, of course, take independent action, for Korea is her own. Her position in Manchuria is different, for that region is part of China. But, as the Sino-Japanese Convention showed, Japan and China can take action in common. The Shantung question, which might prevent such action, is likely to be settled soon, and should form no obstacle. Japan in mid-January intimated to China that as the Peace Treaty had come into force, and as the German rights and interests in respect of Shantung had been definitely transferred to Japan under that treaty, she was anxious to carry out speedily the restitution of Tiao-Chao and other measures in strict conformity with her repeated declarations and pledges. The Chinese Government was invited to make the necessary preparations for the negotiations, and to organise a body of Chinese police, which, when sufficiently trained, should take over the Shantung Railway from the Japanese forces now stationed along that line. With the Shantung controversy out of the way, there would seem to be no reason why China and Japan should not co-operate in defending Manchuria from Red encroachments. And this all the more because the Military Tschuns of the North are not unfriendly to Japan.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

THE HESITATION OF AMERICA.

WE have reached a crisis in world affairs when an over-mastering cynicism appears to dominate mankind. The bright hopes of a new international order are paling in the fierce light of current events, pregnant with evil. A fresh call to courageous endeavour comes to all men and women of good-will. National boundaries fall away before the urgency of this summons. Unless speedy action of the right kind is forthcoming, terrible days loom upon mankind.

It is not inappropriate that the crisis should arise out of America's hesitation to enter the European system. Her intervention supplied the determining factor in winding up the old order; her participation is essential if the new order is to be established. Before these words appear it may be that the willingness of America to join the League of Nations will have been consummated. In either event, whatever assistance can be given towards the understanding of America's attitude concerning the new order should be proffered. The present writer has just returned from a prolonged stay in the United States, where he had the advantage of conferring with many leaders of American opinion. He tenders the following account of the conclusions he reached.

It must be said at the outset that the prevailing misunderstanding between Great Britain and America is partly due to the action which British War Governments, under bad advice, saw fit to take. In a recent essay of acute penetration and an admirable combativeness,¹ it was declared that "in any state or society where liberty exists the bad experiments will fail automatically, whereas in any other society they have a tendency to flourish artificially." Neither the United States nor our own land provided a suitable area in which to set up the experiments of organised propaganda of a particular view of events engaging the world's attention and of a censorship prohibiting the dissemination of opinion not shared by the official agencies controlling its machinery. As Edmund Burke said in his classic speech on our original difficulties with the American continent: "First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part

(1) *The Case for Liberty* by E. S. P. Haynes (Grant Richards).

of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. . . . We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery."¹

Unfortunately, Mr. Asquith's Governments overlooked these lessons of history, and their present successor has not omitted to extend the mischief that resulted. The American people found themselves presented with an invitation to enter that European system which they had never trusted and from which with an historic decisiveness they had remained free. The invitation was communicated in a "brief" which was prepared with a strict and exclusive regard to the needs of the petitioners. Facts and opinions not considered suitable to the case were not only withheld, but prevented from being presented from other sources. The prepared case was argued by a crowd of advocates of extensive and peculiar variety. President Wilson, at appropriate moments, reinforced the appeal with compelling eloquence. His famous Fourteen Points formulated with exactitude the reasons and purposes for which alone America entered the war. That formulation was accepted primarily as a condemnation of the old European order. America not only repudiated the pre-war aims and methods of the foreign chancelleries of Europe, but joined in the effort to save Europe from the natural results of their engrossing militarism, only on the representation that it would be ended definitely with the war. "The war to end war," whatever its use as a phrase on English platforms, expressed the settled intentions of America.

To understand the American hesitation to accept the Treaty of Peace with the embodied Covenant of a League of Nations, it is requisite to recall these circumstances. To put the matter plainly, millions of Americans believe they have been argued into slavery—slavery to the hated European system, with its secret machinations ostensibly directed to "national" objects, but used as a screen to cover economic exploitation by favoured groups in the Parliaments of the Great Powers.

We may reject this view, but we are not thereby absolved from the duty of reviewing the grounds on which it is thought to be established. Newspaper campaigns, on either side of the Atlantic,

(1) Speech on Conciliation Resolutions, House of Commons, March 22, 1775.

which are conducted with a regimentation more admirable in other circumstances, should not continue to mislead us. America's detestation* of the old European diplomacy has been bitterly sharpened by experience in the war. It must be added, with particularity, that no personage associated with that order would be acceptable in any public capacity to large masses of the American people.

In the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* some years ago,¹ the present writer dealt with this attitude of mind towards the prevailing European system which then, as now, was assumed by large numbers of people, both here and in America. He desires to recall briefly some passages in Mr. W. L. Courtney's *Armageddon—and After* (Chapman and Hall, 1914), which express succinctly the facts that partly explain this disposition. Thus: "The conclusion of the French Entente Cordiale in 1904, the launching of the *Dreadnought* in 1906, the formation of the Russian agreement in 1907, and certain changes which we made in our own Army were obviously intended as warnings to Germany that we were dangerous people to attack. Germany naturally sought reprisals in her fashion, and gradually Europe was transformed into a huge armed camp, divided into two powerful organisations which necessarily watched each other with no friendly gaze" (page 28).

At this time of day, no one will dare to challenge the accuracy of this description of events. As the chain extended, America's disquiet increased. She did not enter the resulting war to assist in the unwinding of a similar chain.

Again: "Hitherto we have measured national greatness by military strength, because most of the European nations have attained their present position through successful war. So long as we cherish a notion like this, so long shall we be under the heel of a grinding militarism" (page 87). These words exactly define America's suspicion of European militarism, wherever it may be found. The lack of warmth shown by some members of the British Government in contemplating a change in this respect corresponds with the absence of enthusiasm which their personalities and projects inspire in America.

Finally, for the present purpose, Mr. Courtney's words must be cited as foreshadowing the hope which brought the American people into the war. Doubt of the early realisation of that hope is a large factor in prevailing American opinion. "When the new Europe arises out of the ashes of the old, it is not very hazardous to prophesy that diplomacy, with its secret methods, its belief in phrases and abstract principles, and its assumption of a special

(1) "The War and Militarism," March 1915.

professional knowledge, will find the range of its powers and the sphere of its authority sensibly curtailed" (page 81).

It requires more boldness than the present writer can command (but it seems to be available elsewhere) to pretend that substantial grounds do not exist for the American belief that the old European order not only continues, but is about to be extended, unless prevented by public opinion. The able *Times* correspondent at Washington, in an informative despatch (February 4th) writes: "I have already shown how one of the great factors making for American return to the policy of no European commitments is due to the feeling that Europe is still at her bad old games, or, rather, not playing the game of the new democracy. The chief thing that has brought the project of Central European relief tumbling to the ground is the discovery of the fact that the Polish armies, whom the Bolsheviks have described as being gratuitously about to attack, are stationed in Russian territory many scores of miles beyond the frontier allotted to Poland by the Peace Conference. There may be good reasons for this. If there are, they should be promptly revealed, for a debate upon the subject may begin on the floor of the House any day."

The great event which has brought this growing American suspicion to a head is the so-called Treaty of Peace. The methods by which this fateful instrument was prepared were singularly ill-devised to promote its acceptance. I found in America undisguised bewilderment at President Wilson's failure to insist upon his primary condition of "open agreements openly arrived at." Indeed, in many conversations with distinguished Americans the parts were frankly reversed. Englishmen, I was not surprised to discover, were expected to be severely critical of President Wilson. Frequently it happened that the Englishman had to defend the President from his whilom supporters. On the point of the secrecy at Paris I could not acquit President Wilson of blame, but closer observation of some of the personages he had to contend with inclined me towards larger allowances than many Americans were prepared to make. Whatever the cause, the result is deplorable. The Paris Conference was the grave of some reputations; it may become the sepulchre of the largest hopes of the American people.

In America personality counts more than declarations. A public man is judged by his performances rather than by his speeches. Words divorced from suitable action are considered negligible. I was frequently led to speculate upon the place of some prominent performers here in the estimation of America. Newspaper reputations are more hazardous there than here.

Perhaps I may be permitted to counsel caution in accepting the pleasing presentations of some public characters a friendly Press supplies. This has a direct bearing upon the American attitude towards the Paris Conference. Not only does America believe that the Paris Conference signalised the return and extension of the hateful system of secret diplomacy the war was supposed to end, but it continues to watch with deep suspicion the actions of the directors of the old order.

Politeness can be over-strained in public affairs, and frank discussion is advisable and desired. However, I leave others to dwell upon the affection which MM. Clemenceau and Pichon inspired in the United States. I am content to restrict myself to our own directors and supposed servants. Neither the *personnel* nor the machinery of the British Foreign Office, in my opinion, is selected for its usefulness in presenting democratic intentions and purposes to other nations. I cannot affect surprise at the doubts this fact evokes, for instance, among the American people. Certainly, the failure of the British Foreign Office fully to inform the American Government as to the Secret Treaties, while perfectly intelligible on this side of the Atlantic, created in America the worst possible impression, which the efforts of British propagandists of many sorts and kinds have failed to remove.

Leaving machinery and agents, and turning to the work done, the effects produced in America by the Peace Treaty are so notorious that little need be said now upon a painful subject. In a sentence, America sees embodied in the Peace Treaty the worst excesses of the European diplomatic system it has increasingly detested. The territorial annexations offend American opinion not only by the wrongs they inflict and the revenge they excite, but by the use to which they will be put. The process of "mandates" has ceased to deceive. America is persuaded that under high-flying words these schemes are designed to promote exclusive financial interests. Personages connected with European Governments are believed to be directly associated with these ventures. It is also thought that the machinery of European diplomacy (unknown to the peoples concerned) is used habitually to promote and cover these designs, and that American power and credit is to be relied upon in part to provide international protection. America has no intention of effecting any such insurance.

The distrust is carried over to the Covenant of the League of Nations. The cardinal American objection to the present League is that it is to be used, primarily, to underwrite the revived designs of the old European diplomacy. It is certain that whatever action the American Senate may take in regard to the

Treaty, the territorial and political guarantees contemplated by Article X. of the League Covenant will not be assumed by America, for the reason here given. I argued with American statesmen that Article XX., abrogating understandings and obligations *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms of the Covenant, provided a safeguard against this contingent support of territorial annexations. Such efforts failed. America on no account will accept responsibility for the proposals of European Chauvinists of any nationality. For myself, I applaud this attitude as strengthening the hopes of a world without further war.

Then, again, the failure to include the late enemy Powers in the original membership of the League gives countenance to the American complaint that the present League is merely the old War Alliance, with such neutral Powers as can be persuaded to assist in keeping up appearances. I am satisfied that the exclusion of these Powers is a profound blunder, dictated by Governments not representing public opinion in this respect and others. As a reporter of American opinion, I am sure that their inclusion is a condition precedent of America's confidence in any League of Nations.

On the other hand, the provision in the Covenant requiring unanimity in the decisions of the Assembly and the Council of the League will enable any recalcitrant Power to suspend the League's work as against any proposal to which it may object. No one with any practical acquaintance with American habits and ideas can be surprised at the reception which this extraordinary clause excites. Its insertion is clearly the work of some Power or Powers whose assistance to the League is hypothetical. The occasion for such a suspicion is much to be deplored.

Further, the unwisdom of including the British Dependencies in the original membership of the League while excluding great States like Germany, Russia and Austria is apparent to anyone not blinded by prejudice. The consequent support thus provided for Great Britain in the League was bound to cause an unfortunate situation, which is not sensibly relieved by Lord Grey's suggestion of increasing the American vote. At the best, this merely removes one complaint by creating others, a familiar device of the old diplomacy which is thoroughly discredited. To prevent misunderstanding, the relations between Great Britain and her erstwhile Dependencies should have been recast on the basis of federation. Membership of the League of Nations would then have followed as a matter of course on the old Colonies becoming independent States. Such is the true solution of our Imperial difficulties, as I have contended before in the FOR-

NIGHTLY REVIEW. To take a course justified only by facts which do not exist is a gratuitous blunder. It seems to me that the only way to remove the American objection, which is even vehemently expressed on all hands in the United States, is to say that the inclusion of our Dependencies in the League is only part of a readjustment of British Imperial relations which must be speedily effected.

Finally, in connection with the composition and powers of the League, the absence of any reference to the freedom of the seas is a serious omission which is affecting American opinion. The failure of the Paris Conference to consider the reservation, as promised in the memorandum of the Allied Powers transmitted through President Wilson to the German Government on November 5th, 1918, has served to emphasise the contentions advanced to the British Government by President Wilson during the early years of the war, before America entered the conflict. England must realise that America, and other Powers, will not acquiesce indefinitely in the postponement of this question. The high seas must be ensured as the open highways of the world, under international protection, and no British interest need suffer under such an arrangement as the nations will require. This is a matter as to which frankness is essential. Until it is raised in an effective sense, American opinion will continue to be greatly exercised, as the naval proposals show.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, such is the good feeling which exists between the two countries that no doubt can be felt as to the ultimate attainment of a complete solution, linking America and Great Britain in a comradeship which nothing can sever. I left ex-President Taft, after a long discussion of many outstanding matters, convinced that in that eminent statesman England has a firm, powerful, and affectionate friend. The goodwill is present in abundance, the unity of purpose in striving after the establishment of a permanent peace order is strong and enduring; all that is wanted to bind the partnership in unbreakable bonds is a mutuality of accommodation which will be rich in promise for the world.

This conviction leads me to offer some practical suggestions designed to facilitate this concord. When I left America the expectation in influential quarters was that the Treaty difficulty would be overcome with adequate statesmanship on both sides of the Atlantic. The determination of America not to enter the European system, without a drastic revision of the old machinery and purposes, was conclusive and unyielding. The unqualified acceptance of the Peace Treaty is an idle dream which responsible people must disown, if they ever entertained it, which I doubt.

Foolish propaganda and badly informed officials have led us into error. We must reconsider ourselves, as the French say.

The only way out is for America to ratify the Peace Treaty, coupled with a declaration of the principles that instrument is expected by America to operate. By this course America assumes her rightful part in the execution of the Treaty while safeguarding herself from participation in, or responsibility for, arrangements she cannot accept. This carries her co-operation in the League, before which at the earliest moment those parts of the Treaty to which she objects must be brought for revision. On these terms I am convinced that American aid can be assured. Otherwise her abstention is certain.

In this situation of unparalleled importance to the world, a grave responsibility rests upon the British Government and people. The suspicion of America as to certain Governments is ineradicable, and can end only with their disappearance. Under Providence this consummation may come more speedily than at present appears, although one notable event has already occurred. But, delayed or not, the result can be largely facilitated by action which is open to Great Britain.

America looks to Great Britain to supply an earnest of her intention to assist in framing, with American help, a new and permanent international order founded upon public right, mutual accommodation, and non-militarist principles. Great Britain must make an effective start towards this realisation. Above all, we must see that our own State arrangements are in accord with those we recommend to other nations. In setting out towards a new order, the relics of the old order must be discarded. On no other basis can we convince America and the rest of the world of our sincerity.

In this place I can mention only three steps, but each, as my American experience showed, is vital for the peace of the world.

Firstly, we must at once devise means to ensure the British Parliament and people an effective control over the initiation and direction of foreign policy. It is the merest academics to argue that this condition is already provided for. Current events reduce this evasion to confusion. At this moment Parliament remains uninformed as to the proposals of the British Foreign Office. As in 1914, so now, policies are conceived and promoted without the knowledge of Parliament. The continuance of this state of affairs is not consistent with the intentions which the Covenant of the League of Nations is expected to promote. At the first meeting of the League the present Foreign Secretary was understood to express approval of open covenants. A practical illustra-

tion of this view would much impress America. This attestation of sincerity is becoming overdue.

The second matter requiring immediate attention is raised in an acute form by Mr. Winston Churchill's proposals for the after-war army. This force is to be embodied for purposes which the Secretary for War has been good enough to indicate. I take leave to doubt whether this enumeration meets with the approval of the British electorate. It is a singular comment on the victorious results of a war to end war. It seems to hypothecate a situation which bears a striking resemblance to that which the democracies of the world believed the late war was intended to end. Clearly no working conception of a League of Nations enters into these calculations. The fact is—and plainness of speech is necessary—people generally have no desire to substitute another form of militarism for the vanquished and hated German system. Public persons who have other ideas are out of place in present-day Governments. They should seek, before being relegated to, positions of less responsibility and more leisure. The effect upon American opinion of the continuance in office of military and naval expansionists, with a talkative chorus of admirals and generals, is not helpful to Anglo-American co-operation. A decided check upon the exertions of these persons will have to be supplied if the desires of the British people are to be assured and a cause of American suspicion removed.

The final suggestion I tender relates to a question on which American opinion is sharply exercised. No principle engaged in the late war affected or expressed American purposes with stronger force than the principle of "self-determination," the right of an ethnological unit to a voice in the settlement of its political position and obligations. In the winding up of a war for small nations and the establishment of public law, the effective application of this principle of self-determination could not well be excluded. The Americans are concerned to observe a marked disinclination on the part of Great Britain to illustrate this principle in its relation to our own subject-nations. I was invited to attend a conference to discuss proposals for the institution of a "League of Oppressed Peoples." I expressed surprise that all the peoples concerned were found within the confines of the British Empire. The concern was entirely genuine, and we should do well to attest our sincerity to the principle of "self-determination" by considering its application to nations within our control. The problems of Ireland and Egypt provide suitable opportunities, while the case of Russia, continuously muddled by secret commercial and militarist influences, has shown British policy, or want of policy, in a strange light in America.

These three matters can be dealt with speedily and vigorously by Great Britain. The results would have an enormous influence for good upon American opinion. Our predominant position and influence in the world enables us to set an example of sincerity which would have untold benefits upon the direction of world affairs. The nations are confronted with a fateful choice: either to return to the system of secrecy, aggrandisement and exploitation which resulted in the late war, or to set out upon a new and better way, resolving present difficulties in the spirit of accommodation and mutual obligation, and uniting in a genuine League of All Nations as the appropriate instrument of international comity. The call comes with unexampled force to Great Britain to set an example. By applying ourselves immediately to such matters as I have indicated, we shall attest our sincerity, win over the large mass of American doubters, and play the noblest part which history has yet assigned us.

In the great task of assisting the nations to fashion new law to regulate the affairs of a better order of international society, a special agency could be supplied by the participation of the organised legal profession. The present writer has repeatedly made such a plea in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*.¹ Ex-President Taft and other eminent American lawyers expressed themselves as in full agreement with these views. Mr. Taft, a few weeks since, addressed to the members of the New York Bar an eloquent invitation to strengthen the Bar Association so that the American people might be helped in the solution of national and international difficulties. Would that some eminent lawyer here would make a similar appeal. The disorganisation of the English Bar remains a deplorable scandal, as the recent Bar annual meeting painfully showed, and the absence of effective leadership is in strange contrast to the vigorous and active-minded direction to be found in America.

I cannot linger now to detail impressions of American personages and activities. One meets with, in America, a pulsating, many-sided, questing disposition—insistent, direct, vigorous, and not fearful of rashness. It shows itself in a widespread and critical examination of European methods, organisations and personalities. Reputations are not accepted at their face value, but weighed and measured by performance. Capacity is rated at its highest appraisalment. The career is open to the talents, but the possession of talent is narrowly scrutinised, and make-believe of all kinds is at a discount. Internal difficulties are acute, and may become dangerous, especially in the industrial sphere. But the disposition to learn and a readiness to listen will aid in over-

(1) See "The Future of the Legal Profession," *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, January, 1912, etc., etc.

coming trials which would bewilder us, with our attachment to old courses and inadequate leaders.

America is eager to understand the lessons of the collapse of the old order in Europe and to apply itself with energy to avoid a recurrence of such dangers. A body drawn from many of the States, called the Committee of Forty-eight, is hard at work hammering out a programme for the new time, and I found among its leaders some of the most striking and resourceful individualities I encountered. The cause of civil liberty has far wider support than misleading newspaper reports would suggest. At the universities, in the women's colleges, and among the numerous and energetic women's movements, in the large public forums where one got into direct touch with the electors, one realised the accumulating power of all this splendid mental alertness and outlook.

The active participation of America in the new comity of nations is full of immense possibilities for the world. Every live movement here which strives after a non-militarist civilisation, discarding the resort to force and based upon law and amity, finds its counterpart in the United States. The traditions of a common stock have issued in a like disposition to tackle the troubles of the old world and to re-fashion the safeguards of a new order. On the other hand, commercial links have been forged in all directions, setting up occasions of competition which the baser Press of both lands can exploit.

The hesitation of America is not a settled disposition, but a passing and just pause before entering upon new responsibilities. The readiness to assume them is strong but cautious. We must show a like readiness to eschew the discredited militarist and exclusive preoccupations of our old politico-diplomatic system. If we will, we may lead the nations towards a better order in the world. America will advance with us. Together, we can ensure (in President Wilson's words) "the reign of law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organised opinion of the world."

HOLFORD KNIGHT.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MYSTICISM.

COULD this subject only be studied in all its phases, it would prove an extremely complex one, and would come under the various headings of theology, literature, history, physical science and moral science. More particularly, we could not avoid approaching it from the physiological and pathological points of view, as well as from that of inner observation. Still, division of effort has a place even in science, and it may not be going beyond the bounds of possibility—leaving on one side all inquiry into the organic manifestation of mysticism—to recognise some of its distinguishing characteristics, alike profitable and interesting.

The mystics themselves were frequently great psychologists; observation of the interior life has ever been their predominant concern. Now, unless we regard them all as diseased, we must insist on due consideration being given to the discoveries they imagine themselves to have made in the domain of the human soul.

True, the mystics are sometimes set forth as being ordinary diseased persons. Were this the case, we should certainly have to abandon the idea of dealing with the subject of mysticism without studying its physiological and pathological side, but if we take the word in its broadest, historical acceptation, it scarcely seems that we have any right in this offhand fashion to speak of mystics as diseased persons.

An attempt has been made to prove that Socrates was a diseased person, because he was found to have a leaning towards mysticism. Nothing is more improbable; he was a strong, healthy-minded individual, an indefatigable reasoner, who both preached and practised self-possession above all else. Were Francis of Assisi, Saint Bernard, Spinoza, Schleiermacher, in whom there was a large—even overwhelming—element of mysticism, diseased persons? One may bring forward the case of Pascal and affirm that the pit he constantly saw by his side and the accident on the Pont de Neuilly had affected his brain; but these paltry tales are groundless; present-day criticism has eliminated them from his biography. As regards his ecstasy on November 23rd, 1664, an account of which he gave in what may be called his *memorial*, this phenomenon, which was partially physiological in its nature, was not a cause, it was an effect, of mysticism. It was a case of thought concentrated for whole months on one and the same object, which, at a given moment, sets up corresponding sensations

in the organism. Something analogous, though dissimilar, happened to Descartes, a most calm, unexcitable person.

I.

Plotinus gives a fine definition of mysticism, which, he says, consists in seeing with closed eyes (*μύσαντα ὄψιν*), with the eyes of the soul whilst those of the body are shut. The essential phenomenon of mysticism is what is called ecstasy, a state in which, all communication with the exterior world being broken off, the soul feels itself communicating with an interior object : infinite being, God.

Still, we should form an incomplete idea of mysticism did we confine it wholly to this phenomenon, which is rather its culminating point. Mysticism is essentially life, feeling and development ; it has a determinate character and direction. In reality, however, all the phases of this development are not equally distinct and manifest in all mystics ; still, by comparing with one another the accounts of the greatest of them, we can gain a tolerably clear and precise idea of what the sum total of mystic development is in its normal complete form. I will attempt, as far as possible, to reduce life to formulæ and mark off the various stages of this development.

The point of departure, the first stage, is a mental state difficult to define, though tolerably well characterised by the German word, *Sehnsucht*. This is a condition of vague, uneasy desire, very real and susceptible of being an intense passion of the soul, indeterminate or rather inexplicable as regards its object and cause. It is an aspiration towards something unknown, some good thing necessary for the heart, something of which the intellect can form no clear idea. A state of this kind, indeed, may be found in altogether dissimilar human beings, and it may present different meanings. In the case of the mystic it is both profound and lasting ; it leaves the soul no peace, so that this latter gradually comes to form an idea of the object of its inspiration. This revelation is not a direct one. But, according to mystic experience, with a greater or less degree of suddenness the things amongst which we live and upon which our judgment seemed based now appear to us in another light. That which charmed us loses its attractiveness ; that which we admired becomes indifferent to us ; our most cherished affections no longer fill the heart. The objects of the world cease to attract us, each of them has the effect of awakening within us the idea of its opposite. In everything that meets our gaze we see only the perversion, the empty, dull, dead image of a living, perfect and infinite model which the

realities of sense are powerless to express. We form a conception of the infinite, the eternal, the perfect, God, as the one supreme object of our desires. And as we reflect on the feeling that constituted the origin of this conception, we understand why it combined a sense of uneasiness with one of necessity, why we could neither escape from this feeling nor satisfy it. It was the idea—as yet unconscious—of an infinite object creating in our consciousness an indefinable *malaise* regarding the possession of all finite objects. In the transition of this idea from the realm of the unconscious to that of distinct consciousness the first phase of mystic development consists.

The second phase is the effort to become transformed within oneself in conformity with this idea. Of necessity this effort expresses itself by struggle. Indeed, we are attached by innumerable links to all those surrounding objects which we now look upon as unworthy of us; we are accustomed to them, we live in them, our hearts are filled with them. We now know that we ought not to love them, that God alone is the one object after which the soul of man should aspire. An idea, however, is not a feeling; our very problem is the transformation of idea into feeling. Then there begins an interior combat between what we should like to be and what we are; between an idea, which is yet no more than an abstraction, and feelings, which, although henceforth condemned by the intellect, have lost nothing of their reality and power.

The means employed by the mystic to act upon his feelings and transform them are purification and asceticism: *κάθαρσις* and *ἀσκησις*. In his opinion, mortification of the body must liberate the soul and make it obedient to the dictates of the intellect.

The struggle thus entered upon becomes more and more painful in proportion as there is revealed, by our very effort to break it, the full force of our attachment to the world. At first it seemed as though we could do what we pleased with ourselves, that all we needed to do was to will. But we speedily come to see that even inertia is resistance, a latent force in which previous actions are summed up and continued; the more we struggle, the more distant and difficult seems the victory.

And so we have an initial progress in which the soul suffers more and more, experiencing temptations to discouragement. Soon, however, in the man who perseveres with steadfast faith, the change followed out begins to work, and the suffering caused by the struggle becomes blended with satisfaction and hope. The soul experiences happiness in suffering, conscious that its sufferings are productive of results and are bringing it into a state of joy and rest. By degrees joy permeates and transforms suffering,

and finally triumphantly frees itself from suffering. This is the second stage.

The third is what is called ecstasy: the sudden instantaneous transition from temporal, movable, complex, imperfect life, to the one immovable, simple, eternal, perfect and divine life. Ecstasy is the union of the soul with its object. Now there is no medium between them, the soul sees its object, touches and possesses it, is in it, is it. No longer is it faith, which believes without seeing; it is more than knowledge itself, which grasps being only in its idea; it is perfect union wherein the soul is conscious of existing in all its fulness from the very fact that it gives and renounces itself, for that to which it gives itself is very being and life.

The consciousness of this union is love. Love alone possesses the virtue of uniting persons without absorbing the one into the other, but rather increasing their reality and awareness as persons. Moreover, to the love which expresses the union of the soul with its object is added the intuition of the intellect, pure, complete light, certainty, in the full sense of the word. Love and light create in the soul a state of blessedness and perfect joy in the harmony and foreshadowing of eternity. This is the third stage.

Ecstasy, however, in a finite temporal creature, cannot be simply an accident. Human life soon begins again with all its restlessness and imperfection, its deceptive struggles and victories. In any case, the memory of the things seen at the time of ecstasy is henceforth to be the guiding principle of the mystic's intellect and life.

By the light of the truth it has contemplated, the mind looks within itself and passes in review its previous life, which appears quite different from what it was seen to be during the time of stress that preceded conversion. Then the mind imagined it ascended towards God of itself. The order in which the states of its soul seemed to generate was first, idea; second, feeling; third, action. But this is an illusion of the immediate consciousness; in reality all progress comes from above; it is the perfect, which, of itself, creates within us the disposition to seek and desire it.

Goethe said: "*Das Vollkommene muss uns erst stimmen und uns nach und nach zu sich hinauf heben.*" These words well express the mystical point of view. It is not idea, but rather its translation, its expression in clear consciousness, that creates feeling. Feeling, of itself, desire, aspiration, is not the principle of possession or of the act which is its end. It is because the soul, even now, in its inmost depths, is partially united to its object, that it aspires to be fully united to it, to know and see

itself united to it, to enjoy this union. "Be of good cheer," said Jesus Christ to Pascal, "thou wouldst not seek me hadst thou not found me."

Thus the real order of events, that in accordance with which they are created, is the inverse of the order in which they appear to immediate consciousness. First we have action, the union of the soul with God; then comes feeling, a sense of the desire to continue in this union or to restore it to its fulness if it lacks in this respect; and, lastly, abstract idea, the representation objectively, in the mirror of the intellect, of this feeling, the interior might of the soul. The end and object of our effort is its term and goal only because it is its beginning and principle.

From this point of view, looking upon the state of bewilderment in which he originally found himself, the mystic forms a totally different conception of disease and suffering from that of the natural man. The latter, judging disease by his own suffering, endeavours to free himself of the latter and thinks himself cured when, in one way or another, he has succeeded in doing so. In reality, however, he was diseased before he noticed the fact. We may even say that it was the latent character of this disease that constituted its gravity; that which, in our aversion from suffering, we call disorder and disease, is rather the effort of the healthy part of ourselves, the effort of the pure being to which we are linked, to throw off and eliminate the germs of destruction accumulating within us. What we call disease is really a salutary crisis, the first step towards a cure. Instead of the knowledge of our disease inducing us to seek the remedy for it, it is only in proportion as we are cured of an evil that we discover its existence, its nature and extent. Evil is perceived as evil only by the resistance it offers to the good with which it is contrasted.

Such is the fourth phase: a return to the previous life and a new orientation given to judgment and conduct.

There remains the fifth and last phase. The mystic purposes to develop and realise in all its fulness that supernatural life, faint glimmerings of which have been aroused within himself.

Here mystics would seem to be divided into two categories. A certain number attach themselves exclusively to the contemplation of perfect being, and from that time forward look upon earthly life and temporal things only as an obstacle that separates from the object of their desires; they are henceforth strangers, sojourners in this world. Their constant preoccupation is to die to it from that very hour onward. They represent what may be called ascetic mysticism. Nor is this the only mysticism, there is also one that may be called joyous: this consists in transfiguring the natural life by infusing into it the supernatural prin-

ciple. To a Francis of Assisi, a Jacob Boehme, the world is evil only if regarded with the eyes of the body. To the spirit, however, it is given to perceive the world as God himself sees it, and how can that which has the divine glance falling upon it be wholly evil and corrupt? Far from the mystic necessarily being condemned to flee from the world and to feel for himself naught but scorn and horror, in the union of the soul with God he finds the very principle that rehabilitates the world and makes it innocent and health-giving to live in. *Omnia sana sanis.*

Thus, along divers ways, mystics proceed towards their goal: the infinite increase of that consciousness wherein the natural man regards himself as confined, and, as it were, imprisoned. Man is born an individual, he desires to become a person. This he will achieve by returning to spirit, the source of all personality; by deriving his distinctive life from this universal principle. In loving God, he will love all creatures; for by our love of one another we know that we love God. This possibility of breaking their material envelope and permeating one another, possessed by different consciousnesses; this faculty, belonging to beings that seem alien to one another, of understanding and truly loving each other; the living of one common life without annihilation as distinct beings; and, finally, union with God as the principle of this universal communion: such is the idea that governs the mystic life.

You remember Goethe's lines:—

*"Dann geht die Seelenkraft dir auf,
Wie spricht ein Geist zum andern Geist."*

("Then there is developed in thee the might of the soul, and thou hearest spirit speak to thy spirit.")

It is this direct communication of spirits through bodies, by the agency of God, that is the dream of mysticism. Pascal well expressed the idea in the following sentence, a very simple one and yet pregnant with meaning, unless I am greatly mistaken: "*Tout est un, l'un est l'autre, comme dans les trois personnes.*" The Christian trinity is the very expression of that peculiarly personal union, wherein distinction of consciousness exists in a strict and perfect community.

II.

Such, according to the main representatives of mysticism, is the substance of the mystic life and doctrine. To determine its meaning and value it is interesting, in the first place, to adopt the point of view taken by mystics themselves. Investigations con-

ducted on this principle would constitute what may be called the subjective psychology of mysticism.

One of the first traits that such an inquiry would emphasise is the remarkable way in which mystics interpret interior observation or introspection. By this mode of knowledge we frequently mean observation that is analogous to external observation; i.e. which aims at grasping, beneath their immediately given form, facts of consciousness as well as the relations manifested in them. Mystic observation is not of this nature. It is not content with contemplating the surface of the soul, it makes a thorough examination. The mystic believes that, by reflection, he can ever penetrate more deeply within his interior nature. He would like to be able to fathom it. To him, doing is but the phenomenon of being; this latter cannot be grasped by that superficial consciousness which suffices for our practical and even our scientific activity. There are many more things in the soul than our philosophy dreams of. There are secret failings which, unknown to ourselves, incline us to evil; there are divine, indestructible forces that enable us to rise after a fall. In a word, beneath the conscious is the unconscious, the true substratum of our being, increasingly accessible to a consciousness which, methodically and with ever growing intensity, investigates the ultimate reasons of our thoughts, the most secret motives of our actions.

A second psychological process is also brought forward by practical mystics: interior experimentation. The possibility of this process is beyond dispute; the whole of the mystic life is but a series of experiences. Given the abstract idea of certain feelings and mental states, the general problem consists in realising in the mind the production of these feelings and mental states. "You are waiting," exclaims Pascal, "until you have faith, so that you may give up pleasure. But I tell you that you would speedily have faith if you had given up pleasure. It is for you to make a beginning. Give up pleasure and test if what I say be not true." Whereas it is commonly thought that, to some extent, we can control our actions, though not our feelings, or but slightly so, and that we are unable, for instance, to love at will; the mystic, who values actions only in so far as they express feeling, endeavours to rouse within himself, through the moral or physical conditions at our disposal, the very feelings by which the life of the soul is nourished.

If we pass from the investigation of method to that of results, we are at once struck by the relation which the mystic sets up between knowledge and feeling or action. It is this latter that is primary; knowledge depends on it and comes only after it. *Tantum intelligitur Deus, quantum diligitur*. Action is the

revealer of power; love is vision. It is the mode of our activity that determines the standpoint and scope of our intelligence, for the principles of this latter are but the summing-up of our experience. A man sees only what he knows; he knows only what he does.

This conception of the origin of knowledge induces the mystic, in a general way, to transform the apparent relations of exteriority and transcendence into relations of interiority and immanence. The notion of God, the Creator and Lord, for whom the world cries out from the depth of its emptiness, is resolved into that of grace, or divine action present within ourselves; and grace, by degrees, becomes no longer simply the underlying factor and law of our freedom, but this very freedom itself, perceived in its substratum of spontaneity which is superior to its temporal conditions of determination. In all things the determined, finite, given reality is no more than the imperfect, fleeting symbol of the infinite and the ideal.

Moreover, the freedom which the mystic is thus brought to set up as the true origin of action and knowledge, could not, in his eyes, be the abstract form of a principle indeterminate in itself. His inner experience enables him to sense in it the infinite generosity of love; for true love needs no motives or conditions before giving itself in utter devotion. It does not return like for like, nor does it wait for its object to possess any merit before lavishing itself. It gives out of the abundance of the heart, from sheer goodness, without count or reckoning. This love, not of oneself in another, but of another in oneself, a full and fruitful love wherein being is realised by giving itself, is, to the mystic, the true moving principle of the universe. "The eternal virgin," says Goethe in a fine couplet often grotesquely translated, "the love of devotion and sacrifice which is the divine essence of the feminine, draws us above unto itself."

*"Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan."*

This ideal love is the root of being, as well as of ourselves. Thus, in spite of appearances, we are not strangers to one another. "Fool," said Victor Hugo, "to think that I am not thyself!" In vain do bodies, which are in space, set up the impenetrability and irreducibility of matter over against our desire to think and feel in common. Even in this life, souls seek and find one another. Is there not truth in Uhland's question, translated by Longfellow as follows:—

"Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?"

This doctrine of an original community of souls, a principle of life that is one, infinite and perfect, in which we may each unite, meet again and attain to our fullest development, not at the expense—but by reason of the development—of other beings, a principle which mankind calls God . . . this doctrine we regard as the goal wherein all the experiences and reflections of the mystics culminate.

III.

Such appear to be the rudiments of a subjective psychology of mysticism. The remarkable co-ordination of these ideas, their power over intellect and will, most assuredly demonstrate their interest and importance. Still, we cannot help wondering what would be left of them if regarded not from within, from a mystical point of view, but from without, from the point of view of a scientist, an impartial and unprejudiced observer of human nature. Do these marvellous objects which so attract the mystic really exist, or are they but products of his imagination, subjective projections of his mental states? Is there anything special or superior about these mental states themselves, as mystics believe, or are they only varieties of ordinary or even morbid phenomena? A study of these questions would necessitate entering upon the objective psychology of mysticism.

If the mystic himself were consulted on this point, I think that, from the outset, he would declare in favour of the most uncompromising objectivism. He avers that, so far as he is concerned, the phenomena of mysticism, seen from without, do not exist as such; that they assume meaning only in the consciousness of the mystic, as the expression of the life that develops deep within his soul. The mystic believes that faculties enter into activity only in those who exercise them, and that there is a mode of knowledge which is peculiar to love. In the case of the man, then, who observes without loving, this knowledge is impossible.

To one who, adopting a purely objective standpoint, denies the reality of spiritual objects, the mystic would reply, in the words of Faust to Mephistopheles:—

"In deinem Nichts hoff' ich das All zu finden."

("In what, to thee, is nothing, I hope to find the All.")

Now, it would appear that, if we look at things from without, we should have to reduce mystic phenomena to two mental affections which, indeed, are scarcely compatible with the reality of the objects of mysticism, viz., auto-suggestion and mono-idealism.

The mystic's whole life is auto-suggestion; he knows this him-

self, and by this process carries out his method. First, he presents to himself a certain idea and then uses all the means at his disposal to transform this idea into force and feeling, desire and act. He suggests to himself as despicable the earthly joys in which he took delight, and infinite the spiritual joys that once seemed to him vain and worthless. He is satisfied only when the idea, which before was external to himself, has become one with his soul and body.

This idea, likewise, in the mystic's thought, must efface all others by reason of its excellence. The mystic's aim is to free his soul from all alien thoughts; he considers that he has attained to the goal of his efforts, when, in a state of ecstasy, one idea alone, without a rival, fills the entire field of his consciousness.

Auto-suggestion and mono-ideism: there is nothing more, objectively, in the manifestations of mysticism.

Does this mean that we ought to regard it as nothing else than individual illusion, devoid of all reality or universal value? Such a conclusion would be too summary.

There can be no doubt but that auto-suggestion and mono-ideism frequently show themselves as special abnormal or pathological states, though this is not always so. The genius, too, is possessed by one single idea; he suggests to himself that he regards this idea as great and beautiful, and comes to act automatically, as it were, in accordance with it. Nor is it the genius alone—himself not far removed from the mystic—who offers instances of auto-suggestion and mono-ideism. These two phenomena are met with in every man of action, in all who devote themselves to any cause, to any mission or task. I feel certain that both, in short, are conditions of existence in every reflecting individual. What is the use of living and struggling, toiling and striving, if our life is of no importance? And how can we be assured that life is important, that the universe is interested in the maintenance of this fortuitous assemblage of atoms which constitutes our individuality, if auto-suggestion does not come along and fill up the gaps in our knowledge? I approve of myself for holding on to life, because I imagine I am good for something. And is not the concentration of our faculties on a single idea, speaking generally, the very principle of action? It is in proportion as our ideas become exclusive that they cease to be pure and to attract to themselves the living forces of the soul which they transform into volitions and acts.

Thus, by reducing mysticism to auto-suggestion and mono-ideism, nothing has been set forth that determines its absolute value. Everything depends on the value of the idea which the mystic places before the consciousness as his supreme and exclu-

sive aim. Is this idea the more or less symbolical expression of a reality, inaccessible, it may be, though evident by reason of its powerful and beneficent results, somewhat like the idea of the ever-present and ever-acting divinity to which a Beethoven might ascribe his sublime creations, or should it be placed in the same category as the vain illusions in which morbid imaginations delight?

It would appear that the mystic idea, in its essential meaning, belongs to those ideas that cannot be regarded as simple mental states altogether relative and subjective. The very fact that it exists, with the characteristics we have pointed out, the fact that a great number of men, men of the highest endowments, have interested themselves in and lived by it, places before both psychologists and philosophers the two following, among other, problems:—

Firstly, is there, for ourselves as conscious beings, and apart from individual life, a possible universal life, one that is even now real, in some measure? Is our reflective and separate consciousness, according to which we are external to one another, an absolute reality, or is it a simple phenomenon beneath which lies concealed the universal permeation of souls in one single principle?

Secondly, if we thus have two existences, one developed and immediately visible: the individual existence; the other, still almost unconscious, though superior: the universal existence; what is the relation between these two, and what method ought we to adopt in order to bring the latter existence to full reality?

Many mystics confine themselves to the ascetic method, *i.e.*, they consider the two existences as mutually contradictory and regard the abolition of the one as the condition of the other's development. In this system there is no community whatsoever except by the destruction of individuals, no divine city except by the annihilation of the human and natural city.

Mysticism, however, suggests the idea of another method. If, from now henceforth, the individual selfish life is not the only one that exists in us, if we are actually united secretly to one another by our common participation in the life of the universal spirit, there is no occasion to set up the plea of incompatibility between the individual life and the universal life. They are reconcilable, for in essence they are already reconciled to some extent. In that case it would be possible to transcend Nature without departing therefrom. Individual consciousnesses might, without crushing each other, expand and become penetrable by one another. And mankind would be privileged to become one, without the individuals, families, nations and groups which already possess a unity and whose existence is worthy and good

being thereby destined to disappear. Pascal's idea would be capable of realisation : "The unit and the multitude : we may not exclude either of these two."

If there is any basis for these reflections, an extensive and complete study of mysticism would appear to be interesting, not only as a matter of curiosity—even scientific curiosity—but because of the very direct bearing it has on the life and destiny both of individuals and of mankind as a whole.

EMILE BOUTROUX.

Authorised translation by FRED ROTHWELL.

BRITISH INTERESTS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE January number of this REVIEW contained articles upon three important aspects of the Middle Eastern Problem—"The Arab Question," "The New Poland," and "The Turkish Tangle"—articles which, however, included practically no reference to the momentous subject of the new situation in the Eastern Mediterranean. That situation will be of even greater significance in the future than it has been in the past, for, whatever may have been our hopes at the time of the signature of the Armistice, or even during the earlier stages of the Peace Conference, it must now be admitted that the world-war and its after-effects are not even really over, that the recent conflagration has not in fact been terminated in such a way as to make it the last of all wars, and that, League of Nations or no League of Nations, the peace of the future can hardly be ensured by world disarmament. Thus, to mention only one or two of the at present prevailing conditions, we are compelled to recognise that the spread of Bolshevism must make the position in Russia and in the Middle East uncertain for years to come. Whatever, too, may be the destinies of the Straits and of the Sultan at Constantinople, the whole future of what was Turkey in Asia is hanging so completely in the balance that it must be watched with the closest attention by the civilised world for an indefinite period. And last, but far from least, the fact that the United States does not seem prepared to accept responsibilities and to undertake burdens, which would have materially furthered the settlement of many features of the Eastern problem, forces us to admit that Europe will be compelled to fall back upon methods more or less dependent upon "balance of power" and upon "compensations," methods which for a moment happily almost appeared destined to disappear into history.

It seems superfluous to remind my readers that the conditions affecting the situation in the Mediterranean have been materially changed by the war. On the one hand, Austria is no longer a maritime Power at all, and for the present there are no German or Russian Fleets to influence the international equilibrium. Likewise, whereas Italy, whose naval strength had formerly to be counted to the credit of our enemies, has changed sides, no States which have now been enlarged or come into existence need be considered in themselves as formidable from the naval

standpoint. On the other hand, even were it certain that some of the above-mentioned conditions constituted a permanency, there is no doubt that, in many respects, our problems bound up with the Mediterranean are of even more weight than was the case in 1914. Thus, whilst the establishment of our Protectorate over Egypt has not in any way modified the position of the Suez Canal, it is obvious that the general development of the Near and Middle East, including Egypt, will make the Mediterranean, as a means of communication, of greater significance than was the case in pre-war days. The expansion of new States, constituted in parts of Turkey in Asia, will depend, too, particularly so far as the Allies be concerned, largely upon connection maintained by means of water highways. Once more, although the Baghdad Railway will probably be completed as a through line from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf now that the fettering clauses of the Turco-German Agreements, intended to prevent competition with Germany, are done away with, it seems certain either that this railway will have an important feeder starting from the Mediterranean, or that an independent line will be constructed directly from Beirut or some other port to the Persian Gulf. And, finally, the almost undoubted opening and internationalisation of the Straits and the present and future situations prevailing in the territories bordering upon the Black Sea, will make the *Ægean* a naval and commercial highway—the importance of which must be vastly greater than has been the case heretofore. Consequently, whilst the disappearance of the German North Sea Fleet may enable us to revert to the policy existing prior to 1912, when concentration in home waters became a necessity, even a distribution of British naval strength in such a way as to make us actually paramount in the Mediterranean will not suffice to safeguard the interests of the Empire should the territorial apportionment be such as to place or to leave all the most advantageous bases in alien, even if at present friendly, hands.

The object of this article, therefore, is to examine some of the still unsettled problems of the Mediterranean from the national and international standpoints, and in particular to discuss quite openly, for open discussion is now desirable, certain of the conditions which must be realised if the safety of the British Commonwealth is to be assured. These questions should, I think, be considered under two headings—those connected respectively with the Adriatic and the *Ægean*. In the first of these areas, so far as we are concerned, the questions involved are diplomatic rather than strategic. In other words, diplomacy may here be allowed to shape its normal course, and this because the import-

ance of a satisfactory settlement is due to the desirability for the establishment of permanent peace, rather than to any fear of adverse consequences for British sea power. The problem is complicated by the difficulty of reconciling ethnological conditions with Allied treaty obligations and of preventing the commercial liberty of the one party from interfering with the realisation of the strategic requirements of the other. But even so, and much as we hope that our Allies—Italy and Jugo-Slavia—will come to a fair agreement—an agreement recognised as essential by all that is best in both countries—the value of such an agreement is more momentous to the parties concerned than it is to us. For instance, were it possible for Jugo-Slavia to claim and to secure Fiume, all the Dalmatian coast and islands and the northern part of Albania in united and unrestricted possession, her consequent possession of bases, such as the Bocchi di Cattaro, would not seriously endanger British safety in that that country will not be in a position to build or to maintain a fleet of world importance. On the other hand, were Italy to obtain the whole of the eastern shore of the Adriatic from Fiume to Avlona, unfair as this would be to Jugo-Slavia, it would not really constitute a menace to our interests. Indeed, whilst there is no need even to discuss the question of war with our great southern ally, towards whom we are drawn by links of friendship and of sentiment, the conversion of the Adriatic into an Italian land-locked sea, even in the unfortunate eventuality of such hostilities, would not be disadvantageous to us. Thus, in such a case, instead of having to consider the rights of neutrals, as we were compelled to do in the Baltic during the war, we should be in a position completely to blockade the whole Adriatic, the domination in which would then be of minor consequence to us. So far as this section of the problem under discussion be concerned, therefore, there is little, if anything, to be feared from the precedence of diplomatic considerations over naval requirements—a precedence which in the past has sometimes been possessed of disastrous consequences.

When we come to the Island of Crete and beyond, however, that is to say, to the extreme Eastern Mediterranean and to the *Ægean*, the situation is entirely different, for in these areas strategical requirements must be accepted on an equality with, if not in priority to, diplomatic and commercial considerations. Here we have not an enclosed sea, to which naval access is comparatively immaterial, but two maritime areas in which the strategic position constitutes the foundation of British power in the Near East. Consequently, whilst endeavours should be made

to arrive at a settlement, likely to result in permanent peace and to meet the wishes of the inhabitants of the areas involved, every precaution must be taken to safeguard British interests and to make sure that we are not placed at a disadvantage in peace, or still more in the unfortunate contingency of renewed war. On this account it follows that, however reasonable may be the claims of several countries closely concerned in the territorial future of Eastern Mediterranean lands, British statesmanship must look not only to the present, but to the future. Whatever diplomatic concessions might be forthcoming elsewhere, it is therefore vital that there should be no repetition of such mistakes as that by which Heligoland was ceded to Germany in 1890 or that bound up with the acceptance of the Spanish Protectorate in Northern Morocco, whereby the southern part of the Straits of Gibraltar became Spanish territorial waters—mistakes evidently made without proper forethought as to the consequences in regard to the free exercise of our sea power.

For the moment we can pass over the Eastern Mediterranean, and this because, although British interests in that zone have been enlarged during the war, those interests are safeguarded by the possession of Egypt and by the fact that that country, and particularly Alexandria, can be used as a base for any operations which may be necessary in those waters. We then come to the *Ægean*, the strategical importance of which will be greatly increased by the almost certain opening and internationalisation of the Straits. That sea, which extends from Crete on the south to the Balkan coast on the north, and from Greece on the west to Asia Minor on the East, contains several islands the possession of which is of vital significance from the standpoint of naval power. In order to understand the problem of the *Ægean* and of its control aright, it therefore becomes necessary to consider some of the more recent developments which have taken place in connection with these islands and to refer to the situation existing in regard to them prior to the European War.

At the time of the outbreak of the Turco-Italian campaign in 1911 all the western islands belonged to Greece. The remainder of the Archipelago, including the Southern Sporades or Dodekanese Islands formed part of Turkey, Crete and Samos enjoying special positions under the protection of the Great Powers. After some delay, due largely to the attitude of the other members of the then Triple Alliance, who prevented Italy from extending her campaign in such a manner as to include the Balkans or any vital portions of the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, that country effected a landing at Rhodes in April, 1912, subsequently occu-

pying the remaining eleven Dodekanese Islands—Carpathos, Cassos, Tilos, Nisyros, Symri, Cos, Calymnos, Leros, Patmos, Halki and Stampalia. Nevertheless, even then, presumably owing to the continued opposition of the Powers, and particularly to that of Austria and Germany, many of the more important Turkish islands were left untouched, and when Turkey was forced to accept the inevitable, owing to the outbreak of the first Balkan War, it was only the Dodekanese group which figured in the Peace terms. By the Treaty of Lausanne, signed on October 18th, 1912, Italy agreed to evacuate these islands immediately after Turkey had withdrawn her officers, troops and functionaries from the north coast of Africa. They were, therefore, to be held as sort of guarantees for the fulfilment of Turkish obligations, as no formal claim was put forward at this time to their permanent retention.

The next historical stage is that connected with the Balkan Wars. At that time, as the Ottoman Navy was not sufficiently powerful to maintain the command of the *Ægean*, the Greek Fleet naturally swept the Archipelago, and all the islands, not already in Italian occupation, fell into Hellenic hands. Crete and, I believe, Samos also went definitely to Greece. Notwithstanding this, both during the abortive negotiations which took place in London in the winter of 1912-1913 and throughout the Peace Conference held here in the spring of the latter year, the Turks refused to agree to the cession of the *Ægean Islands* to their conquerors, and in the end their future assignment was placed in the hands of the London Ambassadorial Conference. That body in its turn found itself beset by countless national and international difficulties, and it was only after a delay of many months that a decision was taken to the effect that Imbros, Tenedos and Castellorizzo, situated as they are close to the outer entrance of the Dardanelles, were to be returned to Turkey, but that all the other islands, including Mitylene, Chios and Lemnos, were to remain Greek, I believe with the sole proviso that none of the newly-acquired Hellenic possessions were to be fortified or used for naval or military purposes. Even then, however, whilst Greece thus secured as good, if not a better, settlement than she can have anticipated, the question was by no means closed, for Turkey refused to acknowledge the Ambassadorial award, and, in spite of continued negotiations between the two Governments, normal relations were never re-established. The outbreak of the European War, which found Italy in what was nominally the temporary possession of the Dodekanese, therefore occurred when the future of the remainder of the formerly Ottoman islands was

uncertain, and when the decisions arrived at by the Ambassadorial Conference had not been consummated. Since that time two principal developments have taken place. Firstly, by the so-called Pact of London, signed on April 26th, 1915, it was definitely recognised by England, France and Russia that Italy should obtain all the twelve islands occupied by her in full possession. Secondly, when the situation in the East became critical, I think soon after the entrance of Turkey into the war, the Allies, headed by Great Britain, occupied certain of the disputed *Ægean* Islands, including Lemnos and, I believe, Mitylene.¹

The above remarks prove that there are two more or less distinct problems for settlement in the *Ægean*. Firstly, there is the future of the Dodekanese Islands, where the maintenance or abrogation of the Pact of London constitutes the vital factor. Unwelcome as may be its realisation to Great Britain or to France, and unpopular as are its terms in America, who will never really accept its provisions, that document is undoubtedly binding, and must be considered as binding by the British and French Governments, unless they are relieved of their responsibilities by Italy. Failing such relief, therefore—relief for which other compensations could be found—the Dodekanese must become Italian. On the other hand, if the Jugo-Slavs should accept the compromise proffered to them by the Peace Conference, that acceptance would presumably put an end to the Pact of London, not only so far as the Adriatic is concerned, but also in its relation to the islands and to the future of Turkey in Asia. If this be so, although it must be anticipated that Italy would maintain a claim to certain of the islands—probably at least to Rhodes and Stampalia—the allotment of the remainder would be in the hands of the Peace Conference. In that case, considering the facts that the populations concerned are preponderatingly Hellenic by race and sentiment, and that these islands would have actually fallen into the hands of Greece during the Balkan War had they not been already occupied by Italy, it would only be fair that they should now be allotted to the former country. For these reasons, and because his attitude is invariably one of moderation, destined to achieve real Near Eastern peace, it seems legitimate to suggest that M. Venizelos, who has grown to constitute a sort of mouth-piece for all the Balkan States, may have employed his influence with Jugo-Slavia to try to persuade that country to agree to

(1) This occupation, which was necessary in order to provide a base and other facilities, especially during the Dardanelles Campaign, did not constitute an infringement of Greek neutrality because effect had not been given to the decisions of the Ambassadorial Conference.

proposals from which she herself would be the principal beneficiary.

There remain, then, for discussion the islands situated in the Eastern and North-Eastern Mediterranean. Here there may be two alternative forms of procedure for arriving at a decision. Either all the islands, which were in dispute between Turkey and Greece at the beginning of the war, can be taken as forming part of the Ottoman territories available for distribution as a result of the defeat of Turkey, or those allotted to Greece by the Ambassadors' Conference can be accepted as actually belonging to her, which would leave only the three near the outer entrance of the Dardanelles in the melting pot. In both cases, however, and whatever may have been the pros and cons at the outbreak of the European conflagration, Turkey, having ruled herself out of court by her adhesion to the cause of the enemy, Greece has now the best claims to all the islands, except Imbros, Tenedos and Castellorizzo, which, for reasons given in the January issue of this REVIEW, should form part of the internationalised Straits' zone. The gratification of such claims would in its turn become responsible for the question as to how this solution would be destined to affect British maritime power in this highly important area.

Whilst no official answer has been, or is likely to be, given to so pertinent a question, it is obvious that, although such an arrangement may not at present be actively detrimental to our interests in the East, yet it would create a situation which is not the most satisfactory to British requirements. Arrangements of this kind would establish a Greek or a Græco-Italian *Ægean*, and they would automatically leave us without an advanced base should operations be necessary either in the approaches to the Dardanelles or in the Black Sea. With the Straits internationalised, and therefore with Constantinople and its surroundings probably unavailable for any naval or military purpose—a contingency which may arise at any moment—we should therefore be compelled either to rely upon the belligerent co-operation of Greece or to be prepared to resort to a forcible occupation of then undisputed neutral Hellenic territory—occupation which, were it not actually resisted, would be entirely contrary to international law and to the Covenant of the League of Nations. As it is impossible to suppose that this country could ever be guilty of following the example set by Germany in regard to Belgium, the question seems to resolve itself into whether British maritime power is to become at least somewhat subject to the tenure of office by M. Venizelos, who would undoubtedly use all his influence on the side of this country, or whether here and now

this power should not be assured by measures which do not depend upon the goodwill of any person or foreign nation, however friendly that person or nation may appear at the present time.

It goes without saying that the latter alternative is the one acceptable of adoption to the British people, and that steps must therefore be taken to safeguard our interests in the Aegean—interests which I do not believe can be assured without the possession of a base in that sea. The history of the war, and particularly of the Dardanelles campaign, has proved that among all the islands under discussion the one possessed of the ideal requirements is Lemnos. Located about forty-three miles to the west of the outer entrance to the Dardanelles, it constitutes a model base in exactly the right position. The island, which is fully described in *The Mediterranean Pilot*, Vol. IV., measures about fifteen miles each way. Divided into two almost equal parts by the Bay of Purnea on the north and that of Mudros on the south, it possesses in the latter and in Port Mudros a spacious and well-sheltered harbour for capital ships—a harbour the merits of which require no description here. Moreover, like Plymouth, with the Hamoaze and the Catte Water, and like Malta, with the Grand Harbour and also the Marsa Musciet, Lemnos has the enormous merit of having Port Kondia, situated just to the west of Mudros Bay, which can be utilised as an auxiliary base for petrol craft, thus enabling the main harbour to be kept closed against enemy attack. Moreover, whilst Lemnos has hills, which would enable it to be defended against bombardment from the air, it also possesses suitable landing-places for our own aeroplanes and seaplanes. In short, the key to an internationalised and open Straits, as Alexandria is the key to the Suez Canal, or the base for an attack upon a still closed Dardanelles, Lemnos appears to be a pivot of naval power, the present and future importance of which we cannot afford to ignore.

It remains to allude to the diplomatic features of the problem. Here it may be said at once that if all the islands, of which the futures were not definitely decided prior to the outbreak of the war, are to be taken as forming part of the Turkish settlement and as necessary of allotment by the Peace Conference, then our occupation of Lemnos and the preponderating rôle which we have played in the war gives us as good, if not a better, title to that island than that which can be sustained by any other country, especially as Italy will surely retain a foothold in the Southern Aegean, and as the claims of France seem destined to be very fully realised in the Near East. Alternatively, if Lemnos already

belongs to, or is handed over to, Greece, then the question becomes an Anglo-Hellenic and not a European one, and the future of the island would pass into the hands of the British and Greek Governments for discussion. Such a discussion would no doubt be influenced by the fact that, whereas Lemnos is an ideal base for us, it would be of no *positive* or *active* value to Greece for that purpose, for she can never, under any circumstances, maintain the command of the *Ægean* in case of European complications. In addition, when compared with such islands as Chios or Mitylene, Lemnos is vastly less important, in that whilst Chios and Mitylene have populations of respectively over 78,000 and over 182,000 souls, the inhabitants of Lemnos number only about 27,000 all told. Considering the relative positions of the two parties to such a discussion, therefore, it is obvious that there are many directions—political, financial and economic—in which Great Britain is possessed of the means amply to compensate Greece for any sacrifice to which she may consent or which she may make upon a question which has never been one of primary importance to her.

And, finally, should its acceptance by us be considered advisable, there is a possible diplomatic solution of the question—a solution dependent upon the exchange of Cyprus for Lemnos. Such an arrangement would certainly entail a sacrifice on our part, but it could now hardly fail to be acceptable to Greece. It would be a sacrifice to us because the former island is well placed as a halting-place on the air route towards the East, because it constitutes a good base for aerial observation or operations in this locality, and because it forms an offset to the valuable advantages promised to France, in Syria and Armenia, under the Sykes-Picot agreement. But whereas from the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, and particularly from the moment when we acquired a controlling interest in that undertaking in 1876, it was vital that we should have an outpost in this part of the world, the strategic value of Cyprus greatly decreased from the time of our arrival in Egypt in 1882. That this has been recognised in high quarters is proved by the fact that the suggested exchange of Cyprus for Corfu was under consideration before the war and by the offer of Cyprus to Greece on October 17th, 1915—an offer not then entertained because its acceptance would have necessitated the entrance of that country into the war—an entrance strongly opposed by the anti-Venizelist Government which had been in power for about ten days. The repetition of the same offer, even in the form of an exchange instead of a free cession, would now, however, come under entirely different circumstances, for, instead

of being made dependent upon the immediate fulfilment of her treaty obligations towards Serbia, it would carry with it advantages altogether outside and beyond those in any case now to be secured by Greece. For these reasons, the facts that Cyprus is the third largest island in the Mediterranean, that it is very fertile, and that for years there has been an almost continual agitation for union with Greece would seem to mean that such a proposal would be likely to secure a favourable reception in that country where the influence of M. Venizelos is at present stronger than was the case directly after our arrival at Salonica in October, 1915. In short, if Great Britain would stand to gain strategically and militarily by the acquisition of Lemnos, Greece would realise, by the annexation of Cyprus, political, sentimental and commercial advantages vastly surpassing those bound up with the possession of any other insular territory—the future of which is at present under discussion.

To summarise and to recapitulate, it may be said that even if the defeat of the Central Empires and the disappearance of their fleets removes a formerly existing threat to our sea power, that power cannot be definitely and permanently safeguarded without adequate forethought as to the distribution of territories in themselves possessed of weighty strategic significance. The Mediterranean, the *Ægean*, the Dardanelles and the Black Sea are maritime areas the situations in which are vital to the safety of the British Empire. The suggested cession of Cyprus may be resented by those who have not studied the problem, and it may be resisted by naval authorities, who are rightly opposed to sacrifices, however relatively unimportant they may be. But if it becomes a choice between the maintenance of an antiquated pistol, pointing towards the coasts of Syria and Southern Asia, Minor, and the acquisition of an all-important *point d'appui* at the entrance to the Dardanelles, then there seems little doubt as to the proper policy of adoption by British statesmanship.

H. CHARLES WOODS.

February 11th, 1920.

P.S.—Since the completion of this article there have occurred two events which increase the weight of certain arguments employed above. Firstly, the Supreme Council, assembled in Downing Street, appears to have decided upon the maintenance of the Turks at Constantinople, and upon the establishment of International Control on the Straits—decisions advocated by me in the February issue of this REVIEW. This confirms the necessity for a British base in the *Ægean*. And, secondly, Mr.

Wilson's Note, on the subject of the Adriatic, proves, as I have said above, that America will never willingly accept the Pact of London. Whilst it is too early at present to forecast the results of this development upon the future of the Ægean Islands, its effect is likely to tend in the direction of placing the future of the Dodekanese Islands with the Supreme Council rather than of leaving them undisputed in the hands of Italy.—
H. C. W., *February 18th, 1920.*

THE GIRL-PAGE IN ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

FROM the earliest ballads, where a girl followed her lover to battle in the armour of his esquire, to that curious mingling of romance and psychology, *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and numerous modern instances, literature has delighted in the girl-page and her adventures, and never more so than during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Every Elizabethan writer seems to have been tempted by the possibilities of disguise. The men and women in play, romance and poem have to assume something, if it is but an Italian name. There are repeated instances of a man borrowing a ruff and a farthingale, but perhaps the favourite of all devices is to send a girl forth in the apparel of a boy.

"A brave disguise and a safe one," it gave liberty in an age when freedom was unknown to women, and nothing entangled a plot so delightfully; possibly it owed its origin to the spirit of adventure so essential an element of the time. Lyly, in *Gallathea*, where two girls turn boys for a year, was perhaps the first to introduce the device, but it began to be favoured with *Philaster*, with *Twelfth Night*, and *As You Like It*; the realists played with it in *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, *The Roaring Girl*, and *No Wit, No Help Like a Woman's*. Finally, it degenerated into a mere conventional figure with Shirley, with some of the later plays ascribed to Fletcher (but assuredly not by him), and reappeared, robbed of some of its natural and earlier vividness, as *Fidelia* in Wycherley's *The Plain Dealer*.

Perhaps no age was so sensitive to experiment and discovery as the Elizabethan period. Translations and foreign literature between them poured vitality into the country and mingled with the stories of sailors who voyaged not only to the half-known Indies, but East as well, and northwards as far as Russia. Travelling became frequent. The world was open to a youth, and experience bounded only by the skill of his sword and wit. Play after play jeered at the foreign fashions that overran the country; play after play borrowed its story from a foreign source. Merchants sought stuffs and tapestries for their wives as far abroad as Ragusa, till Lady Cressingham's threat (*Anything for a Quiet Life*)—"If I live another year, I'll have my agents shall lie for me at Paris, and at Venice, and at Valladolid in Spain, for intelligence of all new fashions"—was rather a truth than an exaggeration.

But a woman, often more sensitive than a man to the spirit of an age, had nothing but monotony to gratify her longing for experience. A lover was the one break in her seclusion, and he was chosen for her. Girls were married, often at fifteen, to men they had seen, perhaps, some half a dozen times. Choice of a husband was the privilege of widows, who alone seem to have been accorded a slight degree of freedom. For the most part the following lines express the life they had of necessity to lead:—

"We have grown old together,
As many ladies and their women do,
With talking nothing, and with doing less;
We have spent our life in that which least concerns life,
Only in putting on our clothes."

It is questionable how far this dullness, unbroken by adventure, was beguiled with books. Harebrain, in *A Mad World, My Masters*, says, speaking of his wife: "I have conveyed away all her wanton pamphlets, as Hero and Leander, Venus and Adonis"; and, forgetful, perhaps, of the emptiness of the day, Imogen spent her evenings with a poem, as Iachimo noted: "She has been reading late—

"The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turned down
Where Philomel gave up."

Yet it is doubtful if it ever became the general diversion of women; and merely to read romances is ever but a poor substitute for reality. More often the life women desired was that pictured for them by Lazarillo, in *Blurt, Master Constable*: "It shall be your first and finest praise to sing the note of every new fashion at first sight, and, if you can, to stretch that note above ela." They are to pleasure their husbands by learning music, "for by this means your secret friend may have free and open access to you, under the colour of pricking you lessons." They are not to rest until they procure a garden a fair distance from the city:—

"Then, in the afternoon, when you address your sweet perfumed body to walk to this garden, there to gather a nosegay—sops-in-wine, cowslips, columbines, heart's-ease—the first principle to learn is, that you stick black patches for the rheum on your delicate blue temples, though there be no room for the rheum: black patches are comely in most women, and being well fastened, draw men's eyes to shoot glances at you. Next, your ruff must stand in print; and for that purpose, get poking-sticks with fair and long handles, lest they scorch your lily sweating hands. Then your hat with a little brim, if you have a little face; if otherwise, otherwise. Besides, you must play the wag with your wanton fan; have your dog—called Pearl, or Min, or Why Ask you, or any other pretty name—dance along by you; your embroidered stuff before you, on your ravishing hands."

They are to seem unwilling if invited out to supper and to eat little at table, "because it may be said of you, you are no cormorant; yet at your coming home you may counterfeit a qualm, and so devour a posset." If they have daughters they are to marry them to gallants, not citizens, and to ensure this they must "go all the ways yourselves you can to be made ladies, especially if, without danger to his person, or for love or money, you can procure your husband to be dubbed."

It is not surprising that with this as a common ideal of a woman's existence Elizabethan girls, in despair, sought the wider life accorded to their brothers, and were willing to turn, for this freedom, to the doublet and hose of a boy.

It is customary to assert that the frequency with which a page is found to be a girl disguised is due to the fact that in the seventeenth century the women's parts were always acted by boys. Yet any careful examination of Elizabethan plays must show that this was the least of many reasons, a thought of modernity, neglectful of the spirit of that age. If the motive behind the disguise was indirectly love, to rejoin a husband or to follow a lover, the actual reason for assuming it was to obtain liberty, some protection from the dangers inseparable from the voyage.

It was impossible for any unprotected woman to travel alone during the Elizabethan age. Robberies, outrage of every kind, were but too common. No girl above the rank of a waiting woman might cross the street unattended. It was a period of parental oppression, when girls were married to the man who would give the most land for them or claim with them the smallest dowry; youth sacrificed to age and spent strength for a handful of gold. In a time when immorality was more or less expected, jealousy fettered women until almost the sunlight was forbidden to their gaze. It is little to be wondered at that any girl with individuality, a sense of adventure, should prefer to trust the promises of a young and obedient lover rather than stay to suffer virtual imprisonment at the tyrannical hands of some unloved suitor of her parents' choice.

This impossibility of movement from place to place save as a man forced half the dramatists to fit their heroines with doublet and hose. Viola, wrecked and alone in Illyria, assumes the disguise of necessity; it is danger, not desire, which drives Julia into a page's suit. Only as a boy may Bellario follow Philaster; only as a gallant may Mistress Lowwater be revenged.

It is easy to imagine a girl, born into an age of vitality and discovery, beating against the restrictions imposed by an older, less sensitive world. Reading, the solitary amusement permitted her longing for beauty, would fill her dreams with impossible

romances that took the colour of truth beside the unbroken monotony of her days. She would watch her brothers with life at their own disposal, envious of their freedom. Then some boy, young in thought as herself, with a letter, moments of stolen meeting, would awaken a new reality that itself was built of dream. Impetuous, not with the tranquil protest books had aroused against her existence, but with actual emotions, actual rebellion, she would grow, with a few weeks, alien to her surroundings, eager to command, unready of obedience. Perhaps her lover would be sent abroad until the weeks grew barren of hope, with the one taste of reality to bar her for ever from childish acceptance of their dreariness. Perhaps some marriage would be threatened, hateful to her dreams. Perhaps it would be restraint she was weary of, to follow merely with her eyes the free birds passing her window, to long and long for the woods where they nested until the call of wildness might be stilled no longer. Knowing the liberty of a boy, she would think of her lover and the life he had promised till, as the wind rippled the rose-leaves, she grew mad with the bitterness of inaction, and stole out in the summer night, page in heart as well as apparel, old enough to love adventure, too young to realise its dangers.

Elizabethan plays are full of pictures of these girls, from the first chance meeting, through every incident and peril of such a life, up to the final discovery or admission of their disguise.

Julia, pleading with Lucetta for aid, knows it is impossible for her to rejoin Proteus save as a man :—

LUCETTA. But in what habit will you go along?

JULIA. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men;
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

LUCETTA. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

JULIA. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

LUCETTA. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

JULIA. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

LUCETTA. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

JULIA. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favoured.

LUCETTA. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

JULIA. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaied a journey?

I fear me it will make me scandalised.

LUCKETTA. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

JULIA. Nay, that I will not.

LUCKETTA. Then never dream on infamy, but go.

It was easy to imagine the journey, easy to prepare for it, but for a girl accustomed to seclusion, to a garden, to submit to the perils of Elizabethan voyage demanded all the courage that would seem to have been a characteristic of the age. Sometimes her lover waited for her below, as Lorenzo for Jessica, but this was rare. Oftener she would creep out alone on her exploration, afraid, half wishful of discovery, were it not for the sharpness of her love.

Although, Viola, in *The Coxcomb* of Beaumont and Fletcher, never assumes a man's suit (it had been safer for her if she had), her thoughts as she leaves home, trustful of her lover, might echo the feelings of Bellario or Julia as they started out.

"The night is terrible, and I enclosed
With that my virtue and myself hate most,
Darkness; yet I must fear that which I wish,
Some company; and every step I take
Sounds louder in my fearful ears to-night
Than ever did the shrill and sacred bell
That rang me to my prayers. The house will rise
When I unlock the door. Were it by day
I am bold enough; but then a thousand eyes
Warn me from going. Might not God have made
A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
Whilst lovers met, and yet the sun hath shone?
Yet I was bold enough to steal this key
Out of my father's chamber; and dare not
Venture upon my enemy, the night,
Armed only with my love to meet my friend.
Alas, how valiant and how 'fraid at once
Love makes a virgin! I will throw this key
Back through a window. I had wealth enough
In jewels with me, if I hold his love
I steal 'em for. Farewell my place of birth!
I never make account to look on thee again."

This Viola was more than usually timorous, perhaps with reason, for on reaching the corner assigned as a meeting-place by Ricardo, her lover, he comes, truly, but too drunk to recognise her, and she is stript by thieves, plundered of her jewels, and forced to work as a farm servant before she is found and rescued by her father and repentant lover, whom, with the weakness common to Elizabethan women, she forgives.

Unaccustomed to travel many lost their way. Martia, in *The Widow*, overtakes a horseman, rides with him for company till, reaching a stretch of desolate country, the stranger summons

his fellow-thieves and robs her of horse, clothes, and money. If they escaped danger there was always discomfort; the mere exchange of a bedchamber, such as Imogen's, hung "with tapestry of silk and silver," for bare ground and starlight, was hard enough for one who from a window might have watched night come, but had never known its loveliness:—

"I see a man's life is a tedious one.
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed."

Food was not always easy to obtain, and even inns were dangerous, as Theodosia found when, believing herself alone, her weeping betrayed her to her brother, who had come to the room unobserved.

Even if she reached her lover in safety to be his page was to know a life very different to the existence pictured in some of the romantic plays. It is worth while reading Middleton's *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, if only for the realistic description of what a girl had to suffer directly she put on doublet and hose.

The Page (throughout the play she is given no other name) had run away from her friends to serve Lactantio, trustful of his promises to love and marry her, and is mocked of him:—

"If I should marry all those I have promised,
'Twould make one vicar hoarse ere he could dispatch us."

She is set, not to the tasks assigned to pages in the romantic plays, but to wait on him, clean his boots, get his clothes ready. In the following passage she entreats Dondolo, Lactantio's other servant, to help her with the unaccustomed duties:—

PAGE. I prithee, Dondolo, take this shirt and air it a little against my master rises; I had rather do anything than do 't, i' faith.

DONDOL. O monstrous, horrible, terrible, intolerable! Are you not big enough to air a shirt? Were it a smock now, you liquorish page, you'd be hanged ere you'd part from it.

PAGE. Fish; here, Dondolo, prithee, take it.

DONDOL. 'Tis no more but up and ride with you, then! All my generation were headles and officers, and do you think I'm so easily entreated? You shall find a harder piece of work, boy, than you imagine, to get anything from my hands; I will not disgenerate so much from the nature of my kindred; you must bribe me one way or other, if you look to have anything done, or else you may do 't yourself: 'twas just my father's humour when he bore office. You know my mind, page; the song! the song! I must either have the song you sung to my master last night when he went to bed, or I'll not do a stitch of service for you from one week's end to the other. As I am a gentleman, you shall brush cloaks, make clean spurs, nay, pull off strait boots, although in the tugging you chance to fall and hazard the breaking of your little buttocks.

But for all her singing Dondolo soon tired of doing her work for her, even expressed his scorn to Lactantio:—

"But you can keep a little tit-mouse page there,
That's good for nothing but to carry toothpicks,
Put up your pipe or so, that's all he's good for :
He cannot make him ready as he should do ;
I am fain to truss his points every morning ;"

She could not even ride :—

"I think he scarce knows how to stride a horse ;
I saw him with a little hunting nag
But thus high t'other day, and he was fain
To lead him to a high rail, and get up like a butter-wench."

Sooner or later detection was inevitable. Whether they were willing or not to give up this perilous liberty is an interesting point the old dramatists leave unanswered. It is curious to note there was ever a slight contempt, felt rather than expressed, visible in the minds of the other characters. Incredible as it may seem, the stiff dullness of Arethusa was nearer the Elizabethan ideal of women than the wild loveliness of Bellario. And why did Shakespeare mar Viola and Imogen with even the hint of cowardice? A girl who had suffered shipwreck and the perilous life of a page would never have shrunk so woefully from encounter with Sir Toby, would never have admitted a fear of unsheathed steel. Imogen would have drawn her rapier boldly—

"and if mine enemy

But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't."

are the only unnatural lines she speaks in *Cymbeline*. Bellario was ready enough for fighting if the chance had come, and even Martia faced the thieves boldly, if she did spoil it afterwards by admitting she knew the pistol was not loaded.

Elizabethan literature is rich in examples of these pages, though often the disguise is assumed but for a single scene or by a character of little real importance. The vivid and memorable instances are Imogen, Viola, Rosalind, Julia and Jessica in Shakespeare; Bellario, Theodosia and Leocadia in Beaumont and Fletcher; Moll, Mistress Lowwater, the Page and Martia in Dekker and Middleton; Gallathea and Phillida in Lyly; Ascanio in Massinger; Eroclea in Ford.

Perdita, though she is bidden—

"Dismantle you; and, if you can, dislikén
The truth of your own seeming; "

never actually appears as a boy. With Portia and Nerissa one never loses the sense that they are women, disguised because the plot requires it, not from any desire of adventure, nor the necessity of life. They are a little solemn with maturity, too confident; the poetry of Imogen, the imaginative seriousness of

Viola, are alike alien to their thought. The few lines where Jessica, at the window, plays with Lorenzo and her disguise :—

"But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy."

is far more valuable a contribution to the psychology of the girl-page, whose very essence, in these romantic plays, is the beauty of childhood, newly touched by youth, but not yet lost to dream.

Of the plays ascribed to Beaumont and Fletcher, Janus in *The Faithful Friends* is so lifeless a figure that this alone would prove that Fletcher had little or no share in its composition. Alathe in *The Night Walker* is more vigorous, but too unreal to be of value. *The Pilgrim* is the oddest mixture of a parody of *As You Like It*, with the mad-house scenes so favoured of Dekker and Middleton. Neither *Aliena* nor *Juletta* impress the reader once with a sense of life. In *Love's Cure* Clara is brought up as a man, her brother Lucio as a woman, on account of their father's enemies. He is pardoned, and Clara struggles in vain to adapt herself to a farthingale—"these clothes will never fadge with me"—and her brother to draw his sword without flinching, until love makes Clara willing enough to wear a skirt and turns Lucio from cowardice to bravery. *Love's Pilgrimage* is a more interesting play. Both disguised as men, the discovery by Theodosia of Leocadia's sex and the later scene where Philipppo pleads with Leocadia for her love are vivid and full of beauty.

But it is Bellario in *Philaster* that is one of the loveliest, as it is one of the most complete, studies of the girl-page that literature has known. It is the poetry and the spirit and the tragedy of adventure caught in a single figure. Yet—

"The trustiest, loving'st and the gentlest boy
That ever masters kept."

possesses a wisdom, a rarity of intuition wholly unboyish, nor is she hostage to mere restlessness, but rather the embodiment of that spirit, warm with longing and experiment some have titled youth. Her very ordering of the flowers by the fountain, at a moment so decisive to the whole current of her venturing, has a tinge of that immaturity to whom sunset, gold rose opening upon a green-leaved sky, the shape of curving daffodils, were so fresh in beauty they must be played and trifled with, in all the enthusiasm of a very young poet, newly compelling words to his obedient hand. Her pleading with *Philaster* has the wistful knowledge of a vision winter has not hardened, in inevitable conflict with the narrower boundaries of those for whom adven-

ture is a myth. Allegiance may be transferred at an express command, but only a young boldness could imply so well absolute denial of all save outward surrender, as she enters Arethusa's room: "I wait on you, To do him service." Yet this root of childishness which sets her apart from the others in the play has scarcely the depth of a leaf. Beneath it her thought divines at once the strangeness of Philaster; "she would fly as far as morning" for his content. Unlike Viola, she is unsullied by any cowardice at the glitter of naked steel. There is no compromise in her nature; the wish of all who will neither yield nor obscure their dream, weary of conflict, broke, as Philaster wounded her, "Oh death, I hope, is come." The final confession of her love is imperishable as Illyria itself—Illyria, that region, sensitive to reality, but of too rare imaginings ever to be quite true even to an Elizabethan day.

Ascanio, in Massinger's *The Bashful Lover*; Eroclea, in *The Lover's Melancholy*, by Ford, are but pale copies of Bellario, nor are the single scenes in which Mellida, in Marston's play, and Eugenia, in Massinger's *The Duke of Milan*, appear as men for the mere purpose of disguise of any importance.

"Light-colour summer stuff, mingled with divers colours," there is a quaint realism about Lyly's play, *Gallathea*, which makes it pleasant enough to read. Especially interesting is the scene where, newly arrayed as boys, both Gallathea and Phillida meet and are afraid to speak lest they betray themselves in the unaccustomed dress.

Gallathea sees Phillida, an apparent shepherd, in the distance—

GALLATHEA. But whist! here commeth a lad: I will learn of him how to behave myself.

PHILLIDA. I neither like my gate, nor my garments; the one untoward, the other unfit, both unseemly. O Phillida!—but yonder staieth one, and therefore say nothing. But O Phillida!

GALLATHEA (*aside*). I perceive that boys are in as great disliking of themselves as maids, therefore though I wear the apparell, I am glad I am not the person.

PHILLIDA (*aside*). It is a pretty boy and a faire, he might well have been a woman; but because he is not, I am glad I am, for now under the colour of my coat, I shall decipher the follies of their kind.

GALLATHEA (*aside*). I would salute him, but I fear I should make a curtsie instead of a legge.

PHILLIDA (*aside*). If I durst trust my face as well as I do my habit, I would spend some time to make pastime: for say what they will of a man's wit, it is no second thing to be a woman.

But Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* apart, the most interesting example of the disguise is Moll in *The Roaring Girl* of Middleton and Dekker. This play seems to have been founded upon reality, for a Mary Frith, commonly known as

Moll Cutpurse, actually lived, though with a far different character to the one ascribed to her in the play. From youth until her death she refused to wear other than male attire, is supposed to have been the first woman to smoke in England, and it is said she once robbed and wounded General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath. Thieving was the least of her vices. She is thought to have died about 1659. There are many references to her in other Elizabethan plays.

Perhaps nothing impresses any student of this age so much as the fact that, with the conditions of life such as are pictured again and again in the realistic comedies, it produced some of the loveliest, most imaginative poetry literature has known. Possibly it was sheer escape from the ugliness of existence drove the dramatists to create for themselves a new world—Ilyria, filled with beauty, where the impossible might turn to truth; possibly it was this that drove Dekker and Middleton to fashion from the sordid reality of Mary Frith the figure of Moll, expressed most finely in their own words: "Here's brave wilfulness!"

Mad, merry or honest Moll, as she is in turn called, fights a duel, it is true, but for honour, not money. Instead of robbing she discovers thieves; she is ready to help all who are worthy of her aid. There is no hint of boyishness about her. She is in thought and speech a man. "Sh'as the spirit of four great parishes, and a voice that will drown all the city," is a true picture of her, and if the poets gave Moll emotions that fitted their imagination they left untouched the speech and customs of that day.

No Wit, No Help Like a Woman's, vivid with pictures of the life of the time, is another interesting play. Mistress Lowwater, in order to be revenged on the widow, Lady Goldenfleece, who has robbed her of her land, takes not only the dress, but the speech and manners of a gallant, while her husband follows her disguised as a serving-man. Her boldness, her determination, are a curious contrast to Julia, to romantic Ascanio. Happier in a riding suit than ever she would be in woman's clothes, she is a fine brother of Witgood's spoiled by the mere accident of her sex.

Mistress Cressingham, Shirley's heroine, are dull and weak after these resolute figures invented at the pleasure of the dramatists, or copied, as Moll was, from life. It becomes a mere convention in the hands of weaker writers, as dying as the age. Restoration plays bring to the disguise a certain measure of new vitality, but Bellario differs from Fidelia in mind as well as speech. Much later, Landor's *Aspasia*, landing

at Athens in the dress of an Athenian youth, is curiously truant in a century that lacked both richness and vitality.

While Lamb's statement that, "for many years after the date of Philaster's first exhibition on the stage, scarce a play can be found without one of these women-pages in it," is certainly an exaggeration, it is difficult to account for the frequency with which the disguise appears in the literature of the period. To admit the modern theory that it was owing to boys playing the women's parts is to ignore Cleopatra, Bellafrost, Vittoria Corombona. To portray the sufferings of the Duchess of Malfi it was not deemed necessary to transform her into a man. There is Lodge's romance of *Rosalynde*, which was never intended to be acted. To a certain extent the thought seems to have been borrowed from Italian and Spanish stories, and it is possible, also, that it was a convention of the dramatist to give the plot more liberty, to afford a larger freedom in moving the heroine from place to place. Yet all these reasons, even Elizabethan fondness for disguise, are no sufficient explanation of its favour; they seem so barren of meaning beside the vivid intensity of the plays.

To read and re-read Elizabethan poetry is ever to wonder how much of truth was mingled with imagination, how much was drawn from life, how much from dream. Was Moll the only woman to wear a rapier, or did some actual girl steal out, Bellario-wise, to seize the world as her brothers had seized it, in the London of these poets; did meeting with a living Imogen colour these plays with beauty, make them vital as the age? But, whatever the reality behind the thought of these girl-pages, whatever the reason was that led to the favour of this disguise, their soul was the wildness, native to all poets, that fashioned these figures of the very spirit of adventure; the imagination of a child joined to the freedom of a boy.

W. BRYHER.

HIGH BIRTH-RATES AND LOW LIVES.

(BEING A SUMMARY OF EVIDENCE GIVEN BEFORE THE NATIONAL
BIRTH-RATE COMMISSION.)

To proclaim that a high birth-rate does not profit a nation, indeed, that it may militate against its prosperity, requires a certain shamelessness. To cry out against the fall of our birth-rate, and to demand propaganda and money for the encouragement of births, places one at once in the position of a good and public-spirited citizen. But goodness is a moral quality, and moral qualities occasionally undergo divorce from the intellect.

A number of people are agitating in favour of a high birth-rate : clerics in the name of morals ; Imperialists in the name of colonial expansion ; soldiers in the name of man-power, and various people in the name of nothing in particular. All are well intentioned, and all are deceived by block figures and percentages. Even if we assume that a high birth-rate is a good thing, we cannot assume that it should be taken as it stands, disconnected from the death-rate and from emigration.

Now it may be contended that a high birth-rate is normally, perhaps inevitably, accompanied by a high death-rate. One need not go back to the theory of the survival of the fittest to suggest that this may be Nature's way of amending the defects brought about by her own fruitfulness. Setting aside this semi-scientific, semi-metaphorical point of view, and considering the facts, we find curious connections between birth-rates and death-rates. Take, for instance, the European countries with the *lowest* birth-rate figures for the last pre-war year :—

	Birth-rate per 1,000.	Death rate per 1,000.
England and Wales ...	23·8	13·9
France	18·8	17·5
Belgium	22·6	15·
Sweden	22·4	13·2

Compare these with the three countries that had the *highest* birth-rate :—

Russia	28·8	17·7
Italy	30·9	19·7
Roumania	41·8	22·

The conclusion is obvious. While it is true that in high birth-rate countries the balance between births and deaths is higher than it is in the countries with a low birth-rate, it is impossible

to deny that a death-rate of 22 in Roumania compares evilly with a death-rate of 13·2 in Sweden. The high death-rate of the selected countries points to a low state of hygiene, and to generally degraded conditions. With regard to the case of France, where the death-rate is almost as high as that of Russia,* it is probably true that the Russian figures are suspect and that both the birth-rate and the death-rate are much higher than appears; faulty registration is the cause, and one can fairly confidently assert that the birth-rate is probably 35 or 36, and the death-rate 21 or 22.

Emigration also contributes to reduce the effects of a high birth-rate. The ideal instance is the case of Germany, from which, in the 'eighties, emigration to the extent of many hundreds of thousands took place every year, especially towards North and South America. Before the war this enormous emigration was reduced to a figure neighbouring on 20,000. This decrease in emigration coincided with a fall in the German birth-rate, which before the war was going down swiftly, to the accompaniment of outcry from German moralists. No doubt the industrial development of Germany contributed to keep at home many who would have emigrated, but this alone cannot explain the following phenomenon: during the same period the development of France, though less considerable, was also very marked; the rise in French exports demonstrates this; yet, while Germans were emigrating, the French were not emigrating. One is therefore entitled to conclude that Germans were emigrating solely because they were forced out by their high birth-rate.

These corrections having been applied, one must, however, acknowledge that, where the birth-rate is high, the annual balance of births does raise the population, and so it is important to consider the condition of the people in countries that enjoy the doubtful blessing of abundant births. One may suggest that a high birth-rate is inimical to social progress, because large families lead to a division of effort on the part of parents, and especially because it degrades the race towards the animal level. Families find life hard; they pursue mainly food, clothing and shelter; no time is left for education and culture. The State-mind being a combination of millions of citizen minds, the State has no impulse towards its duty. Taking once more the figures of the four low birth-rate countries, we find that illiteracy per 1,000 appears as follows:—

England and Wales	Under 20.
France	About 25.
Belgium	92·4.
Sweden	1·6 (8·1 cannot write).

While the three high birth-rate countries yield the following results :—

Russia	730.
Italy	By district, 115 to 690.
Roumania	410.

No comments are required on this startling contrast. It has been kept scrupulously fair by inserting in each group one country practising Roman Catholicism, where interest in education is of a rather special and inadequate character.

In the more material field it may be suggested that a high birth-rate tends to coincide with a low level of comfort, and notably that a high birth-rate tends to coincide with poor foreign trade. Taking the total per head (excluding re-exports) we obtain the following results in the four low birth-rate countries :—

						£	s.
England and Wales	38	0
France	14	9
Belgium	47	0
Sweden	15	8

and in the three high birth-rate countries :—

Russia	14	9
Italy	8	0
Roumania	6	8

Here, again, a slight difficulty arises in the comparison between France and Russia. The Russian records in this case are above attack, but the case is varied by *internal trade*, which is in France enormous and deflects manufacturing energy from the outside towards the inside. In Russia this is not the case, because wages are so low that there is little internal purchasing power.

Against the claim for a high birth-rate stands another argument which originates in a different field of ideas; it should be obvious that continual child-bearing has, *in the average*, an injurious effect upon the physical and mental condition of women. If the mother of twelve children (a not infrequent number abroad) is well-to-do, the cares that accumulate upon her are such that in middle-age she shows herself stupid, uneducated, intolerant. She may be kind, but kind only as an animal is to its young. If she be poor, and the modern working-class mother supplies abundant evidence, lack of leisure converts her into an animal that is greatly inferior to the male of the species. Physically, the working-class mother is ruined by the time she is thirty; not only does she lose the elements of good looks, such as abundant hair, healthy teeth, but she suffers from a number of internal dis-

orders. Care committees know very well that in London, for instance, not one working woman out of two is physically sound. But the physical question might, to a certain extent, be solved by higher wages, reformed housing, compulsory hygiene, etc. What cannot be solved is the mental question; it is absolutely impossible for the working-class mother with as few as four children to give the slightest attention to public matters, or in any way to educate herself. As for her opportunities to benefit by beauty, as represented in the arts, this, so long as a high birth-rate endures, is not worth mentioning.

Only from two points of view can one possibly support the agitation for a high birth-rate. One either wants a sufficiency of cannon fodder, or one has in mind imperial development in the shape of large white oversea settlements. As regards the cannon fodder point of view, one may suggest that the militarist is making a mistake in demanding enormous armies. Whereas it is true that in isolated cases the large has triumphed over the small, it is equally true that in isolated cases the small has triumphed over the large. It may be suggested that the recent war proved the need for cannon fodder; it may be urged that, if in 1918 the American Army had not entered the battle, the Allies would have been overcome. That is not supported by evidence; one does not know what would have happened if America had not then intervened . . . and one does know that in 1918 the internal condition of Germany was terrible, that transport was breaking down, that raw materials were running short, and one may suggest that even without America Germany would have crumpled almost as quickly as she did in July, 1918.

Besides, many historic incidents show that a good battalion can overcome a mediocre brigade. In 1894 little Japan broke great China; again, in 1905, she broke great Russia. And in 1914, once more, great Russia was held up by small German forces. The partisans of a high birth-rate may reply: "What foolish arguments! How can you compare undeveloped States like Russia and China with highly-developed States like Japan and Germany?" To which one may retort: "China and Russia were undeveloped, uneducated, materially useless, *because they had a high birth-rate* and must go down before the highly technical countries that enjoy a low birth-rate."

Before setting aside this question of cannon fodder, it is also legitimate to say that a high birth-rate automatically brings about the conditions which eventually demand the use in battle of this cannon fodder. By making men you make war possible; by making too many men you make war necessary; under present economic conditions, biologically necessary. Where the birth-

rate is high the country grows overcrowded, and there are only two ways out. One is emigration. The other is the acquisition of colonies. Where national pride is low, because the people are oppressed, or because their freedom is of recent growth, or because their traditions lack glory, they emigrate. That is the case among Scandinavians, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Italians, Russian and Polish Jews, etc. Where, however, the people live under a national flag that is truly their own, where national tradition is magnificent, national pride makes emigration to foreign countries repulsive. That is the case among peoples such as the British, the Germans, the French. Emigration being repugnant to national feeling, the cry goes up that the emigrants are "lost to the country." Then the need for new fields of settlement brings about colonial adventure, and war automatically follows. Other factors enter, such as vanity, but the main demand is for space.

The second possible advantage lies in the creation of a colonial empire; this from the point of view not only of cannon fodder, but from that of trade. But it may be suggested that it is an illusion to think that colonies *per se* benefit the nation. A comparison between the foreign trade per head of Switzerland, who has no colonies, and the foreign trade per head of France, which controls four million square miles of the world's surface, is eloquent evidence of this delusion, for the trade of Switzerland is twice as large per head as that of her Empire-owning neighbour. But, setting this aside as comparatively irrelevant, one may suggest that the desire to people as fast as possible and as thickly as possible the areas which we hold is unpractical. In the first place, there would be no real advantage to the Mother Country if the population of Australia were to rise to, say, sixty millions. Indeed, if our total colonial *white* population were to reach two hundred millions (which is quite possible), the most serious political consequences would follow; the centre of gravity of the British Empire could not remain in a Britain where resided only one white British citizen out of five.

Moreover, the rapid settlement of our dominions would encourage war with other growing nations, because it would make still more difficult than it is now emigration from those nations into the areas which we hold. The case of Australia is eloquent, for there the cry has arisen for a white Australia. This is all very well, but one does not see at first sight why Australia should be white, when white men do not increase fast enough, and while yellow men seek land on which to live. There is no more a case for a white Australia than there is for a yellow Australia. And, if this appears shocking, one might suggest that if yellow men

are born, they must either live somewhere or they must be killed. As no one in this country suggests that the population of Japan should be wiped out, one cannot refuse the Japanese access to thinly settled lands. Safeguards against low wages should, of course, be instituted, but it seems unreasonable to describe countries as "white" or "yellow." If there are too many men in the yellow countries, then the white men must give way or pay the price, which is war. That is a practical reason; if a logical reason is required, it is fair to point out that North America is a "red" country, Asia a "brown" country or a "yellow" country, that Africa is a "black" country . . . and that the colour question has not stood in the way of millions of white settlers.

Reverting to the trade per head, rather an effective illustration of the fact that a high birth-rate does not go with high foreign trade is found in the statistical abstract of the trade of this country. Taking the period 1897-1906, we find that during these ten years the population rose 9 per cent., while foreign trade rose 32 per cent. (This particular period is chosen so as to include the depression that followed the Boer War and to make my case as bad as possible.) If the good effects of the birth-rate were all that is claimed for them, there should surely exist a greater correspondence between the two figures. And if the partisan of a high birth-rate retorts that progress between 1897 and 1906 should be related to births between, say, 1877 and 1896, then one must inform him that, during the parallel census period (1871-1891), the increase of population was only 19 per cent. . . . which does not improve his case much when compared with a rise in trade of 32 per cent. It leaves standing the fact that trade increased entirely irrespective of the birth-rate.

Finally, we come to a point of which much is made, namely, that if it be established that a high birth-rate is not in itself a good thing, it is, however, necessary to maintain the birth-rate high because "rival nations" have a high birth-rate. Let us ignore the logical fallacy that lies below this assumption. (If a high birth-rate is a good thing, then it is a good thing irrespective of competition; if it is not, then it harms one's competitors.) Let us rather accept the competitive idea. If we do so, we find that all over the world the birth-rate of "rival nations" is falling year by year as they rise in culture and prosperity. Thus, taking the bugbear Germany in her three pre-war years: in 1912 the German excess of births over deaths was 839,887; in 1913 it fell to 833,800; and in 1914 to 766,037. This last figure is not affected by the war, as no child conceived during the war period could be born in 1914; military deaths are not included. The

same conditions appear in the countries that have a high birth-rate. If we compare the period 1886-1890 with the period 1906-1910, we find this: the Roumanian birth-rate fell from 40·9 per 1,000 to 40·3; the Hungarian from 43·7 to 37·2; the Spanish birth-rate from 36 to 33·6. And, as a contribution to the "Yellow Peril," it is desirable to know that the last Japanese census (1913) showed an annual increase of 15·99 per 1,000 . . . while the four following years reduced this to 14·61. It should therefore be fairly clear that Britain is not alone affected by the fall in the birth-rate, that this is a normal phenomenon, and that, whether it makes for good or for evil, it lies outside the realm of national competition. By degrees the disparity will cease to operate as an international factor, whether commercial or military.

II.

It follows from all this that the attitude taken up by specialised moralists is mistaken. It is worth noting that they are by degrees abandoning the uncompromising attitude; notably, the Bishop of Birmingham has approached this question with much more courage and frankness than any other prelate, has practically accepted what he describes as unselfish birth control. By this the Bishop means that birth control is not in itself immoral, but that it becomes immoral when practised by persons whose means can meet the needs of a family. One may differ from this view, but it shows considerable liberalism.

Certain conclusions arise from the foregoing notes:—

The agitation in favour of a high birth-rate is unreasonable. It is unreasonable on moral grounds, because it does not venture to contend openly that a couple capable of producing twenty children should do so. Realising that it gives away its moral case if it sacrifices anything to the practical view, it is driven to preach "self-control." By self-control it means either abstinence from intercourse for terms of years, which it knows to be unpractical, or it falls back on the periods of immunity (either inter-menstrual, or parturient, or circa-lactative), which reduces the moral argument to chaos. It is obviously foolish to agitate for births, to denounce contraceptives, and yet to tolerate unlimited indulgence by favour of the immunities apparently provided by Nature. Any intercourse *intentionally* sheltered by these immunities would be as "immoral" as intercourse sheltered by mechanical contraceptives.

As regards contraceptives, it therefore seems desirable that we should continue to tolerate their public exposure for sale and their transmission by the mails. It is, moreover, desirable that

contraceptives should be sold in licensed shops, which should not be allowed also to provide excitants in the shape of pornographic literature and pictures. In other words, contraceptives should be looked upon as legitimate drugs or appliances, and not as accompaniments of debauchery.

It also follows that any measures designed to encourage births, as against infant survival, are anti-social and should be abandoned. While it is uneconomic to tolerate stillbirths and infantile mortality, because these bring about nervous decay among women and waste of food and clothing, it is equally uneconomic to spend State funds on the promotion of new births. Welfare work, prenatal care, clinics, schools for mothers, all these are admirable things, because they maintain life; but other measures, such as the endowment of motherhood, which are designed to encourage births, must in practice lead to evil results.

The reason for this is as follows: If we assume (in a normal post-war year) 1,000,000 British births a year, how much would endowment cost? The cost depends upon the endowment. The separation allowance of 5s. for the first child, which was raised only after public outcry, leads us to the outside figure of 10s. per week. The endowment for the first year would then be £26,000,000. If we continue this to the fourteenth year, which is the least we could do, the permanent endowment would then be £364,000,000 a year. Assuming a death-rate of 15 per cent. (which is unthinkable), the endowment would be reduced to about £300,000,000 a year. That is financially impossible, and from that point of view the idea falls to the ground.

Moreover, the endowment of 10s. a week would be almost useless to the skilled artisan class and to the middle class. It would appeal only to the poorest and the most sickly portions of our population, *i.e.*, it would encourage them in carelessness. It would not have the effect of raising our physique, because the endowment would not go towards the maintenance of existing children: it would go only towards the maintenance of additional children. And as these additional children could not be kept on 10s. a week, we should be adding to the already heavy load of the poor more misery, more poverty, more physical degeneracy.

The proper alternative course is to abandon all aspirations to a high birth-rate, to promote the understanding of contraceptives, so as to counteract the extremely prevalent and highly damaging methods of quack abortion, to raise by good wages and good housing the physical and intellectual value of our population, and to base our quest for national prosperity on good births rather than on more births.

W. L. GEORGE.

A DUBIOUS LICENCE IN FICTION.

THE licence to which I refer is as follows. It is a not infrequent practice to introduce a work of fiction by a preface, or note on the title-page, in which the author, speaking in his own person, gives a misleading account of the origin of his story. A well-known example is the "Advertisement" to the first edition of *Rob Roy* (1817), where Scott writes:—

"It is now about six months since the Author . . . received a parcel of Papers, containing the Outlines of this narrative, with a permission, or rather with a request . . . that they might be given to the Public." Scott then apologises for errors due to the Editor of the papers, and ends, "he takes this public opportunity to thank the unknown and nameless correspondent."

In the preface to the edition of 1829 he writes: "As it may be necessary in the present Edition to speak upon the square, the Author thinks it proper to own that the communication alluded to is entirely imaginary."

The practice certainly has the authority of antiquity. Defoe, who may be considered the earliest English novelist, set the example. On the title-page of his *Journal of the Plague* (1722) it is stated that it was "written by a Citizen who continued all the while in London." Defoe was only two years old in 1665. His object is clear: the book was published anonymously, and no doubt he calculated that its sale would be increased if it were believed that the author was an eye-witness of the scenes he described.

When he published anonymously the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* he was at greater pains to give his narrative the hall-mark of authenticity. In the preface to the first edition it was stated that the memoirs had been above twenty years in the possession of the persons concerned in the publication: that they "were long ago found by great accident, amongst other valuable papers, in the closet of an eminent public minister, of no less figure than one of King William's secretaries of state." A memorandum attached signed I. K. asserted that the MS. "formed part of his father's plunder after the battle of Worcester."

In the second edition the publisher addresses the reader; taking for granted the authenticity of the *Memoirs*, and even hazarding a guess at the author's name.

Certainly Defoe had little to learn in the art of throwing dust in the eyes of the public, though a few years later Swift showed

that he was a still greater master of the art. When *Gulliver's Travels* appeared anonymously, the volume was introduced by a preface headed "The Publisher to the Reader," signed by Richard Sympson, who stated that "the author of these travels, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, is my antient and intimate friend"; that he was still alive and residing at Newark. Mr. Sympson offered to show anyone interested the original MS., "as it came from the hand of the author." A portrait of Gulliver appeared as the frontispiece.

For the further mystification of the reader there is attached a letter, dated 1727, from Captain Gulliver to his editor and friend, Mr. Sympson, in which he alludes to his cousin Dampier, the renowned explorer. This is a piece of pure "cheek," which Dampier could not expose, as he died twelve years previously. Gulliver also complains that "you have either omitted some material circumstances, or minced or changed them in such a manner, that I do hardly know my own work."

It may, however, be held that in this case the utter impossibility of the whole book was too great for anyone to be deceived; though legends exist that there were innocent souls who took everything for gospel, and journeyed to Newark to find the renowned Captain.

By the middle of the century the practice had become common. Goldsmith published in 1764 a *History of England*, which purported on the title-page to be a series of letters from a nobleman to his son. The public was deceived, the letters being attributed to Lord Chesterfield, Lord Orrery, and others; and the book had a considerable sale.

In the same year Horace Walpole published anonymously his *Castle of Otranto*, a book which had an extraordinary vogue. In the preface he stated that the book was a translation of an Italian original "which was found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529," etc. The translator apologises for not having done justice to the merits of the original, and expresses his hope of publishing the Italian version at a future date.

There is no doubt that these statements were received in good faith; but when the second edition was published in the following year the public learnt from the preface that "it is fit that he (the author) should ask pardon of his readers for having offered his work to them under the borrowed personage of a translator. As diffidence of his abilities and the novelty of the attempt were his sole inducements to assume that disguise, he flatters himself

he shall seem excusable. He resigned his performance to the impartial judgment of the public: determined to let it perish in obscurity, if disapproved; nor meaning to avow such a trifle, unless better judges should pronounce that he might own it without a blush."

It must be acknowledged that the wily Horace knew how to make himself safe in any event. It is, however, worth noting that Chatterton did but follow Walpole's example in attributing his work to another hand; and if (as Mr. J. A. Farrer suggests in his *Literary Forgeries*) Chatterton may have intended to confess the forgery after Rowley had proved a success, he would have exactly copied his intended patron's example. Walpole seems decidedly inconsistent in proclaiming his detestation of the manner in which Chatterton had tried to make his name known to the public. Perhaps it was a fellow-feeling which made the successful forger so unkind. His attitude to Chatterton seems the more ungracious when it is remembered that he also fabricated a letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau and other similar trifles "only to make mischief," as he confesses. (Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.)

The story of the publication of *Vathek* is a strange one. Beckford wrote the book in French, and gave the MS. to the Rev. S. Henley to translate into English. There was a long delay on Beckford's part in completing the work, and in 1786 Henley took matters into his own hands and published his translation anonymously; but it is noticeable that, following the common practice, he prefaced his translation by stating that "The original of the following story, together with some others of a similar kind, was communicated to the Editor above three years ago."

Beckford placed the matter in the hands of his solicitor, and at once published the work in French as his own to prove that he was the real author.

In 1807 appeared "*Letters from England*, by Dom Manuel Alvarez Espriella, translated from the Spanish." These were written by Southey, and the Spanish Dom was a myth.

I have already alluded to *Rob Roy* and Scott's confession of deception in the second edition. But supposing no second edition had been called for? Presumably the deception would have never been acknowledged.

There is no necessity to give further instances to show that the convention of imaginative prefaces was not allowed to die from disuse. Nor need any reference be made to cases of direct forgery, or to such instances of deception as those of which De Quincey was guilty, whose biographer speaks of his "humorous *jeux d'esprit* disguised as real narratives . . . circumstantial

fictions that look as if they were *most* historical." ¹ The ordinary reader can himself bring to recollection numerous cases in which novels have been ushered into the world as founded on old papers in some ancient chest, or on the diary of some apocryphal ancestor of the author. It will be more interesting to note the modern practice.

Andrew Lang, in one case at all events, was a sinner in a similar way, and a repentant sinner; for he ruefully describes how he suffered for his misdeed. In the preface to the *Monk of Pife* he pretended to have discovered the continuation of a genuine MS. account of Joan of Arc, and he went to the trouble of forging extracts in old French in order to give verisimilitude to his statement. This, as he acknowledged later, was a mistake: the ordinary novel reader, believing his assertions, objected to reading real history; whilst the historian was not likely to resort to a novel for an addition to his historical knowledge. (Lang's Introduction to Farrer's *Literary Forgeries*.)

In fact, nowadays no one gives much credit to the assertion of the novelist as to the origin of his work, however straightforward and circumstantial his account. Of this I may quote as proof an example of somewhat recent date, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, by the late George Gissing. In the signed preface Gissing states straightforwardly that he compiled the book from the papers of his dead friend, and he gives a brief biography of him; reticent, but circumstantial so far as it goes. Yet by general consent the whole book was Gissing's work, and Ryecroft merely a stalking horse behind whom he sheltered himself.

An author who might be challenged to justify such an act would probably plead that no one would be deceived by his innocent ruse: that it was a parallel case to that of the conjurer who proclaims that there is "no deception." But suppose that the general conclusion in this instance was wrong; that Henry Ryecroft was a real person. The preface of his editor would stand without the alteration of a word. How is the public to know whether it is or is not offering its praise at the wrong shrine?

The reader may be inclined to ask, "What does it matter?" No one gives any credence to the introduction to a novel; it is supposed to be as fictitious as the work itself by a well-understood convention: a convention, too, which has its origin in the modesty of the author, or is adopted to give an air of verisimilitude, and so help the illusion which the reader is only too willing to enjoy. But the matter is not quite so simple.

The body of the work is the author's, to do as he likes with. If he says he is Robinson Crusoe there is no one to say him nay.

(1) H. A. Page, *De Quincey's Life and Letters*, p. 279, Vol. II.

But in the introduction he speaks in his own person, and the reader may be pardoned for thinking that when an author addresses him directly he is telling the truth. But the novel reader soon discovers that he is mistaken : that he must give no more credence to the author's direct statements than to his acknowledged fictions. This breeds a habit of incredulity which reacts injuriously on the more scrupulous writer. How is he to make the public believe his statements of fact when his fellow-novelists have made similar statements which have no foundation?—sometimes showing a diabolical ingenuity in making their inventions bear the impress of truth? The result is that, however straightforwardly an author may address his readers in explanation of the genesis of the work which he is introducing, he is met with incredulity. The disadvantage of this state of things is shown clearly enough in the case of *The Young Visitors*, which has enjoyed an extraordinary popularity as a child's work of fiction, and has now been dramatised by Mrs. Norman and Miss Mackenzie.

This extremely amusing little book is provided with an Introduction by Sir James Barrie, in which he states that : "The 'owner of the copyright' guarantees that *The Young Visitors* is the unaided effort in fiction of an authoress of nine years." (This "owner" is Miss Daisy Ashford, now a woman, as appears from page 9.) "All I can learn of her now," continues Sir James, "is that she was one of a small family who lived in the country. . . . She read everything that came her way. . . . 'I adored writing, and used to pray for bad weather, so that I need not go out, but could stay in and write.'" (This is in inverted commas, and must be a quotation from a letter or statement of Miss Ashford's.) "The manuscript is in pencil, in a stout little notebook (two-pence)"; a photograph of the first page is given.

Of course, if the book is a hoax, these details could be invented. But to all appearance everything is genuine : if not, it is more than a hoax ; it is a deliberate deception for commercial ends ; for a hoax would not have the same attraction for the reading public.

Public opinion seems to be still undecided. Most of the reviews which I have seen throw serious doubt on the genuineness of the book, amongst others the *Tatler*, *Sunday Times* and *Observer*, whilst the *Saturday Review* takes for granted that Sir James Barrie is the real author. It must be acknowledged that there is a similarity of idea between *The Young Visitors* and one of the acts of *A Kiss for Cinderella* ; and there are certain details in the story which at first sight seem out of the range of a child's fancy. But he would be a bold man who ventured to place bounds to

the capacity of a precocious child for picking up extraordinary odds and ends; and personally I can find nothing that I am unable to swallow as the outcome of the childish mind. Have these critics read *Pet Marjorie*?

There is, moreover, another argument. Supposing the affair to be a hoax. Surely the author would have been careful to exclude any peculiarity which the ordinary reader would think improbable in the work of a child; *e.g.*, the names Salteena and Procurio, and the peculiar use of the word "ooze" of which so much has been made. These apparent slips are to some only confirmation of the avowed authorship.

I must, however, draw attention to an article in the *Sphere* of September 27th by C. K. S. Speaking of the doubt that exists, he acknowledges that "we have his (Sir James Barrie's) explicit contradiction in the preface, and his statement that it is the unaided effort in fiction of an authoress of nine years." Mr. Shorter goes on to say: "We may assume that Sir James Barrie always speaks the truth, although it may be urged that truth in authorship is not quite the same thing as any other kind of truth." He gives as an instance Sir Walter Scott's denial of the authorship of *Waverley*. Mr. Shorter concludes that "if Sir James Barrie did not edit this MS. . . . someone who is a diligent student of Sir James Barrie's work must have touched it up . . . that this book is the work of a child of nine without editorial assistance from someone is incredible."

No stronger instance could be given of the undesirability of the practice which has so long been condoned. Here we have a well-known man of letters and critic acknowledging that a distinguished brother author has made a direct statement, and yet he unhesitatingly condemns that statement as "incredible." If truth in authorship differs from every other kind of truth, it is quite time that the difference should cease to exist, or so much the worse for literature. It therefore certainly seems desirable that writers of fiction—and their introducers—should hesitate before importing into prefaces the fiction which properly belongs to the book itself. It is a practice which, as we have seen, leads to doubt, even when the preface records facts and not fiction.

H. M. PAULL.

P.S.—I should perhaps add that I had written the greater part of this article, and had come to the conclusion of the genuineness of the book, before I happened by chance to obtain privately what is to myself abundant evidence that my view was correct. I must therefore acknowledge that those not in possession of such evidence are naturally unable to speak with the same conviction.—
H. M. P. *

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BELGIUM.

RECONSTRUCTION is proceeding but slowly in Belgium, and it will be some time yet before substantial progress is made. There is so much to do, and such endless difficulties to contend with, that one marvels at the stoic fortitude exhibited everywhere. One must have visited the regions occupied for over four and a half years by the Huns to form even a slight conception of the immense and almost heart-breaking task facing the unfortunate inhabitants of the devastated areas.

Although the Belgian front formed but a comparatively small sector of the war, it is incontestable that Belgium suffered more in proportion to her area and the size of her population than any of the countries overrun by the enemy—the burden, therefore, of the reconstruction of her ruined factories and ravaged towns, together with the restarting of her national industries, will necessitate colossal efforts and an unshakable confidence in the future.

That the Belgian nation is endowed with the requisite courage and determination to overcome all her trials has been sufficiently proved by what she endured so heroically during those long years when her fate hung in the balance—it is therefore certain that it is only a question of time for Belgium, not only to recover her pre-war position, but to develop still greater industrial prosperity than she ever knew before she was laid prostrate and bleeding at the feet of the invader. But the nation realises that the hour for lamentation is now past, and that the moment has arrived when the question of making good the ravages of the war must be seriously faced.

Reconstruction of the devastated areas may be divided into two categories—civilian and industrial. The first comprising the destroyed monuments and habitations, and the second the factories and other works and the railroads.

It was officially stated that at the end of May, 1916, 43,198 public buildings and houses had been completely destroyed. At the date of the Armistice this number, we learn, has increased to close on 50,000, and spread over the territories of more than 600 communes—when, therefore, it is recalled that Belgium is the first country in Europe with regard to density of population, namely, seven and a half millions, with an area of only 11,400 square miles (397 per square mile), it will be realised how terribly

heavy is her loss, and the magnitude of the burden on the resources of the country.

Some surprise has been expressed that the work of rebuilding is not being taken in hand with the energy that is usually so characteristic of the Belgians, and that the greater part of the devastated area is practically in the same condition as it was on the day of the Armistice.

Several reasons are given to explain this apparent lethargy. The one with reference to civilian reconstruction is based on what one may term æsthetic grounds—a wise deliberation is the order of the day, and decisions are not to be reached hastily, as it was generally felt that it is preferable to delay beginning operations rather than start work that may have to be redone in a few years to come.

With this idea in view, the Belgian Government passed an Act providing for the adoption by the State of the devastated villages and cities—the whole work of drawing up the designs and the rebuilding being undertaken by the Government, after the plans have been approved by the various communes, grants in certain cases being made towards the work of reconstruction where a community itself undertakes it.

The reconstruction of the ruined portions of historic places will therefore be only undertaken when plans drawn up by officially appointed architects have been carefully considered and submitted to the most competent authorities on mediæval subjects. This decision will assuredly meet with general approval.

Unexpected difficulties have, however, arisen which look like considerably hampering the prompt carrying out of such plans as have already been submitted. There has, for instance, been found to be a considerable difference of opinion between certain local authorities as to the architectural lines on which reconstruction should be carried out, more especially in some of the more important places where historic buildings have been completely destroyed, such as the Palais de Justice of Termonde; the Cloth Hall and Church of Nieupoort; the Church of St. Peter, the Library and the Old Halles of Louvain; the Church of Dinant and the Church of Dixmude, and the Cloth Hall and the Cathedral of Ypres.

In other places, where no such polemics arise, the lack of material is proving a very serious obstacle to rapid progress, and the gravity of this obstacle will be the more readily understood when one appreciates the magnitude of the effort to be made.

In the meantime, the urgent question of temporarily sheltering the houseless population of the devastated regions is being taken up as rapidly as possible, and wooden *barraques* have been erected

everywhere, but the accommodation so far is totally inadequate to meet the demands. Until real headway is made in this respect, it is obvious that the work of reconstruction will be still further delayed, as an enormous number of workmen will be required in all districts where building operations are carried out.

With regard to industrial losses, Belgium has proportionately been still more seriously hit by the war, for, in spite of her small superficial area, she formerly occupied the fifth rank among the manufacturing nations of the world.

The *Comité Central Industriel de Belgique* estimates the damage done to Belgian industry at close on £500,000,000 sterling—the greater part of the loss falling on the metal industry, glass and electric works and textiles, all of which were in the most flourishing condition before the German invasion.

Apart from destruction of buildings by bombardment, all the big factories have suffered especially by reason of the deliberate removal or malicious destruction of machinery, as, for instance, in the important Cockerill Works at Liège, where the whole place was practically laid waste.

It has been noted that among the industries which suffered most were those that could compete chiefly with German firms, and had the most up-to-date equipment; in this respect, however, restoration, though slow, has been greatly helped through the remarkable recovery of a considerable amount of material stolen by the Germans, fortunately traced by means of an inventory which, by a strange oversight, they had left behind them in Belgium.

Other industries, as, for instance, the coal mines, glass works and sugar factories, did not suffer to the same extent. In fact, several are rapidly regaining their original position, the sugar factories especially, which, it is stated, have practically reached their pre-war output.

In the course of an extensive tour I have just made through Belgium, I had ample opportunity to get an insight for myself into the present conditions of the country, and was much impressed with the firm determination of everyone to make up for the lost years with as little delay as possible.

At the same time, however, one cannot fail to notice the contrast in the progress of rehabilitation in the various areas. Whilst in some places it has been undertaken with remarkable energy, the only traces of devastation being the numbers of new buildings one sees on all sides—in others the magnitude of the task facing them appears to have quite sapped the activity of the people, with the result that grass is rapidly obliterating the ruins left by the Germans.

The most noticeable example, perhaps, of what can be accomplished by indomitable energy is shown in the manner in which the railways have been reorganised, for not only had many bridges and culverts to be rebuilt, but the entire track had frequently to be remade and ballasted for miles.

Apart from these constructional works, the entire signal system had to be wholly reinstated, as the Germans evidently never attempted to understand the Belgian method, and during the four and a half years they controlled the railways they scrapped it all, and installed a system of their own in its place.

That the lines are now almost in full working order strikes one in itself as remarkable testimony to the energy of the Belgian railway engineers, and more especially when one learns that the Germans only left about 500 locomotives in the whole country.

Sixty per cent. of the normal traffic is now running, but a very reduced rate of speed has perforce to be maintained, owing to the lack of material, and the fact that many of the bridges have only been rebuilt in a provisional manner.

Life in Brussels appears to be quite normal again, to the extent of business everywhere having been resumed. The restaurants are crowded, amusements of every description are in full swing; everyone seems to have money to burn; there appears to be no dearth of anything in the market, with butter, meat, fish, fruit and sugar in abundance.

But in Belgium, as in England, one soon learns that the cost of living has risen terribly; and, in consequence, there is an undercurrent of unrest among the working classes that is manifesting itself continually in some form or other. A week or so ago there was a postal strike; before that the tramways were "out"; now there is a menace of pending trouble on the railway, and even the employees of the different Ministries say they cannot live on what they receive—men who were getting 150 to 250 francs per month before the war and who now average 300 to 400: nor is this surprising, with bread at 1 franc the kilo, when it used to be 23 centimes, meat 9 to 11 francs instead of 2.50 francs, butter 12 francs instead of 2.50 francs, and rent, fuel and lighting treble what they used to be.

The result of all this is that everywhere the working classes are demanding wages in proportion; and where, for instance, a skilled workman in pre-war days was satisfied with 70 centimes per hour, he now claims 2.50 francs, and gets it.

All this unrest, which obviously is retarding the rehabilitation of the country, is, of course, indirectly attributable with the fall in value of the franc abroad, and the fact that owing to the destruction of so many of the big factories it has not yet been

possible to export enough to make up for the enormous increase in the cost of raw material.

Still, there is a noticeably general effort to get over the difficulty; everybody is working with a will; and even the strikes have been of a pacific character, I am told, this being largely due, I believe, to the wise decree of the Government forbidding the sale of alcoholic drinks in cafés and restaurants. In this connection it may be of interest to mention that alcohol in Belgium can only be purchased in shops, for home consumption, and not less than two bottles at a time can be purchased. The high taxation, however, of spirits makes them a prohibitive luxury for most people.

During the last two years of the German occupation there was, I am told, but seldom any interference with the everyday life of the inhabitants. Of course, there was constant evidence of the hated yoke, but the Hun officials, doubtless on instruction from headquarters, often went out of their way to make themselves agreeable by encouraging gaiety and amusements, and foster, as far as they could, a spirit of conciliation. Still, from all accounts, they were apparently under no illusions as to the temporary nature of their occupancy, and there was, in consequence, no attempt at any destruction of property in the city; but confiscation was rife, and all brass, bronze and lead fittings were removed, and towards the end even feather mattresses and pillows were annexed for their hospitals.

As may be imagined, one was constantly told of incidents that occurred during the years of bondage. One in connection with Nurse Cavell struck me as being particularly poignant. It was related to me by the son of the doctor of the prison of St. Gilles, where she was incarcerated—all the officials and warders of the prison, it may be mentioned, being Belgians.

On the day of her execution, as she was taken from her cell, surrounded by soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets, she passed the doctor and a number of warders in the prison yard. No manifestation was possible; the Germans would have instantly shot down anyone on the slightest provocation. But these brave fellows, knowing full well what was going to happen to her, wished to convey their feelings of sympathy and respect, so with one accord they made some excuse to remove their caps as she went by, and bowed their heads, whilst all were moved to tears.

This act of deference has, of course, a special significance in Catholic countries, where it is the custom to uncover oneself as a funeral passes. Nurse Cavell raised her eyes, and gave a faint smile of recognition as though to say: "Thank you all; I have seen what you do for me!"

But, curiously enough, many little incidents related to me were of a humorous character, for the Belgian is a born practical joker, and not even the fear of condign punishment, if discovered, could suppress his natural impulse to get a rise out of his enemy on every possible occasion. The following incident is sufficiently novel to bear recounting :—

It will be recollected that during the whole of the war a journal, named the *Libre Belgique*, was printed and published in Brussels, and in no small degree helped to keep up the *moral* of the Bruzellois.

In spite of every effort of the Germans to suppress it, the mystery of the *habitat* of its printers baffled the acumen of their smartest detectives, and at last 50,000 francs were offered for information that would lead to the arrest of anyone connected with it, but to no avail; it appeared every week with the regularity of clockwork, although it meant prison, or to be sent to hard labour in Germany, if you were caught with a copy on you.

One day the *Kommandatur* received an anonymous letter, the writer explaining that "out of vengeance" he was going to give away the mystery of the printing of the paper. The address of a private house in a well-known thoroughfare was given; then followed minute details as to the procedure and precautions to be taken, and the hour to make the raid, in order to lay hands on the whole of the editorial staff. On a certain floor, at the end of a narrow dark lobby, would be found a door, usually locked, which opened into the printing room.

The German official lost no time in acting on the information; a plan of the house was prepared, according to the description given in the letter, and one dark night the block was surrounded by soldiers; then a *Hauptmann*, followed by a *posse* of burly *Landsturm*ers, forced his way into the house, and crept stealthily up the stairs, pistol in hand. Two of the men carried a baulk of timber to batter down the door in case it was barricaded.

The lobby was reached; not a sound had disturbed the silence of the house—so far the plan had succeeded admirably. With a few whispered instructions, the *Hauptmann* dashed forward. The door proved to be unlocked. Without hesitation he opened it and rushed in, his men following closely on his heels.

The place was in complete darkness. An electric torch was produced, then, to the disgusted stupefaction of the officer, he discovered he was in—a lavatory!

The anonymous letter was but a well-thought-out practical joke.

Brussels to-day, in spite of the high cost of living, does not appear to be at all depressed, and there is a general feeling that

the work of reconstruction will proceed rapidly, as soon as it can be taken in hand.

Meanwhile, a somewhat curious state of affairs exists; there is a wave of speculation about, and everyone who can scrape together a few francs seems to be taking a hand in the game. Industrial shares, the exchange—all, in fact, that presents a sporting chance of "making a bit." One is constantly overhearing "Stock Exchange talk" in railway carriages and other places. I was told by a *boursier* that many people are making quite a good living out of the fluctuation in the franc on foreign exchanges, hence the amount of money so many apparently ordinary people have to spend on cars and other luxuries.

A visit to Antwerp revealed an enormous amount of preparation in readiness for the speedy revival in the trade of the Port, for during the war, owing to the closing of the Scheldt, activity in Antwerp came to a standstill, so there is a deal of leeway to make up. This will be gathered from the following figures taken from the official report. In the first seven months of 1914, 4,129 ships entered the Port, with a tonnage of 8,311,064 tons. In December, 1919, 436 vessels entered and cleared tonnage 636,848, of which 330 ships cleared with cargoes and 135 with ballast. Calculating on the average tonnage, we get an advance of about 100,000 tons of laden vessels in December over November, a very healthy sign, as will be agreed. Otherwise, conditions in the town itself apparently approximate to those in the capital. It was but little damaged during the war, and business has every appearance of waking up.

But you are not long realising that to gain even a superficial conception of the immense effort Belgium will have to make towards reconstruction would need a very prolonged tour, for, as I have already mentioned, the destruction extends over some 600 communes. As a matter of fact, with the exception of East Flanders, there was not a portion of the country that escaped the ruthless devastation of the Hun. Some districts got off more lightly than others, but it is certainly no exaggeration to state that from Antwerp to the frontier of Luxembourg, and from the River Lys to Nieupoort, on Armistice Day, was one long succession of scenes of havoc and desolation, such as were not to be found on any other of the fronts.

In several of the places I visited the rebuilding of wrecked houses has been taken in hand promptly by the owner, without losing time waiting for Government help; so there is a noticeable display of new buildings and fresh paint, which is often in curious contrast to the crumbling masonry around. At Louvain, for instance, on the Place de la Gare, every house is so entirely new

that it is impossible to guess what it originally looked like. Even a cinema has been erected and is already open; while a short distance away the big gaps filled with rubble remind one of the agony of the town, and the enormous amount of work that will have to be carried out before Louvain will be itself again; for some 1,120 buildings, many of historic interest, were completely destroyed, apart from the famous University Library and the Cathedral.

By quite extraordinary good fortune, the Hôtel de Ville, which is said to be one of the finest specimens of fourteenth-century Gothic architecture on the Continent, passed through the ordeal of fire and shell unscathed, and stands to-day like a beacon in the midst of the general ruin around. It had been entirely restored and the scaffolding only removed a few weeks before the war broke out. How the Huns came to leave it intact is a complete mystery!

In the meantime it is of interest to mention that while the commercial life of Louvain is almost at a standstill, the University courses have already been resumed, and one meets students everywhere. All available accommodation, even of the roughest description, has been utilised, in order to recommence lectures and the usual college routine. This "carrying on" amid the ruins, to my mind, speaks volumes for the *moral* of the youth of the nation.

Between Louvain and Liège there are everywhere reminders of the war on either side of the line, for in the province of Liège 3,444 houses and buildings were destroyed. The city of Liège, however, fortunately escaped practically unscathed, and none of its historical edifices were seriously damaged, although the city had suffered what I believe was the first experience in the war of bombing by Zeppelin and aeroplane, during the night of August 4th, 1914, and several of the streets in the Faubourgs are pockmarked with shrapnel and rifle bullets—grim evidence of the desperate fighting that took place on the entry of the Germans.

Around Liège, especially in the vicinity of the forts, the whole district is strewn with ruins—Visé, Julémont, Baticé, Hervé and Louveigne, in particular.

It is, however, not so much the ruined villages that mark the presence of the Hun there, but the deliberate despoliation of industries one sees everywhere, and which will take years to make good; for it is no exaggeration to state that the province of Liège was intentionally crippled in the endeavour to prevent it ever competing with Germany again.

It has been proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that Hun

experts were sent here for the sole purpose of wrecking all the machinery and plant that could not be removed to Germany, and the looting, as well as destruction, was carried out with a systematic thoroughness that goes far to demonstrate they had been well planned beforehand.

This devilish ingenuity was particularly exemplified in all the electrical and iron works, where the most valuable machinery and dynamos were actually packed ready for removal when the Armistice came; whilst for weeks previously special gangs of men were occupied in breaking up blast furnaces and other plant.

The scientific devastation at Cockerill's I have already referred to was but a replica of what was carried out in all works of any consequence in the district.

Another town which also by some fortunate circumstance managed to get off with comparatively slight damage was Namur. With the exception of the destruction by fire of the Hôtel de Ville and a big block of houses and shops on the Place d'Armes, there is no reminder of the occupation. The quiet little town appears to have quite resumed its usual occupations, and the various local industries are gradually re-starting.

In marked contrast to Namur is Charleroi, only a very short distance away. Here all is hustle and prosperity; in fact, of all the places I visited in Belgium, I saw nothing to equal the activity and industry there. Of reconstruction there is a certain amount to be done, but the damage inflicted by the Germans is trifling—a few big shops and private houses burnt out on the Boulevard Ardent.

I mention this as comparatively trifling, because everything is so flourishing in Charleroi that it looks almost as if the inhabitants were so prosperous that they had not time to undertake repairs at present; this remarkable state of affairs being due to the fact that the Germans did not interfere with, or damage, the big industries for which Charleroi is famous, and during the whole of their occupation the mines and factories were compelled to continue working, so this possibly saved Charleroi from the destruction meted out elsewhere.

Every factory or mine is in full swing to-day. Manufacturers of tissues have enough work for the next three years, and will not accept any more orders. The same thing is told you with regard to glass, coal, iron works, electrical plant and machinery.

Never has there been such prosperity among the working classes as at present. There are no unemployed in Charleroi—unless a man does not want to work, you are told—pauperism is unknown, and charity organisations no longer exist. The money that is being earned by every class of worker here would

have appeared fabulous in pre-war days : 17 to 20 francs per day for miners ; labourers in the metal works, 13 francs ; in the glass factories, £60 to £80 per month, with an eight-hour day, and double pay when working on Sundays.

The result of all this is that the *bourgeois* has been quite displaced by the *ouvrier*—who spends his money as easily as he earns it ; only the best on the market satisfies his wife, and in the evening he crowds the cafés and cinemas.

Beyond Charleroi one enters a veritable zone of destruction, and the whole way to Dinant there is not a railway bridge or village that escaped, though a lot of reconstruction has already been done, which tends to hide it. It is not, however, till one reaches Dinant that one fully realises what the horrors of war signified for the unfortunate inhabitants, as the picturesque little town was almost wiped out. It is as though a tornado had swept through the place. Reconstruction here entails rebuilding almost the entire town on the right bank of the Meuse, and doubtless many of the inhabitants who survived the horrors of 1914 will be glad when the work is commenced, as the ruins at present only serve to keep alive the recollection of those days of anguish and terror when men, women and children were mercilessly shot down in the streets by the barbarians.

Beyond Dinant there is a continuous spectacle of ruin as far as the frontier, which will bear the marks of the German invasion for many years to come.

All this devastation, however, pales into insignificance when compared with that of West Flanders within the zone comprising the Ypres salient, for there the whole area has practically to be procreated, and it will take generations to accomplish this, as the very soil has been annihilated.

The last official estimate of the number of buildings destroyed there gives an approximate total of 22,000, out of which Ypres counts for 3,700. It can, therefore, scarcely be wondered at that very little has as yet been done. One can quite understand that the feeling of stupefaction at the magnitude of the work before them has for the moment deadened the energy of the inhabitants, apart from which the clearing up of the battlefields is not yet completed. Until this is done, no serious start can be made with any scheme of reconstruction.

The railroad from Courtrai to Ypres passes through the scenes of some of the sternest fighting of the war, and the ruined stations bear names that have become historic—Menin, Veveque, Comines, for instance. The weird desolation on either side of the line inspires a feeling akin to awe.

To resuscitate this grim waste will require a big effort indeed !

Ypres, to my mind, is too hallowed a place in English eyes to be mentioned in connection with reconstruction.

To-day a placard at the foot of the rugged pile of battered and shapeless masonry which represents all that remains of the grand old Cloth Hall and the Cathedral bears the soul-stirring announcement :—

NOTICE.

THIS IS HOLY GROUND.

No Stone of this Fabric may be taken away.

It is a heritage for all civilised peoples.

By Order,

TOWN MAJOR, Ypres.

Around the ruins a slight wire fence has been placed and a Belgian sentry is on guard.

But surely the barrier should be all round Ypres, for verily every yard of it is Holy Ground, and there is not a corner of this soil but where British blood has been shed.

I understand that a suggestion has been made that the ruins of the Cloth Hall and the Cathedral should remain as a record for all time of British heroism, and that the Belgian Government and the majority of the nation have received it most sympathetically. It appears, however, that a certain group of influential Yprois are agitating for the entire rebuilding of their town.

This controversy on the subject would be comprehensible if Ypres had only been partially destroyed, but there is to-day positively not even a building or even the smallest house intact, and the sites of its desolate streets are but rubble-heaps over which a thick carpet of turf is already spreading. Consequently, it would be an entirely new Ypres that would arise—fresh as a mushroom American township—with no sentimental associations whatever, and which could not by any stretch of the imagination recall its beautiful old-world predecessor—which, alas! can never be resuscitated.

I cannot help feeling that it would be a gracious procedure on the part of the Belgians to build the new town on adjacent ground, and rail off all the ruins of what was once Ypres as a perpetual memorial to the imperishable fame of its heroic defenders.

JULIUS M. PRICE.

INSURANCE AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE QUESTION OF EXTENSION

II.

APART from the difficulty already noticed arising from inequality of risk, the tide is at present running strongly in the direction of arrangements for all sorts of purposes under which separate trades, as far as possible, form self-governing units, and it might be said with some justice that any scheme of insurance which failed to take this into account would be out of touch with the spirit of the age. Moreover, as regards any general extension of State insurance, there is a special reason why trades should desire a high degree of autonomy. The trades brought into insurance under the Act of 1911, and also in a less degree the "war trades" brought in under the Act of 1916, formed a compact group, all the members of which were exposed to a relatively high risk which took the form of total discharge (unemployment) rather than short time (under-employment). They were, further, the trades in which voluntary insurance by trade unions had gone furthest, and in which the idea of such insurance, and the rules and limitations under which it can be administered, were matters of familiar experience. The rules of the State unemployment fund were in fact based on the rules commonly adopted by the unions in the trades concerned as regards the administration of their own benefit, and it was therefore comparatively easy to assimilate the two systems by an arrangement under which the trade unions advanced the State benefit to which their unemployed members became entitled, and administered it in conjunction with the benefit payable from their own funds, the amount expended on State account being subsequently recovered by way of a refund. It will be observed that the essence of these arrangements, which are made under the provision of Section 105 of the Act of 1911, is that an unemployed member of a trade union is in effect required to satisfy two sets of rules. In order that his union may secure a refund of the State benefit, he has to lodge a formal claim with the Employment Exchange and show that he satisfies the conditions and is free from the disqualifications applying to State benefit; at the same time he has to comply with other formalities in order to satisfy his branch officials that he is entitled to payment under the union rules. Obviously this arrangement is only workable so long as the two systems are substantially the same. Outside the limits of the

present insured trades the payment of benefit to members who are unemployed, in the sense that they are out of a situation and available for other jobs, is rather the exception than the rule. Provision for unemployment takes the form of devices, which vary indefinitely according to the special needs and customs of each trade, for supplementing the deficient earnings of men who are not out of a situation but are for some reason or other not fully employed, *e.g.*, on account of short-time working or temporary breakdown or other reasons. Accordingly, it is natural that employers and workmen in the trade concerned should feel strong objection to proposals under which they would be mulcted in contributions for a benefit wholly inappropriate to the circumstances of the trade. On the other hand, a State unemployment fund could not, without risk of injustice to the contributors in other trades, undertake the provision of special benefits to meet the special circumstances of particular trades. It is relatively easy to estimate the cost and control the administration of benefit in respect of periods of complete idleness. It is probably impossible, on the data at present available, to estimate the cost of devices for making up the earnings of workpeople on short time, even if the practice of subsidising wages from a public fund in this way would not open the way to dangerous abuses against which the State would have no effective means of protection.

Trade unions have their own means of preventing their funds from being used as a means of subsidising (and depressing) wages, and a direct financial motive for using these means effectively. A State fund would be so obviously in an entirely different position that it is unnecessary to labour the point.

It will thus be clear from the foregoing paragraphs that no progress at all can be made with a scheme which should, *ex hypothesi*, apply to all workmen in all industries, unless the difficulties arising from unequal risks and dissimilar needs can be met in some appropriate way. The various proposals which have been made for this purpose are examined in the paragraphs below :—

Differential Rates of Contributions.—It has been suggested that a natural way out of the first difficulty—inequality of risk as between groups—would be to vary the contribution required for a given rate of benefit in accordance with the risks for each main group of industry. In this way no group would be overcharged for the benefit of other trades. This would, however, only solve the first part of the problem, *viz.*, the inequality of risk ; it would do nothing to meet the needs of trades which require special kinds of benefit adapted to their special circumstances, and, as previously pointed out, there are very great practical objections

to a system under which different benefits to meet the needs of each group would be paid out of a common fund. In any case there are other objections which seem to rule a device of this kind out of court. Whilst it is possible to frame an estimate of the risk of unemployment averaged over all industries with some confidence, outside the limits of the trades already subject to insurance (which include most of the great benefit-paying unions), data for calculating the risk of individual groups, which must in the nature of things be drawn mainly from trade union experience, are scanty, and for some large groups almost entirely non-existent. It is therefore necessary to rely on estimates, which may, as regards any particular group, prove seriously wrong. So long as contributions are determined by the general average over all industries, these errors tend to cancel each other. If, however, the contributions for each group are to be calculated according to the risk of that group, the actuarial problem would be almost insoluble. Moreover, there would certainly be a tendency, in the absence of trustworthy data for each group, to press for a low rate of contribution. The result might well be that the insurance fund would soon become bankrupt. Finally, there is another difficulty which lies in the way of all proposals which involve drawing clear-cut administrative distinctions between one group of trades and other groups. It is that the organisation of industry is not designed for sub-division by neat vertical lines, clearly marking all men employed in one industry from all men employed in any other industry. In practice industries merge imperceptibly into each other, and any attempt to draw lines of demarcation between them is necessarily purely arbitrary. Every trade, so to say, has a fringe of disputed territory over which it has as much and as little claim as several other trades. Obviously, when the decision involved the question whether employer A and workman B belonged to a group of trades paying a high or a low weekly contribution, decisions which seemed arbitrary and unreasonable to the individuals concerned would leave behind them a sense of rankling injustice which would endanger the whole scheme and leave everyone dissatisfied from the outset. Under the present Acts the demarcation of a single group of trades involved the decision of some 2,500 different questions, and the demarcation of ten or a dozen groups would be quite certainly a sheer impossibility.

Independent Schemes for each Trade.—The objection to differential rates of contribution noticed in the last paragraph, especially the demarcation difficulty, would apply equally to proposals based on the principle of applying compulsory insurance separately to each group with a separate insurance fund and a

distinct system of contributions and benefit in each case. But there are further difficulties.

(a) The State must presumably make the same *proportionate* contribution to each of the separate trade funds. If, for example, the State contribution is fixed in the proportion of one-third (as proposed in the Bill now before Parliament) or one-half (as proposed by the Civil War Workers' Committee) of the joint contributions of employers and workmen, this contribution must remain the same for each group. That is to say, in the group in which the risk is so high as to require, say, a joint contribution of 1s. 6d. from employer and workmen to secure a benefit of, say, 15s., the State would add to this amount 6d. or 9d. according to the proportion adopted. In other trades, in which the risk was so low as to require a joint contribution of no more than, say, 3d. per week from employer and workman, the State would add no more than 1d. or 1½d., as the case might be. This might be resented as an injustice, and pressure would be brought for the purpose of securing an equal State contribution for each independent trade scheme, without regard to the differences in the rate of risk. This would defeat the essential principle of national insurance against unemployment under which the State contribution must be regarded as an equalising fund. At the same time there would be pressure in the opposite direction from groups exposed to higher risks and requiring higher contributions, on the ground that it was unfair to make them pay any part of the extra cost required to cover their higher risks, since their greater liability to unemployment arises not from any fault of theirs, but from the nature of the trade, the services of which are equally beneficial to all trades. No doubt the reply would be that this charge, like any other, would in practice be transferred to the consumer. It may be observed that, at any rate in the case of trades which depend largely on export, *e.g.*, shipbuilding, it may not be possible to transfer the charge.

(b) In any case, the principle of separate trade schemes fails to take into account the enormous mobility of labour as between one group and another. At any moment there is in every trade an army of persons who have just entered or are about to leave it, and, for this reason, insurance by a considerable number of separate trade groups would tend to be ineffective. In the first place, it would not be possible to permit the occurrence of cases in which unemployed persons would be disqualified for receiving benefit from the trade which they had entered. In some cases, in fact, the changes might be so frequent that the workman would never become entitled to benefit at all, and to this extent the whole object of general national insurance against unemployment

would be frustrated. But there would be a further and more serious difficulty. On the one hand, each group would be tempted to adopt rules designed to squeeze out its bad lives on the plea that they were only casually employed, or did not really belong to the trade, and ought to be maintained during unemployment by someone else. On the other hand, if the State succeeded in averting this danger by suitable administrative rules, individual trades would be driven to impose restriction on the right of entry lest the new entrant should become a charge on the trade unemployment fund. In this way insurance would operate as a check on the mobility of labour as between one industry and another, just as the old law of settlement imposed obstacles on migration between one parish and another. This would be almost certainly retrograde and uneconomic. At present, at any rate in the case of the less skilled workers, there is a general reserve on which all trades can draw. In future, instead of one reserve, the tendency would be for each trade to establish its own reserve, and insurance, instead of solving, would merely accentuate the problem of the reserve man—the industrial weakling—who can only be profitably employed at times of pressure.

Limitation of Insurance to "Dangerous" Trades.—In view of these difficulties it has been suggested that compulsory State insurance should be extended so as to include only the trades most exposed to risk of total unemployment. This would, however, do nothing for the trades in which trade depression results in under-employment rather than unemployment, and, as the Civil War Workers' Committee¹ pointed out in rejecting this proposal, it is impossible to say of any trade that it is never under any condition likely to be exposed to substantial risk. It is impossible to foresee, as regards any trade, what the future may bring in the way of changes of fiscal policy or in the process of manufacture or organisation which might involve wholesale dislocation and discharges. In any case, even if the Government Department concerned could make a satisfactory selection, it by no means follows that the trade itself would be convinced. There is necessarily something invidious in being selected for inclusion in a compulsory scheme which does not apply all round, and the attempt would quite certainly be resisted. For these reasons a policy of partial extension is unlikely to meet with success, and it would in any case fail to cover the ground, and the State would still find itself in the position of having to improvise special measures involving disproportionate expense and great risk of abuse, whenever the need arose in any unexpected quarter.

(1) Civil War Workers' Committee of the Ministry of Reconstruction, 2nd Interim Report, March, 1918, Cd. 9192.

Voluntary Group Insurance outside National Scheme.—The considerations which militate against a partial extension of compulsory insurance, it will be observed, apply in some degree to any proposals under which certain trades little exposed to risk might be allowed to "contract out" of State insurance on the understanding that they would themselves undertake provision for their own unemployment on a voluntary basis. The ability to make provision in this way for all unemployed persons following the trade, through the voluntary machinery of the trade itself, obviously postulates a high and very exceptional degree of organisation. There are, in fact, no trades in which the organisation of employers and workmen is so complete as to cover *all* the individuals concerned, and in the majority of cases, so far as the workmen are concerned, the trade associations embrace no more than a considerable proportion of the total numbers employed. Not much more than one-third (5 out of 15 millions) of the employed population is in fact organised at all. Once, however, it is admitted that any trade might be allowed to "contract out," provided the Department responsible for insurance was satisfied that it was substantially in a position to deal with its own unemployment, no trade with less than normal risks could be expected to accept the burden of State compulsion. For obvious reasons they would not admit that their voluntary machinery was so imperfect that it was necessary to include them in the compulsory State scheme in order to ensure adequate provision for unemployment. They would insist on the privilege of depending on their own resources, and if these broke down, as they might well do in the event of an unexpected strain, the State would still be driven to the necessity of emergency measures, and the main object of a system of State insurance as here contemplated would therefore be defeated. On this account the principle of allowing individual trades to "contract out" in the sense of securing immunity from any kind of compulsory insurance is evidently incompatible with any system of National Insurance.

Voluntary Segregation within the National Scheme.—The Civil War Workers' Committee suggested that the objections of trades exposed to relatively little risk might perhaps be met by substituting a special form of arrangement under which all trades would be required to pay the same flat rate of contribution, but individual groups would be allowed to take their contributions out of the pool and apply the income under suitable conditions to financing a scheme of benefit adapted to their special requirements.

In this way no trade need feel that it was being required to pay contributions for the benefit of other trades, or for a kind of

benefit unsuitable to its special requirements. Such arrangements would, of course, tend to increase the average risk falling on the central fund owing to the elimination of those whose risk of unemployment is least. In order to compensate the central fund, the Committee proposed that the State contributions attributable to the members of associations segregated under such arrangements should remain in the central fund, less a proportion which would be payable to the associations for administrative expenses. This is an attractive proposal, and it has behind it the high authority of Sir Wm. Beveridge, but there are obvious objections to it which would appear to have weighed with the Government, since the Bill now before the country contains no provision of this kind. These may be stated as follows :—

In the first place, the associations formed in the groups least exposed to risk, on the assumption of a flat rate of contribution applicable to all groups, would almost certainly accumulate very large surpluses. The contributions paid by the employers and workmen in a group exposed to a risk estimated at, say, 2 per cent. or less, at a flat rate calculated to cover the estimated risk of 4 per cent. for industry as a whole, even if the greater proportion of the State contribution remained as proposed in the central fund, would evidently be much more than sufficient to provide for the amount of unemployment likely to be experienced. At the same time there would be a danger that the principle of a flat rate contribution, combined with freedom to segregate under the form of arrangement here contemplated, which compelled trades of low risk to raise more than their risk really needed, could not in the long run be sustained. For reasons already stated, a State scheme with different rates of compulsory contribution is probably unworkable, quite apart from the obvious administrative difficulties.

Further, segregation in voluntary groups would enable the individuals in every trade who happen to be exposed to little personal risk of unemployment to take their contributions out of the central fund, which would thus be left with an undue proportion of "bad lives." No insurance at all is possible except in so far as the fortunate share the burdens of the unfortunate. It would clearly be inequitable that the skilled workmen in any trade, just because they are better paid and more steadily employed, should escape the obligations of contributing for the benefit of the less fortunate unskilled labourer whose services are equally essential to the carrying on of the industry on which both classes depend. Finally, a system of approved societies for unemployment insurance, such as segregation of this kind implies, might result, as it did in the case of health insurance, in the work

being undertaken by profit-making institutions as a business proposition at the expense of the trade unions who have hitherto had this field to themselves.

The Government Proposal.—The scheme adopted by the Government in the Bill now before the country embodies a compromise which may prove a practical way out of the difficulty. Agriculture and domestic service are left out altogether, presumably on the ground that these occupations are substantially not exposed to risk of unemployment. Provision is, however, made for including them should this prove desirable at any future time. Subject to this exception, insurance is made general and compulsory for all occupations, through a Central State Insurance Fund with a flat rate of contributions and benefits, although there is provision for setting up special trade schemes in particular industries outside the general scheme embodied in the Bill. Insurance under a special scheme is to be statutory and compulsory, and must, broadly speaking, apply to all workpeople employed in the industry, but it might presumably be administered through the voluntary machinery already in existence by the industry itself in the form most appropriate to its needs (*e.g.*, by a payment to make up the earnings of workpeople on short time to a minimum amount). In this way, whilst the proposals in the Bill involve the compulsory insurance of substantially the whole "employed" population in commerce and industry (estimated at 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions), room is left for wide elasticity as to the means by which this end is to be achieved. Under the suggested Central (Unemployment) Insurance Fund the contributions proposed are 3d. per week from employer and employed in the case of men, and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the case of women, and the State is to add an amount equal to one-third of the joint contributions in each case. The benefit is to be at the rate of 15s. per week for men and 12s. for women. In the case of trades which obtain sanction for a special scheme, the benefit must be at least as favourable as the benefit provided by the central fund, but the precise rate and nature of the benefit and the rate and method of collecting the contributions will be determined by the industry itself subject to approval by the Ministry of Labour. It is proposed that such trades should receive a Government grant in aid of administrative expenses limited to an amount equivalent to 10 per cent. of the contributions which would have been paid by the industry if it had remained under the central fund. On the assumption that the State contribution in case of National Unemployment Insurance as suggested above must be regarded as an equalising fund given with the object of bringing in the most dangerous trades on the same basis as the others, it seems

reasonable that the grant to special schemes should be limited as proposed. If an industry demands a special scheme, it does so for its own convenience, and it cannot therefore equitably claim the full contribution paid by the State in the case of the central fund. On the other hand, as insurance is obligatory, and the contribution of a special scheme tends to relieve the State of liabilities which would otherwise have fallen on it, some contribution out of public funds seems just.

Whilst the compromise embodied in the proposals outlined above has evidently been framed with a view to overcoming the difficulties discussed in the previous pages, it is open to some criticism. Two very important groups, namely, agriculture and domestic service, are not covered at all. The scheme is, therefore, to this extent incomplete, and the danger must be that exemption in these cases will lead to a demand for similar treatment from other groups, which will endanger the whole principle of compulsory insurance on national lines. Again, the device of special schemes for industries which have relatively low risks and require special forms of benefit has clearly involved a considerable sacrifice in the finance of the central fund. The assumption that the mean annual risk of unemployment averaged over all employments is in the neighbourhood of 4 per cent. is borne out by the figures supplied by the Government actuary in his report on the Bill, but, after allowing for the effect of segregation under special schemes, he finds that the average risk falling on the central fund is 5·3, which represents a material difference. The contributions and benefits under the central fund have therefore been prejudiced to this extent. The actuary assumes that the maximum population for whom it is likely that special schemes would be sanctioned is 3½ millions. Should this estimate be exceeded, insurance under the central fund might be in danger of breaking down altogether. Apparently the authorities responsible for the Bill have assumed that the industries which are sufficiently well organised to undertake the definite statutory liability for providing for their own unemployed under a special scheme are not so numerous as to endanger the essential principle of National Insurance, *i.e.*, the general pooling of risks in a central fund. They have also assumed that the concession of special schemes for industries will be sufficient to reconcile the interests which may object to paying compulsory contributions on a higher basis than their risk requires for a benefit not necessarily appropriate to their needs.

Both these assumptions have yet to stand the result of criticism. As the Government tabled their Bill at the end of the session, they evidently wish to put it forward as a basis of dis-

cussion and negotiation with the interests concerned. The difficulties which stand in the way of a successful scheme of contributory insurance are so considerable that agreement on the lines of a practicable scheme can only be hoped for if these discussions proceed in a spirit of give and take amongst all parties. It may be added that progress towards a solution of the problem cannot even begin until there is at least general agreement amongst those most concerned, in the view that some scheme of contributory insurance is the most practical method of approach.

CYRIL JACKSON.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND INDIA.

ALTHOUGH Turkey was the first of the enemy Powers to go out of the war, she has been left almost the last with whom Peace was to be signed, and even now its terms are not agreed upon. They are believed to be the subject of most urgent discussion at the present time, but how near to a decision the Allied Powers may be is not known. It is perhaps not a misfortune that the fate of Turkey and the future of Constantinople should not have been decided during those early days of confidence following the Armistice when it was believed that a new world could be made by a few gentlemen sitting in Paris drawing arbitrary lines and placing fresh colours on our old maps. No cartographic dexterity could obscure the fact that behind these tracings lurked the gravest international problems, and assuredly of all those problems none is so grave and so fraught with peril to this country as the fate of Turkey and the future of Constantinople. The moment has come when a decision may not be deferred in this matter unless we are prepared to see our position throughout the Eastern world compromised and imperilled by the revolt of Islam.

An Empire constituted like ours and composed of many different races and religions cannot, if it is to endure, adopt a policy in regard to any vital question that must offend and irritate any considerable section of the whole. That is an obvious truth of permanent force. The course of events, the world-evolution on lines of freedom which our principles and our proclaimed programme have played so large a part in setting moving, has made our rule over dependent communities one of tacit recognition and loyalty on their part instead of superior strength and power on ours. Our ideal has been the PAX BRITANNICA, but if internal discord and strife were to ensue, the stability of our position would be shaken. If they were clearly attributable to our wilful blindness and wanton aggression, then it would be morally undermined. In India we have sixty million Mahommedan fellow-subjects. Between India and the Mediterranean there are several States and Kingdoms inhabited by peoples more or less of a common origin and of the same creed, with all of whom we have had, and must continue to have, relations, generally speaking, of friendship, if not wholly free from records of strife. In Egypt and on the Upper Nile the situation is very much the same. There is one bond of sympathy and union between all these communities and nations—Religion. They each, in their respective

degrees of power and importance, form part of Islam, and from Morocco to the Ganges, from the Sahara to Siberia, Islam presents an almost unbroken and uniform whole. Let us be wary how we approach this vast deposit of dynamite, at a moment, too, when there are so many international perils, and "the war that was to end war" has failed so lamentably in its high purpose. Let us, then, consider the Turkish problem in a chastened mood, for if we mishandle it through narrow prejudice or misplaced passion we may ourselves contribute to bring down the edifice of our power, and precipitate the time when the lines of Firdusi will be applied to our Empire :—

"The spider spreads the veil in the palace of the Cæsars,
And the owl stands sentinel on the watch-tower of Afrasiab."

The Turks have been installed in Europe for over five hundred years, and for most of that long period they have held the Capital of the Eastern World, so far as our history goes, and the gates of Asia. Of course, they were the Moslem and we were the Giaour, but where was the Jew then in our estimation? The Jew is now everywhere in our midst—the true top dog—and for the Turk, who has always despised money, all that our assumed wise people since Gladstone can say is "Out with him bag and baggage!" which is poor English and worse sense. At all events, he is still with us. Without mentioning names, is he so far behind those other representatives of European culture who must derive their origin from "the Cimmerian gloom"? Two hundred years ago the draughtsman of the ablest conception of a League of Nations ever devised, to which neither the wit nor the eloquence of President Wilson could add anything of value, answered his own question, "Would it not be better to turn the Turk out of Europe before starting the League?" by admitting that the Turk must perforce remain, and at the moment that the Abbé de St. Pierre was formulating his project Prince Eugène was thundering in vain at the gates of Belgrade. But it may be said that in the two hundred years since that period the Turk has been pushed back slowly but surely to the very verge of Europe. Well, has he been replaced by someone far superior? For an answer let anyone study how the Bulgars have made war.

The Turks have played their part well and usefully in European history. But for them it may be feared that long ago French civilisation would have been swamped by German savagedom, and the French are not an unmindful or an ungrateful people. The Turks were our good friends, and it was our fault, not theirs, that we ceased to be allies. You cannot anathematise a people and expect them at the same time to love you; you cannot decree

their extirpation and at the same time feign indignation because, in the search of safety, they join your enemies. By one of those stupid secret treaties of 1915—"dividing the bear's skin before the bear was slain."—we gave Constantinople to the Russ believing that he was to prove "the steam-roller." The death of Tsardom disposed of that folly. Some of our guides would force us to transfer the gift to—whom? Some are too prudent to take it, others are obviously too weak to hold it, and gradually wise men are being forced to the conclusion that there is no better course than to leave it in the hands of its present holder till at least some fresh dispensation is revealed. If India did not exist, if we had not more Mahommedans within our Empire than there are men of our own races, that would still be the prudent and reasonable course from the European point of view. How much more necessary and imperative does the conclusion seem when we turn our eyes towards India.

Forty years ago, when Russia was at the gates of Constantinople, the Mahommedans of India were greatly concerned at the menace to the Sultan, who was the Caliph, not Pope, but sovereign ruler, of their race and religion. But at that moment Great Britain was known to be their and his champion, and Lord Beaconsfield vigorously and promptly put an end to all cause of anxiety. The Turks were thereupon with us heart and soul, the Indian Mahommedans had full confidence in us, it only remained to give solidity to the alliance by executing the Anglo-Turkish Convention which was our *post-scriptum* to the Treaty of Berlin. Unfortunately, Lord Beaconsfield was old and died soon afterwards, while his successor, Lord Salisbury, was so set upon getting the alliance of Russia against Germany, "the future enemy," that he conceived it would be sound policy to drop Turkey altogether. He forgot that by this resignation of our rights we not merely forfeited the goodwill of the Turks which we possessed in 1878 in an unparalleled degree, but that we left a vacancy for an astute enemy to fill up. In the thirty years preceding the war Germany, like the cuckoo, forced herself into the nest that we had prepared and possessed at Constantinople. It would be very unjust to blame the Turks for this change; we must only blame ourselves and our very dignified Foreign Office where wisdom reposes in a collection of pigeon-holes, so bewildering in number that the right ones are never opened at the proper moment. Besides, there are other pigeon-holes ticketed "inconvenient questions" which are never explored at all.

But in those thirty years another and far greater change had taken place in India. In 1878 the Mahommedan community was to a large degree illiterate and inarticulate. It was a common

reproach to them that they had not profited by our educational system, and that all the places and prizes in the administration went to the Hindoos. This is true no longer, for even if the Indian Mahommedan does not yet equal the Brahmin and the Bengali as a place-filler, he is now fully qualified to compel attention, by the written and the spoken word, for his views and aspirations. He has his political organisation and his propaganda bureau, and he is not unaware of the efficiency of that weapon of moral or immoral suasion termed the boycott. In other words, the Mahommedan community in India is fully conscious of its rights and of its power. If in 1878, when it was more or less speechless, and certainly unorganised, it found means of showing how deeply it was stirred by the Sultan of Turkey's troubles and humiliation, certainly to-day it can be much louder, more vigorous, and more threatening in its denunciation of proceedings which would in effect expel the Turk from Europe and place Constantinople, their Stambul, in alien hands.

The All-India Moslem League has held many meetings and has issued more than one protest and appeal on the question. One thing its leaders certainly cannot be accused of, and that is any want of frankness and clearness. We are told in no uncertain terms that if the Turks are turned out of Constantinople England will be held responsible for their humiliation, and that a tremendous strain will be placed on their loyalty. There never has been such plain speaking in regard to any political proposal of our day, and responsible Ministers should pay due heed to it while there is still time to prevent the most serious trouble and avert endless mischief. It will be impossible for them to excuse themselves later on in times of internal turmoil and strife by alleging that they were not fully apprised and warned of the deep feeling aroused in the breasts of over sixty million people by a proposal which seems to that vast community an outrage and a crime.

There is reason to believe that those persons who will direct the British policy in regard to Constantinople at the present juncture are labouring under a curious delusion as to one of the salient facts. It seems that they are persuaded that the Moslem world out of Turkey regards the Sultan of the Ottomans merely as the Head of their religion, a sort of Pope; and that it is immaterial whether he remains in Constantinople or is transferred to Broussa or elsewhere. This view is based on ignorance or misapprehension. The Sultan is not a Pope, he is the Caliph, a sovereign leader. The British Government has been told this repeatedly by every responsible spokesman in the name of Islam, and in this matter it is more important to know and appreciate

what the Moslems of India say and feel than to be told what persons in Downing Street believe. They have no right to believe in this matter anything but the overwhelming evidence that is exposed to their eyes and poured into their ears. A prominent member of the Mahommedan party said recently at a public meeting at Allahabad that he seriously doubted whether the British Government realised the feelings of the Mussulman community at the present time or knew what they were thinking about. These are ominous words that should not be treated with indifference.

The hold of the Sultan of Turkey on the followers of Mahomed throughout the world is not to be attributed to any theological or pontifical authority, but to the historical fact that he represents the most successful temporal power ever attained by any Mussulman leader. He cannot be treated like the Pope of the Christians and shut up in some Vatican of Asia Minor. Those words are heard almost daily throughout India. There is another and a more subtle inspiration behind the Indian movement. It is considered that the expulsion of the Turks from Europe after a sojourn of over five hundred years would mean a loss of dignity and a decline in influence that would inflict an irreparable blow on the prestige of Islam and lower its position in the world. The possession of Constantinople carries with it the presence of the Sultan in any assembly of Powers; his relegation to Broussa would entail his sinking to the status of a local chief. That decline would be felt as a personal loss and affront by every Mussulman, for it would signify the waning influence of his caste and creed in the direction of world movements, and when he reckons up the total of the followers of the Prophet this seems to him intolerable and past endurance.

But, it has been said, we have given you a new and a worthier Caliph than the Sultan in the King of Hedjaz, and are not the Arabs far superior as a race to the Ottomans? There was much presumption as well as ignorance in the effort to provide Islam with a new Caliph; but, at all events, it is clear that the Arab movement has fallen very flat in Mahommedan India. It could not have proved more of a damp squib if we had chosen the Ameer of Afghanistan or the Nizam of Hyderabad as our nominee. The Indian Mahommedan has scarcely condescended to notice the fact that a King of Hedjaz has been nominated by us to hold some part of the dominions of the Sublime Porte, at least for a little while. The academical question was asked forty years ago in the days of that Nestor of the Indian Moslem, Syed Ahmed, "Who is the Mahommedan Caliph?" It has never been answered more emphatically or unanimously than to-day in the response, "The

Sultan of Turkey." We ought by this time to have known, from all our experiences of the East, that it would be easier "to call spirits from the vasty deep" than for Giaours to foist a new Caliph on True Believers.

Let us turn now to the other side of the question. If the Sultan is turned out of Constantinople, somebody must be put in his place. Who is there? In a light moment when we thought Russia was going to prove the invincible arbiter of the war we assigned it to the Tsar. That was to give it to a Great Power, and in strong hands Constantinople would be a world capital. A repetition of the blunder now finds no advocates. Shall it be placed in the custody of a weak State? Which shall it be? Among our Allies there is only Greece. Would she take it? M. Venizelos is too wise to clutch the pear before it is fully ripe: Then there was to be an European mandatory, and as a suitable one could not be found in Europe it was proposed that the United States shall assume the rôle. It was a strictly English proposal, and this is the kind of silliness that makes Americans question our common sense and magnify our troubles. We can no more find a suitable mandatory than a safe substitute for the Turk. What is the obvious conclusion? To leave him where he is. It would not conduce to the peace of the world to place either England or France or Italy in possession of the gates of Europe and Asia; it would not gain us a year's peace to entrust them to Greece with the Bulgars on one side and the outraged Turks on the other; and the suggestion of a mandatory is merely derisible.

But there are still weightier reasons for leaving things as they were; and they command ready acceptance in Paris and Rome, as well as among our own trained diplomatists who were pushed on one side in 1919 by politicians who had no knowledge for their part. The Turkish Monarchy or the Sublime Porte is a properly organised Government on the European model, with great traditions, and long experience behind it. It has played its part among us in upholding the balance of power, and France at least, as has been already observed, has good cause to remember that more than once the Turks have been her useful and true ally. And what has been proved true at one epoch may become not less true at another. But there is another very important consideration from the French standpoint, and there does not seem any sound reason for drawing a distinction between their interests and ours in this direction. If the Turkish Government is expelled from Constantinople the problems that will arise in the scattered and severed divisions of the old dominions of the Sultan must become more acute and more urgent. Something of the sort is already visible in Syria and in the valley of the

Tigris. Blindly and thoughtlessly we, the French and the English, have taken on our shoulders troubles that are the rightful task of the Turks, and at the same time we have made them immeasurably more difficult by complicating the situation with the creation of a new Arab element. Far from settling the situation, the Arabs can only embitter the strife and render the opposition to Christian intruders more pronounced and extreme. Some visionaries seem to have imagined that primitive tribesmen from Arabia would prove more amenable to civilising influences than the Turks who have felt them for five centuries. France could not waive her rights in Syria and abandon the field to England if the policy of open grab or concealed peaceful penetration were to be the order of the day, but there can be no doubt that she would greatly rejoice if the two countries were to quit the shores of the Levant on the restoration of the Sultan's authority, leaving the Turks to settle with the Arabs as they best know how.

What is happening in one small part of the Turkish Empire should provide us with an instructive object-lesson as to what must happen on a far larger scale from any greater attempt to dislocate the centre of Turkish power. The downfall of the Sultan's authority, which is still only in abeyance in some directions, must be attended by the most serious consequences to those who decree it, and it would be marvellous if there did not ensue bickerings, quarrels and bitter enmity among those who had put their hands to a wanton work of destruction. There is still time to draw back, and with so many dissatisfied clients on our hands, and such distraction prevalent in all countries, there may be enough fear of the consequences, if wisdom finds no play, to induce the responsible negotiators to leave things alone at Constantinople. Instead of confining themselves to making a stable peace with our enemies, they have meddled and muddled in all directions until the whole universe seems ablaze with trouble, and the nations are being led to think of violent remedies for their economic difficulties and to distrust their latest friends. Before it is too late let us hope that a sign of returning wisdom and self-restraint may be shown in the decision now to be arrived at with regard to Constantinople, and that one at least of the temptations to internecine strife may be thrust into the background, if not completely stifled.

For this country the question is more important in its Asiatic than in its European aspect. We are at close grips with Mahomedan sentiment in many different regions, Egypt and the Soudan, for instance, and that fact ought at least to bring home to us the moral bond that unites Islam. In India we are warned on all sides that the fate of Turkey, which is bound up

with the future of Constantinople, is a matter of the deepest concern to every Mahommedan, and that harsh treatment of the Sultan must disturb and undermine the loyalty felt towards the British raj. Even during the war, when no one knew what ulterior fate might be reserved for the Sultan and his Government, and when it was not believed that England for her own sake could be pushed to adopt extreme measures, that loyalty was greatly strained, and incidents occurred which made it necessary to exercise care in the employment of our Mahommedan soldiery. But only small detached bodies were involved in those incidents; to-day we are exposing ourselves to the resentment of a vast community, and if that resentment is turned by our decisions into open hostility, we shall be confronted with the greatest peril that has fallen upon us since the Mutiny. It will be a peril too largely of our own making.

Nor must we lightly assume that because the Mahommedans are made hostile the Hindoos will be rendered more loyal, for there is a new solidarity afoot in India, and the expulsion of the Turks from Europe because they are held to be aliens not worthy to remain among us would raise a point of racial equality, or the reverse, to which all Asiatics have become increasingly sensitive. At least it has become evident that the general opinion in India, Hindoo as well as Islamic, is adverse to the dispossession of the Turks in Constantinople, not merely as a matter of right and justice, but because it would be to throw a brand of discord among themselves from which all the races of the Peninsula would equally suffer. There are only two kinds of justification for our presence in India. We give the land internal peace and external security. If we fail in either respect, we stand self-condemned, and here we are wantonly and blindly meditating taking a step with regard to Constantinople which must put an end to domestic tranquillity and may open the door to the most serious external danger since the Persian and Afghan conquerors twice sacked Delhi less than two hundred years ago.

For we must not blind ourselves to the fact that the shadow of a great outside danger is beginning to descend on the confines of India. We know that Bolshevik forces are steadily accumulating in the region east of the Caspian, and we can form some measure of their power by the dramatic ease with which other corps of the same body have absorbed the greater part of Siberia. To meet this peril a united and loyal India must be there to second and support our efforts, and any act that would tend to create disunion and strife at such a crisis in our position in India should be denounced as the most reprehensible folly. The Bolsheviks, with the aid of numerous German and Austrian ex-

prisoners of war, will be quite formidable enough without our going out of our way to provide them with fresh allies in the Mahommedans of Turkey and India. The retention of Constantinople, accompanied by measures for the rejuvenating and not the supersession of the Sultan's rule, would restore confidence and calm in India, and would put an end to those projects of disintegration that have been so lightly embarked upon and that have already led in so many directions to our disillusionment, and which, if persisted in, must end in disaster.

France, like ourselves, will have to reckon one day with Islam if its dormant embers are fanned once more to flame by unprovoked aggression and reckless interference with places that are as deeply cherished by Mahommedans as ever they were by Christians. She at least is in a position to give wise advice and to urge counsels of moderation. Both of us have sufficient burdens on our backs without wilfully adding to their number. Is it not evident that while we have the chance we should seek to give the Near East some degree of peace and at all costs prevent its becoming an area of new disturbance? That can only be attained by the revival of the Sultan's authority and not by its downfall. With some contrition we should both of us and together take up the tangled thread of Ottoman affairs and endeavour to place them in a fair way to a sound settlement and a brighter future. With some contrition, I say, because this course might well be taken up by us in a spirit of atonement, for it was due to Anglo-French rivalry in the first stage, and to the ineptitude of British policy in the second, that the fair prospect of a real settlement of the affairs of Turkey became clouded, and then that Germany was able to seize the opportunity to come in with her own nefarious designs. Y.

* * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.*

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—(IV.).

THE great Conference of Powers, on which the hopes of civilisation rest and for which infernal chaos yawns, is fast becoming a matter of comic opera, pantomime, and romance. The firm of Spenlow, Jorkins, and others, are at their old game. Mr. Spenlow is in Court—but he can be sent for: he bobs about between Court and the office. He has a partner—Mr. Jorkins, “who keeps himself in the background.” Mr. Jorkins is not seen, “he cannot be seen at present.” But nothing can be done in business without his approval. “Mr. Jorkins is immovable.” Mr. Jorkins will not listen to this. Mr. Jorkins “will have his bond.” He does not come down into the office to discuss things with his partners. However “painful to their feelings,” the partners dare not act without him. He is really “a mild man of a heavy temperament”—but he is “the most obdurate of men.” That is why business drags on in the firm of Spenlow and Jorkins. Alas! There is no comedy at all. It is the Tragedy of Nations, in the twentieth-century crisis of the civilisation of the world. Famine, massacre, more war—all are around and upon us. Everything is adjourned till the Powers can agree.

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The imminent danger is that the League of Nations may become a potential source of international animosity and disputes. So far from being a means of restoring harmony, it is rapidly breeding new grounds of division. The twentieth-century Gospel of Peace is passing into a game of grab. Europe was not altogether peaceful before 1914; but two great Alliances and Ententes held the great Powers in some common policies. America was thriving more than ever and kept aloof. Asia and Africa had local troubles, but nothing revolutionary. In 1920 it is all changed. The League of Nations has stirred a cosmopolitan eruption, far more than Rousseau's *Contrat Social* stirred up European revolution. For a generation the Powers have never been so bitter, so jealous, so suspicious, so keen to seize all they can, so prone to resent each others' acts, so obstinate in refusing agreement. This is true of all. The United States are torn asunder by the Covenant. They made war and still do not make

peace. Their executive is in suspended activity. Yet it claims the right to keep all others in suspense, though it refuses to come and attend their councils. It has set to its late comrades in war a complicated but impossible task to solve—but it refuses to take any hand in the solution, contenting itself with blocking every proposed solution by an immovable *veto*. If European Powers attempt to act on urgent problems, they are paralysed by an embargo—placed on them across three thousand miles of ocean by a lonely invalid in a locked chamber, who claims to speak for their mighty comrade—and creditor. The dollar has risen on the exchange. But the moral and spiritual currency of the great Republic is sinking down. I have always maintained the excellence of the Constitution of the United States, superior to our own Parliamentary Executive and Cabinet system now in decay. But the great men who organised the Republic did not provide for the case in which the Head of the State, endowed with almost supreme authority for action, should collapse in body and in mind so far as to remain shut in like the Dalai Lama of Tibet—ambassadors of foreign Powers and even his own ministers and agents excluded—and yet be able to issue peremptory and powerfully reasoned orders both to his own people and to the world abroad.

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I have always been—and I am still—an ardent believer in the great destiny and the grand example of the Republic. When I came back from my unforgetten intercourse with its patriotic citizens now twenty years ago, I published in my *Memoirs* my deep conviction that they hold “the crucial pivots on which the future of humanity will turn, so that the van of human progress will ultimately point toward the West.” I think so still: I have never doubted it. The idea of a confederation of Nations is one that I have myself preached all my life. When Mr. Wilson formulated it with such eloquence and moral fervour, I was ready to welcome the Utopian scheme as an ideal; though I said the nations were not ripe for it unless the spiritual exaltation during the war had given them new souls and had cast out the devils of national greed, jealousy, and hate. As to the Adriatic and Eastern problems, I think Mr. Wilson is right, and I wish the other Powers would accept his lead. On the other hand, the reservations of the Senate seem to me inevitable, just, and necessary; and I trust that the League will be modified in accordance with them. But the paralysis of Europe, and the advance on it of famine and confusion, are too heavy a price to pay even for a more reasonable form of peace.

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An idle discussion seems to be arising as to whether Labour "can form a Government"; and this can only be settled by the old rule: *solvitur ambulando*. Surely no one who watches the debates in Parliament and in the recent Trades Union Congress can doubt that such men as now fill the Labour benches, and many more such men as are quite ready and very likely to join them, can form a Ministry fully competent to carry the House with them and to hold their own in debate. Many an independent observer would be glad to see such men as Mr. Clynes, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Adamson, released from perpetual criticism and placed with all the responsibility of power. But this is only the House of Commons' point of view, which now is but part, perhaps not the principal part, of the vast new problem of Government. The war and the world-revolution that followed have changed all things, and especially the tremendous task of administering this amorphous and unexampled Empire. At times the House seems to be a mere Duma with no force behind it at all. All the real forces seem to be seething inside and around the United Kingdom.

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What Mr. Clynes and his able comrades will have to consider is this. How are they going to keep in hand the "extreme men," as they are called, who may be a small minority, but whose passion will seek to realise the dream of "social liquidation," so dear to European revolutionists, yet which the organised and entrenched resources of British Conservatism will not "take lying down," as did the plutocracy of Russia. No one can suspect any Bolshevism in Parliamentary Labour, but there is plenty of it outside; and it is one of the marks of aggressive Democracy to denounce as traitors those leading democrats who achieve place and power. What has become of Kerensky and Prince Lvof? To the question—How will Labour fill the minor and permanent offices of civil and imperial administration which require expert and specially trained servants—a service every day becoming more complicated and more arduous?—it is usual to reply—Oh! the permanent services will be used. Yes! but will they not be the real masters of policy? Will not the extremists denounce them? Besides, if the extirpation of Capitalism were to succeed, how is the expert training to be got? The whole of our civil, legal, economic, military, and financial administration is born, bred, and trained under Capitalism—can be trained in no other way. Lenin has to get his experts by high pay and terrorism. He has to bribe or drive back to work the able men of the old *régime*, and he dare not trust them. To work the vast and complicated machine of modern society there is needed a lifelong

training in administration and the inherited and instinctive resources of capitalist families.

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Writing early in March, before the new Irish Bill has been debated, it is impossible in this place to criticise it. As I am half Irish in blood, have been since 1867 a public advocate of Irish Nationalism, and in 1886 was a Gladstonian candidate for Home Rule, I cannot forbear a word about the most crucial problem that has tried British Government in my memory. The new Bill is, to my mind, the most hopeful of any that have preceded it, and in some form I fervently trust it may become law. Still, I cannot understand the drafting which opens the Bill with two Parliaments, to be ultimately, if possible, united in one. I have always maintained that Ireland is one nation, and that the assertion of that fact is the indispensable basis of all Irish policy. The Bill should have begun with creating a real Parliament for Ireland. Then, as the inevitable pledge to preserve the local claims of the North-East counties, their Parliamentary representatives should form a statutory, irremovable standing Committee empowered to veto any law, order, or liability imposed on their local areas, under very carefully-contrived clauses of reasonable conditions. Those who condemn the Bill—whether they be Unionists, Liberals, Nationalists, or Sinn Feiners—propose no other, even possible, scheme. Their futile negative, or *non possumus*, is rank mischief-making.

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I trust that British patience and coolness will be able to discuss and modify the Bill, apart from our present excitement over the horrible crimes rife in Ireland to-day. Let us remember that the demand of separation is an entirely recent and quite artificial battle-cry, concocted by literary enthusiasts and noisy town-bred talkers. None of Ireland's real public men ever dreamed of it—neither O'Connell, nor Butt, nor Parnell, nor Redmond, nor any Parliamentary or Nationalist Party for generations. It has no real hold on the peasants, for all but the most ignorant know it would be their ruin. It is one of those strident catchwords which suddenly seize the Celtic imagination, as "Prince Charlie" did the Highlanders in 1745, and the "King" did to the Bretons in France in 1793. It is a passing delirium which has no hold on the Irish nation. It may destroy the offered Home Rule. But, whether it passes or not, this last effort of Britain to restore peace must convince all abroad, even Irishmen in America and the Dominions, that Britain does not oppress Ireland, but offers her real self-government; and that the difficulties which bar a settlement are wholly caused by

antagonism between Irishmen in Ireland ; and that is an ancient quarrel of religion and race, bred by ignorance deeper than any other in the civilised world and fomented by the conspiracy of a treasonable priesthood.

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The crisis on the Turkish problem adds new interest to the history of that land, especially when it comes from a recognised authority. M. Charles Diehl, of the French Institute, Professor in the University of Paris, who has devoted so many years of study to the political and artistic questions of the former Greek Empire seated at Constantinople, has just issued a summary of the history from the first Constantine in 330 A.D. down to the last Constantine XI. in 1453.¹ In some 250 pages he tells us with masterly conciseness this wonderful story of the rise, expansion, decline, and fall of New Rome, over its evolution of 1,123 years, a story hardly inferior in fascination to that of Old Rome in a similar period. With a multiplicity of dates, lists of one hundred Emperors, tables of chronology, bibliography of literature, maps of the City and the Empire at its extension and decline, he gives fifteen photographs of buildings, drawings, mosaics, and portraits. The volume forms a scientific account of the complex civilisation which the Turks under Mahomet the Conqueror overwhelmed exactly 467 years ago.

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The book is an admirable manual for the student or the publicist, as it concentrates in handy form the final judgments of a master in this branch of history. But it is impossible in the limits of space to throw over the story the colour of personal or detailed narrative. The object is to show the ultimate conclusions to be drawn on these manifold problems. And this is done by one whose authority is known in Europe and America. M. Diehl does ample justice to the real continuity of Byzantine civilisation, its glorious history as the maintainer of antique literature, art, and organisation under the barbarous invasions from North or East, as the champion of Christendom for eight centuries, as the missionary and teacher of the Slavonic races, and the source, even in its own ruin, of the European Renaissance of learning. He explains the vast expansion of the Empire by Justinian, who ruled the lands round the Mediterranean and the Empire from Cadiz to the Euphrates and the Arabian deserts. He traces the long story of its gradual decline over nine centuries—the defeat of the Persians and the fateful battles with Arabs and Turks—the bitter strife over image-worship—the civil and military administration—the development of art and litera-

(1) *Histoire de l'Empire Byzantin*, Charles Diehl. A. Picard, 12mo. 1919.

ture—the jealous enmity of the Latins and the Roman Church which led to the breaking up of the Byzantine world and its domination by Islam.

* * * * *

I take much interest in books about Sappho and in the constant attempts at the hopeless task of translating the fragments which survive. Exactly seventy years ago I told my college tutor—who seemed not to have read them—that “the world has never produced the equal of these odes”; and in 1892 I wrote the *Life of Sappho* for our *Calendar of Great Men*, calling her “the greatest genius who has ever appeared amongst women.” So I welcome a new verse translation of the odes, including the newly-found ode to Anactoria. Dr. Way, who has done so much by his verse translations of Homer and of the Greek dramatists, has now ventured on the impossible in a new and somewhat startling plan.¹ He seeks to present some of Sappho’s thoughts in intelligible sequence, to interest the general reader who may know nothing of the Greek fragments. In this way he knits together lines which he thinks belong to a connected poem, retaining entire the famous Sapphic stanzas, and some others which seem complete as they stand. Thus the “Invocation to Aphrodite” is made up of four fragments. The “Leto and Niobe” is compacted out of fourteen fragments.

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Dr. Way uses that beautiful little volume of Mr. H. T. Wharton, 2nd ed. (D. Stott, 1887). We find that some six broken and detached lines in the original make no less than twenty lines in Dr. Way’s “Lament for Adonis.” It is very ingenious. I hesitate to say more. I fear scholars who love these gems of Greek lyricism as they are in their ruin, like bits from the Parthenon marbles, may repeat what Bentley said of Pope’s *Homer*. Many of these English verses are graceful. Only they are not Sappho. Now, as J. Addington Symonds so well put it, “her every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume.” It has the royal hall-mark of inimitable grace. Poets from Catullus down to Swinburne have tried to give us that perfume in their own tongue. Alas! perfume is a thing that will not bear carriage. It evaporates in the act of transport. Diamonds are not to be replaced by paste. A phrase of Sappho’s, imbedded in an old grammarian’s lucubrations, glows like a diamond on a dark floor.

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But those who “have no use” for Sappho in Greek—are we to say now the great majority of future B.A.’s and M.A.’s?—I advise to try Dr. Way’s composite version, because some

(1) *Sappho and the Vigil of Venus* translated by Arthur S. Way, D.Litt., Macmillan and Co., 1920.

pathetic and exquisite lines of Sappho in the original seem mere commonplace when transposed into literal English. For instance, the four lines :—

Δέδυκε μὲν ἃ σελάννα—κ.τ.λ.

The Moon has set, the Pleiades too, etc.—seventeen words in all—states a simple fact in plain English, but in Greek it has a melody and a poignant thrill of its own. Dr. Way has to use thirty-two words with half a dozen new adjectives and ideas, and then the four words with which it ends :—

ἔγω δὲ μόνᾳ κατεύδω—

have to become ten words :—

“ and I—ah me!—

Lie on my couch alone, alone! ”

There are verse translations of this fragment by J. H. Merivale and J. A. Symonds, but both also expand and seek to decorate the Greek. That simplicity, reticence, reserve in Greek poetry and art make both inimitable. And of all poetry, ancient or modern, that is the secret of Sappho.

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Let me add that Dr. Way, who is always ingenious, is in many poems graceful. Take No. 3 :—

Ἄσπερες μὲν ἀμφὶ κάλαν σελάνναν—κ.τ.λ.

“ The Stars that round the Queen of Night

Like maids attend her,

Hide as in veils of mist their light

When she, in full-orbed glory bright

O'er all the earth shines from her height

A silver splendour.”

Mr. Wharton quotes versions of this by other poets; but they all use twice the number of words and many superfluous images. Strangely enough, in a parallel line, Tennyson, after Homer, *Iliad* viii. 555, writes :—

“ As when in heaven the stars about the Moon look beautiful— ”

Now, Sappho says that the stars hide their bright light around the full moon. This is more true—and more poetic. The glory of the stars is when the moon is down. When the moon is full the stars pale and cease to show their beauty. Homer is never “precious,” and Tennyson is never harsh. But Sappho is always at once “precious”—in a good sense—and lovely.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

HERR NOSKE, MINISTER OF DEFENCE.¹

THERE is something suggestive of thews and sinews in the very name of Noske, something of the strong and masterful with which it is dangerous to trifle. And strong and masterful is Noske's reputation. The idol of a certain middle-class for whom order in the streets and safety in their homes is the first consideration, he is hated by those who look upon the present Republic as a betrayal of the proletariat ideals and see in him the most uncompromising member of its executive.

In a long motor journey across Europe last autumn we no sooner reached German soil than we found the name of Noske on everybody's lips, but it was not till we came to Munich that we heard him called "Schleichhund" (bloodhound).

The reason for this was obvious. Munich had been the centre of the Spartakist movement in South Germany. When we were there in September feeling was still running high, and the signs of revolution and civil battle were still there to keep memory of the passions they had aroused alive. All the windows in the broad avenue which extends right and left of the Palace of Justice were still patched up with paper. Blocks of stone were still hanging from the walls of the palace itself. Barbed wire was still piled in side streets ready for use, in case of a fresh outbreak, to close the thoroughfares. Machine guns, I was told, were concealed at every available spot, and from time to time you heard the steady tramp of soldiers marching to their quarters.

One of the leaders of the "Independents," that is, the left wing of Social Democracy, the left wing of which Independents are the Spartakists, listening one day to the tramp, murmured: "Prussian dogs. He has to get Prussian dogs to do his dirty work."

"Who?"

"Noske, a Prussian dog himself."

And another day an old and dear friend, who like myself had lost her only and brilliant son in the war, gave me the other version.

"What a relief it was when we felt there was a strong, firm hand keeping the peace. We had had enough of tyranny and war, and communism is just tyranny of a few imposed by armed forces. We passed through terrible anxiety lest we should lose the little we had left, and never knowing from day to day whether our lives were safe. Then came civil war and street fighting,

(1) This article was written before the recent events in Berlin and Germany.—Ed., F.R.

and nobody ventured into the streets for several days while shrapnel was bursting and machine-guns rattling, and we had to stay in our back rooms for fear of the bullets which from time to time smashed our window-panes and made holes in the walls. It was only after we knew Noske's men had possession of Munich that we felt safe again."

Noske's iron will is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. The danger of weak hands when famine-stricken people are tempted to pillage or coal shortage drives them into the street has too often been manifest for the parties in power to allow the man who has successfully quelled all attempts to disturb the peace of the thoroughfare, however ruthlessly, to be dispossessed of his office as Minister of what remains in Germany of an army.

I was being conducted in the Reichstag to one of the members. The attendant pointed out different men to me. A man a little over the average height passed. He had a steady, even gait, and if his trousers had been made by the German equivalent of a Maddox Street tailor, I should have expected to hear he belonged to the upper class. The attendant nudged me, and under his breath said "Noske." "That is *the* man," he added. After such evidence of his greatness I felt I had to meet him as soon as possible!

I met him the following day at a supper at Erzberger's. His general demeanour, like his gait, is reposeful. A Brandenburg, fifty years of age, son of a weaver, and himself originally a carpenter, he was thirty years of age before he began writing, which he did as contributor to a Königsberg Socialist paper. In due course he became chairman of a carpenters' union, a member of the Königsberg Town Council, and in 1906 was elected to the Reichstag by the big Saxon industrial centre of Chemnitz. During his fourteen years of Parliamentary experience he took an active part, by pen and in Parliament, in all the work of his party, and in February last (1919) became Secretary of State for the Commonwealth Defence Department.

From the moment I felt his fleshless hand, and he opened his firm lips, and I could look into his clear, calm eyes, I knew I had a strong, conscientious, honest man before me. We made an appointment to meet again. I had mentioned the Chief of the Inter-Allied Mission, General Nollet, to him, and let fall the remark that France was a chivalrous nation which was likely, even before her Government, to be the first to understand Germany's case. No doubt, I argued, the spirit of distrust must be overcome—distrust among Germans who were attributing the excessive conditions imposed by the Allies to the *intransigence*

of France, imposed, as they think, with the deliberate intent of starving Germany out of existence; and distrust among Frenchmen of Germany, whom they believed to be already preparing for an early *revanche*.

"How do you propose to overcome this 'distrust'?" he asked.

"By a friendlier and more intimate attitude of both parties towards one another; and, to begin with, by a greater freedom of personal contact among the leading men. When you know Frenchmen personally you will understand them better and appreciate their good qualities of heart and head, but so long as you face one another at a distance, there will be no reciprocal confidence. Germany and France have now a common interest in the preservation of peace. The German proletariat holds the reins of government, and is not likely, I suppose, to lose them again for some time to come. The French nation of to-day is a proletariat, and it has the regions you devastated to . . ."

"Not we only."

"Well, the devastation of the war . . . to remind it of who suffers when the ambitions of politicians are let loose."

"Other countries may not have the same interest. Their cities have not been destroyed. But even the French women have not seen their babes die of inanition at their empty breasts. That it was which brought about the collapse of Germany—the blockade. No one who has not lived through it can realise the place adjustment of food to physical requirements plays in the affairs of man. As regards France, we hear nothing but words of hatred still—hatred not only of those who plunged Europe into war, but of those who are as much its victims as the French themselves."

"They think the Social-Democratic Party failed in their promise to vote against war or against the credits to keep it going."

"They surely do not think that a German Social Democrat should have turned traitor to his native land—that he should have deserted it before the enemy. Our voting against the war could not have stopped it, and, once we were in it, there was no alternative but to show a united front, though at home we were fighting the men and policy which led us into the war. But do not think new Germany has any aggressive feelings or that I have any of the military yearnings attributed to me. My business is to keep order throughout the land and see that the freedom of all men is respected."

"Do you fear disturbances during the winter?"

"I am doing what I can to prepare for them, but the Peace Treaty would leave me an insufficient force to cope with any

serious trouble. Once this winter is passed, I may be able to reduce the force to the Peace Treaty dimensions, and, as the winter progresses, I may be able to make reductions. In fact, we need a postponement of a few months for the disbandment."

Noske had only met Nollet officially; they had had no opportunity of knowing one another's character better or of attaining any degree of mutual confidence. I had the privilege of bringing the two men together.

"What do you, as an international jurist," asked Noske, "think of the provision of the Peace Treaty concerning the surrender of German officers to be tried by tribunals chosen by the nations which accuse them? Would England, in the same circumstances, deliver them up?"

"I do not like to answer that question, because my country is a party in the issue. But let me ask you why your representatives agreed to sign the clause? I can confidently say that no English representative would have cared or dared sign it, and I don't think any English Parliament, if he had signed it, would have ratified it. Nor do I think any true 'sportsman' would have asked an enemy to sign it."

"Suppose that, unless the humiliating clause had been signed, there would have been no Treaty, the blockade would have gone on, women and children would have continued suffering from famine, men would have been driven to despair, and Russian conditions would have supervened owing to similar economic conditions; you understand then why a German Government signed the Treaty, in spite of the dishonouring clause."

"I don't dispute the danger of violating a maxim of such universal acceptance and application as that no one can be judge and party in the same cause. Unfortunately, you have accepted it—under duress, it is true, and if you were in a position to resist, you would no doubt be entitled to repudiate it according to the rule of equity that consent obtained under duress is not binding. But you are not in that position, and can be forced to submit."

"It can't be carried and never will be. The Allies were warned at the time that it could not be put in operation,¹ and again and

(1) The following is an extract on the subject from the German Counter Proposals to the Draft Versailles Treaty:—

Penalties. Although the co-operation of Germany either in the constitution of the tribunal or in the proceedings or in the surrender is not provided for, the German Government by the signing of a Peace Treaty containing article 227 would recognise the justification of such criminal proceedings, the competence of such special tribunal and the admissibility of the surrender. This cannot be done.

The intended criminal prosecution is not founded upon any legal basis. The ruling international law gives punishing sanction to commandments and prohibitions; no law of any of the interested Powers threatens with punishment

again ever since. Like the acknowledgment of responsibility for the war, it was wrested from us by force and cannot be regarded as an acceptance. Besides, do you think that I, as the Commonwealth Minister concerned, would be allowed to arrest men, at the order of different foreign Governments, without inquiry, and hand them over to be tried on allegations of aggrieved parties, while war fever is still raging and the accused men may expect the worst? No Government would remain a day in office if it tried to commit such an outrage on the national self-respect. We don't object to crimes being tried by an independent tribunal. We don't object to trying them ourselves and giving all facilities for the production and publication of evidence. Why don't the French Courts try the English war criminals and the English the French? Why? Because they do not consider that even between Allies justice is likely to be fair where the accuser sits as judge over the accused. And yet you ask us to acquiesce in a surrender of our men to be tried by a recent enemy still smarting from the cursed hardships of war!"

"But surely it is a good thing for the future to make men feel they will be punished if they violate the common law in war time."

"Is there less crime in any country because crime is punished?"

"I hope so."

"Are you sure that it is the fear of punishment that diminishes crime? May it not be the increase of self-restraint due to higher civilian development?"

the violation of the international law of morality or the breach of treaties. Therefore according to law in force there exists no criminal tribunal competent to decide the impeachment in question. The Draft, therefore, had to create a criminal law with retrospective powers as exceptional law to form the basis of judgment.

The German Government cannot admit that a German be placed before a foreign special tribunal to be convicted as a consequence of an exceptional law promulgated by foreign Powers only against him on the principles not of right but of politics, and to be punished for an action which was not punishable at the time it was committed. The German Government cannot either consent to the request being addressed to the Government of the Netherlands to surrender a German to a foreign Power for the purpose of unjustifiable proceedings.

According to article 228 Germany is further to hand over to her opponents for conviction by a military tribunal any persons accused of having committed acts of violation of the laws and customs of war, even in cases where proceedings have already been instituted against these persons by German Courts. Under the present law, Germany cannot take upon itself such obligations because par. 9 of the German Criminal Code forbids the extradition of German subjects to foreign Governments. The Allied and Associated Powers would thus force upon the German Republic the alteration of an article of law which is the common property of most peoples, and which, wherever it is in force, possesses the authority of a constitutionally authorised fundamental law. The refusal of this proposition is a self-evident demand of German honour.

As this was my own theory I had not it in my heart to press objections further. At the beginning of the war I was asked by a Belgian friend to bring to the notice of the War Office the conduct of the British soldiers in Belgium. His *château* had been *dévalisé*, his furniture turned into firewood, his linen and blankets carried off, etc., etc. I saw a leading Belgian officer on the subject. He was indignant, but not at the British soldier. "Your snug civilian friend," said he, "doesn't know what war is. Let him don a uniform and go to the front. He will soon find out that men who are exposing their lives in the open or in trenches have primal wants which show no respect for private property. The cowards who stay beyond reach of danger can be thankful that it is only their property that is taken."

"The accused," Noske went on, "are entitled to a fair trial. We quite understand the exasperation of the accuser, but retribution inflicted by the accuser is not justice. I hope that, as a fair-minded Englishman, you will understand my feelings. I try to be fair. I have always tried to be fair. . . ." Noske stopped.

"You know that your own men have been accused of useless violence and brutality."

"If they have, which has to be proved, it is due to my having an insufficient force at my command. If I could show a large force against which opposition had no chance of success, the mere calling out of it would suffice, but against a small force rioters always have a chance and they have to be daunted. A small force, in fact, is almost necessarily cruel. Remember, you are not helping me to keep the peace. I need more men than you allow me to keep order without bloodshed. Remember, too, that the German Revolution was a process of evolution. It was not the imposition of the will of a minority on that of a majority. It was not a proletariat dictatorship. It was the mere assumption of power by the majority. An immediate election confirmed it as the expression of the national will. We are where we are not by the grace of God or owing to any theoretical conviction of writers and lawyers,¹ but with the consent and approval of the united liberalism of Germany. No one has a right to say we are not doing our best. If the electorate of Germany disapproves of us at the next general elections, we shall abide by its decision, and see if others show as great a respect as we do for law and order, and strive as honestly as we to do our duty to those who have had trust in us." All opinions short of inciting to disorder

(1) Noske was referring to the fact that the Independent leaders are mostly lawyers and writers and do not, like the majority leaders, belong to the proletariat.

or unlawful conduct are free. No Government has a right to deter the lawful expression or spreading of opinions subject to this one condition. My business is to keep order, which is in the general interest, without distinction, to ensure the fullest equality of right and freedom for all. The opponents of the Government can agitate as much as they like—but without law-breaking. If their arguments are better than ours, the majority is free to adopt them, but we have not overturned one minority rule to replace it by another."

"But if the majority, by legal methods, by legislation, determine to become the bondsmen of a minority?"

"That is a purely theoretical hypothesis."

"Pardon me. Suppose an ignorant proletariat, quite inexperienced in the uses of freedom, is deliberately bribed by capitalist candidates and votes for them, and this is done throughout an election, and the proletariat comes to be represented by capitalists; is that a purely theoretical hypothesis?"

"You mean the case of pre-Soviet Russia?"

"I mean the case of all communities in the same position as Russia—that is, whose proletariat are only a trifle less experienced than that of Russia."

"Well?"

"Then, I ask: Are a minority, whose interest is that of the majority—a minority of the proletariat who represent the interest of the mass and have the knowledge and experience—justified in imposing their will? As they are a minority, however, they can only rule by force."

"That does not apply to Germany, and I am concerned with Germany only. I have three 'fronts' to deal with. The Monarchist reactionaries, though just now quiet, are not dead or even without hope, as we shall discover when they think their chance has come; the Independents and Spartakists, who are merely biding their time too; and the Allies under the Treaty, which ties my hands and obliges me, while taking precautions against both, to carry out diminutions of my ability to cope with them."

Our little dinner *à trois* lasted till the waiter warned us that the legal closing hour had been reached. Noske rose, observing: "I am responsible for this disposition and have to obey it."

THOMAS BARCLAY.

AMERICA'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE PEACE TREATY.

I. FROM THE BRITISH STANDPOINT.

MR. JAMES M. BECK, the eminent New York lawyer and publicist, rendered valuable service to the cause of the Allies during the early period of the war by a series of masterly articles in the *New York Times* and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. A letter of keen appreciation published in the first-named paper brought me, in addition to several violent and abusive letters from persons bearing German names, friendly communications from the editor of the Foreign Department of the *Times* and a New Jersey clergyman, and a very cordial letter from Mr. Beck which led to an exchange of views. The latter's article on "The League of Nations and Anglo-American Unity" in the January number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* I naturally read with the keenest interest. Its perusal yielded the impression that Mr. Beck had failed adequately to appreciate the British point of view. I have endeavoured, however imperfectly, to set forth the British case in the form of an Open Letter to Mr. Beck. I sent him my notes and invited comments upon the same or a rejoinder, so that, upon the points raised in my article, the American as well as the British view-point could be laid before the readers of the *REVIEW*.

DEAR SIR,—By most valuable and disinterested service to the Allies in general, and to the British nation in particular, you have established your right to speak with authority on Anglo-American relations. We do not forget with what celerity, insight and skill you, upon the outbreak of the Great War, explained the Allies' war-aims to your own countrymen. That was a very necessary work done in a masterly way at the psychological moment. A little later you analysed and collated the official documents of several of the belligerent nations dealing with the events and correspondence which preceded hostilities. You marshalled the salient facts in such a calm, lucid and judicial manner that your book—*The Evidence in the Case*—became a damning indictment of Germany as the real instigator of the war. Nothing more cogent or convincing in that line has appeared in the interval. Later still, in various ways, you have done much to mediate between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. We have learned to regard you as a tried and trusted friend of the

British peoples—frank, honest, outspoken. Therefore, when your article on "The League of Nations and Anglo-American Unity" appeared in the January issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, we turned to it with eagerness to learn your views on the present political deadlock in your own country. The article revealed that lucidity of statement and that sincere desire to further the highest interests of both nations we have learnt to associate with your name. But I must confess that I was, somewhat perturbed by the serious view you took of the present state of affairs on your side of the Atlantic. There was also the feeling that amid the preoccupations of the controversy now raging, you have done less than justice to certain aspects of the question as they affect Britain and the European nations. In the interests of a good understanding it is very desirable that the case for our side, no less than for yours, should be fairly, if not fully, stated. It has occurred to me that if I were to attempt to give the "Evidence in the Case" for the Old World, and then invited you, as the representative of the New World, to make your comments on the same, some progress might be made towards this "consummation devoutly to be wished." You have expressed yourself with admirable frankness in your article; I will try to emulate you in that quality. Surely the two great nations that have stood side by side in the most momentous conflict in the world's history should welcome frankness in a matter in which such vast issues are at stake. But, whilst cultivating candour, I will try and avoid all merely party aspects, and keep as closely as may be to the table-land of principles. On this side even those who have a fair knowledge of your country's Constitution and institutions would scarcely be able to pass an examination in the history of, and differences between, Republican and Democrat. Possibly the same deficiency may exist on your side with respect to the shades of difference between Conservative and Liberal in this country. Therefore, if I happen to touch upon matters of acute difference between Republican and Democrat, it will be because my case seems to make such a reference necessary, and not from any desire to intrude into your domestic affairs.

I. Ought the Paris Peace Congress to have scrutinised President Wilson's Credentials?

You admit the difficulty and delicacy of doing this; yet you appear to think it ought to have been done. But let us view the matter from the European standpoint. We had learned to look upon Dr. Woodrow Wilson as a high-minded Christian statesman. His culture and erudition were undoubted. In pre-war

days he had written learnedly upon the Constitution of the American Commonwealth, and no one, so far as I know, had seriously questioned his interpretation of that historic document. The presumption was natural that, as he was well aware of the extent and limits of the Presidential powers and prerogatives, he was not likely to go beyond or to transcend them. Further, he came to the Peace Congress not only as a delegate, but also as the elective and elected Head of the greatest Republic the world has yet known. Under such circumstances, to scrutinise his credentials would have laid the Congress open to the charge of questioning his good faith and, possibly, of wounding the susceptibilities of a great and proud people. If a mistake have been made, it was made not through carelessness, but rather out of honest regard for the man and the nation he represented.

II. *In Negotiating the Treaty of Paris did President Wilson act ultra vires?*

As a mere layman in relation to constitutional law, it is with the utmost diffidence that I enter upon the discussion with one who, in view of his past public service to the State, must be thoroughly conversant with the "Law and Constitution" of his country. But it should be faced if the British people are to gain an intelligible conception of the matter in dispute.

With reference to the question of treaties, the written Constitution simply says that the President "shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." What is the true interpretation of those words? May the President negotiate the treaty and then carry it to the Senate for its confirmation and ratification, without violating the letter or the spirit of the Constitution? For an answer we naturally turn in the first instance to those remarkable letters which were published in certain New York papers during the months immediately preceding the date the Constitution came into operation in 1789. Now published in book form, under the title *The Federalist*, they are universally regarded as the classic exposition of federal forms of government. The joint work of Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay, Letter LXIV., which deals with the "Powers of the Senate," is ascribed to John Jay. After explaining the care taken, under the new Constitution, in the election of President and Senators, the writer says:—

"The inference which naturally results from these considerations is this, that the President and Senators so chosen will always be of the number of those who best understand our national interests, and whose reputation for

integrity inspires and merits confidence. With such men the power of making treaties may be safely lodged."

Further on in the letter he points out that—

"perfect secrecy and immediate despatch" may arise in connection with the work of treaty-making, and then says: "There doubtless are many . . . who would rely on the secrecy of the President, but would not confide in the Senate, and still less in that of a large popular Assembly. The Convention have done well, therefore, in so disposing of the power of making treaties, that although the President must, in forming them, act by the advice and consent of the Senate, yet he will be able to manage the business of intelligence in such a manner as prudence may suggest."

Is it not a natural inference from such a passage that, in the judgment of three of the framers of the Constitution, the President would be acting within the limits of the prerogative in negotiating a treaty without first consulting the Senators, so long as he laid the said treaty before the Senate for its consent and ratification? Of course, the *sine qua non* to the validity of any and every treaty is that it must be confirmed by the vote of two-thirds of the Senators present.

Next we may inquire: What has been the rule or custom in such matters since the Constitution became operative? In Woodburn and Moran's *American History and Government* (p. 200) it is stated:—

"The early idea was that Congress would determine the legislative policy of the country, and that the President was not to interfere unless the Constitution was violated. President Jackson increased the President's power, and made him equal with Congress in determining politics and laws. Jackson's idea of the veto has since prevailed, and it has become an important power."

The same writers say:—

"The President has power to negotiate treaties. He does this either through the Secretary of State, or some Ambassador. He then submits the treaty to the Senate for its consent, and if two-thirds of the Senators present agree, the treaty becomes binding when confirmed by the other nation."

Thus, in the light of the pertinent passage from the Constitution, the quotations from *The Federalist*, and the above statement as to the custom repeatedly followed, at least since the Presidency of Andrew Jackson, can it be said that President Wilson has acted *ultra vires* in the course he has followed? The Paris Peace Congress cannot, therefore, be fairly blamed because it did not submit Dr. Woodrow Wilson's credentials to careful scrutiny.

Whether the President was tactful in his treatment of the Senate, or politic in his general method of procedure, is quite another matter. The feeling is growing into a conviction on this

side that the root of the mischief is to be found just here. His strong partisan appeal on the eve of the last Congressional election caused grave misgivings as to its wisdom; and when, a little later, he declined to associate a leading Republican like ex-President Taft, Judge Hughes or Mr. Elihu Root to act with himself and others at the Peace Congress, it was widely felt that an error of judgment had been committed. His actions were in striking contrast to those of Mr. Asquith and later of Mr. Lloyd George in the matter of the Coalition. Subsequent developments have shown that our misgivings were well grounded.

Whilst, in the face of your strictures, I have endeavoured to exonerate the Paris Peace Congress from blame, I frankly admit that the Senate is acting well within its rights under the Constitution in subjecting the Peace Treaty, and the "Covenant" it embodies, to the keenest scrutiny. If Senators are convinced that vital principles are endangered or even seriously compromised, they would be justified in finally rejecting the Treaty, however embarrassing to you and inconvenient to us that course might prove. I as strongly deprecate, as you appear to do, any wild, whirling words the British or French Press may have published, or any unguarded utterances on the part of publicists here, who are manifestly unacquainted with the spirit and details of the American Constitution. To impugn—or seem to impugn, whether in the Press or verbally—the good faith of the American nation in this matter, is a gross abuse of language which can only work mischief. Every responsible person on this side is convinced that America is simply incapable of such conduct. The most and the worst that can be fairly said is that, in the political controversy now raging, Americans may fail to view the matters in dispute in true perspective and proportion. Due allowance should be made for the irritation felt, and here and there expressed, in Europe on account of America's failure, so far, to sign and ratify the Treaty, for such failure has unquestionably subjected her chief Allies to great inconvenience, to grave anxieties, to large additional outlays of money, and has seriously interfered with the general movement of Europe away from the abnormal towards the normal.

III. *If not a League of Nations—what then?*

I must confess that your attitude towards the League of Nations has come as a surprise and disappointment. That you should take exception to clauses in the Covenant as embodied in the Treaty would have been reasonable and intelligible; but that you should appear to regard the whole scheme of a League of Nations with

suspicion, if not with positive aversion, seems strange. In the first place, the idea had its origin in America. It was only after the United States of America had been swept by a tornadic wave of idealism that we began to think there may be something in the idea. As a nation we are slow to accept new notions. When we found ourselves in the midst of the maelstrom, we strove to demean ourselves in a way worthy of our national traditions; but under our breath we muttered, "Never again!" We loudly proclaimed: "This is a war to end war." How it was to accomplish that beneficent purpose beyond "smashing Prussian militarism," we had but the vaguest notions. At length the overflow of your idealism reached us, and we saw the glimmer of a great light in the darkness. Further, this idea of a League of Nations did not come to us in the first instance from your President or any of his supporters. It reached us as the considered scheme of ex-President William H. Taft—a leading Republican. Do you wonder that we are a bit surprised when we find a distinguished American publicist turning and rending what we had learnt to regard as America's beneficent and fruitful contribution towards the appeasement and security of a distracted and warring world?

You say: "It is believed by many Americans that the League of Nations was the subtle suggestion of British statesmanship, whereby the great Empire would effectually dominate the destinies of civilisation." Believe me, nothing could be further from the truth. Jingoism, like Chauvinism on the continent of Europe and "spread-eagleism" in America, occasionally utters a shrill shriek. But that small section of the nation is violently opposed to a League of Nations on the ground that it is likely to limit, not to advance, the power and prestige of the British Empire. The great mass of the nation stands by the theory of a League *because* it seems to us to be the best method yet devised whereby reason and common sense may be substituted for brute force in the settlement of international disputes. The Covenant is admittedly provisional. I am in full agreement with you when you say that it was unwise to thrust it into the forefront of the Treaty of Peace, thus making it impossible to reject the one without rejecting the other. In face of the sharp division of opinion among you, that procedure accentuated the mischief, and transformed the criticisms of clauses of the Covenant into antagonism towards the entire Treaty. That was most unfortunate.

As a people we cling to some scheme of a League of Nations for reasons we consider good and sufficient. For one thing, if some definite scheme be not achieved, we shall perforce have to fall back upon the discredited doctrine of a "balance of power."

A policy of national security, based upon some reasonable arrangement, will have to be adopted by responsible rulers. If civilised nations decline to band themselves together into a League to resist and put down the would-be disturber of the peace of the world, the next best thing will be resorted to—nations will form themselves into groups for mutual support and protection. That will involve competitive armaments, international suspicions and irritations, and end inevitably in another terrible war. It was the belief that a League of Nations would lift the nations out of the vicious circle in which they moved in pre-war days, which led the British people to welcome such a scheme. You speak of an *entente* between the free peoples of America, Great Britain and France. Yes, much may be achieved for humanity if they stand firmly together through good report and through ill report: they should never again be separated. But could such an *entente*, while it should contribute largely towards the preservation of peace, effectively secure a measure of disarmament, or even limit armaments to the pre-war scale? Vast and unproductive expenditure upon armaments had become a strain even upon the wealthiest nations before Armageddon burst upon the world. With diminished resources and crushing war debts, such an expenditure in the coming years would be the fruitful source of social unrest within the nation, and irritation bordering on exasperation in international relations, and the last state of the world would probably be far worse than the first. Surely that way madness lies. Serious persons on this side of the Atlantic regard even the possibility of a return to pre-war conditions with dismay akin to despair. It is to obviate this dire possibility that we are clinging tenaciously to the scheme of a League of Nations. All we ask is that such a scheme should be honestly tried. Have we not reached that point in the evolution of the race when "the common sense of most should hold a fretful realm in awe," instead of depending, in this twentieth Christian century, upon the unreasoning and brutal arbitrament of the sword? Should not the civilised nations of the world, at this critical juncture, take their "tide at its flood" and float on its bosom to the reign of reason and international brotherhood based thereon?

IV. *Has not the time arrived when the United States of America should abandon her Traditional Policy of Non-interference in Extra-American Affairs?*

This is a very delicate question, more especially when it is put by a non-American; but, with diffidence and profound respect for American sentiment, I venture to submit that this is a ques-

tion which should be faced. In an old country, rich, as ours is, in ancient traditions, we greatly appreciate your countrymen's reverence for the character of George Washington, and their fine loyalty to his grave warning and earnest injunction. It would be difficult to discover in the long story of the human race a man more worthy of such love and loyalty. He possessed in a pre-eminent degree the qualities that constitute a great personality—devotion to duty, chivalry, courage, wisdom, prescience, patience, disinterestedness, unruffled calmness under the most trying circumstances, and a noble elevation of character. But were George Washington to "re-visit the glimpses of the moon" at this time, would he repeat, under totally altered conditions, the injunction of his *Farewell Address* against the perils that would be involved in "foreign entanglements"?

I do not demur to the distinction you draw between his reference to "extraordinary emergencies" in world-politics, which may involve "temporary alliances," and the "ordinary vicissitudes of her [Europe's] politics, or the ordinary combinations or collisions of her friendships or enmities." The real crux of the matter is: Would the founder of the American Commonwealth, under the conditions that now obtain, counsel his countrymen to withdraw as speedily as may be from the "entanglement" in which their participation in the Great War has involved them? Would he advise that the American delegates should take "no part in the Paris Conference, other than in the discussion and determination of such general questions of world-policy as concern all nations, and are not local controversies between European States"? I respectfully submit that he would not so advise, and I will indicate the grounds of such a conclusion:—

(1) Just as the late War was no ordinary war, so the Peace to be achieved is no ordinary peace. It involves vast areas and immense populations far beyond the bounds of Europe. America's position of semi-detachment should make her cordial co-operation in the settlement of these extra-European problems of the utmost value, while the mediation of her delegates in the arrangement of difficult and delicate problems peculiar to Europe would be equally valuable.

(2) There is the argument resting upon the fundamental differences between the circumstances of Washington's day and ours. A glance at the gradual emergence of the Constitution is desirable. From the Declaration of Independence in 1776 until 1781 there was no legal and properly constituted Central Government. State after State adopted new Constitutions during this period. Thus State government preceded any attempt at Federal government. The States made the Union rather than the Union the

States. Then, in 1781, a form of federal government under the "Articles of Confederation" began, and languished until 1787. It proved a fiasco and a failure for good and sufficient reasons. It was destitute of executive power. There was no President to administer the laws. There was no national judiciary. Men could not be tried in the national courts for violation of the laws, for no provision had been made for such courts. The organisation of Congress was defective. "It consisted of a single House. Its debates were in secret. Its members were elected by the States, were paid by the States, could be recalled by the States, and they voted by States." Congress had no power to raise revenue. It could not collect a dollar by taxation. The Federal Government was allowed to pay the bills without being given the right to levy taxes for the purpose. In short, the State rights were far too numerous and exacting and the federal power too limited to bring into being a strong Central Government. In May, 1787, the great "Constitutional" Convention met in Philadelphia, and hammered out the present Constitution. As Mr. Gladstone said on one occasion, it is "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." It came into operation in 1789, and George Washington was most fittingly elected the first President. It was at the close of his second term as President that, in the beginning of 1797, he delivered his *Farewell Address*—one of the most elevated and noble speeches ever uttered by the lips of a statesman. What had been the chief weakness in the Government up to this time, and the source of no little anxiety to Washington and his Cabinet? The absence of that cohesive power which springs from a strong sense of nationality. Before 1776 the British rule had been by States. After that rule was swept away, State government was dominant for another eleven years; and when Washington withdrew, in circumstances of such dignity and pathos, worn out in the service of his country, internecine strife between State and State was still a grave possibility. To intermeddle with European affairs, under such circumstances, might easily lead to the intervention of Europe in American affairs. Washington saw very clearly that the line of safety for the thirteen States of the Union and the territories beyond, was to keep themselves to themselves until at least the more or less "fortuitous concourse of atoms" had become fused into a real as well as a nominal Union.

Washington uttered three solemn warnings—against any weakening of the Union; against the growth of party spirit; and against foreign entanglements. The great Civil War in defence of the Union is America's heroic answer to the first warning. But what of the second? Has it not been more honoured in the

breach than in the observance? Is it not so honoured at this hour? It may be, as a writer has remarked, that "the author of the *Farewell Address* desired an excellence incompatible with the form of government that had been deliberately chosen. A Democracy that is not governed by parties, parties that are not affected by the spirit of faction, are things yet undiscovered." (Oliver's *Life of Alexander Hamilton*, p. 346.)

What a marvellous transformation has been effected in the intervening 123 years! The weak and not too harmonious little Union of thirteen States has evolved into a mighty Union of forty-eight States with a population of 100 millions, covering a vast area, with resources—material, intellectual and moral—that are almost boundless. Do you seriously think, in face of the world's great needs, that Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, and the rest of the able men who rocked the cradle of the infant Commonwealth would consult their fears rather than their faith, their caution and their timidities rather than the splendid courage they one and all possessed, in the advice they would tender in this day of unequalled opportunities? I don't.

(3) America owes it to herself, as one of the great civilised and civilising Powers of the world, to face her moral responsibilities in relation to vast world-problems. Your countrymen may regard the tradition of "non-intervention" as purely a domestic question with which no other nation or people has any right to intermeddle. They must bear with me if, with profound deference, I venture to dissent. The United States of America cannot shake herself free from moral responsibility and its implications by giving to the question at issue this narrower interpretation. Just as no individual in civilised society can live to himself, however much he might desire to do so, so no State can live to itself in the comity of nations. The law of action and reaction is ceaselessly at work, and is it not a species of moral cowardice to try and evade the natural consequences of the operations of natural laws? In short, do not America's status and growing influence in the world make this merely "domestic" aspect of the question an impossible one?

This apparent unreadiness on the part of the United States of America to bear her fair share of the "White Man's Burden" comes to us as a painful disappointment after our hopes had been kindled by her whole-hearted intervention in the war. Just think of the burden Britain is bearing. Long before the war it had become the custom of some of our public men to speak of our country as the "weary Titan," and to look round to see how her burden might be lightened. The war came as a bolt from the blue, and then with unfaltering courage she faced the issues which

could not honourably be avoided, and during four momentous years, upon sea and land and in the air, Britain put forth energies second to none of the belligerents. Now she is facing the vast issues of a Peace, which should be commensurate with such a War, with the same calm courage. With an immense Empire covering nearly one-fourth of the earth's surface, with commitments in all parts of the world, with problems in Egypt and India and other portions of her Empire that press for solution, and with a crushing war debt, she is still ready to add to her burden and responsibility by the acceptance of vast mandatory powers under the Peace Treaty. For a time we were heartened by the thought that the great Republic of the West would stand by our side and take her part and lot in this civilising and humanising work. Are our hopes and expectations to be finally dashed? We cannot believe it. Rather would we believe that the present apparent indifference to large moral issues is but a passing phase of thought, and that when party differences have been arranged, and a great and virile Race has been given time to look quietly round and read aright its duty and responsibility, America will yet be found playing a part in world-politics worthy of a nation that, in the Providence of God and its own great qualities, stands in the "foremost files of time."

With admiration and respect, Sir, I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

D. HENRY REES.

II. THE AMERICAN STANDPOINT.

I greatly appreciate Mr. Rees' courtesy and that of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW in enabling me to comment upon his reply to my article in the January FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. Let me say preliminarily that Mr. Rees' article seems to me wholly in the right spirit. Ours are both self-respecting nations, and our relations will be improved when mere sentiment—valuable as it is—is supplemented by straightforward thinking and speaking. Among the best people in both countries there is such a sincere and earnest desire for a common understanding and a recognised *entente* that the two nations cannot be kept apart if frankness and sincerity mark any discussions that proceed between us. We are *institutionally* one flesh and blood, and having a common medium of expression, accord need not be difficult if each nation frankly recognises the peculiar conditions and limitations of the other.

Reverting specifically to Mr. Rees' various theses, I beg to say :—

I. When we speak of the Paris Peace Congress scrutinising President Wilson's credentials we are speaking figuratively. As President of the United States, he needed no credentials in the sense of paper evidence to establish his representative position in Paris. I cannot agree with Mr. Rees that there was a natural presumption that Mr. Wilson had plenary authority because of his assumed knowledge of the American Constitution or the fact that he was the Chief Executive of the United States. The Peace Conference could not be blind to the fact that the United States is a corporate entity, having a written Constitution, under which its public servants have only strictly defined and limited powers. Apart from the precise language of the Constitution, the relations between the United States and foreign nations for over a century could not have left the Peace Conference in ignorance of the fact that President Wilson could not bind the United States by any treaty without the consent of two-thirds of the Senate. I cannot see that practical recognition of this fact in Paris need have wounded the susceptibilities either of Mr. Wilson or the American people. If the American people prefer—as they undoubtedly do—a form of government which denies to its ambassadors, or even its President, plenipotentiary powers, then they cannot complain if foreign nations take into account the very limited character of the powers of their diplomatic representatives.

II. Mr. Rees asks whether the President, in negotiating the Treaty of Paris without first consulting the Senate, acted *ultra vires*.

I reply that, as the American Constitution has been interpreted, he did not. Undoubtedly, the original intention of the framers of the Constitution was to make the President the mere agent of the Senate in negotiating treaties under its direction and supervision. Prior to the adoption of the Constitution the conduct of foreign affairs was vested in the Continental Congress, and those who framed the Constitution desired to continue this control. They not only realised, however, that Congress could not be continuously in session, but that it was not always practicable for the members of the Senate—originally numbering twenty-four—to conduct negotiations for a treaty; and therefore they so far compromised the exclusive power of the Senate as to authorise the President to “make” treaties “by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.” The words “advice and consent” were not tautological. It was obvious that the “consent” referred to the final acceptance or rejection. “Advice” meant the co-ordinate action of the Senate and the President, by which the President should proceed with the negotiation of the treaty, “with the advice,” and therefore subject to the supervision of the Senate.

In other words, the Senate was originally intended to be as the "Elder Statesman" in the Japanese Empire.

This was recognised by the first Presidents, those who had sat in the Constitutional Convention which framed the Constitution, and therefore knew best the intentions of its framers. Thus, President Washington on many occasions appeared before the Senate and asked its instructions as to the character of the negotiations which he intended to initiate. In his conduct of foreign relations he kept in the most intimate touch with the Senate, in order to be sure that he would not exceed their wishes in what he was attempting to do. Thus, in a matter that very closely pertained to England, Washington, on April 16th, 1794, consulted the Senate as to the propriety of sending John Jay to England to negotiate the so-called "Jay Treaty," and gave his reasons and suggested the policy that he would instruct Mr. Jay to follow.

Washington's successor, President Adams, followed the same procedure. Jefferson, when he sent Livingston and Monroe to France to negotiate for the acquisition of Louisiana, suggested his proposed policy and invited the Senate's assent or dissent.

Gradually, however, a different procedure was adopted. For many reasons the President preferred to initiate the negotiations on his own responsibility and to defer any formal consultation with the Senate until he was prepared to submit a treaty in a concrete form. Even in these cases the President generally conferred informally with Senators, in order to be sure that he did not go to lengths which they would not sanction. In ignoring the Senate in the initial stages of negotiation, these former Presidents did so only in cases where they felt a reasonable certainty that the Senate would subsequently ratify their action. In all cases of doubt the President, in order to prevent such a catastrophe as has now happened, either took the advice of the Senate as a body before initiating or concluding negotiations, or at least conferred with the Committee on Foreign Relations. Thus, as late as December 17th, 1861, President Lincoln sent to the Senate a draft of a convention proposed by the Mexican Government, not for ratification, but merely to ask their advice and whether he should proceed with the negotiations. A year later he again asked advice as to what instructions he should give the American diplomatic representative in Mexico, and when the Senate passed a resolution that it regarded the proposed policy inadvisable, President Lincoln, in a message dated June 23rd, 1862, said: "The action of the Senate is, of course, conclusive against acceptance of the treaties on my part."

In 1871 President Grant transmitted a despatch from the

American Minister to the Hawaiian Islands and asked the advice of the Senate as to the policy to be pursued. Again, in 1872, the same President asked the advice of the Senate with respect to the differences which had arisen with England under the Treaty of Washington.

In 1884 President Arthur asked the advice of the Senate as to how he should proceed with negotiations with the King of Hawaii for the extension of the existing reciprocity treaty.

In 1888 the Senate asked President Cleveland to open negotiations with China for the regulation of immigration.

Without multiplying precedents, which are numerous, it is enough to say that not only have previous Presidents kept in touch with the Senate in negotiations, but the power of the Senate to shape them finally has been demonstrated by the fact that, in the matter of sixty-eight treaties with foreign countries, the Senate refused its ratification until amendments which they advised were accepted. The final power of the Senate has been repeatedly demonstrated by the complete rejection of treaties favoured by the Executive.

Undoubtedly in relatively unimportant negotiations, where the President can proceed with safety, he has negotiated without preliminary consultation with the Senate. But in all grave matters, especially where the issues of peace or war are concerned, every President, prior to the Treaty of Paris, consulted, formally or informally, with the Senate, and, as the latter has become a very large and cumbersome body, the method that has been followed generally in recent years is for the President to discuss matters of international policy with the Committee on Foreign Relations. As to many questions, especially in the initial stages, he may consult only with the members of that Committee who are of his own party; but in all grave crises, which rise above party politics, it was hitherto the unbroken custom for the President to confer with the members of the Committee on Foreign Relations, without respect to party. The most recent illustration of this was the Spanish-American War, when President McKinley, as the crisis developed, called into frequent consultation the entire body of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and, when that war was ended, the President sent, as Commissioners to Paris, members of both the political parties, including a distinguished Democratic Senator, who was not on domestic questions in political sympathy with the Administration.

In this way the Constitution has been so interpreted and applied that hitherto party politics stopped at the margin of the ocean, and America pursued, with reference to foreign affairs, a reasonably united policy.

I do not question that, as a matter of technical legal right, the President, under his authority to make treaties, can ignore the Senate until he is ready to submit to that body the concrete form of a treaty. Such a course does not violate the letter of the Constitution, even though it does offend its spirit, for when the President completes his negotiations with foreign Powers without any consultation with the Senate, he frequently makes it difficult, if not impossible, for that body to express its full and free judgment as to the merits of the proposed treaty. The time gives this obvious result full proof.

It is obvious from what has preceded that President Wilson, in his negotiations at Paris, did not follow the wholesome and consistent precedents of his predecessors. He did not offend the letter of the Constitution, but he did not observe its spirit, which commanded him to "make," *i.e.*, negotiate, his treaties with the "advice" of the Senate. He has the justification that he works best alone and when least interfered with by divided counsels. Conflicts of opinion confuse him, and he has little of the judicial faculty of weighing the *pros* and *cons* of a question, and then deciding upon which side the balance lies.

The fact is that Mr. Wilson, in his entry into public life from a lifelong immurement in the cloisters of a college, could not put aside the spirit of the pedagogue. Accustomed to the domination of a class-room and speaking *ex cathedra*, he never wholly acquired the *savoir faire* of the practical statesman. He determined from the very beginning of his administration that he would be the sole judge of America's foreign policies. His proclamation of neutrality at the beginning of the war, when he invited the American people not only to refrain from acts and words that were unneutral, but even from *thoughts*, evidenced his remarkable idea that in the greatest moral crisis of history a hundred millions of people would cease thinking and allow him in a matter of conscience to do their thinking for them. In no democracy was this possible—least of all in the United States, where independent judgment is a matter of habit.

From that time until he submitted the Treaty to the Senate he consulted with few, even of his own party. I was present in the Capitol on the day that the President submitted his famous "Fourteen Points." Even the leaders of his own party did not know until he opened his mouth upon what subject he intended to speak. A distinguished Democratic Senator thought that the address was to treat with the Governmental ownership of railroads, and the leader of the Democratic Party in the Senate afterwards admitted that he was ignorant of the President's *pronunciamiento* or even its subject-matter until it was orally delivered;

and yet that was possibly the most comprehensive and momentous declaration of foreign policy that any American President had ever made.

Such an attempt towards exclusive domination of foreign policies is without a precedent in American history. Even his own Cabinet Ministers were often ignorant of his plans and intentions. His Secretary of State, who ordinarily conducts the foreign negotiations of the country, has frequently been left in ignorance of what the President was going to do over the name of the Secretary of State.

Mr. Wilson's indefensible negotiations in the last months of 1916 to intervene and force a peace were conducted by Colonel House, who had no legal official status whatever, and the German Ambassador. Colonel House's activities as super-Secretary of State and super-Ambassador to all nations were without any sanction in the Constitution. As to Mr. Wilson's activities in Paris, it may be said that never before in the history of the American Republic was there such an exhibition of one-man power—and Americans, as a habit of mind, do not like one-man power.

Undoubtedly this grave departure from wholesome precedent and this repudiation of the basic idea of the Constitution with respect to the conduct of foreign relations did accentuate the opposition to the Treaty of Paris to a very considerable extent. It is not surprising that it did. When the maintenance of the Constitutional institutions is at stake, the merits of the particular question out of which it arises are of secondary importance. If the League of Nations had been of unimpeachable wisdom, it would nevertheless have excited a great and earnest body of dissent in America because of the attempt to force it upon the Senate by means that fell little short of coercion.

I agree with Mr. Rees that great allowance should be made for the irritation on both sides of the Atlantic which has followed America's failure to act upon the Peace Treaty. The situation is a most unfortunate one. Undoubtedly it could have been avoided, if the simple expedient had been followed to make the Peace first and discuss a League of Nations afterwards. Even though it were advisable to entangle an academic charter of world-government into a practical peace treaty, the unfortunate deadlock between Europe and America could and would have been avoided if President Wilson had followed the wholesome precedents of his predecessors and taken the Senate into his confidence. He could have ascertained to what extent America was disposed to abandon its great tradition of detachment from European affairs. A little co-ordination between the Senate and the

President, as the Constitution contemplated, would have resulted in an American programme which, if accepted by the Peace Conference at Paris, would have been promptly and formally ratified by the Senate. Indeed, if the President had followed the example of President McKinley and taken to Paris several distinguished members of the Senate of both parties, the present fiasco would probably have been avoided.

When President Wilson returned to America with the first draft of the Covenant of the League, the dissent of the Senate—though informally expressed—was unmistakable. Thereupon the Paris Conference, in Mr. Wilson's absence, wisely decided to make a Treaty of Peace first with the Central Powers, and then consider, in a supplemental treaty, a League of Nations. On President Wilson's return to Paris he insisted that this action should be reversed, and the fatal blunder of the European Peace Commissioners was that they yielded to this demand, and, to please Mr. Wilson, forced the Covenant of the League back into the Peace Treaty. The obvious purpose was to compel, or at least induce, the Senate to accept it as a choice of evils. While it may not have been so intended, in effect this was a challenge and almost an affront to the Senate and to a majority of the American people, who had, in the preceding November, given emphatic expression to their unwillingness to make President Wilson the sole judge of the extent and manner of America's participation in the proposed Treaty.

III. I am next asked the following question: "If not a League of Nations—what then?"

It is suggested that my opposition to the proposed League is a surprise because, in the first place, the idea had its origin in America. I fail to see what that has to do with it. As a matter of fact, it had its origin among little groups of idealists, some of them pacifists, who felt that it was only necessary to draw the scheme of world-government upon paper to ensure its success. I do not think the problem is so easy. As I said in my previous article, the American people unquestionably favoured some method of international co-operation, as right-minded people in every country do. They favour it now. But a concrete plan which asks America to join in underwriting "the territorial integrity and political independence" of the world is quite another matter. That does not appeal to the American people.

I cannot ask the space to set forth my objections to the proposed League of Nations. Many of them would be of doubtful interest to foreign readers, as they concern the peculiar interests of the United States, the integrity of its institutions and the maintenance of the policies under which it has grown great. But

I have objections to the League which are quite apart from my citizenship. Speaking not merely as an American and believing that the progress of civilisation rises above the interests of any nation, I have, among other reasons, a basic and fundamental objection to this League.

A true League of Nations must be based upon the equality of right of sovereign nations. In its last analysis that was the issue of the present world-war. The present Covenant destroys this principle by dividing the nations of the world into four unequal classes. The first class consists of five nations, who are vested with a perpetual tenure of power in the Executive Council, and who constitute a majority thereof. The second class consists of the four minority members of the Council, whose power and influence are necessarily affected by the fact that their tenure of power is limited and uncertain, as they may be supplanted by other nations, in the discretion of the Assembly. The third class is composed of the remaining members of the League, who are only members of the Assembly, and, as such, have powers which, as President Wilson said, are little above those of a debating society. The fourth class comprises the many remaining nations of the world, great and small, who, either of their own choice or by the action of the League, are excluded from membership therein.

In my judgment no true League of Nations can be built upon the false foundation of such discrimination between sovereign nations. Sooner or later its authority would be challenged, either by internal dissensions or by attack from without. In fact, its moral authority is already bankrupt. The League of Nations has virtually been functioning since the Peace Conference met in Paris, and its impotence to impose its will, except upon the Central Powers, is manifest.

But, Mr. Rees asks: "If not a League of Nations—what then?"

My answer is to recall a classic of American boy and girl readers when I was young. A series of papers appeared called "The Peterkin Papers." The first of them told a story about a good family by the name of Peterkin, who, although book learned, were profoundly stupid. They were thrown into confusion when the mother of the family put salt, instead of sugar, into the coffee. Thereupon the chemist, the pharmacist, the scientist, the family doctor and various other experts were called in to determine what could be done to neutralise the saline taste of the coffee. Finally, when all had exhausted their various remedies, they determined to consult a certain wise lady who came from Philadelphia, and she solved the difficulty by saying: "It is very simple. Make

another cup of coffee." This obvious remedy had never occurred to the Peterkin family, and the Paris Peace Conference does not seem to be wiser.

The League is already moribund. Few men question the fact that, sooner or later, it will dissolve like a bubble. Its futility having been demonstrated, that which remains is to make another and a true League of Nations; for the present League is not a League at all. In my opinion, the best League of Nations that men have yet devised was The Hague Convention, which respected the basic principle of the equality in rights of sovereign nations. If it failed in 1914, it was not because of any inherent defect in its structure, but because its constituent members did not have sufficient sense of moral responsibility to respect its obligations.

I admit that The Hague Convention was defective in one fatal respect. There was no provision to summon it to meet quickly in a sudden crisis. If The Hague Convention could be reconstituted with some useful amendments, and, among these, one which would authorise the permanent secretariat to summon a meeting of The Hague Convention, either upon his own authority, when they saw a crisis approaching, or upon the request of a given number of nations, then I believe The Hague Convention would function as effectively in preventing war by the power of public opinion and the greater pressure of common interests as any other method that has yet been devised. It is true that, when a world crisis arises, the members of The Hague Convention might run away from their obligations, as too many of them did in 1914. But if there be not now a sufficient sense of collective responsibility in the world for nations to stand together in the maintenance of peace, in view of the tragic disaster that has befallen civilisation, then no paper form of government would prevent another war.

IV. Finally, Mr. Rees asks: "Has not the time arrived when the United States of America should abandon her traditional policy of non-interference in European affairs?"

I regret that I have not sufficient space to answer this question adequately.

My reply is that isolation is impossible for the United States. As a policy it was abandoned long before the present world-war. It may be questioned whether the word "isolation" ever correctly described the foreign policy of the United States. From its very beginning it either voluntarily entered into, or was involuntarily drawn into, many world-problems. Its so-called "policy of isolation" consisted largely in its disinclination, to use Washington's words, to "implicate itself by artificial ties in the ordinary"

—meaning thereby the local concerns—of European politics. In its early days of weakness it did not desire to become the shuttlecock of European politics. Of that it had had bitter experience in the colonial wars which preceded the foundation of the American Republic. It did not object to alliances so much as to “entangling alliances,” and by this oft-quoted expression it meant such contractual obligations by treaty alliances as would impair its freedom of action in future crises or contingencies.

Assuming that “isolation” does truly define the past policy of America; yet, from the time of the Spanish-American War, when, in another Treaty of Paris, the United States voluntarily assumed responsibilities in the far Orient, the policy of isolation was definitely abandoned.

As I said in my previous article, America's entry into the war in 1917 was not in strictness any departure from its historic policies, for primarily such entry was due to the purpose of vindicating its rights upon the high seas. Yet the nobler and broader purpose, which inspired many Americans, concerned one of those “extraordinary emergencies” of civilisation—again to use Washington's phrase—as to which he advocated the policy of temporary alliances.

I agree that the United States, as a master-State of the world, has world-wide obligations from which it cannot escape without moral suicide. That America will play a great part in the future destinies of civilisation, I do not doubt; but it will play a greater and more beneficent part if it does not dissipate its moral influence and impair its disinterested character as a great and friendly arbiter by intermeddling in the local concerns of Europe. As President Monroe's Secretary of State said just a century ago, in words that I quoted in my previous article: *“It may be observed that for the repose of Europe as well as of America, the European and American political system should be kept as separate and distinct from each other as possible.”*

JAMES M. BECK.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN INHABITANT OF PETROGRAD.

THE stillness is deathly.

No cry of the newspaper boy. No cry of the itinerant green-grocer. No cry of the Tartar old-clothes man. For there are no free newspapers, no plenteous vegetables, no stores of old clothes to be sold. Everyone who has keeps what he has, and thinks himself blessed in the possession of it. Only those sell who have no other means to avoid starvation. Except profiteers, into whose rapacious claws the Bolshevik prohibition of legitimate trade shovels fortune.

Pale daylight radiates through the room. I turn under the sheepskin coat and blanket that form the bedclothes of my sofa, and see that it is half-past eight. The room is bitterly cold. I struggle into my clothes, and tidy up the drawing-room. Alexandre Markovich (the young poet) is still sleeping in the dining-room. Beyond, Maria Victorovna and Anna Constantinovna occupy the bedroom. I look into the passage, and see that Magdalena Dmitrievna, who has the study, is already up and in the kitchen. Five people to four rooms? Well, we are lucky not to have eight. There is a fifth room, but there is not enough wood to keep it even moderately warm.

Magdalena Dmitrievna is wrestling, in an atmosphere about freezing point, with the samovar—no easy matter when there is no charcoal. Chips of wood must be used in place of it, and these, even if quite dry, require constant tending. Magdalena Dmitrievna's head is wholly wrapped up in a tattered shawl.

"Ivan Fedorovich," she says, "could you go and get to-day's bread before breakfast? There's hardly any left."

"All right. What else is there?"

"Three herrings that we kept over from supper and four potatoes. And let Alexandre Markovich go for the milk on the medical certificate Anna Constantinovna got yesterday. Poor thing, with her cough, to stand all those hours at the commissariat to get it."

By this time A.M. is afoot, and we sally forth wearily. The glass marks four degrees above zero, which is not pleasant before breakfast after a very meagre supper the night before. Weariness clogs the limbs even at daybreak. The neglected surface of the snowy street is dotted with other figures, similar to ours, wan and also already weary, bent on similar errands.

In ten minutes I am back, closely followed by A.M. "What, no bread?"—"Only after 3 o'clock. And the milk?"—"None at all, except for infants in arms. It's always so, you know, or almost always. Better buy it from a smuggler. I know a man who sells for 12 roubles a bottle." £1 4s. for half a pint! *

The samovar is ready by now, the other two of the household are about, and we breakfast in their bedroom for warmth: three cold herrings, four potatoes, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread over from yesterday between five people. No butter or sugar, of course. But the tea is plentiful—we have managed to secrete a private store, the gift of a good Red Cross samaritan, from last year—and, thank goodness, hot. Such heat as it and the fare described can put into us must suffice for the next six hours.

After breakfast the first thing is the stoves—an urgent necessity, since if the flat gets cold throughout the consequences may be bad. But wood must be economised, and A.M. and I get the bedroom and dining-room stoves going; we will light one or, if it seem very cold, two others, in the afternoon. This, with washing up and the first primitive dusting of the rooms, takes a good fifty minutes.

Magdalena Dmitrievna cries disconsolately that the wood in the kitchen is running short—more must be fetched from the cellar.

"Didn't the dvornik promise to bring some this morning?"

"But he hasn't."

"Perhaps he will, and, anyhow, there's no time now. The rehearsal is at 11, and it'll take us forty minutes to get there. Dinner at 5, I suppose? I'll fetch the bread on the way back."

As thus appears, we are no mere "bourgeois," but a group or so-called "collective" of hard-working actors, huddled together in one flat, and distributing among ourselves what Americans know as the chores, happy in the fact that as members of our trade union we have the right to a quarter of a pound of bread a day instead of the one-eighth magnificently allotted to other of the "intelligentsia."

"But if I have to come to the rehearsal I shall never be able to get dinner by five—oh, and the potatoes are all done, except these few stony ones. I tried all yesterday morning, you know, and couldn't find any."

This is grievous. To get off rehearsal is one thing. But no potatoes! Let those who have tried it testify to the sustenance obtainable from a dinner composed, as ours will be, of soup made from a few boiled salt fish, and then those same few boiled salt fish served as the *pièce de résistance*, without even the delusion of solidity that a couple of potatoes apiece give.

But Maria Victorovna has a idea. She rings up an unknown number, and talks—oh, so captivatingly—to someone at the other end of the line. Couldn't she come and see the lovely little things that her acquaintance had spoken of? Oh, how kind. Or send? Splendid! At what time? Half-past four? All right. She rings off, and explains: Yesterday, in the tram, after the show, a lady admirer had spoken to her, and whispered that she knew where potatoes could be bought—a whole pound (40 lbs.)! "And it's all right! You go there, Ivan Fedorovich, and she'll arrange it for you. Alexandre Markovich, you can get the bread. No one overhearing could have understood what I meant, do you think?" For to buy food privately is a penal offence, punishable with imprisonment, or in the extreme cases death.

We rush off to rehearsal. Magdalena Dmitrievna is practically without boots. Her shoes are gaping at the seams and down at heel, but a decent second-hand pair, discovered with much searching, is priced at 360 roubles, and she can't afford them until her son, who has been forced into the Red Army as instructor, sends her money. Nevertheless, she will go out and see what other vegetables can be picked up in the market, and she will have to stand in the queue for at least an hour to get our monthly pittance of paraffin, due to-day.

The forty-minute journey by foot and tram of the rest of us calls for no comment. A dead horse is lying in the street, unmolested. A few months ago the body would have been devoured by dogs, but now the dogs have been eaten. When dark comes it will be cut up by the neighbours. We see two people in the street fall from inanition, and at the corner of the Nevsky prospect a man in the tram has a sort of seizure. But these are daily incidents, and pass unremarked.

Now, thank goodness, work begins. Work, you see, is the only thing that can take your mind off your stomach; for we are hungry, not because breakfast was insufficient, but because we are always hungry. Everyone in Petrograd is hungry, except the commissars and their friends. And work is the only anodyne. Yet work in a totally unheated theatre with a scratch company on an all but empty stomach is anything but a joke. Russian rehearsals run normally from 11 to 4 without a stop. The only refreshment is a glass of mock tea at two roubles to wash down a mouthful of buckwheat cooked in castor oil by the dvornik's wife, costing five roubles. To-day we get through without special trouble, as occurs sometimes when the "young lead," who is on good terms with a commissar's brother, feels uppish, or the "heavy" man has taken too much cocaine, which is his way of eluding gruesome reality. And to-day is specially important for me, as there is a hope of

potatoes. By soon after 4 I am through, and plod off, the sack I have brought under my fur coat, to the address given me. It is a goodish way, with two tramway changes and half a mile to walk. Who can these people be to whom I am wending my way? My curiosity is soon enlightened. I find an agreeable young woman in an exquisitely furnished flat, the top floor of a palace now being used for a district supply committee. She is the wife of the committee's manager, and, having access to the stores, proposes to sell vegetables illicitly to Maria Victorovna, the star of our company. She and her husband, she says, are devotees of the theatre, and Maria Victorovna's acting fairly entranced them. Indeed, they could not have chosen a more welcome way to show their appreciation. A large basket of potatoes is dragged out from under the bed, my sack filled, and weighed on scales concealed beneath an armchair, evidently denoting that this good Samaritan has befriended others. I pay and gratefully depart, sack on shoulder, and trudge a mile and a half with it, one of the tram connections having broken down. Why, I ask a fellow trudger? "Fire at the paraffin cisterns over there."—"Good heavens, the paraffin will all be destroyed."—"Lord, no," he answers; "it's all been stolen and sold, and the employees have fired the place to hide their tracks." Such practices are too common in Bolshevik Russia to excite remark. Well, there is nothing but to trudge, one's hands frozen on to the cords of the sack by an icy wind.

At last I reach home, and drop my burden, as relieved as Christian. We now have potatoes for some days, in view of which I am forgiven for delaying dinner an hour. The meal is as described above, with the addition of slices of a large radish-like vegetable that the housekeeper member of our party has found in some byway. She has had a hard job cooking, too. The *dvornik*, of course, did not bring wood, and there was barely enough for the "*éconómka*," or baby stove, that will cook one dish at a time, has to be watched without stopping, and does not warm the bitter kitchen at all. We wolf down our food in silence, shivering in a corner by the stove; then get some comfort from tea, with as a great luxury a small lump of sugar apiece. But the conversation that inner warmth inspires is not cheerful. True, A.M. is primed with stories of the British fleet and Army arriving on the Esthonian front to liberate Petrograd, but it is of more immediate importance to know that the expected distribution of potatoes will not take place before the end of the month, and there will be no more paraffin at all. We hear that all the carrots—some score tons—received for Petrograd have been held up by the central supply committee till they are rotten. Sugar is ninety roubles

a lb., bread 25, butter 100—prices that are prohibitive except for a treat. Then there has been a perquisition next door, and a family arrested. Why? Pretext: concealment of arms. Reason: a denunciation by a dissatisfied servant, whom the family were so rash as to keep. We look grave, for was not a whole family shot not long since because the forgotten holster of a pistol was found? Moreover, perquisitions frequently go by districts, and if next door yesterday, why not our house to-night?

The brief rest over, we must buckle to again. First, the rooms have to be swept. A modicum of cleanliness is, after all, necessary. Then A.M. and I envelope ourselves again in fur coats, and go down the back stairs to the wood cellar. The glass is well below zero now, and the cellar opens direct on to the frozen courtyard. Tall men like ourselves have to bend nearly double in the place, and taking the logs five at a time from this rabbit hutch and upstairs, by the light of a stump of candle, is distinctly uncomfortable. Anna Constantinovna, meanwhile, heats the drawing-room and study stoves. By 10 o'clock we have hauled enough wood from the dwindling store for several days, and divest ourselves of "shubi" and thick mittens. There is still to-morrow's work to be prepared, the while a final samovar is coaxed into life, and we sit down to tired relaxation, when——

The electric light is suddenly cut off. This happens quite capriciously, sometimes at 8, sometimes at 11; sometimes it burns all night. The precious but most inadequate lamp is found and lit, and we bask in relative comfort before I turn in on my sofa. But rest is not yet. The stillness that has again become deathly is shattered by a motor lorry plunging along the street. A perquisition, of course. Only agents of the Extraordinary Commission drive motor lorries at night. We listen intently, each one holding his breath. Where is it going? Good God, it is stopping here! Thunderous knocks on the hall door below bring all to their feet. Is it possible they are coming here—to our flat? Our papers are all in order, and we have no arms, but no one can tell what a search may spring from or lead to. Heavy footsteps on the stair. One of the women begins to cry and can barely be quieted. Merciful heavens, they have stopped on our landing. Pictures of the infernal filthy prison den, starvation, humiliation, the bullying by criminals chosen for warders, tormenting inquisitions, even actual torture, chase one another involuntarily through the mind; and what fate may await the women the mind refuses even to imagine. Strung up to the last degree of tension, we expect the knock, the summons. But no—incredible relief—it is to the opposite flat they have gone. Yet relief is not final, since they may visit us afterwards, and we remain on tenter-hooks, till

at half-past three they leave the house, and the motor lorry thunders off. No one dares look out.

Such is an ordinary day, described by one who has lived through it, in Petrograd in January, 1919. We were well-to-do people, earning a large collective salary at the theatre. We lived miserably. How much more miserable must those have been who had not our resources, who had no wood, no paraffin, no trade union, and no friends willing to sell food on the sly.

And how infinitely more terrible has life become in the stricken city after the lapse of fourteen months under the ceaseless grinding tyranny that is crushing out the life of Russia.

JOHN POLLOCK.

THE RETURN OF MR. ASQUITH.

PAISLEY has repaired the error—if it was an error—of East Fife, and Mr. Asquith has resumed, amid the benevolent congratulations of the great majority of his countrymen, the Parliamentary career which was interrupted by rather more than a year of exile. The Unionist candidature was a blunder. As there was no prospect of Mr. MacKean's success, Mr. Asquith should have been left a straight fight with the Labour candidate, on whom he would then have inflicted a still more crushing defeat. For he carried at Paisley the flag of Parliamentary government, as well as of the existing political and economic system. All these were directly challenged by the Labour candidate, and thus, while Mr. Asquith also bore with great gusto an anti-Coalition banner, the prime significance of the Paisley election was the Labour defeat and the emphatic verdict given against Nationalisation and all the vague but menacing revolutionary doctrines which are being sedulously advanced to-day under Labour's cloak.

Paisley, moreover, was a triumph for Parliamentary efficiency. Parliament has lost prestige since the General Election. This is not due solely or mainly to the Coalition Government, for the process began years ago and continued unchecked throughout the Asquith Administrations, owing to the furious partisanship which poisoned political life. But last year the House of Commons suffered principally from the lack of Parliamentary ability and authority in the ranks of the Opposition. The Independent Liberals were weak both inside and outside the House. The Labour Party, numerically strong outside, was relatively weak in the House, and weaker still in Parliamentary experience and debating power. There never was so feeble a Front Opposition Bench. When Mr. Balfour and several of his colleagues lost their seats together at the General Election of 1906, the Unionist Party still had Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. George Wyndham, and a few others to carry on the old tradition. But all Mr. Asquith's principal lieutenants, without a single exception, shared his exile, and the Labour Party, which was bitterly disappointed not to have gained more seats at the polls, has produced no one with outstanding talent for Parliamentary leadership. Moreover, it is a party torn by internal dissension, though it contrives to hide its differences with considerable skill. Mr. Adamson is its leader only because the miners constitute the most powerful section in the Labour bloc, and his leadership, even on his own particular

subject of mining, is flat and uninspiring. Those of his rivals who are conscious of their own much superior talents, lend him little effective support. Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Clynes and Mr. Arthur Henderson speak with an air of complete detachment from Mr. Adamson, as though hardly conscious of his existence and determined to ignore his leadership. The attendance of the Labour rank and file is so slack that their own Press has been moved to protest. It is always dangerous for party men to say that their rivals are unfit to form a Government; it is still more dangerous, perhaps, when they honestly believe it. The classic instance occurred in 1905, when Unionist Ministers used to assure their confidants that they were tired of their long tenure of office and would gladly make way for the other fellows if only they had been capable of forming a decent Administration. But it could not be done, they said, it could not be done. Yet, as everyone now knows, one of the most capable and strongest all-round Governments of modern times was produced when the occasion arose, and it was largely composed of young and untried men. Mr. Churchill, therefore, might do well to beware the Nemesis which waits on boastful words, however well warranted his criticism may seem to be. For the fact remains that the House of Commons has lost prestige for the lack of an Opposition able to stand boldly up to the Government. The speakers from the Front Opposition Bench have been overwhelmed, and the back benches have contributed little to their support. Ministers have been encouraged to take liberties on which they would never have presumed had they been faced by men of a calibre equal to their own. It is no disrespect to Sir Donald Maclean to say that he has been grievously over-handicapped, and he has not even had respectable assistance from the Liberals sitting at his side. If Mr. Asquith, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Samuel and Sir John Simon had been in their old places, there would have been a different tale to tell of last Session, even if they had had no greater weight of numbers behind them. The truth is that no Government can be at its best without a strong Opposition. "Parties not only oppose," as Robert Lowe said in a famous speech, "they support, strengthen and invigorate one another." A strong and capable Leader of the Opposition, therefore, will do the Government no harm, but rather good, and that is why Mr. Asquith's return has been welcomed even by sincere friends of the Coalition Government.

The personal side of Mr. Asquith's return is also profoundly interesting. Before Paisley he stood in danger of total eclipse, and to be out of sight in politics is to be out of mind. People were saying that he was a spent force and that his day was done.

The waters of oblivion were passing over his head. There were, of course, a faithful few who never lost an opportunity of "weeping for Tammuz" and lamenting the fact that the destinies of the Empire were not in the safe keeping of Mr. Asquith during the Peace Conferences of last year. And, indeed, there is much to be said for the argument that it would have been better for Great Britain and the world if they had been so placed, for if Mr. Asquith had been the British negotiator-in-chief, the financial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles would assuredly have been more precise and manageable, and it may be doubted if we should have witnessed quite so many sudden changes of attitude on the part of the British Government. But, unfortunately for himself, Mr. Asquith, for all his virtues, was proved by events to be an indifferent War Minister. Had he been strong, he might still have been Prime Minister at this hour, for no man ever had more loyal support from his old political opponents. When he failed, as fail he did, his reputation sank to zero and below. It sank, indeed, far deeper than it deserved. Because he failed to win the war, there was nothing too bad for large numbers of people to believe of him. At one period no story told to Mr. Asquith's disparagement was too outrageous to find eager listeners. He was pro-German, it was said; he did not want to hurt Germany; he was surrounded by sinister pro-German influences. Usually, there was no trace of political animosity or party bias in those who retailed these preposterous slanders; the explanation was that the long strain and cruel disappointments of the war had had a shattering influence upon ill-balanced minds and ill-regulated emotions. But very grave injustice was done to Mr. Asquith; the part he played at the beginning of the war, when others wavered and held back, was forgotten. Even the patriotic self-restraint which kept him, after his fall, from attacking the Government, as many, perhaps most, politicians would have done, was misunderstood and misinterpreted. He had several opportunities of which he could have made effective use, but forebore, though it is notorious that some of his closest political associates—smarting themselves under a sense of personal injury—continually urged him to assert himself and take vengeance upon his supplanter. The gratification of private animosity under the guise of public interest is common enough in public life. Mr. Asquith put his country first, and when he was swept away in the general Liberal *débâcle*, he waited in patience for the hour of return.

Most estimates of Mr. Asquith are either too flattering or too depreciatory. In the Liberal fold naive attempts are made to represent him as another "Grand Old Man" in direct succession to Mr. Gladstone—inflexibly just, noble, patriarchal and wise, &

sort of embodied Equity, more than generous to his opponents, eminently sane in all his judgments. In short, the perfect Liberal, which to Liberals is another way of saying the perfect man, a paragon of human excellence. If hard pressed to admit some blemish in their hero, the devout Liberal may hesitatingly admit a respectful regret that Mr. Asquith has not a little more heart, a shade more warmth. On the other hand, to the man in the street the statesman who was Premier of England for nine years on end has become "Old Wait and See." Mr. Asquith in the days before the war little thought, when he scored off his teasing questioners in the House of Commons by telling them to "Wait and see," that he was associating the phrase for ever with his own name and fame. He gave himself his own nickname, and the way it has clung to him vindicates its aptness. It is denied, of course, by his apologists, and Mr. Asquith himself is doubtless prepared to prove, that he did not wait on events, that he was not always "too late," and that he was not given to postponing decisions when the arguments for and against a given course seemed equally balanced. But he will not easily shake the fixed popular conviction that the change of Government at the end of 1917 was urgently needed and that another hand than Mr. Asquith's was required at the helm if the war was to be won.

Mr. Asquith, then, has a double task before him—to restore his own reputation and to restore the fortunes of his party. This article is written before he has had time to reassert his old ascendancy in a House of Commons which to him is in large measure a house of strangers. But his immediate success in this respect is certain. Mr. Asquith is a consummate Parliamentary—perhaps the greatest now living, and there are only two others, Mr. Balfour and the Prime Minister, to whom such an epithet can fitly be applied. He has distinct advantages over both. He is not subtle, like Mr. Balfour; he is not emotional, like Mr. Lloyd George. Subtlety and emotionalism are extremely valuable qualities at times, but Mr. Asquith's gifts are always in season and always equal to the occasion. They suit to perfection an assembly which is not a little suspicious of mental agility and tempestuous rhetoric—though it thoroughly enjoys an occasional display of either—and reserves its highest admiration for the statesman whose oratory is always competent in a grave, dignified, impressive way, who utters sententious wisdom and looks wise, solid and firm. *Oratio vultus est animi*. Mr. Asquith, as a Parliamentary, is the true inheritor of Pitt and of Peel, whose contemporary biographers analysed the secret of their authority over the House of Commons in words which might just as well

have been written of Mr. Asquith. Take, for example, Disraeli's description of Peel in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck* :—

"As an orator Sir Robert Peel had perhaps the most available talent that has ever been brought to bear in the House of Commons. Both in exposition and in reply he was equally eminent. His statements were perspicuous, complete and dignified : when he combated the objections or criticised the propositions of an opponent, he was adroit and acute. No speaker ever sustained a process of argumentation in a public assembly more lucidly, and none as debaters have united in so conspicuous a degree prudence with promptness."

There to the life stands Mr. Asquith, the Parliamentarian. Every single characteristic is exact, and of no one else in our day could the same be said. When Mr. Asquith speaks he seems the repository of perfect worldly wisdom sanctioned—and even hallowed—by an austere morality. He speaks as though the particular measure—no matter how fiercely controversial—which he is recommending to the House has been confided to him in a special interview from on high. He looks as though he had come down fresh from the mountain, bearing the tablets of a law, providentially adapted to the shortcomings of the age and to the spirit of the British Constitution. "There is no resisting Mr. Asquith's sonorous and majestic commonplace, if one yields to the emotions so pleasantly excited and forgets how, as a matter of fact, Bills come to be drafted, what are the springs which move Ministers to action, and their ceaseless calculations in terms of votes. The combination of "prudence with promptness," which Disraeli noted in Peel, is especially characteristic of Mr. Asquith in debate. If he rarely scores the sudden and brilliant successes which Mr. Lloyd George snatches by instant exploitation of the opportune, he also never comes the occasional cropper which befalls his more nimble rival. Session after session Mr. Asquith stood at the table and never dropped his guard. He got into the habit of never making a statement without the insertion of the saving phrase. It might not be manifest to the casual reader ; it was often unobserved even by the careful listener ; but it was always there. He never rose without the unspoken words, "without prejudice," governing every clause in every sentence. And yet all the time he used to create the impression that he was making a candid and explicit declaration of policy. In this connection let me quote what one of Canning's biographers wrote nearly a century ago about Pitt :—

"Mr. Pitt possessed in almost supernatural perfection the art of appearing to say a great deal without saying anything. His wonderful fluency when he had any point to clear up, but really to confuse, had the effect of filling the ear without conveying one positive idea to the mind. Great was his skill in creating a dubious impression, which might be admitted or denied at convenience."

Many orators, especially those of the copious sort, have had the same skill. But whereas they hide their true meaning in a cloud of words, Mr. Asquith is a pattern of conciseness. He is the least wordy speaker of the day, because he chooses his words most aptly, with a fondness for those of Latin origin. Hence his greater address. When he was fencing with his opponents over the treatment of Ulster, or over the promise to reform the constitution of the House of Lords, as contained in the preamble of the Parliament Bill, Mr. Asquith showed himself as perfect a master of the art of ambiguous utterance as on normal occasions he is unrivalled for his powers of lucid exposition. Twenty years ago Sir Edward Grey, one of his closest associates, said that he had never seen front rank so quickly taken as Mr. Asquith took it, and he also added that he had never seen it more nobly held. It may be doubted whether the historian of the future will describe the pre-war Premiership of Mr. Asquith as "noble." It was disfigured by the grossest spirit of partisanship. Nor was there much nobility in the spectacle of the Prime Minister of England "toeing the line" for years marked out for him by Mr. John Redmond, who held the fate of the Government in his hands. Nevertheless, Mr. Asquith has always cultivated the grand manner in politics. He has never cheapened the House of Commons. He has preserved his equipoise, even in the most difficult and trying situations, as when he was shouted down by an excited Opposition and refused a hearing by the hour together. And on great occasions, when the British Parliament has wished to speak with one voice to the world at large, it has never found a voice more resonant or more lofty than that of Mr. Asquith. His early speeches on the war aims of Great Britain and the Allies were magnificent, and even in the hour of personal defeat his utterance never lost its serene confidence of ultimate victory. On the public platform Mr. Asquith has not taken foremost rank. He is too cold to strike fire out of great public meetings. But in the House of Commons, where, as Canning once said, oratory should "take conversation as its basis," his perfect artistry is beautiful to watch, and he has only to appear to be instantly acknowledged as a master.

It remains to consider what is likely to be the result of Mr. Asquith's reappearance on the grouping of parties. He will rehabilitate himself; but can he restore the Liberal Party? The situation is unusually involved. Mr. Asquith is leader in the House of Commons of a very undistinguished and commonplace group, or let us rather say that he is an Emperor without an army. Can he gather new legions around him? The chances look slight. To begin with, Mr. Asquith has not what is called a

magnetic personality. He makes followers; he does not make disciples. He does not cause the hearts of those whom he addresses to burn within them. He started his political career as a safe man. He never was an enthusiast. He has a lawyer's mind. Temperamentally, he has no love for the whirlwind. Agitation is not the breath of his nostrils. Moreover, a man may be alert in mind and yet be lethargic in body. Mr. Asquith is not old in years, as statesmen go, but he is not young for his years. He roused himself for Paisley, it is true, and fought a great fight, but let him beware the omen of the Paisley shawl which was always designed to be the comfort of declining years! There enters the doubt whether physically Mr. Asquith is fighting man enough to reunite the broken Liberal hosts. And yet, if he fails, who looks like succeeding? Liberalism lost its vital spark when it lost Mr. Lloyd George.

Mr. Asquith has only the rump of a party in the House of Commons—a poor nucleus, the very leavings, almost the sweepings, of the polls. Nor are their numbers likely to be much increased from by-elections. The feminised constituencies have been very capricious of late, but they have not been choosing Liberals. They may, indeed, relent. Labour, which rode so proudly a few months ago, is a little chastened by its recent experiences. It is just possible—though not probable—that a few Liberals may come in, according as Fate—in the shape of Death or Promotion—selects the arenas, and Chance provides the burning issues on which the elections are fought—whether it be the price of a loaf or the future of Constantinople. But even if the old Liberal tide, which was once so docile to the Liberal Whips, began to flow again, Mr. Asquith's party in the House of Commons would still remain a handful, ineffective by itself in the lobbies. Can they be reinforced by allies? Mr. Asquith is well used to allies. His Administration from 1910 to 1914 rested on alliances. There was the Irish Alliance on the one side, and the Labour Alliance on the other. The actual name may be challenged; the fact remains unchallengeable. The Liberal Administration during those critical years was a sort of Coalition, its main characteristic being that none but Liberals enjoyed the sweets and cares of office. It was not technically a Coalition Government, but they had most assuredly a Coalition policy, for if Liberals possessed a monopoly of the emoluments, they paid the price in policy to their Irish and Labour friendlies. And it was a great price! Labour did not ask—and was not asked—to enter the Liberal citadel during those years, but Labour acquired one by one the keys of the entrance-gates, most of which now hang at its girdle.

However, what are the chances of a new Alliance? The

Nationalists are gone from the House, and there is thus no hope of reinforcement from the Irish benches, unless the Sinn Féiners should suddenly resolve to swear a false oath of fealty—for which they would easily get absolution—and come to Westminster in order to destroy Parliament from within, just as did Parnell forty years ago. Even so there are surely limits. Whether or no Mr. Asquith shook hands with the Dublin rebels when he visited them in gaol in 1916, he could hardly with decency shake hands with them in the House of Commons, so long as they demand an Irish Republic. There is no immediate help, therefore, coming to Liberalism from the Irish hills. Labour alone remains. But here, too, there is no promise of help. At the moment Labour is imbued with the true spirit of Sinn Féin. It despises Liberalism as a creed outworn. It sees itself courted and wooed. An ex-Lord Chancellor is obviously ready, if not to scale the heights with the Labour idealists, at least to sit on the Woolsack and volubly chant their praise. (Lord Haldane excuses himself the arduous climb, because there is not a peak in Wonderland which he left unscaled in the days of his springtime, and what he has not seen he can imagine.) Labour is exultant. Mr. J. H. Thomas observed the other day that, as Liberalism was a spent force, Liberals, if they believed in Progress, ought to be told by their leaders to vote Labour. Mr. Arthur Henderson, pontificating from a hundred platforms, swears that the Labour Party will never enter another Coalition, and that he will sit with none but Labour colleagues when he returns to Downing Street. The Labour Party, therefore, may help Mr. Asquith to destroy the Coalition Government, but only that they may reap the spoils alone. They will not help him to form another Government. And if they are fighting one another to the death at every by-election, they will not prove very trusty allies at Westminster.

Mr. Asquith's return has been a sore blow to Labour. His is a most inconvenient presence on the Front Opposition Bench. While they were all mediocrities together, the Labour Right Honourables did not feel their inferiority so acutely. Now they are troubled. If Mr. Adamson precedes Mr. Asquith in debate, he knows that he bores the House. If he follows him, what is left for him to say? A damnable dilemma. And yet he must speak, and must assert himself, and must keep up the pretence that what he—Mr. Adamson—says in the House of Commons represents the policy that the electorate is yearning for. Martyrs have earned their crowns for less pains than Mr. Adamson must suffer, if he be a man of sensibility. But he shows no sign of it. The attitude of Labour to Liberalism on the Front Opposition Bench is one of stubborn insistence on its right to be there. Outside

Parliament its attitude is that of the under-dog which has suddenly become top-dog. Mr. Asquith himself is evidently perturbed. He would like to go back to 1910-1914 and become once more a kindly, benevolent Prospero. He would take pains to be a good master to Caliban, to take him walks and humour him, to pet him and keep him in good humour, and help him to educate himself and display his laboriously learned accomplishments at Liberal missionary meetings. But Caliban is not in the mood to be petted. He growls at good Prospero's footstep, refuses scraps, demands the whole joint, and keeps barking "Nationalisation" in alarming tones. It is "Ban-Ban-Caliban; Got a new master; get a new man."

Caliban's new master is Caliban himself, and Mr. Asquith does not like it. He is pained by the ingratitude of the Labour Party. In his speech to the Eighty Club on March 9th he unburdened the heaviness of his soul to his brother Liberals. "What have we done for Labour?" asked Mr. Asquith. "Everything. It is due to the exertions, the sacrifices, the ceaseless energy and, I will add, the idealism of the Liberals of the past that Labour is to-day an active, articulate political force. It is due to us that it received both its political and industrial enfranchisement, and it is due to us, above all, that it obtained and has had safeguarded the free power of combination." There is a curious omission in this catalogue of Liberal benefactions. Mr. Asquith claimed no credit for having put the Trade Unions above the law, in a position of privilege hitherto reserved for autocrats and kings! But the charge of black ingratitude is well based. After being taken in out of the street and received as a son into the Liberal mansion, Labour now threatens to turn its host out of doors, and brings against him the charge of fraudulent possession. The Liberal King Lear is deeply hurt. But worse sorrows are still in store for him. The Liberal and Labour Parties are fighting one another in grim earnest. Mr. Asquith, obviously, would be only too glad to compromise. But Labour believes that it can deliver a knock-out blow, and until the mastery is decided there will be no Alliance with Liberalism. If there is no decision, we may expect Mr. Asquith to spin some formula of temporary compromise. But for the present he is pledged to the hilt against Nationalisation, as involving the overthrow of private property and the destruction of private enterprise.

Mr. Asquith may also look across the floor of the House and scan the rows of faces opposite for signs of wavering loyalty to the Coalition. The most prominent malcontent is a Unionist, Lord Robert Cecil, and he is almost as much in revolt against Mr. Bonar Law as against Mr. Lloyd George. Heredity comes

peeping out. He is not the first Lord Robert Cecil to turn his pen into a stiletto against his party chiefs. The Lord Robert Cecil of the 'sixties of last century did the same. But whereas the father preached High Toryism in the *Quarterly* against the opportunism of Mr. Disraeli, the son—to be in the mode—plies his pen in the Sunday picture papers and slyly insinuates treason against the opportunism of Mr. Lloyd George and the incapacity of Mr. Bonar Law. All in the name of the very highest principles, of course, but what those principles may be, and how they differ from the principles of the Government, to which he so recently belonged, is not explained. Lord Robert Cecil disapproves of Mr. Lloyd George. It is not because the Prime Minister is too democratic for him. That is his eldest brother's trouble. It is Lord Salisbury who is flying the Tory flag. Lord Robert is the hope of the Young Unionists—though they are all patently middle-aged—who profess ardent democracy, and are eager to give the Labour Party anything except what they are willing to accept. Apparently, it is something in the Prime Minister's character which offends the austere Cecilian canon, and Lord Robert desires the Unionist Party to have done with him, and gracefully offers himself as the new leader who will bring the party triumphantly out of the present confusion. Hence his vehement objections to anything in the shape of fusion. But vehemence is not enough without numbers, and Lord Robert's followers in the House of Commons would not fill two benches, though they spread themselves out ever so widely. No alliance, however, is conceivable between the Young Unionists and Mr. Asquith; the most they will do to help him is to pelt with small stones the Coalition from the rear.

There is thus no visible hope for an Independent Liberal Party in Parliament so long as Ajax and Achilles are at daggers drawn and Mr. Lloyd George maintains his hold over the loyalty of the Coalition Liberals. Nor is there any sign of reconciliation, in the one case, or of a weakening of personal ascendancy in the other. The Prime Minister has had his heart-to-heart talks both with his Liberal Ministers and with the rank and file of his supporters. He declared his policy in sufficiently clear terms. His aim is not re-union with the Independent Liberals, in order to get the Liberal Party into fighting trim again, so that it may take the field alone. That would only lead to crushing defeat, for, in his view, in "a triangular duel" between the three parties, Labour would come off best and Liberals worst. And, as a Labour victory means disaster to our political and industrial system, he holds that the duty of Liberals is to enter into "closer co-operation" with Unionists throughout the constituencies and

to strengthen their common front. "Closer co-operation" is evidently designed to lead to the creation of a new national party on progressive but strongly anti-communistic lines, at once conservative and liberal, in the best sense of those much abused words. It will not be an easy task. There are many reluctants in both wings of the Coalition. There will be secessions and threatenings. Jealousies will be excited, and the men with the best-founded claims to recognition are likely, as usual, to show the finest spirit. The problem is too big to be discussed at the tail of an article, but while the internecine Liberal feud continues, the Liberal Party, as an independent organisation, is doomed to impotence, and the more the battle rages round the Labour Party's socialistic and communistic programme, the more closely compacted the Coalition must become. It will profit Mr. Asquith nothing that he is anti-Coalition, if, on the decisive social and economic issues of the day, he is precluded from making common cause with his only possible allies. The star which climbed so valiantly above the horizon at Paisley will cease to mount and will soon be slipping back.

J. B. FIRTH.

THE ETHICS AND PHILOSOPHY OF BY-ELECTIONS.

It may, I think, be stated without fear of contradiction that no incident in public life in these countries, despite the compelling distractions of international complications and the sensational results of the Great War, has so powerfully concentrated attention as the recent by-election at Paisley. In that contest we saw a statesman who had filled the great position of Prime Minister for eight years without any interruption of a tenure which has been more continuous than that of any past Reform Prime Minister; who had lost his seat in the House of Commons at a General Election; who had subsequently been out of Parliament for a period of fifteen months—an unparalleled experience for a man with such antecedents who desired to re-enter the House of Commons—fighting literally for his political life, not merely for the purpose of achieving a great triumph, but as the only way of obtaining a seat in the Assembly in which for a whole generation he had been a commanding personality. Everyone who takes an interest, however languid, in public affairs, was thrilled by the poignancy of contrast between the position of Mr. Asquith in August, 1914, as one of the most powerful Prime Ministers since the Reform era, and of Mr. Asquith in February, 1920, as a candidate for a seat in Parliament in a contest where defeat meant not an immediate return to Parliament for a safe seat for another constituency, but an exclusion for an indefinite time from Parliament. A vicissitude so startling in a great career was abundantly sufficient to appeal to any imagination, however torpid, and hence the interest created in the minds of the public at large by the Paisley election.

To the students of constitutional development that election and its attendant circumstances present features of still more absorbing interest by the change in the working of our governing institutions, which are living and growing organisms of which it is a striking object-lesson. In pre-Reform days, and indeed for at least two generations after the passing of the first Reform Act of 1832, the idea of a statesman of the very foremost rank having to fight not for a particular seat, but when, having lost a seat in the changes and chances of a General Election, having to fight to get into the House of Commons at all would be unthinkable. If Mr. Pitt had at any time in his great career been ousted from Cambridge University, it is no exaggeration to say a dozen seats would have been pressed on him for his acceptance.

When at the General Election of 1780 Mr. Burke was defeated at Bristol, a seat for a nomination borough was immediately provided for him. The issue in those times of particular elections in which great statesmen were candidates was occasionally, no doubt, awaited with an anxiety and excitement approaching the anxiety and excitement with which the result of the Paisley election was awaited. To give an illustration: At the General Election of 1784 the Westminster contest excited an interest which attached to no other single contest, for Westminster was regarded as holding among boroughs the same sort of precedence as Yorkshire among counties, and Mr. Fox himself, against whom the influence of the Court and Government were employed, was one of the candidates. The poll was kept open for the full legal period of forty days. On the fortieth day Lord Hood, a Government candidate, was at the head of the poll, but Mr. Fox—Westminster was at that time, of course, a double-member constituency—had defeated Sir Cecil Wray, the other Government candidate, by forty-three votes. Mr. Fox, however, was not returned, for on the last day of the poll Sir Cecil Wray and thirteen electors presented a paper to the High Bailiff, who was then the returning officer, complaining of irregularities in the election and demanding a scrutiny, and the High Bailiff, who was strongly opposed to Mr. Fox, consented to grant it. A motion for the taking into consideration of a petition demanding an immediate return of the writ was defeated. The High Bailiff was, however, directed to "proceed with the scrutiny with all practicable dispatch," but in the beginning of the next session, although eight months had elapsed since the election, the scrutiny was only complete in two out of the seven parishes into which Westminster was divided, and it had scarcely affected the relative positions of the competitors. Several motions calling on the High Bailiff to make an immediate return were defeated by the Government with dwindling majorities until at last, in March, 1785, a motion of that character was carried—the Government being defeated by a majority of thirty-eight. An immediate return was accordingly ordered, and Mr. Fox took his seat for Westminster. If Mr. Fox, a great figure in Parliamentary history, had been defeated for Westminster in this momentous contest, would that defeat have meant his exclusion for an indefinite time from Parliament, as a defeat of Mr. Asquith for Paisley would have meant his exclusion from Parliament for an indefinite time? Far from it; Mr. Fox was not excluded from Parliament by the conduct of the High Bailiff in granting the Westminster scrutiny and the consequent delay for many months in the return of the writ which was the calculated result of the High Bailiff's

action. Mr. Fox had been returned for the small borough of Kirkwall in Scotland, and conducted in the House of Commons his own case for an immediate return of the Westminster writ with extraordinary eloquence and with a great superiority of argument to Mr. Pitt, who essayed to justify the conduct of the returning officer.

Before the Reform Act—as in the cases of Mr. Burke, of Mr. Fox, of Mr. Stanley (Earl of Derby), who, when ejected from Preston, was immediately returned for Windsor, and of Sir Robert Peel, who, when ejected from Oxford University, found, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, “at once refuge and repose” (at Westbury, and subsequently) at Tamworth—it was always easy to find a place for a statesman of eminence, even if not of Cabinet rank, when excluded from his seat. After the Reform Act till quite recently a Minister of foremost rank, excluded from one seat in the House of Commons, was sure of immediate election for another. Thus Mr. Gladstone, defeated for Oxford University in 1865, started for a Lancashire constituency, where a nomination had been reserved for him; and in 1868, when defeated in Lancashire, had already, in anticipation of that defeat, been elected for Greenwich. Sir William Harcourt, defeated in 1880 for Oxford City, was immediately, by a vacancy created for the purpose, elected for Derby; and when defeated at the General Election of 1895 was re-elected to a seat created for the purpose in West Monmouthshire. When at the General Election of 1905 Mr. Balfour was ousted from East Manchester, the delay and difficulty in securing for him a safe seat, although of only a few weeks’ duration, were regarded as extraordinary, while the fact that Mr. Asquith was for fifteen months out of Parliament and has only re-entered the House of Commons by the winning of a seat in a contest of doubtful issue and of a most strenuous character proves conclusively that henceforth a seat in the House of Commons cannot be guaranteed to anyone, however great his eminence, and that election to that Assembly can under any conditions be no longer treated as a matter of form. The Paisley election may accordingly be regarded as a striking landmark in our constitutional history and constitutional morality—which emphasises the fact that under the system in which the franchise has been extended most freely to all sorts and conditions of men, a statesman of the very highest position, to whatever party he may belong, has no security for access to the House of Commons in which he has won the respect and admiration of the country, and in which his presence would be regarded by all parties in the State as a great intellectual and moral asset. The extension of the franchise has certainly pro-

duced a difficulty heretofore unknown in finding seats in the House of Commons for men who ought to have a seat therein, according to the judgment of the public and of Parliament, whereas before 1832 there was a corrective power in the State to do what the country wishes to be done when the General Election happens to fail in that duty.

More than two generations ago the probable result of the Reform legislation in this respect was perceived, although it had not become so far-reaching as the Reform Acts subsequent to 1832 have prevailed to make it. So far back as 1861, when a Bill to appropriate four seats in the House of Commons which had been vacated by the disfranchisement of boroughs was under consideration in the House of Lords, Lord Stratheden and Campbell called attention to the fact that a number of leading men at different times since the Reform Act of 1832 had been excluded from the House of Commons from local circumstances and against the wishes of the community at large from the want of a corrective power in the State to supply the loss to both political parties of the old nomination boroughs and to replace in Parliament men of acknowledged eminence whom the united body of the nation would have returned, but who had failed to secure the suffrages of particular sections before whom they had presented themselves at a general election. In normal times Lord Stratheden and Campbell urged the Bill in question would be referred to a Select Committee to discuss some means of applying these surplus seats to such a purpose. Lord Stratheden and Campbell's motion for this object was withdrawn on the opposition of the Government, but he took occasion to embody the arguments in favour of his proposal in a protest against the third reading of the Bill. This protest seems to reflect by anticipation the views of Lord Robert Cecil and Viscount Chaplin in desiring Mr. Asquith's presence in the House of Commons, although opposed to him in party questions, on the wider ground of national interest, because, in the words of Lord Robert Cecil, he "is needed in the House of Commons as the most representative man of a large body of opinion." In 1867, upon the third reading in the House of Lords of the Reform Bill of that year, Lord Stratheden and Campbell moved the insertion of a clause to enable the House of Commons to assign seats to four persons who might be accidentally excluded at a General Election and whose presence in Parliament would be serviceable to the country. The Earl of Derby, who was then Prime Minister, in opposing the motion, assumed an attitude which was wholly unassailable in denying virtually that there was any remedy for an anomaly which Mr. Asquith's exclusion

from the House of Commons for so long a period—such an incident could not have occurred in Lord Derby's time—has rendered so striking. Lord Derby declared that it would be a waste of words to enter upon a discussion of a scheme "so utterly impracticable and so entirely at variance with the principles of our representative system." The Paisley contest has brought home to the meanest intelligence the fact that there is no entrance henceforth to the House of Commons save by an open election, while it has shown that Mr. Gladstone's defence of small boroughs, in his speech on Lord Derby's Reform Bill in 1859, was based on a ground which would have rendered Mr. Asquith's lengthened exclusion from the House of Commons impossible. "What," asked Mr. Gladstone, "was the case of Sir Robert Peel?" The University of Oxford, on account of a conscientious difference of opinion, refused the continuance of his services. They might have been lost to the British Parliament at the moment, at all events. But in Westbury he found an immediate refuge, and he continued to sit for a small borough for the rest of his life.

I will examine, towards the conclusion of this article, the prediction that the Paisley election will make political history. If that prediction be verified, the Paisley election can take its place in the category of two other by-election episodes which can undoubtedly be said to have made political history—the by-elections at which Wilkes was returned for Middlesex in the 'sixties of the eighteenth century and the by-election in 1828 by which O'Connell was returned for the County of Clare. It may, however, be of interest, deferring for the moment the consideration of the effect of by-elections abnormal in their surrounding circumstances, to endeavour to frame an estimate of the importance to be attached to by-elections under the ordinary conditions of Parliamentary Government. On this subject two authorities so great as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour are at issue. Mr. Gladstone, when in 1874 he submitted his resignation of the premiership to Queen Victoria, in his formal letter to the Sovereign, says: "Mr. Gladstone laid before the Cabinet a pretty full outline of the case as to the weakness of the Government since the crisis of last March, and the increase of that weakness, especially of late, from the unfavourable character of local indications." In a letter to Lord Aberdare (Mr. Bruce) explaining the situation, he writes: "The continued loss of elections and the expediency of avoiding being further weakened have determined us at once to take the opinion of the country and to stand or fall by it." After the election of 1874 was over, and when Mr. Gladstone met Parliament again he said "We found that the

suspensions we were entertaining"—explaining the reasons for the dissolution of Parliament—"arising from a course of by-elections and gradually gathering strength were confirmed by the actual results, and I do not regret a dissolution, whatever its results to us, or for the moment to the Party with which I am associated, which has given to the people of this country a constitutional opportunity of declaring what its convictions were with respect to the conduct of public affairs." On April 4th, 1874, speaking in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone expressed this view even more emphatically: "My regret is not that a dissolution took place when it did, but that it did not take place before. I am not willing to hold office under any circumstances with a minority either in the House or the country. It is repugnant to my feelings, and not compatible with the best interests of the country, that the Government should continue to govern even with a numerical majority when its strength is falling away, when there is daily increasing evidence that it no longer represents the will and the opinion of the constituencies. That is a regret of which I have to make a frank expression." Mr. Gladstone certainly was justified in the expression of his regret in not advising a dissolution at an earlier period, since in the last two years of the existence of his Government of 1868-1874 it had gained only one seat and had lost twenty-three to its opponents at by-elections. Mr. Balfour, on the other hand—who declared that it was vain to quote some obiter dictum of Mr. Gladstone when in opposition and to ignore his consistent conduct in every Government of which he was a member—on July 24th, 1905, as Prime Minister in the House of Commons in explaining his own attitude with reference to a defeat sustained by his Government, said: "It appears to be a common superstition upon the other side of the House that a Minister kept in office by a majority in Parliament ought to consider, in addition to the views of that majority, precisely how the tide of public opinion is flowing so far as the direction and the strength of that tide can be judged by the course of by-elections." Now I assert that this is an absolutely novel principle, a principle which, so far as I know, has never been suggested by any responsible Minister of the Crown either in public or in private. It is alleged of Lord John Russell that in the midst of the difficulties of the Melbourne Administration he gave as a reason against dissolution that candidates in the then state of public feeling would make inconvenient and dangerous pledges to their constituents. That was the doctrine which he favoured at a time when his Government was being constantly defeated in the House, and when the by-elections were going against it, and on constitutional matters Lord John Russell was no mean

authority. To the doctrine thus enunciated by Mr. Balfour the expressions of Mr. Gladstone to which I have referred were triumphantly quoted as a distinct refutation by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Winston Churchill.

The effect of the normal by-election on the course of public affairs has thus been explained by Mr. Gladstone, not speaking in the excitement of political discussion, but writing in the *North American Review* for September, 1878, an article expounding British governing institutions to the American public. "In the United Kingdom," wrote Mr. Gladstone, "the people as such cannot commonly act upon the Ministry as such. But mediately, though not immediately, they gain the end, for they can work on that which works upon the Ministry, namely, on the House of Commons. Firstly, they have not renounced, like the American people, the exercise of these powers for a given time, and they are at all times free by speech, petition, and public meeting to get it back in full by bringing about a dissolution. Secondly, in a Parliament with nearly 660 members (the number of the members of the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone wrote was 658) vacancies occur with tolerable frequency, and as they are commonly filled up forthwith they continually modify the colour of the Parliament conformably not to the past but to the present feeling of the Nation, or at least of the constituency, which for practical purposes is different indeed, yet not very different. But besides exercising a limited positive influence on the present, they supply a much less limited indication of the future. Of the members who at a given time sit in the House of Commons, the vast majority, more than nine-tenths, have the desire to sit there again after a dissolution which may come at any moment. They, therefore, study political weather wisdom, and in varying degrees adapt themselves to the indications of the sky. It will now be readily perceived how the popular sentiment in England, so far as it is awake, is not meanly provided with the ways of making itself respected, whether for the purpose of displacing and replacing a Ministry, or of constraining it (as sometimes happens) to alter or reverse its policy sufficiently at least to conjure the gathering and muttering storm."¹

This exposition of the potency of by-elections in the exercise of pressure from without on the House of Commons and through the House of Commons on the Government which may be accepted as indisputable at the time it was written would, having

(1) In 1887 Mr. Gladstone thus wrote with reference to the influence on Governments of by-elections "A Minister kept in office by a majority in Parliament ought to consider in addition to the views of that majority how the tide of public opinion is flowing so far as its direction can be judged by the course of by-elections."

regard to the evolution of the working of the constitution in the forty years that have since elapsed, be subject to considerable modification. By-elections no longer necessarily affect to the same degree the House of Commons from the fact that the feeling of the constituencies is now far more prone to change than in 1878, the uncertainty of the result of an election in any particular constituency has become much greater, and the dread of Members of the House of Commons of a dissolution has proportionally increased. Sir William Anson, writing in 1908, adopts the words of Sir Sidney Low, writing in 1902: "One cannot," wrote Sir Sidney Low, "at any given moment, except in the few months immediately succeeding a general election, say that the House of Commons represents the opinion even of a majority of the electorate. It may have done so, roughly speaking, when it was chosen, but it may have lost that character long before it has seemed fit to the Premier to recommend a dissolution." "This," writes Sir William Anson, "is what makes the threat of a dissolution effective. Members know that under the present conditions of a general election the opinion of the country as expressed by the result of the polls can only be very roughly described as genuine, and is almost certainly short-lived. They know, therefore, that a dissolution means an election contest with a certainty of expense and a probability of defeat." The weapon, then, by which the Prime Minister or the Cabinet enforces its will on the House of Commons is the threat of a dissolution under the present conditions. Speaking in Manchester on the 7th December, Mr. Lloyd George, with unmistakable directness of language, enunciated the position: "At the last (general) election," he said, "I promised that if I found any lagging, any failure in Parliament in carrying through any measures of reform (which I pledged the honour of the Government to put its whole strength to carry through), I should advise the King to ask for further instructions from the Electorate. I stand by every word of that."

The fact, moreover, that under the provisions of the Place Acts, with some modifications and exceptions, the acceptance of an office of profit under the Crown vacates a seat in the House of Commons, but in certain cases renders the Member whose seat is thus vacated eligible to re-election, makes by-elections an important safeguard of our constitutional liberties. The late Sir William Harcourt, in his maiden speech on February 29th, 1869, in opposition to a motion for leave to bring in a Bill for the repeal of the section of the Place Acts (vi. Anne c. 7) relating to the re-election of Members of the House of Commons accepting office under the Crown, thus expounded the political importance of by-

elections : " The Statute of Anne operated practically like a small dissolution of Parliament. He had been reading the other day in the Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel a memorandum in which he gave the reason why he dissolved Parliament in 1834 when he had taken office with a Party which was in a minority in the House of Commons. Sir Robert Peel said ' that one of the conclusions which drove him to that dissolution was the fact that under the operation of this very Statute of Anne his Government must have gone to the constituencies.' That, it seemed to him, was a very important argument in favour of the existence of such a provision. They all knew that Governments in a minority were not always very easily driven to a dissolution, and as it had been placed on record by the late Sir Robert Peel that, having taken office in the peculiar circumstances which attended the formation of his Government in 1834, the necessity of the re-election of his Cabinet led him to a conclusion in favour of dissolving Parliament, that was, he thought, a very strong reason why they should not now dispense with so valuable a safeguard for their protection under similar circumstances. There were cases in which a section of a Party might sever itself from its own political connections on a great question of policy, and might join the opposite Party in Parliament. Now that section might on a change of government take office or it might not. But supposing persons who had severed themselves in action from their own party were to take office by what was ordinarily called a Coalition with a party that was opposed to them, he wanted to know whether their constituents were not entitled to express their opinion on the course they had pursued? And if the Statute of Anne had operated before and might operate again to prevent such combinations as these, it seemed to him that it was a useful Statute, and one with which they could not afford to dispense."

Having thus sketched in outline the influence of by-elections, not in any single instance, but collectively, during a not inconsiderable period to affect the policy of a Government or the duration of a Parliament, it may be asked whether in any particular instance by-elections have made history.

The making of political history by by-elections is of rare occurrence, unless we include by-elections at which men have entered the House of Commons for the first time who have been destined to take a prominent part in the moulding of the history of the country. In this sense it may be considered that the by-elections by which the elder and the younger Pitts, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Grattan (in the Parliament of Ireland and subsequently in the Parliament of the United Kingdom), Mr. Parnell, Mr. Lloyd George, and many other statesmen

with great Parliamentary careers entered the House of Commons for the first time have made history. But the instances in which by-elections have made history in their immediate as contrasted with their more remote results are few.

The by-election in February, 1769, by which Wilkes, who had been returned for Middlesex at the General Election of 1768, and had been expelled from the House of Commons in 1769, was re-elected for Middlesex, notwithstanding his expulsion, made history. The House, irritated by the re-election of Wilkes, proceeded not merely to expel him, but to declare his election void, but Wilkes was again elected, and his election was once more declared void. A new expedient was then tried. Mr. Luttrell, a Member, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and stood against Wilkes at the election, and, being defeated, petitioned the House, which was at that time a judge of returns, against the return of his opponent. The House ordered that Mr. Luttrell ought to have been returned, and they amended the return accordingly. These proceedings were proved by unassailable arguments to be illegal. Wilkes was again elected for Middlesex at the General Election of 1774, and took his seat without opposition. In 1782 a resolution which he had moved in five previous years was carried by which the resolution of the 17th February, 1769, declaring him incapable of being elected was ordered to be expunged from the journals "as subversive of the rights of the whole body of the Electors of this Kingdom." In 1882 Mr. Bradlaugh, having been expelled, was immediately returned by the electors of Northampton, and no question was raised as to the validity of his return. The Middlesex by-election of 1769 may in its results be regarded as having settled the doctrine that expulsion does not incapacitate a Member who has been expelled from immediate re-election, and that the House of Commons has no control over the eligibility of its members, except in the administration of the law which defines their qualifications. To that by-election is due the establishment of this rule as a decisive enunciation of the law v. practice of Parliament. The incidents which arose out of this by-election led to the abolition of general warrants and the acknowledgment of the principle by which both Houses of Parliament are governed, that so long as the debates are faithfully and correctly reported the privilege which prohibits their publication is waived. The Middlesex by-election of 1769 may likewise be regarded as a factor in the series of enactments beginning with the Grenville Act of 1770, whereby the right to determine disputed returns of elections claimed and exercised by the House of Commons itself was transferred to committees of that House, which were Courts independent of the House, though composed of its own members,

and has eventually been vested in the Judiciary. The Middlesex by-election of 1769 certainly made history.

And then another by-election stands out prominently as a maker of history—the by-election for Clare, in 1828, in which Mr. O'Connell, a Roman Catholic, was returned to the House of Commons before the passing of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act. The Duke of Wellington, who was Prime Minister, and Sir Robert Peel, who was leader of the House of Commons, have placed it on record that that by-election was the turning point of the Catholic question. It constrained them to reverse the policy of the Government—a policy in whose exposition the Duke of Wellington a few months before had declared that "he could not comprehend the possibility of placing Roman Catholics in a Protestant legislature." The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, who had both taken office to defeat Roman Catholic claims, being convinced that the choice lay between Roman Catholic Emancipation and Civil War, passed the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 to prevent, in the words of Sir Robert Peel, "public calamity," and in the words of the Duke of Wellington, "as the sole method of preventing civil war." It is a strange irony that the by-elections of 1769 and of 1828, which made history, did not place the Members returned as their results in the House of Commons. Wilkes on his return was immediately expelled. O'Connell was held to be disqualified for election as a Roman Catholic, because he had been elected before the passing of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act. A new writ was issued for Clare, and O'Connell was returned without opposition.

Will the Paisley by-election make history? It has been described as a by-election which carries with it consequences infinitely more far-reaching than any by-election in the last thirty-five years. "If ever," writes the *Times*, "it could be said that the result of a by-election carried with it a national mandate, Paisley can enter the claim on behalf of its new Member." The fallibility of political prescience is with the historian a commonplace. The view, however, held by Mr. Asquith himself of the result of the Paisley Election can be gathered from his speeches, and is of great interest. On the day of the declaration of the poll Mr. Asquith described the result as "decisive." In his election address Mr. Asquith urged "the need for a return to healthy party conditions." Speaking at Paisley on the 5th February, Mr. Asquith declared: "No Government can get on without a strong opposition, which was indispensable to the conduct of legislation and administration," thus anticipating the view of Viscount Chaplin in a letter subsequently written "that what is chiefly wanted in the House of Commons is an effective opposi-

tion." Mr. Asquith's proposed plan of action in what has been described as the dignified and responsible position of Leader of the Opposition is in exact conformity with the attitude which Mr. Lecky, a theoretical writer, thinks should be assumed under a system of Parliamentary Government. It is an attitude, in the words of Mr. Winston Churchill at Dundee, in reference to the Paisley contest, in which there is "a difference of method rather than of principle." "The true function of an Opposition," writes Mr. Lecky, "is to restrain the Government from isolated mistakes, to expose such mistakes when they are committed, and if through blunders or personal unpopularity the Government has fallen into discredit, to be prepared to take its place, and to carry on the administration on the same general lines, but with greater dexterity of management. The great majority of the mistakes of Governments are at all times unconnected with party principles, and a body whose function is to criticise and prevent them is discharging a duty of great importance. No doctrine in modern politics is more mischievous than that an Opposition is bound to justify its separate existence by showing that it differs on broad questions of principle or policy from the party in power."

J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL.

THE NEW OLD-AGE PENSIONS ACT, AND SOME UNCONSIDERED POINTS.

THERE is probably no other writer who could cover the same ground which Miss Edith Sellers' personal and extensive work amongst old-age pensioners has enabled her to do in an article, "From the Old-Age Pensioners' Standpoint," which appeared in a recent number of *The Nineteenth-Century and After*. It is to be hoped that, except in those instances in which it is already too late, any future legislation called for on the subject will not be uninfluenced by the conclusions to which she has been led by her first-hand knowledge. Everyone who reads the article must regret that the writer was not a member of the Departmental Committee on Old-Age Pensions. Such an omission, unless by her own wish, confirms the somewhat prevalent opinion that in carrying out Government investigations those individuals whose knowledge of the subject in hand would be most useful sometimes get passed over. On this point Miss Sellers is naturally silent, but she does draw attention to the fact that only two old-age pensioners gave evidence before the Committee. "Had they been two hundred," she writes, "instead of only two, the Committee's acquaintance with the old-age pensioner class . . . might still have been . . . too scant for them to speak with authority on what concerns their welfare."

Apparently this dearth of direct evidence from old-age pensioners was not due to backwardness on their part. Two letters touching on the subject, which appeared in one or two newspapers before the Report of the Committee was issued, brought me, to my surprise, quite a number of replies, interesting and intelligent though mostly very sad, from old-age pensioners or would-be pensioners evidently anxious to state a case either for themselves or on behalf of others. The letters were not begging in the ordinary sense. The writers did beg, but it was for influence to be exerted in their interests, and they warmly appreciated the few words they had read. "Your letter," wrote one, "made our poor old hearts jump for joy, after our living in a state of semi-starvation ever since the war began." Of these letters, the last I received was of most importance. The writer, a woman, broke original ground, and also confirmed Miss Sellers' evidence upon a point on which the latter lays the greatest stress, . . . "the necessity of some sort of homes reserved exclusively for respectable old people being provided for them at once." My

correspondent spoke, as Miss Sellers has done, of the dread overshadowing the lives of many respectable old-age pensioners—presumably of the “belongingless” class—of being ultimately forced to the workhouse. She suggested that if some of the workhouses could be converted into lodgings for old-age pensioners, where they could “keep their own poor belongings about them,” it would be the greatest boon, and would, the writer added with some acumen, save the State the expense of paying so many officials as are needed to look after the inmates of a workhouse.¹ *A propos* of this suggestion, we may note that an inmate of a workhouse costs the State 7s. 6d. more per week than an old-age pensioner in receipt of the maximum pension of 10s.

However imperfectly the views of old-age pensioners themselves may have been realised and considered by the Departmental Committee—sympathetic though their attitude was—there can be still less doubt that their Report and its complications had little or no influence on Parliamentary action. “The report of Sir Ryland Adkins’ Committee, which sat for eight months this year (1919) was ignored,” writes “A Student of Politics,” commenting on the proceedings in the columns of the *Times*, and we may reasonably infer from this that not all the legislators who passed the new Act with such promptitude had made themselves acquainted with its contents. The new Old-Age Pensions Act is, in short, legislation at its simplest, and it could have been framed and passed almost as speedily as actually happened if no Committee had sat at all. Public opinion, the most potent factor, stronger than any party wire-pulling, in modern legislation, had been aroused, and set strongly in favour of a rise in old-age pensions; and a rise there accordingly was. The strain of the situation was relieved by raising the rate of the maximum pension from 5s. plus 2s. 6d. war bonus to 10s., and the yearly means limit from £31 10s. to £49 17s. 6d., and also by the removal of certain disqualifications which, however, Miss Sellers assures us, were by no means disapproved of by the existing class of old-age pensioners. Whether this disapproval strengthened the case for their retention—had there been leisure to state such a case—is another question, useless to reopen now, since their removal is a *fait accompli*. Speaking generally, it may be said that the removal of the previous disqualifications will tend to lower the class of old-age pensioners.

Let us consider the question in some of its wider aspects. Many points remain to be thought out since the issue of the

(1) Unfortunately the actual words of this letter, which was, as the writer stated, not written “only for myself,” cannot be given here, as at the time of writing it is out of reach.

Departmental Committee's Report and the passing of the Bill. In Section 17 of the Majority Report we read :—

" It will be remembered that under the existing Acts the amount of pension is not designed to be adequate by itself for complete support. . . . We find no ground . . . for the impression, which is somewhat widely spread, that old-age pensions were intended to provide a complete livelihood for those otherwise without resources. Nor can we recommend the adoption of such a principle. "

This statement marks what must be considered the dividing-line between the old-age pensioner and the aged pauper. In the cases of the former the State assumes that the individual has resources by which the allotted pension can be eked out. If this principle were carried out to its logical conclusion, old-age pensions would not be granted to those who are otherwise without resources, but apparently it has never been applied in this way. The "resources," as referred to in the Report, are only considered in so far as they affect, first, whether the individual is too well off to be entitled to a pension at all, and, secondly, what deduction on this score has to be made from the maximum pension. But apparently the grant of an old-age pension is never withheld because an applicant can show no other means of livelihood. The provision under the new Act which allows an old-age pensioner to be also in receipt of outdoor relief may perhaps be regarded as an expedient for dealing with such cases. The fact that, to quote from Miss Sellers, "many an old man, and still more old women . . . would rather starve than receive poor relief," seems no reason for not placing it within reach of those who are willing to accept it, and particularly so now when, for good or ill, old-age pensions have been extended to another class.

Miss Sellers passes somewhat lightly over the question of the means limit, but there are aspects, other than those she mentions, to be considered. Section 18, "The Means Limit," of the Majority Report states that :—

" The question as to what means limit should be embodied in an Old-Age Pensions Act, or whether there should be a means limit at all, is perhaps the most important of all the matters referred to us. "

Incidentally it may be mentioned that, though most of the letters that reached me from old-age pensioners confirmed Miss Sellers' evidence as to their two main grievances—*i.e.*, their dire need for an increase in the pension (then 7s. 6d.) and the hardship of the rigid age-limit of seventy, which cuts off some of the most necessitous cases from relief—some of the correspondents took up, and most emphatically, points relating to the "calculation of means," which are dealt with elsewhere in this article.

The following tables, the first of which is taken from Section 6 of the Majority Report, show how the amount of pension is affected by the pensioners' "yearly means." Presumably, the terms "yearly means" stands for the pensioners' assured cash income—since it would be difficult to estimate other resources with such mathematical precision—but this is not specified. In the second table, which I have drawn up, the word "income" is substituted for "means."

Rates of Old Age Pensions under the Acts, 1908 and 1911.

				£	s.	d.	Equals roughly per week.	Rate of Pension.
Yearly means not over	21	0	0	8s.	5s.
" " over £21	0	0	but not over	23	12	6	9s.	4s.
" " " £23	12	6	" " "	26	5	0	10s.	3s.
" " " £26	5	0	" " "	28	17	6	11s.	2s.
" " " £28	12	6	" " "	31	10	0	12s.	1s.
" " " £31	10	0						Nil.

The above rate of pension, plus yearly means, brings the weekly income in all cases to 13s. per week.

Rates of Old Age Pensions under the New Act.

				£	s.	d.	Equals roughly per week.	Rate of Pension.
Yearly income not over	26	5	0	10s.	10s.
" " over £26	5	0	but not over	31	10	0	12s.	8s.
" " " £31	10	0	" " "	36	15	0	14s.	6s.
" " " £36	15	0	" " "	42	0	0	16s.	4s.
" " " £42	0	0	" " "	47	5	0	18s.	2s.
" " " £47	5	0	" " "	49	17	6	19s.	1s.
" " " £49	17	6						Nil.

The above rate of pension, plus yearly income, brings the weekly income in all cases to £1 per week.

It will be seen from these tables that the end aimed at, and attained, at any rate on paper, by the means limit, is to ensure absolute monetary equality among old-age pensioners who have any private means of their own above a fixed sum. The pre-war weekly income, "yearly means" plus pension, was fixed at 13s., and the new Act now fixes it at £1. According to this principle, the individual whose private means bring in 19s. a week is no better off as a pensioner than one whose income, independently of the pension, is 10s. a week. The question of the fairness of this arrangement need not be entered into here. At any rate, it affords a working basis for the application of the means limit, and in any case the equality is more apparent than real, since much depends upon whether the pensioner is belongingless or can make a home with relatives or friends. Independently of these points, the principle as worked out in the tables is not of

great importance, since Miss Sellers tells us that out of 920,198 old-age pensioners only 64,924 are affected by the means limit. The yearly income from all sources of the large majority of pensioners is either below the amount which comes within the scope of the means limit, or nothing at all. There is therefore plenty of room for inequality of circumstances among old-age pensioners, and any scheme of pensions which fails to recognise this as natural and inevitable can lead to nothing but resentment and deception. In this connection perhaps I may be allowed to quote a passage from one of the letters to the Press referred to in the earlier part of this article :—

"It should be frankly recognised that some old-age pensioners are better off than others. There is no *a priori* reason for equality of circumstances among them, provided that the original qualification for a pension, i.e., amount of assured income, remains equal for all persons."

But what is most pertinent to any questions arising in connection with the "means limit" is the principle upon which the "calculation of means" is based. The technicalities of this calculation as expounded by the Old-Age Pensions Act, 1911, are not referred to in the Report of the Departmental Committee, and it is difficult to gather from the latter how the law actually stands with regard to the various sources of income which are passed in review.

Among the evidence in the Report "devoted to pleas for the exclusion of particular kind of income from the calculation of means," we read :—

"Many witnesses have submitted that assistance given by friends, relatives, and ex-employers should not be taken into account in calculating means. They argued that under the present system would-be benefactors are faced with the alternative of discontinuing such assistance, or of finding that it merely results in the reduction or revocation of the pension. . . .

"A number of witnesses supported the view, that personal earnings obtained by casual work or home industry should be excluded from means. If savings, gifts, and earnings are . . . to be ignored [that is, as coming within the means limit], the only remaining form of income to be included is inherited property."

These quotations, brief as they are, from the longest and most important section of the Report seem to show that, as regards the calculation of means, the witnesses have taken a more rigid view of their legal aspect than is usually accepted or acted upon. For instance, the plight of the pensioner who is presumably debarred from accepting gifts without running the risk of being mulcted by a reduction of the pension, which, be it noted, is not in itself intended to be sufficient for livelihood, is, to say the least, a rare one. But this part of the subject bristles with complica-

tions, and it is because the Committee considered it "impossible to differentiate equitably between various kinds of means" that the majority felt themselves driven to advocate a sweeping measure of universal old-age pensions as being the easiest way out of the tangle.

Putting this solution aside as the new Act has done, and as being a costly and inadequate remedy rather than one which meets the present needs—the most pressing of which probably are: (1) Either free housing or higher pensions than 10s. for the most needy cases; (2) the lowering of the age-limit, say, to sixty-five, in those cases, otherwise eligible, where it can be shown that regular employment has been lost owing to age and infirmity—one main question naturally emerges out of many conflicting points. If old-age pensions are intended to be only supplementary to other sources of income, where does the advantage come in, either to the pensioner or to the State, once the pension has been granted, by imposing restrictions and limitations as to the additions which by one means or another the pensioner is able to make to the pension? And, in particular, it may be asked: Why are any limitations to be placed upon the casual earnings of the old-age pensioner, precarious as such earnings must always be?

In all the most necessitous cases, which it should be the main object of any old-age pension scheme to consider first, every penny of the full pension and every penny that the pensioner can by personal exertion add to it is needed for providing the bare necessities of life. So long as a pensioner is in receipt of a yearly salary for work done, that might be taken into account, though not to its full amount, in the calculation of means, but earnings of the aged poor short of this should surely be excluded once and for all.

In connection with the question of casual earnings, the views of an old-age pensioner, as expressed in one of the letters referred to earlier in this article, may be given here. He writes:—

"It is impossible for poor old people to live on present allowance. Even if they try to earn a little to help out they are afraid of having their pensions stopped. . . . What I feel is those who are able and willing to do a little work should be allowed to earn what little they could without interference, as when people get between 70 and 80 years of age they cannot do much . . . but where they were not able to work and have to rely solely on pensions, their pension should be raised to enable them to live a little more comfortable than at present. This would not burden the State much more than at the present time. I do not think Mr. Lloyd George knows the exact working of the Act. Anyhow, the restriction is unnecessary, I call it, under the present price of everything."¹

¹(1) This passage is, as will be seen, unedited, the wording being just as received from the correspondent.

The question as to how far lodging, or board and lodging, enter into the calculation of means is also passed over in the Majority Report, though in a reservation by Miss Matheson she recommends that "complete board and lodging should not in any case be reckoned at more than 10s. a week." This suggestion is made by her in relation to the means limit. Miss Sellers, however, gives it as her opinion that it is only those old-age pensioners who are not "belongless" who can get along on the maximum pension of 10s. This opinion seems to imply that free housing, at any rate, should not be a reason for reducing the maximum pension. In a case of which I have personal knowledge no inquiries have been made of an old-age pensioner, who makes her home with relatives, respecting payment for rent and board. A clause in the Old-Age Pensions Act, 1911, states that :—

"In calculating the means of a person, account shall be taken of . . . the yearly value of any benefit or privilege enjoyed by that person."

This clause, like many others in Acts of Parliament, lends itself to some freedom of interpretation, even if the proverbial "coach and horses" could not be driven through it. The question, therefore, of the relation of partial or complete board and lodging to the means limit must be regarded as more or less an open one. Probably the simplest way to deal with the means limit would be to proceed on the lines of what sources of income ought to be excluded from it, and if this question were to be submitted to a popular verdict, probably the first three items to be ruled out from the calculation of means would be :—

1. Casual earnings due to the pensioner's own industry.
2. Gifts, whether in money or kind, given either by friends, ex-employers or relatives, with the view of adding to the pension.
3. Board and lodging, whether partial or complete.¹

It will be seen that these suggestions again imply recognition of inequality of circumstances among those who are entitled by the want of independent means to the old-age pensions. Some would be comfortably off, and some would only just be able to scrape along, and would need additional help from the State, either in the form of free housing or outdoor relief, or what not.

No knotty points of this kind disturbed the minds of the framers of the new Act, and, according to that keen observer of Parliamentary proceedings, "A Student of Politics," "the Bill

(1) The attempt to discriminate between partial and complete board and lodging might only pave the way to misrepresentation—complete board and lodging is probably not common.

was passed through all its stages in less time than it took one eupeptic man to eat a chop." This lightning legislation he attributed, as did most others, less to philanthropic zeal than to the near approach of Christmas, to what he termed "cupboard charity," and he paints the scene accordingly. "'Take away the pensioners and bring in the dinner,' says the House of Commons, the tears chasing down its cheeks."

Sooner or later the pensioners will have to be brought back. The problem of how to ensure the greatest benefit from old-age pensions, combined with all possible economy of expenditure, is not one to be hastily solved. Many points taken up by the Departmental Committee and by others may, and probably will, come up again for consideration when legislation again concerns itself with the interests of the old-age pensioner.

E. MAUD SIMON.

WINDOWS.

I.

THE PAISLEY SHAWL.

WHAT were his dreams who wove this coloured shawl—
The grey, hard-bitten weaver, gaunt and dour,
Out of whose grizzled memory, even as a flower
Out of bleak Winter at young April's call
In the old tradition of flowers breaks into bloom,
Blossomed the ancient intricate design
Of softly-glowing hues and exquisite line--
What were his dreams, crouched at his cottage loom?

What were her dreams, the laughing April lass
Who first in flowering of young delight,
With parted lips and eager tilted head
And shining eyes, about her shoulders white
Drew the soft fabric of kindling green and red
Standing before the candle-lighted glass?

II.

THESSALY.

Sun-steeped translucent marble, and beyond,
Pale marble hills of amethyst and rose
Above the shadowy olive-grove that shows
A sea-green shimmer like a tide-left pond
Of brackish waters under the pale blue sky
Of the unclouded noon of Thessaly:
And over that pallid sky and pallid sea
Obliviously the sultry hours drift by—
Drift by in sun-steeped and translucent dream,
Till suddenly a seagull's strident scream

Stabs through my sense, and once again I ride
 In a little coble the dark tossing tide
 Of glancing, shivering Northern seas, a boy
 Chanting to that dark sky the tale of Troy.

III.

ANTHONY EARNSHAW.

We found him buried in the drifted snow
 Beside his buried but still-breathing ewes.
 'Tis rarely given for any man to know
 And find, unsought, the death that he would choose :
 Yet he who had always laboured among sheep
 Since he could walk, and who had often said
 That death should find him working, stumbled dead
 Succouring his flock, and by them fell asleep.

Spare sinewy body and brown knotted hands,
 Lean weathered face and eyes that burned so clear
 From gazing ever through the winds that blow
 Over wide grassy spaces, one who stands
 Beside you, quiet on your hurdle-bier
 Envies your hard-earned death amid the snow.

IV.

LINDISFARNE.

Jet-black the crags of False Emanuel Head
 Against the Winter sunset : standing stark
 Within the shorn sun's frosty glare, night-dark
 A solitary monk with arms outspread
 In worship or in frustrate tense desire
 Of racked and tortured flesh : still young and spare,
 With drooping head he seems to hang in air
 Crucified on a wheel of blood-red fire.

The red sun dips : and slowly to his side
His slack arms fall ; and in the clear green light
Of the frosty afterglow where coldly burns
A lonely star, a very pillar of night
He stands above the steely shivering tide,
Then slowly to the darkening East he turns.

V.

HANDS.

Tempest without ; within, the mellow glow
Of mingling lamp and firelight over all—
Etchings and water-colours on the wall,
Cushions and curtains of clear indigo,
Rugs, damask-red and blue as Tyrian seas,
Deep chairs, black oaken settles, hammered brass,
Translucent porcelain and sea-green glass—
Colour and warmth and light and dreamy ease :
And I sit wondering where are now the hands
That wrought at anvil, easel, wheel and loom—
Hands slender, swart, red, gnarled—in foreign lands
Or English shops to furnish this seemly room :
And all the while, without, the windy rain
Drums like dead fingers tapping at the pane.

VI.

WINDOWS.

I.

The hills of Wales burned only dimmer gold
Beneath gold skies, as over the green shires
I looked from my high windows on the fires
Of sunset kindling ; but they could not hold

My vagrant thought that in an instant leapt
To a window overseas that from a height
Looks down an alley where a girl one night
Was done to death, while, knowing naught, I slept.

And brooding in my chair, I wonder why
The golden uplands and the glistening sky
Should bring that horror of the dark to mind;
And in my consciousness I seek to trace
The ray that glimmers through dark ways and blind
Between the sunset and a dead girl's face.

II.

If I could live within the ray of light
That runs through all things everlastingly—
Not only glimpse in moments of clear sight
The glancing of the golden shuttles that ply
'Twixt things diverse in seeming, stars and mud,
Innocence and the deed in darkness done,
The victim and the spiller of the blood—
The light that weaves the universe in one,
Then might my heart have ease and rest content
On the golden upland under the clear sky :
But ever must my restless days be spent
Following the fugitive gleam until I die—
Light-shotten darkness, glory struck from strife,
Terror to beauty kindling, death to life.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND: THE FOURTH HOME RULE BILL.

"Statesmanship is a practical science, the foundation of which is a knowledge of the facts to be dealt with, and history helps us to a true comprehension of the facts by showing how they have come into being and by revealing the causes which have determined their relative importance. . . . There will still remain room for difference of opinion as to the remedies to be applied, yet that difference will be far less wide among those who have mastered the facts of history than it is among those who derive their views from current speeches and articles; and the former class will be more diffident and more charitable both in judging the Irish people and in condemning one another's conclusions."

For the fourth time in one generation the Imperial Parliament is called upon to pronounce a verdict upon a measure of "Home Rule" for Ireland. To the first Bill, that of 1886, the House of Commons declined to give a second reading, and the electorate, to whom an appeal was promptly made, vindicated the judgment of their representatives. Mr. Gladstone's second venture of 1893 passed through the House of Commons, but was decisively rejected in the House of Lords. The electors endorsed the action of the Peers, and gave to the Unionist Party a mandate to persevere in their two-fold policy: resolute administration of the law, combined with the restoration of economic prosperity to Ireland. The success of that policy was indisputable. The Unionist Government handed over to their successors in 1905 an Ireland that was peaceful and prosperous. "Ireland," said Mr. (now Lord) Bryce on taking office, "is quiet." When Mr. Birrell succeeded Mr. Bryce in 1907 he declared with truth that Ireland had never been so peaceful for the last six hundred years. Still more remarkable was the testimony of Mr. John Redmond. Speaking at Waterford in 1915 to a deputation of Irishmen from Australia he painted the contrast between the Ireland of 1915 and the Ireland of the 'eighties, when he had himself gone to Australia to make an appeal on behalf of "an enslaved, famine-hunted, despairing people." "To-day," he said, "the people, broadly speaking, own the soil; to-day the labourers live in decent habitations; to-day there is absolute freedom in the local government and the local taxation of the country. . . . The congested districts, the scene of some of the most awful horrors of the old famine days, have been transformed, the farms have been enlarged, decent dwellings have been provided, and a new spirit of hope and independence is to-day among the people."¹

(1) "Ireland. An Enemy of the Allies." By R. C. Escaulière. A brilliant study of the Irish Problem.

Meanwhile a change had come over the spirit of the scene. Once more the evil genius of Ireland, never far away nor long absent, became ascendant. In two ways the situation rapidly altered for the worse after 1910. At Westminster Ireland once more became the sport of English politics. For nearly a quarter of a century, with the brief interval from 1892 to 1895, the party in power had been independent of the Irish vote in the House of Commons. During that period the revolution to which Mr. Redmond referred was effected; the law was obeyed; the people prospered. But the General Elections of 1910, both fought on the issue of the House of Lords, made big gaps in the majority which Mr. Asquith had inherited from Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman. Once more, as in 1885, the Radical Party became dependent upon the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Redmond knew his power and was prepared to use it. "We will make them [the present leaders of the Liberal Party] toe the line." So he said on a memorable occasion. He made good his words. The Radical Party toed the line to some effect.

The way was prepared by the Parliament Act of 1911, which abolished the referendal power of the Second Chamber, and left to the Peers only the shadow of a suspensive veto. In 1912 Mr. Asquith brought forward the third edition of Home Rule, passed the Bill through all its stages in the House of Commons, and sent it up to the House of Lords. Rejected by the House of Lords in 1912, 1913, and 1914, the Bill, nevertheless, received, in accordance with the provisions of the Parliament Act, the Royal Assent. Meanwhile the war had broken out; a party truce had been called, and it was mutually agreed that the Act should not come into force until the end of the war, and that Ulster should not be coerced into an acceptance of its terms. But the Act is on the Statute Book. Unless it be repealed or amended, it must come into operation as soon as Peace is definitively concluded. This is the basic fact of the situation by which all parties are to-day confronted.

The main provisions of Mr. Asquith's Act will engage attention later on. Meanwhile it may be helpful to recall, in brief outline, the attempts which, in the last seven centuries, England has made to "settle" the Irish question.

"In my view," said Sir Horace Plunkett not long ago, "Anglo-Irish history is a thing for Englishmen to remember, for Irishmen to forget." It was finely said; the misfortune is that, speaking generally, the grim story of Ireland is forgotten by Englishmen, and only recalled, in bitterness of heart, by Irishmen. Yet Mr. (now Lord) Bryce was surely right when

he wrote, some thirty years ago, the passage which I have prefixed to this paper. Irishmen may have many genuine causes of complaint against the people with whose fortunes their own are indissolubly linked; one thing they cannot justly allege: that there has been, on the part of England, any reluctance to devise or to apply a large variety of political expedients for the government of Ireland.

For four hundred years, after the so-called conquest of Henry II., England was content to maintain a precarious hold upon Ireland by means of the "Pale." No policy could have been more pernicious. The Anglo-Norman settlement on the east coast of Ireland acted, in Sir Henry Maine's striking phrase, "like a running sore, irritating the Celtic regions beyond the pale and deepening the confusion which prevailed there." That confusion was in large measure the result of the "feudal half conquest" effected by Strongbow and the Anglo-Norman barons in the twelfth century. That "half-conquest" was the initial wrong inflicted by England upon Ireland. Within four years of the landing of William the Bastard at Pevensey England lay prostrate at his feet. After four hundred years of English "occupation" Ireland remained unconquered. Into the causes and results—results still unexhausted—of the failure of the Plantagenets to make a "clean job" of the Conquest of Ireland I cannot enter. The curious may refer to a little book published in 1612 by Sir John Davies, who was at that time Attorney-General for Ireland. The book bears the significant title: *Discoverie of the True Causes why Ireland was never Entirely Subdued and Brought under Obedience of the Crown of England until the Beginning of His Majesty's Happy Reign*,¹ and is full of ripe wisdom and instruction for those who would probe the historical grounds for the unhappy relations which have subsisted between the two islands. Better far for both peoples had Henry II.'s conquest of Ireland been as rapid and complete as William's conquest of England. As things were, the native and spontaneous development of Ireland was artificially arrested; while at the same time she was deprived of the advantages that accrued to England from a strong and efficient administration.

The "Pale" policy was a hopeless failure; by the end of the fifteenth century the "Pale" itself was virtually extinct. Henry VIII. attempted to extend English law, English administration, and the English tongue to all parts of Ireland. He might have succeeded but for the attempt to impose upon Ireland the reformed Anglican Church. In defiance of that attempt, Irish-

(1) The *Discoverie* was republished by G. Routledge and Sons (n.d.) as Vol. X. of the Carisbrooke Library.

men, always strong Catholics, became violent Papists. The attacks of Philip II. of Spain and the Papacy upon the throne and person of Queen Elizabeth involved Ireland in the European complications of that distracted period. Reluctantly, but inevitably, Elizabeth had to face the dilemma: abandonment or conquest. She chose the latter, and for the first time Ireland was conquered by England.

Conquest was followed, under the early Stuarts, by colonisation, a policy which culminated in Cromwell's "settlement." The Puritan settlement was not, however, carried through, even in Ulster, Leinster and Munster, to the point designed by Cromwell. Under the later Stuarts the policy was reversed, and after the Revolution of 1688, William III. imposed upon Ireland an "Orange" settlement. From 1691 to 1782 Ireland, though possessing a Parliament in Dublin, was in the strictest sense a "Dependency" of England. Her commerce was sacrificed to the jealousy of English traders; the creed cherished by four-fifths of her people was proscribed; the Protestant minority enjoyed complete ascendancy; while political dependence was maintained by Poynings' Law and the declaratory Act of vi. George I.

The successful revolt of the American colonies reacted upon Ireland, and from 1782 to 1800 the sole link between England and Ireland was that of the Crown. "Personal union" is, however, the most transient of political connections: witness Austria-Hungary, Sweden-Norway, and England-Scotland (1603-1707). The experiment of legislative independence, as attempted under the "Grattan Constitution," was a fiasco. The reasons of the failure are not far to seek, but they cannot be explored in this place. The Legislative Union was the natural sequel, if not the inevitable consequence, of the rebellion of 1798. The Union brought to Ireland the boon of complete commercial equality; could Pitt have had his way it would have brought also equality of religious rights and a large measure of tithe reform. The concession of Catholic Emancipation as a preferable alternative to civil war, by Wellington and Peel (1829), came too late to conciliate the Catholics, and served only to inaugurate the movement for the repeal of the Union.

During the last eighty years the Repeal movement has passed through many phases; it has never been wholly arrested. In the 'sixties it derived most of its force from the revolutionary society of the Fenians. Fenianism was the direct outcome of the Irish exodus to the United States, an exodus which in its turn was due to the great famine of 1846-47. Mr. Gladstone thought to scotch the revolutionary movement by large concessions to "moderate" sentiment. The disestablishment and disendowment of the

Anglican Church in Ireland was followed by the agrarian legislation of 1870 and 1881, and Mr. Gladstone was so far justified that upon Fenianism there did supervene the "moderate" Home Rule movement led by Isaac Butt. Upon Butt's movement Mr. Gladstone, however, poured undiluted scorn. "Can any sensible man, can any rational man," he asked, "suppose that at this time of day, in this condition of the world, we are going to disintegrate the great capital institutions of the country for the purpose of making ourselves ridiculous in the sight of all mankind?" (September 26th, 1871).

Butt's movement made little headway, but before another decade had passed a new leader had appeared in Ireland, and a new force had begun to operate in English politics. Parnell may have been animated by love of Ireland, he was certainly inspired by virulent hatred of England. A visit to America (his mother's country) in 1871 confirmed his sympathy with Fenianism and his hatred for England. He entered the House of Commons in 1875, and, quickly taking the measure of that Assembly, soon became one of the dominant forces in the House. Devoid of the ordinary gifts of the Irish demagogue—of eloquence, passion or sensibility—Parnell was a born leader of men, and rapidly acquired, in special measure, the art of the Parliamentary tactician. Convinced that the battle of Home Rule must be won partly by tactics at Westminster, partly by agitation in Ireland and America, he wielded the two-edged weapon with consummate ability. By Parliamentary obstruction he brought the Government into contempt in England; with the help of Davitt and the Land League he rendered the Executive impotent in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone vainly imagined that the separatist agitation would yield to the application of agrarian remedies. His Land Act of 1881 was conceived on wholly mistaken lines—partly in consequence of his obstinate refusal to consult Irish opinion, or even the opinion of those of his colleagues like John Bright, who knew Ireland much better than he did. Agrarian concessions were followed by an epidemic of outrage and crime, and that in turn by "coercion."

A turning-point in Irish politics was reached in 1885. Ireland was included in the Electoral Reform Act of 1884, and no attempt was made in the Redistribution Act of 1884 to readjust the representation of Ireland at Westminster more nearly to population. The result was that Parnell reappeared in Parliament with a following of no fewer than eighty-six repealers. By a curious coincidence Gladstone's majority reached exactly the same figure. Clearly Parnell held the key of the position. If he threw in his lot with the Tories—then in office—a Parliamentary deadlock

must ensue. Mr. Gladstone's one chance of returning to power was to secure the Parnellite vote. In this first critical division in the new Parliament (January 26th, 1886) the Government was beaten by a majority of 79. Of these 74 were Parnellites.

Mr. Gladstone took office; Parnell was in power. On April 8th Mr. Gladstone introduced the first Home Rule Bill. Of all the measures dealing with the government of Ireland this went furthest in the direction of separation. Ireland was no longer to be represented at Westminster. There was to be a Legislative Body in Dublin—Gladstone consistently and characteristically avoided the use of the term "Parliament"—to deal with Irish affairs in strict subordination to the Imperial Parliament. It was to consist of two "Orders": one formed of the twenty-eight representative Peers of Ireland and seventy-five members elected by select constituencies; the other comprising 206 members elected by the existing Parliamentary constituencies. These two Orders were to sit together, though either might demand a separate vote, and in this way exercise a suspensive veto upon the other. The Irish Legislature was forbidden to deal with the Crown, the Army, Navy or defence, treaties, peace or war, trade and navigation, coinage, customs, excise, and many other matters; nor was it to establish or endow any particular Church. As regards the Executive, the Lord Lieutenant was to be converted into a constitutional ruler, assisted by a Privy Council, but acting ordinarily on the advice of Ministers responsible to the local legislature. This Executive was ultimately to control the police, and to appoint the judges.

Alongside this Bill was introduced also a Land Bill giving to the Irish landlords the option of selling their estates normally at twenty years' purchase of the nett rental. To have left the landlords to the tender mercies of the Dublin Parliament would have been unthinkable, but the terms of the Land Bill did not increase the chances of the Home Rule Bill. The fate of the latter has already been described.

The second edition of Home Rule (1893) differed in important particulars from the first. The Single-Chamber device with its two "Orders" was dropped, and the bi-cameral principle was frankly adopted. There was to be a Legislative Council of forty-eight members, who were to be elected for a term of eight years by persons who owned or occupied land of the rateable value of £20 per annum. The Legislative Assembly, or Lower House, was to consist of 103 members returned by the existing constituencies, except Trinity College. In the event of disagreement between the two Chambers, the question was to be determined, but not until two years had elapsed, by a bare majority in a joint

session. In the original draft of the Bill Irish members, to the number of eighty, were to be retained at Westminster, but not to vote on questions affecting Great Britain exclusively. This "in and out" clause was subjected to severe but well-merited criticism, and was eventually dropped. In the Bill as it left the House of Commons, eighty Irish representatives were retained with full powers over British legislation.

The first Bill was frankly separatist; the second moved in the direction of federalism, but with halting and clumsy gait. Propelled through the House of Commons by the amazing energy and undimmed enthusiasm of Mr. Gladstone, the Bill of 1893 was contemptuously rejected by the Lords by 419 to 41. The Peers of Gladstone's own creation would have sufficed to defeat his Bill.

Twenty years elapsed before another attempt to draft a scheme of Home Rule was made by the ablest of Gladstone's lieutenants of 1893. Half the interval was employed by the Unionist Governments under Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour in vindicating the authority of the law in Ireland, in transferring the ownership of the soil from the landlords to the cultivators (this was pre-eminently the work of Mr. George Wyndham), and in laying the seeds, which have since abundantly fructified, of economic prosperity. On taking over the Premiership from Mr. Gladstone in 1894 Lord Rosebery had made the significant admission that before Home Rule could be carried "England, as the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its justice."

Of its justice England (in the narrower sense) never has shown herself convinced. The General Election of 1906, which hurled the Unionists from power, was fought on an entirely different and not less distinct issue. The two elections of 1910 were somewhat more ambiguous. But the more ambiguous the response, the greater the dependence of the Radical Government upon Irish support in the House of Commons. Hence the Bill of 1912.

It was introduced, in Mr. Asquith's words, in deference to the "deliberate constitutional demands of the vast majority of the [Irish] nation, repeated and ratified, time after time, during the best part of the life-time of a generation." But does not Mr. Asquith's argument prove too much? The vast majority of the Irish people have at the polls now declared their preference for a separated and a republican Ireland. If the success of the Sinn Fein Party be repeated often enough, will Mr. Asquith, or other adherents of the doctrine of self-determination (a phrase accepted, be it said parenthetically, with somewhat too much effusiveness and too scant analysis), be willing to concede their demand? After all, the validity of this elusive doctrine depends largely upon

the selection of the unit. Is it to be the Ukraine or Russia; Czecho-Slovakia or Silesia; Ireland or Ulster? The Bill, as introduced by Mr. Asquith in 1912 was finally passed by what Sir Edward Carson described as "an act of unparalleled treachery and betrayal" on September 18th, 1914—seven weeks after the outbreak of war, and after the declaration of a truce between all parties, Radicals and Unionists, Ulster Covenanters and Nationalists. Sir Edward Carson's words may to English ears sound exaggerated; Mr. Bonar Law's, though more restrained, bite even deeper. Speaking of the determination of Mr. Asquith's Ministry—despite the outbreak of war—to put the Bill upon the Statute Book, together with an agreed moratorium, Mr. Bonar Law said: "They said to themselves, 'Whatever we may do, they [the Unionists] are bound in a crisis like this to help their country. Whatever injustice we inflict upon them, we can count upon them.' It is not a pretty calculation, but I would like to say, with the whole authority of our party, that it is a correct calculation—they can count on us."

The Bill itself—the third edition of Home Rule, was more "federal" in texture than its predecessors. It was commended to the House of Commons by its author as a device for "reconciling Ireland and emancipating itself." Avowedly intended, though clumsily devised, to fit into a scheme of devolution for the United Kingdom, it proposed to retain forty-two Irish members at Westminster, and to secure, unimpaired and inviolate, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. And yet—one of several inconsistencies—the Dublin Parliament was not to stand to the Imperial Parliament as those of Quebec or Alberta to that of Canada, still less as those of New South Wales and Victoria to that of the Commonwealth of Australia.

The Irish Legislature was to consist of two Houses: a Senate of forty members, nominated in the first instance (virtually) by the British Executive, and afterwards elected by the four provinces of Ireland: fourteen by Ulster, eleven by Leinster, nine by Munster, and six by Connaught. The Senate, so constituted, was to "safeguard the interests of the minority." The Lower House was to consist of 164 members, of whom thirty-one (in the nine constituencies returning three or more members) were to be elected on the principle of proportional representation. Certain powers (similar to those enumerated in the previous Bills) were reserved to the Imperial Parliament, but the *residue* of powers—another infringement of the true principle of federalism—was vested in the subordinate Parliament at Dublin. The financial relations established under the 1914 Act were not merely complex in themselves, but contradictory to the essential principle

on which the Act was founded. Constitutional independence was to co-exist with financial dependence. England, without direct responsibility, was to continue to meet not only the obligations incurred under the Land Purchase Acts—that was a point of obvious political expediency, not to say of political honour—but the costs as well of the Old-Age Pensions and National Insurance Acts.

The Executive was to be responsible to the local Legislature, but to be subject to the same limitations as those imposed upon the Irish Parliament. "The area of its authority" was, in Mr. Asquith's words, to be "co-extensive with the legislative power of the Parliament, neither greater nor less." This restriction at once differentiated the proposed Irish Executive from those in the self-governing Dominions. If the Act of 1914 was not true federalism, neither was it "Dominion" Home Rule. That Act is, subject to a moratorium and conditioned by a solemn promise to Ulster, still on the Statute Book.

A fourth edition of Home Rule has now been presented to the House of Commons.

The latest edition differs very widely from its three predecessors, and in every respect, as it appears to the present writer, for the better. The new scheme is based upon the recognition of three governing facts: (1) that under no circumstances will Britain permit Ireland to cut herself adrift from the British Empire or even from the United Kingdom; (2) that the hatred of Nationalist Ireland to British rule in Ireland is not to be appeased by economic prosperity; and (3) that the claim of the six Protestant counties of Ulster to "self-determination" within Ireland is not less valid than the claim of Ireland to "self-determination" within the United Kingdom. Conformably with these principles the new Bill guarantees, so far as words can guarantee it, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament; and it denies to the new Irish Legislature the power to deal with the Crown, peace or war, the armed forces, treaties, dignities, treason, alienage, naturalisation, etc., external trade, cables, wireless telegraphy, aerial navigation, lighthouses, etc., coinage, trade marks, copyright, patents, customs, excise, income tax, etc.; but, following a bad precedent, the Bill vests in the local Legislature the residue of powers. Of this feature more presently. For legislative purposes Ireland is divided into two unequal parts: (1) Northern Ireland, comprising the counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry and Tyrone, and the Parliamentary boroughs of Belfast and Londonderry; and (2) Southern Ireland, comprising the rest of the country. Each part is to have its own Single-Chambered Parliament. In addition, "with a view to

bringing about harmonious action between the Parliaments and Governments of Southern Ireland and Northern Ireland, and to the promotion of mutual intercourse and uniformity in relation to matters affecting the whole of Ireland, and to providing for the administration of services which the two Parliaments mutually agree should be administered uniformly throughout the whole of Ireland," there is to be constituted forthwith an All-Ireland Council, consisting of forty persons, who in the first instance are to be selected from their own members by the Northern and Southern Parliaments in equal proportions. Evidently the hope is that this ingenious arrangement may be only temporary, for power is given to the two Parliaments, by identical constituent Acts, to substitute for the All-Ireland Council an All-Ireland Parliament of one or two Houses, and therein to merge, should they so will, their own separate existence.

This is the one touch of idealism in the scheme. "England," it seems to say, "will never force Ulster or the six counties to come into or under an 'Irish' Parliament. Should the six counties wish to come in, the machinery, simple but sufficient, is provided; not to add some material encouragement." Meanwhile, North and South are to meet on equal terms in the All-Ireland Council. If they can there learn to co-operate in smaller matters, may it not lead to co-operation in the larger? The setting up of two co-ordinate Parliaments, with a delegation from each sitting in a Common Council, is not without affinity to the Austro-Hungarian *Ausgleich*; the idea of adapting it to the two parts of Ireland reveals in the Bill a touch of statesmanship.

The provisions of the Bill in regard to the Executive are somewhat complicated. Here the residue of authority remains vested in his Majesty the King, who may delegate to the Lord-Lieutenant certain "Irish services," which are later defined to be "all public services in connection with the administration of civil government in Ireland," except of those matters on which the Irish Parliaments have no power to legislate. The intention clearly is to make the executive authority correspond with the legislative: but "responsible government" being merely conventional in England does not lend itself easily to legislative definition or transference. The same difficulty was experienced when in 1840 England tried to carry out the specific recommendation of Lord Durham's famous report and confer upon Canada "responsible government." In the *Union Act* of 1840 there is, curiously enough, no mention of a responsible Executive, and it was not until 1847 that the principle of English Cabinet government was explicitly transferred to Ottawa, by formal instructions conveyed to Lord Elgin, the then

Governor, by the Secretary of State. The Cabinet principle is, in truth, too elusive for an Act of Parliament. The *Australian Commonwealth Act* got nearest to it, and the present Bill makes an heroic, but only partially successful, effort in the same direction. Each Parliament is to have its own (presumably) dependent Executive, which is to be, in each case, an Executive Committee of the Privy Council of Ireland, comprising the heads of departments or others appointed by the Lord Lieutenant. All members of the Executive Committees must be, or within six months become, members of their respective Parliaments. The Magistracy and Police are for three years to remain under the Imperial Executive; while the Postal Service, the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks, stamps, and the Public Record Office of Ireland are to be similarly "reserved" until the date of Irish Union, *i.e.*, until the two Parliaments shall agree to set up an All-Irish Parliament. An Exchequer and a Consolidated Fund is to be established in the North and the South, "separate from one another and from those of the United Kingdom." The financial provisions are necessarily complicated, and cannot be elucidated in the present article. Briefly, Ireland is to pay to the Imperial Exchequer for Imperial services the amount by which in the current year the revenue derived from Ireland exceeds the cost of local services. That sum is £18,000,000, and Ireland's contribution is fixed at that figure for two years, after which it will be revised at quinquennial intervals by a joint Exchequer Board.

There are other interesting and important points in the Bill, for the consideration of which space fails me. Peers, English or Irish, are to be eligible for membership of the local Legislatures, and Irish representative Peers will (presumably, since there is no provision to the contrary) continue to sit in the House of Lords, while in the House of Commons Ireland is to be represented by forty-two members—the figure of the 1914 Act.

Such are the leading provisions* of Home Rule—fourth edition. In the supreme consideration of recognising facts the latest edition is incomparably superior to its predecessors. It shows less deference to windy abstractions; its lines are less heroic, but it does not seek to evade difficulties by ignoring facts.

What are its chances of political success? These pages are necessarily written some weeks ahead of the second reading debate, and before that debate begins, still more before it closes, many developments may take place. But decisions of the most momentous importance have already been taken and announced. Among these, immeasurably the most significant is the resolution adopted on March 10th by the Ulster Unionist Council. The

Council will take no responsibility for the passing of the Bill, since they prefer the *status quo*; but, inasmuch as the alternative is the coming into operation of the Act of 1914, they will not oppose it. The Southern Unionists are, on the contrary, determined to oppose the Bill by every means in their power. That their position excites intense sympathy among English Unionists goes without saying. If Home Rule of any kind is to be, plainly it were better for the Southern Unionists to have the powerful support of Ulster. Partition will deprive them of that support in a Dublin Parliament and leave them naked and defenceless in the hands of their remorseless enemies. That their enemies are also ours—the enemies of Britain and of the Empire—is a truth which adds poignancy to sympathy, and excites apprehension as well as remorse. Yet to reject the present Bill is to leave the 1914 Act to come automatically into operation without amendment, and to reproduce the appalling situation of March, 1914.

The dilemma is one of the most difficult and painful ever presented to the British Parliament.

Two considerations may, however, be urged in favour of an attempt to solve, at this precise juncture, the secular problem of Irish Government. First, there can be no suggestion that Great Britain is capitulating to fear. Crime has rarely been more rampant or more defiant in Ireland than it is to-day; and, whatever happens, the law must, in the interests of England no less than of Ireland, be vindicated. Sinn Fein outrages have not extorted the concession; outrages have not retarded it. The offer contained in the Bill will not satisfy the Fenian, the Separatist, the Sinn Feiner; it is not designed to do so. It will distinguish between those who are anxious for local autonomy within the Empire, be they few or many, from those who accept nothing short of a separate Irish Republic. Secondly, the Bill is differentiated from all its predecessors by virtue of the fact that its sponsors are not dependent upon the Irish, nor indeed upon anything except the Unionist vote in the House of Commons. The Bill, if it becomes law, will go to Ireland, in a sense, as the free gift of Unionist Britain. The Unionists may not be in a position to repeal the third edition of Home Rule, but they are certainly sufficient in numbers to defeat, if they so will, the fourth. That is the political situation in a nutshell. How it will develop in the next few weeks no man can say until those weeks are over.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

THE PARALYSIS OF SHIPPING.

ONE of the greatest misfortunes from which we are suffering in these times of economic distress arises from the failure of the nation to realise, first, that this is an island, and, secondly, that our industries, as well as our commerce and the standard of comfort we enjoy in our homes, depend, in the last analysis, upon ample and efficient sea transport. On the one hand, we have nearly made good the losses of tonnage sustained during the intensive submarine campaign, but, on the other, the ships are carrying only from 60 to 70 per cent. of the volume of goods they were carrying in 1914—before the peace was broken. In effect, *this country is still being partially blockaded*, with the result that, whereas unthinking consumers of all classes, who have ample "paper money" to spend, have jumped to the conclusion that the consequences of the war have passed away and that they ought to be able to obtain everything they require in abundance, we are, in fact, confronted with a shortage of supplies—partially due to world shortage and world dislocation of transport—and the Government, like Mrs. Partington, is trying to arrest, by the broom of bureaucratic control, the normal working of economic laws.

Transportation is civilisation. As we used to carry half the ocean-borne commerce of the world, the reduced efficiency of the British mercantile marine is handicapping this and other countries in their efforts to repair the widespread ravages of the war. Until transport facilities become more or less normal, we cannot expect a restoration in these islands or elsewhere of the ordinary conditions of economic life. These depend upon a world-wide system of exchange and mart, conducted not by Government officials, but by experienced men, who have devoted their lives to studying and regulating the complicated and delicately adjusted machinery which enables the nations of the world to supply each other's deficiencies.

It has been suggested that the cure for the paralysis from which British shipping is suffering lies in the direction of nationalisation. It has even been urged that the proposal is a comparatively simple one, consisting merely of a perpetuation of the system of control of shipping which existed during 1917 and 1918 and, partially, in 1919 and this year—when the liabilities of the war were being liquidated. That suggestion rests upon a fallacy springing from want of knowledge of the organisation of the Ministry of Shipping. What was the position created as soon as that Ministry was constituted at the end of 1916? Mr. Lloyd

George's Government on taking office was quick to realise that if the British mercantile marine proved unequal to its mission under war conditions, in transporting troops, carrying food supplies, providing the stores of raw materials required for the making of munitions, and supplementing the resources of the Fleet for the patrol of the seas, the Allies must inevitably lose the war. Experience proved the soundness of that conclusion. Mr. Lloyd George had sufficient good sense not to turn the problem over to a body of civil servants, who knew little or nothing of shipping matters, or to ask one of his supporters in the House of Lords or the House of Commons, without experience of sea affairs, to take the matter in hand. He recognised that the shipping problem was an expert matter and could only be solved by shipping men. Mr.—now Sir—Joseph Maclay, a well-known Glasgow shipowner who had spent his life in operating ships, was invited to become Shipping Controller. No more fortunate choice could have been made, for the new Minister was outside the sphere of party politics—refusing, indeed, to sit in the House of Commons—was a man of impartial mind, possessed a charming personality, and, above all, knew all about shipping from A to Z.

What did Sir Joseph Maclay do? His first step was to enlist the assistance of all the leading men in the shipping industry. He realised that he was face to face with the greatest national emergency in British industry, and he found that the great shipowners of the country were also not unconscious of the gravity of the situation. They admitted that the interests of the nation and the success of the Allied cause were superior to their own interests, and they placed themselves, their experience, and their staffs unreservedly at the disposal of the Minister of Shipping. Many of them had already been co-operating cordially with the Admiralty and the Board of Trade, and assistance was given all the more readily to one of their own profession who, without fee or hope of reward, had stepped out from the ranks to take upon himself a heavy responsibility. Those who are familiar with the organisation which Sir Joseph Maclay built up round him at the Ministry of Shipping are aware that he was able to enlist the aid of everyone concerned in the industry and received the unstinted support of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, the Liverpool Steam Ship Owners' Association, Lloyd's Register of Shipping, and other organisations. The outstanding shipowners of the country became heads of the departments of the Ministry, and were fortunate in gathering round them staffs of civil servants, who gradually created the most successful Ministry which the war called into existence. The secret of the

success of the Ministry of Shipping is to be found in the completeness with which all the shipping firms, as well as the industry's organisations, co-operated to run the British mercantile marine in the interests of the State. The spirit of adventure, which produced the British mercantile marine, ready to be transformed into the essential instrument for the winning of victory, proved in the great crisis superior to all considerations of personal convenience and profit. Throughout the war, when neutral shipping was earning fabulous freights, British shipowners, besides giving their services freely, were content to carry on their businesses on terms dictated by the Government.

Is it imagined that any such emergency organisation as the Ministry of Shipping, representing a pooling of all the genius of the leaders of the industry, could be perpetuated? Is it thought that, the emergency having been surmounted, shipping leaders, such as Lord Inchcape, Lord Pirrie, Sir Kenneth Anderson, Sir Thomas Royden, M.P., Sir William Raeburn, M.P., Sir Frederick Lewis, Sir Percy Bates, Sir Norman Hill, Sir Leslie Fletcher, Sir John Esplen, Mr. Harold Sanderson, Mr. R. D. Holt, M.P., Mr. J. Howard Glover, Mr. Howard Houlder, Mr. Arthur Ritson, Mr. R. S. Dalgleish, and many others would consent to be tame servants of a State Department? These men have been accustomed to freedom; they surrendered it in large measure during the war, and thus ensured the success of the Ministry of Shipping. But is it conceivable that they would agree to entwine themselves permanently in the red tape of officialism? Unless their co-operation could be obtained, the machinery of control would, from the first, be defective. Business methods and Government methods are incompatible. As Mr. W. J. Noble, the President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, observed in his inaugural address, the country has had nearly five years of Government control and management of business. "Some of us have been behind the scenes and have been the victims of the soul-destroying and paralysing system that seems to be inseparable from Government control. What are its characteristics? Government control is always extravagant and wasteful. It destroys all initiative. It stereotypes mediocrity. It is self-satisfied. It scorns advice. The idea of co-ordination is foreign to its nature. As an instance of Government methods, it was recently stated that a ship in St. Katherine's Docks was loaded and unloaded nine times in pursuance of the conflicting orders of five different Government Departments."

But, apart from these considerations, the suggestion that British

shipping should be nationalised points to ignorance of the character of this industry. It has been suggested that as it was possible to nationalise the Post Service and the Telephones, it should not be beyond the wit of man to organise a system of State shipping. *That would be true, (a) if we were content to maintain a mercantile marine measured by our own insular needs, and (b) if the mercantile marine consisted exclusively of liners running on schedules.* A merchant navy measured by our insular needs has not, however, been the limit of the ambition and achievement of the shipping industry in the past. The merchant navy was originally a purely British organisation engaged in carrying British goods. In process of time, it was converted by private enterprise into a great combination of services, with tentacles stretching out to the furthest boundaries of civilisation. The majority of those ships were of the tramp class—the merchant adventurers' vessels of these modern times—as distinct from liners running in accordance with time-tables between port and port, the proportion being roughly 60 per cent. of tramps to 40 per cent. of liners. The merchant adventurers' ships, adapting themselves to seasonal and economic movements in all the oceans and seas, have always been the backbone of our merchant navy. "It would be impossible for a country like the United Kingdom, with its enormous flow of trade, to depend wholly on regular lines with scheduled sailings. It is essential that there should be a large amount of 'loose' tonnage capable of supplementing the liner sailings and prepared to trade at short notice to any part of the world. Yet, precisely because of his ubiquitous presence, the tramp owner's difficulties are the least easily defined and met, and he is peculiarly susceptible to any serious modification of the conditions under which shipping is carried on."¹ We must cease to think of merchant shipping exclusively in terms of stately liners, and acknowledge our dependence on the wandering ships of the merchant adventurers, going here, there, and everywhere to pick up cargoes.

On the eve of the war, the British mercantile marine was the largest, the ships were the most modern, and the services rendered were the most efficient in comparison with all the other merchant navies of the world. It comprised nearly one half of the world's steam tonnage, and was four times as large as its nearest and most formidable rival—the German mercantile marine. The proportion of steam tonnage owned by the principal maritime countries of the world on June 30th, 1914, is shown on following page.

(1) Report of the Departmental Committee on Shipping and Shipbuilding.

	Per cent.
British Empire :—	
United Kingdom	44.4
Dominions and Canada	3.5
	<hr/>
	47.9*
Germany	11.9
United States ¹	4.8
Norway ²	4.4
France	4.2
Japan	4.0
Netherlands	3.5
Italy	3.4
Other Countries	16.1
	<hr/>
Total ...	100.0

When the war opened, this country possessed in the merchant navy, provided by private capital, managed by private firms, and manned by officers and men uncovenanted to the State, a machine which, as events were to prove, was the essential factor in achieving victory. *It was more efficiently organised than any service under State control.* If, in the years before the war, the State had managed the British mercantile marine, will the most enthusiastic advocate of Government control, whatever the system favoured, contend that we should have occupied the position of maritime supremacy which was revealed by the investigation carried out by Sir Alfred Booth's Committee on Shipping and Shipbuilding?—

Before the war over one-half of the world's trade was carried in British ships, including nine-tenths of the Inter-Imperial trade, over three-fifths of the trade between the Empire and foreign countries, and nearly one-third of the trade between foreign countries.

Statistics indicate that much of the trade with European and Mediterranean countries was carried in foreign vessels, which loaded over 60 per cent. of the coal shipped to these destinations. Of the total exports from the United Kingdom over one-half was carried in foreign ships.

On the other hand, four-fifths of the shipping movement at United Kingdom ports between the United Kingdom and countries outside Europe and the Mediterranean was British.

It is probable that about four-fifths of the shipping of the United Kingdom was engaged in the Ocean trades, most of the balance trading in the Mediterranean.

About one-half of the British shipping engaged in the Ocean trades traded to America, which supplied nearly three-fourths in weight of our imports from countries outside Europe, including the greater part of the grain imported into this country. The passenger movement on the Atlantic trades was further of great importance to shipping.

(1) These figures do not include United States vessels engaged in trade on the Northern Lakes (1,693,000 tons).

(2) The steam tonnage of the three Scandinavian countries (Norway, Sweden and Denmark) amounted together to 8.4 per cent. of the world's steam tonnage.

The importance of the other Ocean trades lies in the great amount of shipping which they absorbed and in the fact that they are pre-eminently Empire trades.

The British liner services directly facilitated the marketing of British goods abroad; whilst the tramps were indispensable as a means of moving from the different parts of the world the seasonal crops of grain, cotton, wool, rice and so forth.

The British mercantile marine is not, unlike the Post Office and the Telephones, a matter of internal administration, but exerts its influence wherever there is water on which a ship can float. It is conceivable that under Government control, accompanied by the re-imposition of the Navigation Laws, which would raise the cost of living in this country, we might continue to do most of the ocean-carrying trade of the British Isles. But what would happen to the trade between the Empire and foreign countries? Of one-third of the trade between foreign countries hitherto done under the Red Ensign, how much would be retained if a bureaucracy situated in London were responsible for our shipping? Sir Frederick Lewis in a recent speech discussed this matter with the insight and knowledge of a leader in the shipping industry who has studied its development from his boyhood upwards.

A blight seems to fall upon everything that comes under Government control, partly, I believe, because a Government, by reason of being a Government and a servant of the public, cannot deal with commercial transactions from a purely business point of view, and is liable to have its decisions influenced by a multitude of considerations which, in the ordinary way, would not enter into the discussion. . . . It necessarily also follows that the British Mercantile Marine has only been allowed to occupy the premier place among ocean carriers because the service that is rendered has been performed more efficiently by our steamship companies under private enterprise than by anyone else.

After referring to the risk which any scheme of nationalisation involves—for in the ten pre-war years the *average* profits were not much over 5 per cent.—Sir Frederick Lewis remarked that “the formalities incidental to Government Departments, the general stagnation that pervades official bodies—which have not the incentive of individual advancement—would inevitably result in decreased efficiency, and consequent paralysis of the industry. The ultimate result would be the falling-off of the high state of efficiency in which the British mercantile marine was found at the outbreak of the war, and contributions from the community for the maintenance of British shipping.”

Apart from the ordinary working arrangements of shipping already referred to, there are to be taken into account innumerable other considerations involving commercial arrangements with charterers, foreign railroads, and the many bargains which can only be undertaken and controlled by private and individual enterprise. Liner companies particularly find it

necessary for the successful prosecution of their business to purchase or lease pier accommodation and wharves, which arrangements will scarcely be permitted by foreign Governments to be undertaken by any other Government.

Then take agencies abroad. In some cases shipowners have their own organisations; in many cases agencies are conducted by a firm having no connection with the shipping company; in other cases shipping companies own a share in the agent's business. In these latter cases, how is it suggested such investments shall be dealt with? Would the Government under a nationalisation scheme take over such investments, and if so, on what basis? Would the foreign agent be content to have a foreign Government as a partner in his business? If not, it would follow that the experience and knowledge of that particular business would be lost, and disorganisation, loss of business, and loss of goodwill would result. Further, the goodwill of all the shipping business created by the enterprise of British shipowners would be entirely swept away. . . .

The nationalisation of Shipping would involve the Government running the entire Insurance Risk themselves, which would practically put out of business such industries as Marine Insurance, Average Adjusting, Protection and Indemnity Associations, even Chambers of Commerce and other kindred and specialised institutions, destroying the initiative, enterprise, development and thinking power of a large section of the community.

It is a misfortune of the first magnitude that the world-wide influence exerted by British shipping should be so little understood, and that shipowners should have become the targets of ill-informed criticism and even of ill-natured abuse. Shipowning is not an ordinary business, but an industry with peculiar responsibilities and risks, in which not a few, but hundreds of thousands of small investors have ventured their savings. Shipping has always had an attraction for thrifty persons in coast towns and villages, who maintain intimate personal relations with officers and men of merchant ships, and learn from them of the gains—and losses—associated with the use of the ocean highways of the world. Shipping has for many centuries appealed to such persons, women as well as men, because the industry, with its world-wide ramifications, has accorded with the habit of mind of an island people. They have invested in it their money, mostly in comparatively small sums, from generation to generation; sometimes they have lost it; at other times they have had to wait in patience for a profit; and in other instances they have obtained a rich reward. But, on the balance, bearing in mind the risks due to the uncertainties of the sea and the changing conditions of world trade, British shipping over a period of years has, as incontestable records show, returned to shareholders only a modest profit.

In the early days of the war, shipowners, it is true, made large sums, but they did so by imperilling their ships. It was a common belief in the years of peace that when hostilities occurred British shipowners would either lay up their vessels or transfer them to

neutral flags. It was assumed that they would timorously shrink from the incalculable dangers of war, and that they would, so to speak, wrap their talents up in a napkin and wait until peace came. The war broke on the world with dramatic suddenness, and of all the various sections of the community shipowners showed the greatest courage. They realised that they were not merely traders, but were essential agents for maintaining the economic life of this country, transporting troops and supporting the Allied cause. They surrendered to the State their ships, their staffs, and their accumulated experience. The unflinching manner in which they continued to operate their ships, placing full reliance, on the one hand, on their own genius and the courage, resource, and tenacity of officers and men; and, on the other, on the efficiency of the Royal Navy, brought some of them—and conspicuously Sir Edward Cayzer—to their graves. But from the opening of the war to its close, confronted with unparalleled anxieties, they still held the seas, learning with dismay of one ship after another being sunk until an aggregate of 8,000,000 tons had been lost. Is it imagined that the insurance money proved adequate recompense for these losses? To the average man a ship is merely a ship, but to scores of shipowners their vessels were something more than mere vehicles of profit. Such gains as accrued to them during the war, modest in comparison with the earnings of neutral ships, proved a poor solatium for the losses that they suffered. But, on the balance, British shipowners generally made considerable profits so long as they refrained from placing orders for new ships.¹ Shipowning, however, is a tradition which is not readily broken, and the majority of the owners have re-invested, or will, in due course, re-invest, their insurance money at the ruling rates for shipbuilding, which, owing to the increased cost of materials and the higher wages of labour, are, on the average, five or six times what they were on the eve of the war. It was then possible to build a serviceable and seaworthy tramp steamer at from £6 to £7 per ton dead weight; the charge now ranges from £30 to £40 per ton.

What is the outlook for British shipping, apart from the deadly menace of nationalisation which checks initiative and stifles enterprise? It is uncertain. Every condition governing the industry has changed owing to circumstances beyond the control of shipowners. Not only do new ships cost five or six times as much as they cost in the years before the war, with consequential increases in the charges for insurance, but the running costs, including even harbour dues, have mounted rapidly. *Seamen*

(1) In this connection, it should be remembered that the purchasing value of the pound sterling is now only 10/., or less, so that profits appear fictitiously high.

have received a greater increase of wages than any men engaged in inland industries. The advances have not been begrudged, for these men proved the saviours of the nation during the ordeal which Germany forced upon us. But, though the higher wage is paid in no unwilling spirit by the shipowners, it represents an element in the higher freights now ruling which cannot be ignored. The officers and men of the mercantile marine, like the officers and men in the Navy, obtain their food as well as their lodging free, and, in addition, the standard wage paid to the able seaman in cash now amounts to £14 10s. (£11 10s. wages and £3 bonus) per month as compared with £4 10s. before the war. In other words, the British seaman, bearing in mind the increased cost of food which the shipowner bears, is three or four times better off than he was. At a moderate estimate, allowing for the time he is off articles, he receives in cash or kind £200 per annum.

That increase of wages is only one factor in the heavier cost of running ships. Lord Inchcape recently had an examination made of the advances which the shipowner has had to meet since the halcyon year of 1913. These advances are estimated as follows :—

Coal	600 to 700	per cent.
Handling cargo	150 to 200	„
Oilmen's stores	360	„
Engine Room Oil	174	„
Ropes	220	„
Canvas	408	„
Cost of Repairs	330	„
Paints	217	„
Dock dues in London	80	„
Beef	158	„
Mutton	128	„
Wine	(average 90)	55 to 162	„
Suez Canal Dues	86	„
Glass	338	„
Crockery	112	„
Linen	296	„

It is apparent that shipowners are operating their vessels under conditions of extraordinary difficulty, apart from those which arise from the congestion of the ports and the shortage and high price of coal. The first of these difficulties has been dealt with in the annual report of the Chamber of Shipping. It was pointed out that the reduction of hours of employment of the workers of the United Kingdom, and to some extent elsewhere, the policy of the Government in importing and holding up large stocks of food-stuffs, and the shortage or inefficiency of railway rolling and other stock, and other causes, have all contributed towards the unnecessary and useless detention of ships in ports throughout the world,

and especially in the United Kingdom, to such an extent that there is a loss of efficiency of from 30 to 40 per cent. "That is to say, if a vessel could, before the war, carry 100,000 tons in the course of a year, she can now carry only 60,000 or 70,000 tons, so much of her time being spent in awaiting loading or discharge, or bunkering, or lost in extra time in handling her cargo and bunkering." Every day's delay means waste—waste of interest represented in the capital invested in the ship, waste of insurance premium, waste of wages of officers and men, and waste of all running charges, for which, of course, the consumer pays. These accumulated losses have been steadily increasing during the present year. On a recent day as many as 700 ships were held up in the Bristol Channel. As the Chamber of Shipping has pointed out, "these delays are, perhaps, the most serious contributing factor in the maintenance of high freights, for they are tantamount to a withdrawal from service of a considerable proportion of the available tonnage of the world. The actual tonnage afloat to-day is estimated to exceed by approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ million gross tons, or 5 per cent., the pre-war tonnage of the world, which was a little over 49 million gross tons, but if, as has been stated, 30 to 40 per cent. of the efficiency of this tonnage is wasted, then it is equivalent to only about 31 to 36 million gross tons of pre-war shipping." These delays are occurring, moreover, at a time when the world's demands for re-stocking and new plant are abnormal, and tonnage is being employed in carrying the same commodities much longer distances than formerly, such as coal to Italy from the United States of America, instead of from the United Kingdom, owing to the decreased British output.

In facing these troubles shipowners are not their own masters, for British shipping still remains under Government control, and Government control, though it is as intelligent and as little irritating as the Shipping Controller can make it, complicates the whole problem. Voyage charters still have to be approved by the Shipping Controller, and although it is not necessary before effecting a time voyage charter to obtain the approval of the Ministry, yet the vessel remains subject to direction of voyage or control of freight space. Ships are forbidden to undertake certain voyages, and liner companies have to surrender a certain proportion of their space to Government and directed cargoes. Direction coupled with limitation rates—representing abnormally cheap carriage—is applied in regard to the carriage of (1) wheat from Canada, Australia, the United States of America, and the Plate; (2) maize from the Plate; (3) sugar from Cuba, British West Indies, and Mauritius; (4) coal coastwise; (5) timber from Canada. Direction is also applied in favour of the ore and phosphate

imports, and, though there is no scale of limitation rates, the freights are effectively controlled by the quantity of tonnage forced into markets so narrow. At present practically all large "tramp" ships not on time charter are running in directed voyages.

Percentages of liner space actually taken have, of course, varied considerably with each trade. The proportion in the North Atlantic Trade over the past twelve months has averaged approximately 50 per cent. and this would be about equalled in the Australia—U.K. and South Africa—U.K. trades, and, when account is taken of the Special Board of Trade Contract for refrigerated space, Plate—U.K. trade. The percentage in the Far East and some other trades is naturally small.

During the twelve months it is fair to say that approximately 25 per cent. of the imports into U.K. have been brought at Government rates, which are, on the average, roughly at bare cost, if not below.

Another 25 per cent. have been carried at rates far below the world's market level as a result of control.

Add to the troubles due, first, to port congestion, arising partly from the slackness of labour in loading and discharging, and, secondly, to shipping control, the difficulties associated with bunkering, and some conception can be formed of the sea of troubles in which shipowners are attempting to swim. Coal control still continues, and *the shipping industry, in association with our foreign coal customers, has to bear the whole burden of maintaining the coal business in this country.* Before the war coal-mining, under private management and free from Government interference, was prosperous and profitable. We supplied our own industrial and domestic needs and had a surplus of 97,000,000 tons available in 1913 for the use of shipping and for export to foreign countries, the coal being sold at low competitive rates. The production of coal has decreased so alarmingly during the past six or seven years that now the mines in Central England, where the greatest industrial activity prevails, no longer supply the local needs. The consequence is, first, that coal from the Durham and Northumberland pits, which would otherwise be put on board ship, has to be carried into Yorkshire and Lancashire, and, secondly, tens of thousands of tons of coal from the South Wales pits, which would also in normal circumstances be sent overseas, has to be dispatched on long inland journeys unless unemployment in Yorkshire and Lancashire is to become widespread. Other dislocations in the normal flow of coal to the factory and the home have also occurred. All these diversions of coal traffic involve long hauls inland at a time when locomotive power is inadequate and there are insufficient wagons for normal trade requirements. Moreover, in order that industry may not be checked and our home fires may not go cold, mines are

being worked which cannot be worked economically, so as to supplement the output of the richer mines. *One-fifth of the mines now in operation, employing over a quarter of a million miners, are being subsidised by the Government, and only by that means can the present reduced output be maintained.*

Owing to the increased cost of the miners' wages and stores, which now absorb £268,000,000 a year, the British mining industry would be bankrupt to-day were it not for the fabulous sums which are being obtained for the limited amount of coal which is being either exported or used for bunkering shipping. The accountants called in by the Government to examine the Coal Controller's accounts estimated that in the twelve months ending March 31st, exports and bunkers would produce £120,000,000. That is certainly too modest an estimate in view of the increased prices now being obtained for all the coal leaving this country. Whereas inland industrial coal during March was being supplied at about 40s. a ton, shipowners were paying three or four times as much, the price at the Port of London in the middle of March having risen to 155s. The coal-miners for their own domestic use continue to pay, on an average, 4s. a ton for about 6,000,000 tons annually! The community as a whole pays through the higher freights, and the limitation of exportation of coal results in ships going out in ballast, raising inevitably the freights for the homeward voyages with raw materials and food—and again the community as a whole pays.

The consumer is, it is true, paying for the paralysis of shipping and the fabulous sums charged for bunker coal; but the extent to which the higher freights bear on the cost of food and other things is frequently exaggerated. The following figures reveal that, if the cost of sea carriage were eliminated by some miraculous influence and our food descended upon us as the manna fell in the wilderness for the support of the Israelites, the effect on the cost of living would not be very great:—

RETAIL PRICES JULY 1914 AND FEB. 1920 AND COST OF CARRIAGE BY SEA
FEBRUARY 1920.

	July 1914		Feb. 1920		Rise in retail price, per lb.		Cost of carriage by sea, per lb., Feb. 1920
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	d.
Beef imported rib	7½	1	3½		8½		1½-1¾
Mutton „ legs	6½	1	4		9½		1½
Cheese (Can. or U.S.)... ..	8½	1	8		11½		2½ths.
Butter (Salt)	1	2	2	8½	1	6½	½-¾
Bacon (Streaky)	11½	2	4½		1	5½	½
Tea	1	6½	2	10½	1	4	1½
Sugar (Granulated)		2		8		6	½
Australian Wool (Raw Material) ...	1	0	3	8	2	8	1¾

In combination, the obstacles to smooth, efficient and cheap transport are paralysing the British mercantile marine, and British industry is being handicapped as it prepares to face the fierce competition of the post-war period. It is a misconception to suggest that shipowners only are concerned with the shipping industry. Shipping is, in fact, the basic industry of an insular State, and every circumstance which affects it reacts upon every British industry, our foreign trade, and our home life. The cause of the paralysis of British shipping is not far to seek. It is due, in the first place, to the intensive submarine campaign pursued by the enemy during the war; in the second place, to the interference of Government Departments in shipping affairs, the coal industry, production generally, and commerce; and, in the third place, to labour unrest. As has been already stated, owing to the activity, although restricted activity, in our own shipyards and engine shops, and to the volume of enemy tonnage obtained under the Peace Treaty, we have almost replaced the shipping which was lost during the war; by the end of the year the balance will have been righted. The paralysis of shipping cannot, therefore, now be attributed to the sinkings which occurred between August, 1914, and November, 1918. The root of the disease is to be found in one word—bureaucracy. That carries with it no condemnation of our Civil Service, which is probably the most efficient possessed by any country. But the civil servant is by education and training, and particularly by the conditions in which he works, unfitted for the conduct of any trade or industry. He is not a free man, but is subject to rules and regulations, which, however necessary to check abuse under a Parliamentary system, are the very negation of the principles of commercial life. At any moment, he is liable to be called to account, as business men are not liable, and consequently initiative is killed and enterprise is checked. Whatever the responsibility the civil servant bears, he is set about by barbed-wire entanglements which experience warns him to avoid. He is less the servant of the State than the agent of one department of a number of more or less unco-ordinated departments. On entering the portals of the office in which he works, he has quenched the spirit of adventure, which is the very life and blood of commercial success, and becomes a departmentalist. In his own sphere, the civil servant, answerable in matters of expenditure to the finance department of his particular office, to the Treasury as well as the Accountant-General, and to the Public Accounts Committee; and thus to the House of Commons, works with a measure of success which is a tribute alike to his ability and his training.

But, when all is said, a bureaucracy remains a bureaucracy when it invades the business world. Government interference with shipping, as well as with the coal and other industries, illustrates what Sir Kenneth Anderson has well described as "the sleeping sickness" of Government control. It lies over the Post Office and the Telephones; it is a blight on the Royal Dockyards as well as on the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich; it pervades every industrial establishment under its influence. Government control is incompatible with economical administration, and, though during war economic laws could be ignored, in peace they are the arbitrary dictators of national prosperity. Despite all the efforts of Sir Joseph Maclay and those who have been associated with him in the Ministry of Shipping, the mercantile marine is suffering from the ills with which the Government infects every commercial organisation with which it comes into close contact.

Far from any system of nationalisation of shipping, or of coal, or of other industries proving the cure for the troubles with which we are now confronted, it must prove the ruin of all hope of reconstructing industry and commerce after the late ordeal. This is not a matter which concerns only shipowners, colliery owners, manufacturers or merchants, but it is, above all, a question which concerns the working classes.

If from any cause the mercantile marine fails to recover its former primacy and efficiency, our foreign trade must suffer, our invisible exports, amounting to £400,000,000 or £500,000,000 annually, be reduced and the national wage fund decreased, unemployment becoming widespread. We live under artificial conditions, obtaining from overseas most of our food and raw materials in exchange for coal, manufactured cotton, machinery, and other finished articles; and if the volume of our exports decreases (of which 76 per cent. consisted of coal before the war), we can no longer hope, whatever Labour visionaries may preach, to support the present population of these islands. It is probably no exaggeration that if it were not for the extent of our maritime and commercial operations overseas, and the influence they exert in sustaining world-wide insurance, financial, and other businesses with headquarters in these islands, we could not find work for more than about half the population which now lives in no mean comfort in this country. We may well beware lest we drop the substance in endeavouring to seize the shadow which theorists cast over the substantial hopes of our recovery from all the manifold evils which the war has brought upon us.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

SOCIAL QUEENS UNDER THREE REIGNS.

THE distinction of antiquity at least is not wanting to the Mayfair Evergreens, whose best-known representative in our time has recently found her biographer. Among her nineteenth century predecessors in her peculiar gifts, opportunities, influence, and achievements, Lady Dorothy Nevill resembled none more closely than Lady Stanley of Alderley (died October 20th, 1895, in her seventy-seventh year). A single detail will suffice to bear out that description. Lady Stanley had been the first of aristocratic hostesses to admit Daniel O'Connell to her acquaintance and drawing-room. Those were the days in which the Liberator's abuse of the future Lord Beaconsfield did a great deal towards enlisting society in Disraeli's favour. "I verily believe," said "the great Irish beggar-man," as *Punch* called him, "if this Jew's pedigree could be traced, he would be found the lineal descendant and the true heir at law of the impenitent thief who atoned for his crimes on the cross." Lady Stanley received indifferently both the author and the object of the terrific denunciation. The Whig interests made it of importance to O'Connell to be seen in good houses. Lady Stanley gave a banquet in his honour, followed by a reception, "to meet," as the invitation cards announced, "Mr. O'Connell." After dinner the giant rose to go, with the words: "The friends who are now coming to see you will not care to meet me." "On the contrary," replied the hostess, "they are all coming with the sole purpose of meeting you." The Liberator remained; the whole affair was the great socio-political success of the season. Disraeli's Runnymede letters remained to show the loathing and terror in which O'Connell was held by the Tories, as for that matter in their hearts by not a few of the Whigs also. The courageous and clever Dover Street châtelaine survived to show Mr. Gladstone in his Irish policy the same favour she had bestowed on O'Connell. The Irish members, however, continued their resistance to the Liberal leader. The more agreeable of them, nevertheless, were sometimes Lady Stanley's guests when there seemed no danger of their running up against the statesman, with whom they would not be conciliated. "I don't think much of dukes, for I've seen too much of them," was Lord Randolph Churchill's opinion about the order in which he had been born. The late Mr. G. W. E. Russell, who had received from destiny nearly the same experiences,¹ has traced the begin-

(1) *A Pocketful of Sixpences*, p. 31.

nings of the socio-political hostess to Lucy Harington, the seventeenth-century Countess of Bedford, addressed by Ben Jonson in quite the best of his short poems. In another generation Coleridge, when a republican poet, apostrophised the incomparable Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, in the couplet :—

"O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learned you that heroic measure?"

the reference being to her Grace's poem on the republican William Tell. The same language might well have been applied to a Victorian peeress, Queen Victoria's favourite lady, the Duchess of Sutherland, whose London home, Stafford House ("Aunt Harriet's Cabin," as it then came to be called), received Mrs. Beecher-Stowe ten years before; in his red shirt Garibaldi roamed through its galleries and halls.

Edmund Burke's description of the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness at Versailles appeared in 1790. As nearly as possible half a century after that John Ruskin, in the most melodious prose written since Burke's day, gave his impressions of another Georgiana, Lady Mount-Temple: "Eminent in her grace above a stunted group of sight-seers; beautiful with a beauty which I had only yet dreamed of as possible—statuesque severity with womanly sweetness joined. Those gifts and graces were enhanced in her by a sympathy with suffering so clean that she could never be happy in a world where others were miserable," "As for me, I am not philanthropic and prefer animals, my storks and Cornish choughs." So at Stillyans, her East Sussex home, Lady Dorothy Nevill jestingly said to a visitor after a panegyric on those ornaments of her sex just mentioned, winding up with a delicate and beautiful picture of Florence Nightingale's character and work. To return for a moment to the services rendered by Lady Stanley of Alderley to her party in the matter of O'Connell. With the necessary changes of scene, name and personage, we have there a curious foreshadowing of the socio-political and personal friendship uniting Lady Dorothy Nevill's name with more than one of the public men foremost during the Victorian era's second half. Like her brother, Lord Orford, and her first cousin, Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, Lady Dorothy Nevill had inherited from her great ancestor, Sir Robert Walpole, an amiably cynical indifference to party distinctions and conventions—in the case of another historic kinsman, one might add, of honours and rewards as well. This was the Lord Orford, who once received the offer of a vacant Garter. The Prime Minister's proposal reached him at his dinner-table, which, when not dining out, was laid daily for

eight guests, including his favourite physician, just raised to the baronetcy as Sir Emulsius Placebo. The latter ventured to remind him that the Premier's messenger was waiting in the hall. "Give me," said his Lordship, "a piece of paper and a pencil." Then, suiting the action to the word, the great man scribbled down on the back of a menu-card: "Can't you give it to somebody else?" This was pre-eminently in the languidly contemptuous, most magnificent Walpolian manner, equally characteristic of the family and the time. In that remarkable East Anglian family such airy, patrician insouciance seemed the nineteenth-century substitute for the eccentric Lord Orford, Lady Dorothy's grandfather, who showed his peculiarities after a fashion not less original than that in which his descendant declined the Garter. Certain Clinton and Trefusis marriages had brought into the Walpole family a Norfolk estate, Ilsington, once famous for its many gardens, as well as a Devonshire property, Hcanton. The early eighteenth-century possessor of these places found himself bored with pictures, collected with such care and pride by the founder of his house. He sold the Houghton gallery out of pure *ennui*, at the same time saying goodbye to Ilsington for ever. He had never seen his West of England possessions; he actually roused himself to so much interest in them now as to set off on a tour of inspection. He sent on a mounted courier to instruct his local agent that rooms and beds at his chief Devonshire seat should be aired and otherwise prepared for his reception. "Would your Lordship be pleased to invite some of the chief local gentry and their ladies to something like a house-warming?" meekly suggested the man of business. Yes, his Lordship would. "Send out," he added, "the invitations." The party, however, was fated not to come off. On the last stage of the journey to his unknown estate the Earl had an unusually long and sharp attack of disgust at the region he had reached. "Fresh horses and carriages," was his order, and back at once to Criswell; this was a little Suffolk village where the noble owner lived entirely by himself for months, or even longer, together. So it came to pass that Lady Dorothy Nevill's ancestor never had a sight of the wide acres in the Devon valley with which wedlock had endowed his forefathers.

The property itself remained, however, in the family till Lady Dorothy's youth, delighting her by its breezy commons and heaths, purpled over with the bloom of heather or shining with the golden blossoms of that English furze before which the admiring Linnaeus, when he first beheld it, kneeled down to thank God for its beauty. The Walpolian oddities remained in the blood till the generation of Lady Dorothy herself. Her brother, the fourth Earl, was Lord Beaconsfield's chief friend from the very

earliest days, when few among those whom he met in society, at Almack's, or at Crockford's, were disposed to do much more than acknowledge his cleverness and half-pityingly call him a bad specimen of a second-rate Jew dandy. In his Cavendish Square house, he lived entirely by himself, seeing only his family and his closest friends on something like compulsion. King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, entreated his sister's influence to draw him out of his shell. Disraeli's intimate, he had been with Gladstone at Eton, where he said the future Liberal leader, his studious staidness and horror of all laxity notwithstanding, was yet far from unpopular as well as marked out by masters and boys for a great future. After the Heir-Apparent, the fourth Marquis of Hertford became Lord Orford's closest associate, as in London so at every fashionable pleasure resort in Europe. This nobleman's father, the third Marquis, was the original of Thackeray's Lord Steyne and Disraeli's Lord Monmouth in *Coningsby*. That typical peer had a daughter, known, for her strange adventures as Countess Zichy, from one end of the Continent to the other; this versatile and nimble-witted lady derived from her mother many jewels, heirlooms in the family of her reputed sire. Blazing in a ball-room with some of these, she encountered in a Paris assembly-room the Lord Hertford of the Victorian Age, then the handsomest man of his time, unadorned by a single jewel in shirt-front or on finger. The Countess made some remark about the extreme simplicity of his costume. "Yes, Ma'am," he said, with a low bow, "the difference between us is: I wear mother o' pearl, and you wear the pearls of my grandmother." The fourth Marquis, who was Lord Orford's friend, made the magnificent art collection which, on his favourite principle of caring for one's family first, he left to his natural son, Sir Richard Wallace. That philanthropic and magnificent connoisseur followed the family tradition by residing in Paris; there, however, he occasionally had as bad a time of it as if he had remained in his Radical-ridden native land. At the end of the 'forties Europe began to simmer with revolution. The infection spread to Paris, much to the indignant discomfort of the British peers who had settled in that city as an asylum for themselves and their portable treasures; they therefore hastened to recross the Channel, but were confronted by an impassable barrier. The Provisional Government would allow no refugee, whatever his rank, to carry off his possessions. Lord Pembroke persisted in the attempt. The mob burned the carts containing his goods, with which they then swelled the flames of a bonfire. Lord Hertford took warning and waited. He was as anxious to revisit his English estates as he had been ready to leave them behind. In the French capital,

however, the abolition of imprisonment for debt prevented any one, peer or peasant, from collecting his dues. The Marquis, therefore, was obliged to stay, because there was no coin in circulation, and he could not raise the cash to pay his passage home.

Meanwhile, Lady Dorothy Nevill might well consider herself better off in London than any of her patrician relatives or friends as with profitless persistency they winged their flight to various places of refuge beyond the four seas. A ducal acquaintance of hers, his Grace of Sutherland, presaging in this respect his descendant of our own day, had no fear whatever of revolutions. On the contrary, he rather liked them, because they washed up to our shores such shoals of exiles, many of whom he found as little dangerous as they were interesting. Lady Dorothy, therefore, if ever intimidated, took heart, paid her town or country visits, looked in at masquerades and routs, just as if no such thing as Chartism had been known. To-day there are rumours of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, being improved into a mammoth hôtel. During the mid-nineteenth century its evening parties were beyond all comparison the most cosmopolitan in the British capital. Thither (March 28th, 1848) went Lady Dorothy to meet the then Prince of Prussia (the German Emperor of 1871), a middle-aged, very soldier-like looking man with a determined and terribly harsh countenance, whose powerful figure seemed to gain in proportion from its contrast with another foreign guest, of rather insignificant presence, but of ancient, royal lineage; Count de Montemolin, eldest son of the first Don Carlos, esteemed in this country fifteen years earlier to be the rightful King of Spain, was the potential monarch whom the late Lady Cardigan imparted to the world that she might have married, but jilted.¹

Hitherto the central personage of this writing had not actually borne her more familiar and famous name. In the eastern county, always as dear to her as her adopted Sussex, Lady Dorothy Walpole became, during 1847, by marriage with her cousin Reginald, Lady Dorothy Nevill. The wedding took place at Wickmere Church, near Wolterton, and was, of course, a picturesquely imposing, family function, with a Walpole for the officiating clergyman, and the Walpole tenantry, drawn up at the church gate, jolly and gay with that robust happiness then characterising English country life. Lord Orford is recalled as somewhat affected at parting with his clever and beautiful daughter. The bride hopes she went through the ceremony in a composed fashion, though she could not pretend to have exhibited the dashing sang-froid of her sister, who, *à propos* of a like experience, protested she was neither nervous nor upset since she

(1) *My Recollections* (Eveleigh Nash, 1909, p. 71).

saw nothing to be ashamed of in being married. After a lunch accompanied by many speeches and toasts the happy pair started for Burnham Thorpe for their honeymoon, in a house once dwelt in by the hero of Trafalgar. Nelson's father, a clergyman, had indeed received his living from its then patron, another Walpole. After the honeymoon came a family round of country-house visits, and then the newly-made husband took his bride to his natal Eridge, escorted there and elsewhere by mounted tenantry. So far the social atmosphere and surroundings of Reginald Nevill's partner had been those of picturesque feudalism; and such indeed during at least a part of each year after marriage they remained. In her London home there began at once, under illustrious auspices, the training for the social position, which, once secured, she was to fill for something like half a century. In her Norfolk home during the 'forties her father, as the High Steward of Lynn, took the chair at a great Protectionist dinner given to Lord George Bentinck and assisted at by Benjamin Disraeli, then in the first stage of his career as Conservative member for Shrewsbury. From that period and that event dated Lady Dorothy Nevill's historic friendship with Lord Beaconsfield; having begun beneath her father's roof, it was to be renewed a year or two later in the London house where she and her husband had settled in Upper Grosvenor Street. Their nearly opposite neighbour was at Grosvenor Gate, Benjamin Disraeli himself, then preparing for his conflict with Peel. From the well-known old Eton master, W. G. Cookesley, I have heard how, during these years, Disraeli walked in the afternoon from the Carlton Club with Cookesley as his companion to the House of Commons, and how, as they went, he would rehearse to Cookesley the oratorical effects so carefully premeditated. "That," Cookesley continued to me, "was not his first preparation; for once or twice he took me to a house near his own, Grosvenor Gate, occupied by his earliest friends, the Nevills, before whom he often experimented with his most vehement or neatly-turned invectives." It was a healthy, happy, as well as intensely and variously interesting, life which these same Nevills lived. Their country home, Dangstein, on the Hampshire-Sussex border, looked over a magnificent view of cornfields, meadow-lands and woods. The surrounding district still remained a veritable Arcadia, with manners, institutions and amusements little changed from an earlier century. At Christmas there were mummers who, in the grounds or in the central hall, enacted St. George and the Dragon. The chief feature and pride of Dangstein, however, was its seventeen hot-houses, growing every manner of tropical fruit-trees, vegetables, flowers, and every known variety of orchid; that plant, indeed, was afterwards to serve as

a link between the mistress of Dangstein and the magnate of the Midlands. Joseph Chamberlain's success with the flower seldom absent from his button-hole owed not a little to Lady Dorothy's practical hints, born of wide horticultural experience. More than a generation, however, had to pass before the time was ripe for that acquaintanceship. As for the ferneries and the glass-covered fern groves, they remained much as they originally were till Mr. Reginald Nevill's death in 1878. Their fate then seemed a symbolical presage of their latest owner's future. For the best of the collection formed by their cosmopolitan possessor were purchased by the Monte Carlo administration; they still bloom amid the floral environment of the most cosmopolitan hell still left to Europe. The Dangstein floral distinctions are associated with another of their owner's famous friendships. The second Duke of Wellington inherited his great father's interest in all novelties, artificial or natural; he suggested that Lady Dorothy should invite to her country house a botanical researcher who had discovered how to cultivate in the British climate the *Garsinia Mangostana*, as yet exclusively indigenous to the Straits Settlements. "I wonder," said Lady Dorothy, "whether the man who says he has done all this is, or is not, an impostor." "Invite him," rejoined the Duke, "to view your garden, and it will go hard if our united wits stop short of the exact truth." The invited guest came, and had no sooner arrived than he excited the suspicion of his entertainers; he might, they at once saw, with equal truth have said he had discovered the philosopher's stone. The impostor brazened it out with some success, and departed with a promise of shortly sending news of fresh discoveries. For the time, however, nothing more was heard of him than a request that his infant daughter, in addition to Garsinia, might bear the name of Dorothy. Shortly afterwards certain forgeries conducted the man to Woking Gaol; the last heard of Dorothy Garsinia's father was the entreaty that her Ladyship and his Grace would use their influence to secure a remission of his sentence and promote his scientific studies by some relaxation of prison rules in the matter of books, either, as Lady Dorothy said when relating to me the incident, that he might make good some deficiencies in horticultural knowledge or take in fresh steam for even higher and bolder flights of fancy.

Before bidding farewell to this clever and kindly hostess of politicians of all shades of opinion, men and women of fashion, of letters, poets, painters and journalists, in whose house Lord Randolph Churchill made his last social appearance, I may recall two instances of her shrewd sagacity and even prophetic insight into character. Lord Houghton had been mentioning the Liberal

leader's unpopularity in his Lancashire birthplace, and added, "Nevertheless, Mrs. Gladstone will die Lady Liverpool." Lady Dorothy smiled, shook her head, and shook it still more when her visitor hinted a doubt as to whether Disraeli might care for a peerage. "It is," she said, "neither the title nor the rank, but the picturesqueness of the Order which takes his fancy, gratifies his decorative taste, and alone gives him his real interest in the titled aristocracy." "A young lady who looks as if she had come out of a picture of George II.'s time." That is what, on their first meeting, Disraeli said about that daughter of the Walpoles to whom he presently related his gradual progress with the great ladies of his time. Prominent among these were the Countess of Jersey—the Zenobia of *Endymion*—in her Berkeley Square mansion, and Lady Londonderry, who, in her Park Lane palace, seated on a dais at the upper end of the room, under an awning projected over her throne, condescended to receive her guests. Scarcely less was Disraeli's obligation to another lady very different from any of those already mentioned. This was Lady Lucy Pusey, the great Churchman's mother; her home, Pusey House, Faringdon, had opened its doors to the brilliant Jew youth in his Young England period, while as yet he was only meditating his novel *Coningsby*. Here he first acquired the interest in Church politics and principles, vividly reflected in the earliest of his best-known fictions, and colouring the programme that was also to revive the order of the peasantry as well as reinvigorate the patriciate, and add strength to the Throne.

Of our social queens belonging to the Victorian Age, Mrs. Villiers, Lord Clarendon's mother, died in 1856; Lady Russell, Lord John's widow, lived till 1878, and Lady Stanley of Alderley till 1895. Lady Dorothy Nevill, therefore, was the only member of the group who witnessed the accession of Edward VII. Between these two last something in the nature of comparison has already been hinted. Lady Stanley of Alderley, it has been seen, did her Party and the Liberator himself a good turn by introducing him to the best houses of the time. Lady Dorothy Nevill performed something like the same office for Mr. Joseph Chamberlain; before his acquaintance with her grew into intimacy he had never concealed his indifference and even dislike to fashionable London, giving it as little of his time as possible, as well as mostly spending his week-ends beneath his own hospitable roof just outside Birmingham. Lady Dorothy's influence caused him to mix much more than he had ever done or otherwise would have done at all in the social functions of Mayfair and Belgravia. The Belgian Minister in London had once described him as "Un homme dangereux, un républicain autoritaire."

Fashionable familiarity soon divested him of all his terrors; he had indeed developed into personal popularity with those who gave the polite world its tone, before his adoption of the Fair Trade policy made him the Tory idol.

A wider gulf than that of years alone separates even states-womanship so late as this from the socio-political dispensation of the present time. No week-end parties of the Victorian kind follow the rising of the House on Friday evening. The new restaurants have proved deadly rivals to the clubs, and the joint stock palaces of Pall Mall and St. James's have ceased to be on the first day of the week the emporia of political small-talk or the resting-places of Rumour before winging her flight to provincial gatherings and newspaper offices. The personages and the social accomplishments now recalled, though no longer monopolised by the capital of the Empire, are something more than mere memories. While actively in operation they proved educational agencies for country as well as town. Lady Dorothy Nevill, like many others, found her hosts and guests far beyond those limits which confined the "society" of her earlier days. Mr. Gladstone first, and Lord Beaconsfield afterwards, enlivened their Parliamentary hospitalities by introducing extra political guests of distinction, such as Froude, Tennyson, on the rare occasions that he could be caught, Leighton and Millais. The lady whose biography has served for the occasion of these remarks was herself a tie between a greater variety of social orders than before her day had ever been united by a single influence; *à propos* of the table talk and memoir-compiling of her later days, she sometimes quoted something said on the subject by one of her cleverest contemporaries. The distinction between society as it is now and as it was seems to me that to-day people print what formerly they would not have taken the trouble to say. Not that this particular "Mayfair evergreen" often let off conversational fireworks. She talked as she wrote—simply, tellingly, tersely, eschewing anything that approached to anecdote except when something of the sort seemed necessary by way of concrete illustration. Like other gifted members of her sex and class, she exercised something of an educational power much beyond the limits of her habitual surroundings. "Far or near, Lady Dorothy Nevill keeps us all up to the mark." So said the last Viscountess Strangford (*née* Beaufort) in the Hertford Street drawing-room of Lady Priestley, the great doctor's wife, during the nineteenth century's second half; and as conversationalist Lady Strangford had in her particular line few equals and no superior, unless it were Mrs. Singleton, who died Lady Currie; this was the "Violet Fane" of literature; hers was the descrip-

tion of the guinea-pigs at her Hampshire home forming themselves into a bachelor's club, that quite fascinated Lord Beaconsfield. Lady Strangford was the first to call the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury "the poor man's peer"; she never expressed herself more happily than when on the subject of Sir A. Layard's Nineveh researches. She said: "When a man has a firman from the Sultan and several pickaxes, he is sure to find something if he digs long enough."

Phrasing of this sort in nineteenth-century Mayfair soon found its echoes in the salons of our great provincial capitals, especially that on the Mersey. There, indeed, they have not yet died out. The grave has but recently closed over the widow of Liverpool's well-known representative in the late 'sixties and 'seventies; whether at her London home in Ennismore Gardens or beneath her Lancashire roof, Greenbank, Mrs. Rathbone's drawing-room possessed all the attractions, social and intellectual, which could be secured for it by a hostess combining clearness and width of general outlook with corresponding grace and tact. Neither she nor her sister, Mrs. Samuel Rathbone, were of Lancashire birth. Their family, the Lys, came from the North of Ireland. To-day the Rathbone reputation for first-rate brains and public usefulness is maintained in its normal vigour by the daughter of William Rathbone's second marriage—Eleanor. Another daughter of a Liverpool house, Miss Royden, as the evening preacher at the City Temple, has added national fame and influence to the wealthy ship-owning family whose name she bears.

The new families created by commerce began to be a power during the First Reform Bill period. Then they had no representatives more famous than the Whitbreads, whose chief inspired Canning with his happiest set of occasional verses. The family name and tradition are still perpetuated in and out of Parliament; nor to-day, outside the bearers of ancient Whig and Tory names or titles, are there any in the land who have a happier habit than the Whitbreads of obtaining what they or their friends want, and whose adhesion is a more promising, ominous success for any new meritorious movement or cause. Just half a century ago Benjamin Disraeli in his first term of leadership was training the Shire Knights and other grades of country gentlemen for democracy; amid all movements, the intrigues and counter-intrigues of that agitated time, few names were heard and few brains were more active than those of an ex-diplomat belonging to a stock rooted then for more than two centuries, and still flourishing on the banks of the Mersey. Strongly-marked traits of character had always been, and still are, combined in the Earle family with rare intellectual subtlety. Ralph Earle was the son of a

commercial Lancashire worthy, Charles Earle, in that branch of the family whose head was Sir Thomas Earle, brother of the General Earle, killed in one of the nineteenth-century Egyptian campaigns. With Ralph Earle alone is my present concern. The fifth Earl Spencer's Harrow contemporary, an extraordinarily brilliant and thoughtful boy in Vaughan's Sixth Form, he was attached to our Paris Embassy soon after entering the diplomatic service—the one career above all others for which he was pre-eminently fitted. A little later the object of Earle's youthful admiration, Disraeli, then recently risen to fame and power, became the Ambassador's guest during his French visit. So favourably was he impressed by the accomplished and adroit *attaché* that, if he cared to exchange foreign for English politics, he offered to make Earle his private secretary. The prospect seemed everything that the young man's fancy had ever painted. After a term of service with his chief Earle was put into the House of Commons and provided with an office at the old Board of Control. Meanwhile, less than is generally supposed at his own instance than Lord Derby's suggestion, Disraeli was preparing his Household Franchise Bill. The Adullamites were only some among those Conservatives who resented the measure. About this time, too, for other reasons, there may have been some friction between the Conservative leader in the Commons and his private secretary. At any rate, like the future Marquis of Salisbury, then Lord Cranbourne, the Earl of Carnarvon, General Peel and one or two more, Earle joined in the opposition to the measure and its authors. These are the undoubted facts; the controversial influences from, and interpretations of, them have long since ceased to be of any interest. Ralph Earle's shining abilities were not of the kind specially adapting him to a deliberative assembly; he found occupation more congenial and infinitely more profitable in financial enterprises where he could turn to good account his acquaintance with the *coulisses* of international statesmanship.

The matrimonial blend of Mayfair with the City has borne the test of experience. A Wodehouse-Currie union produced in the fullness of time the Victorian official called by Palmerston the safest and ablest Secretary of State, whether Colonial or Foreign, in the first Earl of Kimberley, the one Liberal, whether commoner or peer, as Lord Salisbury thought, capable of leading the Liberal Party after Gladstone. The same marriage also, in Philip, afterwards Lord Currie, gave the Foreign Office during the last century's second half an Under-Secretary who did as much towards bringing its methods up to date as just a hundred years earlier had been done by Sir J. B. Burgess in first organis-

ing the department. The two elements have more than once combined themselves at different points in Lady Dorothy Nevill's ancestral line; she herself attributed some at least of her social gifts not only to a French strain in her descent, but to a remote kinship with the family of Mrs. Oldfield, the most animated, accomplished and popular among eighteenth-century actresses.

Other considerations than those now mentioned go far towards explaining the progress of the best provincial society to that of the metropolis as regards culture distinction, and, above all things, conversational aptitude and charm. The years between 1780 and 1843 witnessed the signs of the coming French Revolution and the beginnings of the Victorian Age. The autobiographies and other memoirs of that period show us the best bred, the most wholesomely witty, and the most variously philanthropic circles of the time in their making. In Parliament and at Court the movement against papal disabilities had begun. The polite world, however, was undisturbed by religious antipathies or partialities of any kind. The most enlightened, intelligent and agreeable of London drawing-rooms, dinner-tables, and of English country houses belonged to the Catholics; their mistresses had been largely educated in Continental convent schools, whose pupils, indeed, enjoyed a social vogue under George III. not unlike that achieved by the trans-Atlantic heiresses of our own day. Thus a diarist of the period notes the marriage to Lord Shaftesbury, a Protestant, of Miss Barbara Webb, a Catholic, brought up by the English nuns at Louvain. The entry continues: "She is twenty-four and may have a very large fortune. What brought on this match I can't tell, but the Catholic ladies seem to be the fashion." The Protestants, however, soon took the hint from the Papists. The Sisterhood which had "finished" Miss Webb so attractively soon found educational rivals entirely free from Popish influence or associations. George Ticknor, the earliest of Anglo-American links, in the course of his European travels visited many establishments in France and Austria, as well as in the Low Countries, whose mistresses, with as much of Puritanism in their veins, educated intelligent Anglo-Saxon girls to become charming women. These schools have flourished increasingly from that time to this. They never were so much in request or so appreciably coloured our family provincial life as throughout the whole of the last and during the present generation. The ladies conducting these institutions, on their holiday visits to England, took back with them from the great Lancashire and Midland capitals more students probably than from South Kensington itself.

In the stage-coach and mail-post days Birmingham could be

called by De Quincey the centre of our travelling system. As such, its position was that of the golden milestone set up by Augustus in the Roman forum, the converging point of all the Imperial roads. The geographical and locomotive primacy once enjoyed by the Midland capital gradually transmuted itself into nineteenth-century political and intellectual leadership. It not only became after the Whitbread and Sawbridge precedent the birthplace of a new political family. The combination of Chamberlain-Kenrick hospitalities made it a centre of all those influences which after the fashion just described did much towards cementing the fusion of the old *régime* with the new. The nineteenth-century Boyles, Cavendishes and Russells claimed, not without some reason, to be fulfilling the highest traditions handed down to them by the scholarship and literary recreations of Charles James Fox. Sir William Harcourt, the most frequent of the Highbury guests, could pleasantly rally his then Radical host on reproducing "the best virtues of a country gentleman." Beneath no other provincial roof, in the years now looked back upon, were there gathered better representatives of contemporary life and thought than when Joseph Chamberlain entertained at most week-ends men of affairs like John Bright, W. E. Förster, writers such as a former editor of this periodical, the then John Morley, *ruscé* officials and men of the world.

The personal aspects of the social sovereignty here reviewed are not likely to repeat themselves amid the new scenery of this or any future age; yet the inevitable solutions of continuity in our socio-political development are less numerous and complete than may be sometimes supposed. During the pre-Paschal session the same roof as that beneath which Benjamin Disraeli achieved the social success securing his political career, has witnessed one grand and crowded reception pretty much of the old sort. At Londonderry House, Park Lane, neither the difficulties of the time nor the weekly rush out of town after the Friday's adjournment interfered with the hostess's entertaining a company as brilliant as, and more variously represented than, any of those bejewelled and bestarred gatherings that in the nineteenth as well as the eighteenth century made their bows to any of her predecessors. The men wore their orders and the women their diamond tiaras once more after the same grand manner. Nor do the ladies of the new *régime* miss their opportunities or forget their parts. The Labour ladies are also not in the background; and Mrs. Clynes is on her probation with a grace, a vivacity, a good sense and a tact equal to anything which the possibilities of the socio-political kaleidoscope may have in store.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

MILITARISM AND MORALITY.

"In nothing is the sham super-man more easily detected than in the confidence and self-complacency with which he pounces on the immediate advantage, regardless of the penalty he will have to pay in the future."

F. S. OLIVER. (*Ordeal by Battle.*)

GENERAL LUDENDORFF is, I believe, looked upon in all countries as a typical exponent of that undefined quality "militarism," so dear for its variety and vagueness of meaning to platform orators, and so repulsive to different audiences according to the meanings they may attach to the expression. Until recently, I thought that the quality of militarism was racial in its origin, and that it was in no way attributable to membership of national fighting forces, be they military or naval. In the writings and speeches of pre-war "anti-militarists" the provision of adequate fleets and armies was opposed on the plea that seamen and soldiers, if such instruments are placed in their hands, are tempted to seek means of using them, but I never believed in the general soundness of that plea. There was a time in my younger days when the military art, the art of war as affecting armies, was taught as if it were a sort of glorified chess played with human counters; little attention was paid to the moral factors affecting success or failure. So treated, I must confess it was an uninspiring study, which attracted only as a means of passing the examinations upon which staff employment and advancement depended. But in the years 1904-7 we first realised that the Great General Staff in Berlin had drawn up a plan for pouring armies across Belgium in order to attack France, and it was natural that this circumstance should have had much influence upon all military studies. (Ludendorff has now made it quite clear that we were right. He tells us in his *War Memories* that the plan was that of General Count von Schlieffen, who retired from his post in Berlin in 1906 or 1907, which enables us to assign an approximate date for the preparation of the plan.) It was during those years that the British "striking force" of about 20,000 was increased to form the "Expeditionary Force" of six divisions and a cavalry division, and it was natural that, as an academic study, students of the art of war should discuss the different ways in which such a force could be employed if Germany should put her plan into operation, and if Great Britain were called upon to fulfil her moral obligation to defend the neutrality of Belgium. Looked

at as a problem in geometrical strategy, taking account only of time, space, and relative forces, it might be argued that the best thing under such conditions would be to anticipate the German invasion, and to get British troops into Belgium first. It came within my province in those years to look over and to discuss the proposals made by several hundred Staff College students at Camberley; not one of them suggested trying to gain a military advantage by ignoring the moral obligation to respect Belgian neutrality. The idea naturally occurred to a few, but I never heard such a plan seriously proposed, although it might, from the purely military point of view, be the most effective way to use the new expeditionary force in such an emergency. Coming, as they did, from every regiment in the British Service, I think that we may take the view of the four "batches" of students who passed through the Staff College in my time as typical of regimental opinion, and the views of the Directing Staff (the names of most of them have become household words in the war) as typical of the opinion of the higher staff officers; so it is not unfair to say that British Army opinion was opposed to ignoring moral obligation in order to obtain a military advantage at the outbreak of a war. I believe that the same can be said of the Naval Service as a whole, in spite of the confession in Lord Fisher's *Memories* that in the years 1906-8 he was strongly in favour of making a sudden attack in time of peace upon the German Fleet, solely on the plea that "we have eventually to fight Germany is just as sure as anything can be," and "we had a mass of effective submarines and Germany only had three; we had seven Dreadnoughts fit to fight and Germany had none."

Let us now turn our thoughts to Germany before the war. In another of his *Memories* Lord Fisher leaves us with the impression that the ex-Kaiser knew, and sympathised with, his own acceptance of the German General Staff theory of launching "preventive wars" at the most favourable moment against a nation that may become hostile at some future period. This is the passage; the date seems to have been some time in 1906: "The German Emperor did say to Beit that I was dangerous, and that he . . . had heard of my idea for the 'Copenhagening' of the German Fleet. But this last I much doubt. He only said it because he knew it was what we ought to have done." Mr. Beit's own account of the incident, as given to Lord Esher, was: "The Emperor said that England wanted war; not, perhaps, the Government; but influential people like Sir John Fisher," and, in reply to a remark made by Mr. Beit: "He (Fisher) thinks it is the hour for attack, and *I am not blaming him*" (my italics). These extracts throw an interesting light upon the extent to

which the ex-Kaiser had himself been imbued by his military advisers with the "militarist" desire to make the most effective use at the most telling moment of a national fighting force, disregarding all moral considerations, on the plea that if you do not do so you may some day have to fight on less advantageous terms. We find, then, that the microbe of "militarism," for which we are searching, had entered the mind of the ex-Kaiser at least eight years before he sanctioned the General Staff plan to launch an attack across Belgium against France.

This brings us back to Ludendorff as the exponent of the German General Staff views. One of the most striking features of his character, disclosed in his *War Memories*, is his narrowness of outlook. Of his brilliant attainments as a soldier there could be no question, if the military art were only what I have called above a sort of glorified chess, little attention being paid to the effect of moral factors upon success or failure. His conduct of the battle of Tannenberg affords an example of his brilliance in the conception and execution of a military operation, making the utmost use of the human counters at his disposal and of the local topographical conditions. We can imagine him, in a wider strategical field, being obsessed by the effectiveness of the plan of his revered chief, Count von Schlieffen, for using that wonderful engine of war, the German Army, in the most telling way, from the purely military point of view, in a war against France. The plan involved the use of Belgian territory for the deployment of the army on a front wide enough to outflank the line of fortresses constructed by the French between Switzerland and the Belgian frontier. Belgian territory could not be used for such a purpose without the violation of an international agreement to which Germany was a party. It might perhaps have been advanced that an agreement entered into by Prussia in 1839 did not bind the German Empire, established in 1871; but in 1911 the German Imperial Chancellor gave an assurance to the Belgian Minister in Berlin that Germany had no intention of violating Belgian neutrality, and in 1913 a Secretary of State announced in the Reichstag that "Belgian neutrality is provided for by International Conventions, and Germany is determined to respect those Conventions." While the statesmen were making such announcements, Ludendorff, as Director of Operations in the Great General Staff in Berlin, was doubtless putting the finishing touches to the scheme of his former chief, and bringing up to date the time-tables of mobilisation and of railway and road movements involved. It seems probable, from his whole upbringing and the traditions with which he was surrounded from his earliest youth, that he became so impressed by the effectiveness of the "glorified

chess" aspect of the scheme that he gradually lost hold altogether of the moral aspect, looking upon that as an unimportant detail.¹ I am strengthened in this view by his own statement about his upbringing: "Love of country, loyalty to my Sovereign, appreciation of the truth that the duty of everyone is to devote his life to his family and the State, this was the heritage which I took with me from my home to be my portion in life." This sounds a high note, but we miss all idea of any individual or State moral responsibility.

Ludendorff seems gradually to have lost interest in what (*pace* Lord Fisher) I think that many people would have thought the most important feature of von Schlieffen's plan; it was only to be put in operation "on the assumption that France would not respect Belgian neutrality or that Belgium would join France." It is now quite clear to the world that the Great General Staff were determined to put the plan in operation in 1914, whether von Schlieffen's *proviso* were fulfilled or not, and in face of the well-known facts no one is likely to accept Ludendorff's *ipse dixit* that the scheme was only carried into execution "when there was no longer any doubt as to the attitude of France and Belgium." To complete our chain of evidence, we now know from the Kautsky disclosures that orders to prepare for war were issued to the General Staff on July 6th, 1914, that the ultimatum to Belgium was actually sealed by von Moltke on July 26th, and that it arrived in Brussels on the 29th. Ludendorff gives us a clear view of the "militarist" attitude in the words: "We" (of the General Staff) "were all convinced of the soundness of this plan. . . . Nobody believed in Belgium's neutrality." I assume that by "nobody" he means none of his military colleagues. I do not think that he intends to brand the Imperial Chancellor in 1911, the Secretary of State in 1913, and I may add the German Minister in Brussels on *July 31st*, 1914, as deliberate liars. Perhaps the statesmen of Germany's ally, Austria-Hungary, were in a better position to gauge the relative influence of the German statesmen and the Great General Staff over policy during those momentous days at the end of July, 1914. Ludendorff himself was commanding a brigade at Strasburg at the time—he attributes his having been sent away from Berlin to his own desire in 1913 to increase the Army beyond the limits desired by the Government—so the following does not apply to him personally, but to the General Staff in general.

Count Czernin, the Austrian statesman, fixes the responsibility

(1) This view is clearly correct. From the Kautsky disclosures we know that the ultimatum to Belgium was sealed by von Moltke on July 26, 1914, and that it reached Brussels on July 29, see below.

for the war upon two authorities: the first of these was von Tschirschky, the German Ambassador in Vienna, who "was thoroughly convinced that in the immediate future Germany would have to fight out a war with France and Russia, and he considered the year 1914 would be more favourable than a later date; in the first place, because he believed that neither Russia nor France would be ready to strike a blow." (Here we have a German civilian statesman thoroughly imbued by the General Staff with their doctrine of defensive war.) The second reason given for von Tschirschky's attitude was that only on the Serbian question was the "aged and peace-loving Emperor Francis Joseph likely to draw the sword for Germany" (*sic*). The authority responsible, in Czernin's opinion, for the war was the Great General Staff in Berlin. He says that the military took charge during the last two days in July; that if political factors had been heeded there would have been no invasion of Belgium, which was the first fateful victory of the military over the diplomatists during the war.¹ Perhaps the United States Ambassador in Berlin may be taken as a better independent authority than Czernin about responsibility for policy in Berlin. His opinion was that the Great General Staff wielded the supreme power of the State, and when they decided a matter of foreign policy, or even an internal measure, that decision was final.

To follow up our search for the microbe of "militarism" which brought about all the ghastly horror of the five years' war, we find it in the spread of the General Staff doctrine of "defensive war," and in the fact that the plan for invasion of Belgium was put into operation without the conditions which it had been designed to meet—the violation of Belgian neutrality by France, or "that Belgium should join France"—having been fulfilled. Ludendorff tells us of his admiration for Bismarck; he "ardently worshipped at the shrine of Bismarck's powerful and passionate genius." If the destinies of the German Empire had been entrusted in 1914 to an Imperial Chancellor like Bismarck instead of to a man of the calibre of Bethmann-Hollweg, it may be that other aspects of the General Staff plan of launching a "preventive war" by an unprovoked onslaught upon Belgium and France would have carried more weight. It was unfortunate for the world that Ludendorff, in his ardent worship of Bismarck, did not remember how the Iron Chancellor at one time powerfully and passionately opposed the militarist doctrine of preventive war.

(1) Czernin seems to think that the German troops crossed the Belgian frontier late at night on August 4th; it is surprising that he is still ignorant of the fact that the crossing began by day-break on that day; Ludendorff, who was present, calls it "early on August 4th."

"One cannot," Bismarck wrote, "see the cards of Providence so closely as to anticipate historical development according to one's own calculation." Neither Ludendorff the soldier, nor von Tschirschky the diplomatist, put any such limitations upon their own powers in this respect, but they were not the first of their kind. In the years 1875-6 the Great General Staff pressed for an unprovoked attack upon France, based upon their preventive-war doctrine, and it was the Chancellor who put a stop to their proposal. Some interesting light was thrown by Baron von Loë in the *Deutsche Revue* for June, 1905, upon Bismarck's attitude towards such ideas; these are the words used: "I will never challenge war because we are the stronger, and in order to utilise the opportunity of preventing a later war. I bear the burden before the King, the Fatherland and God, for the heavy sacrifices which war entails upon this country." But at the end of July, 1914, the military, or, as we should say, the militarists, took charge. Bethmann-Hollweg was not a Bismarck. He also has published his *Reflections* on the world-war, based upon the idea that a deed like the treatment of Belgium could be glossed over with a varnish of polysyllables and platitudes; but we find in all German statesmen of the day the subservience of the civilian to the militarist dogma of military necessity.

I think that we have discovered in Ludendorff's *War Memories*, checking them with the memories of the civilian statesmen whom he despises, the germ of the disease of "militarism." The unprovoked attack upon France across Belgium owes its origin to the absorption of the narrow-minded German militarist in the "glorified chess" aspect of strategy, ignoring altogether the moral requirements for success. From his own *apologia* we can gather the greatness of Ludendorff the soldier, purely as a military strategist, and the amazing littleness and narrowness of outlook of Ludendorff the man. But he is only the product of his class. Von Bethmann-Hollweg has lately told the whole world that "military opinion held that a condition of success for the Western offensive was passage through Belgium. Herein political and military interests came into sharp conflict," and he, as Imperial Chancellor, had to "accommodate his view" to that of von Moltke, the Chief of the General Staff, who used the plea of "absolute military necessity."

Let us follow Ludendorff a little farther. We have traced the first entry of the canker of "militarism" into German policy. Let us follow its growth until the time when the proud German Empire collapsed, eaten up by the disease. The collapse, tardy as it seemed to us at the time, can be traced very briefly. Directly the German Army crossed the frontier Ludendorff

realised the lack of moral impetus in the advancing troops. The cause for which they were fighting was righteous to them by order and not by conviction. The troops, he tells us, felt nervous from the beginning of the movement on Liège, and, during the advance, the men were reluctant to proceed; he was often compelled to exhort them not to leave him to go on alone. The abundantly-proved savagery displayed by the German troops against the civilian population of Belgium he waves aside, as he does von Schlieffen's moral *proviso* attached to the plan of invasion, by a simple denial of the facts. He adds a falsehood: "The Belgian Government . . . had systematically organised civilian warfare." (Compare Bethmann-Hollweg's confession that the civilian population of Belgium at first showed friendliness,¹ captured letters and diaries of German soldiers, and the wealth of evidence published by the Belgian Ministries of Justice and Foreign Affairs.) Hearing firing in the streets in the village of Herve during the first night that he spent upon Belgian soil, he gives this incident as his sole evidence that "the *franc-tireur* warfare had begun." He apparently took no steps to ascertain the nature of the firing, which we know from reliable evidence to have been conducted solely by the German troops themselves. He mentions having been to such places as Visé, Herve, and Andenne, where, he mentions casually, that he "saw a gruesome and distressing example of the devastation that followed *franc-tireur* operations." (These operations having been invented to justify the horrors perpetrated by the German troops; to quote from the Bryce report: "murder, rape, arson, and pillage began from the moment that the German Army crossed the frontier.")

The principal German authorities on military strategy of the "glorified chess" type are unanimous in pointing out the importance of the initial movements and direction given to armies. A grave mistake made at the outset in such matters can seldom be retrieved subsequently. They are silent about the effect upon armies, and ultimately upon the nation, of a flaw in moral purpose. The very meaning of *moral* seems to lie beyond the grasp of a typical militarist like Ludendorff. He writes of it as if it were an item of military equipment which he could draw at need from a Government store. "Our Supreme Army Command made its requisitions to the Imperial Government with respect to men, material, and *moral*." He certainly does recognise the importance of moral factors in the words: "The greater the task, the more important do these moral factors become"; but, according to his narrow outlook, we gather that the chief moral factor is strength of will in the leader of an army or nation; we find no

(1) *Nord-Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, September 21, 1914.

conception of moral purpose as an incentive to hold out, such as those put before the British Army by Lord Haig in his celebrated "With our backs to the wall" and his other orders. We find strength of will constantly harped upon by the German "militarist" writers. It runs as a *motif* through much of their teaching. For instance, von Freytag-Loringhoven: "A strong will to direct the whole, and power of thought to point the way to the desired goal." Professor Spenser Wilkinson has traced the origin of such quotations to one of Droysen's books published thirty years ago. The whole idea seems to be that in an army or a State the will of the leader is the chief moral factor, in dealings between States the only one. Put to such a test, the refusal of Belgium to obey was an offence against the will of Germany, and, as such, an offence against the only morality of the militarist code.

Ludendorff explains to us that the responsibility for the U-boat piracy also falls upon the Great General Staff—this time upon himself personally. The Chancellor, who seems to have had a glimmering of some moral laws not included in the militarist code, was persuaded to report "that if the military authorities regard it essential, I am not in a position to withstand it," and then: "The Emperor commanded that the campaign should open." We can lay upon the Great General Staff, and in some measure upon Ludendorff personally, the responsibility for three of Germany's greatest errors in the war: the invasion of Belgium, the atrocities committed there, and the ruthless and piratical submarine campaign. But all three measures received only the half-hearted and hesitating support of the Chancellor. A different view of the moral law from that of the "militarist" gradually brought stronger and stronger world forces to bear against Germany. The nation longed for peace, which could be obtained only by renouncing the militarist creed. Bethmann-Hollweg was inclined to support the national view; Bethmann-Hollweg was broken by Ludendorff. After explaining the views of succeeding and even weaker Chancellors, he tells us "one thing was certain: the power must be in my hands . . ." and "in order to carry on the world-war I had to govern the instrument." "Militarism" triumphed, the army leaders governed, the fighting forces were no longer the instruments of the nation, the nation was their instrument. For two years the skilled soldier pitted the force of his "will-to-victory" against the moral impetus behind nations whose armies were their instruments, not their masters.

In an article¹ written while the issue still appeared to be in

(1) "The Fourth Dimension in the War," *Nineteenth Century and After*, November, 1918.

the balance, I tried to indicate what we believed in this country to be the nature of the moral force which in the end would triumph over the force upon which Ludendorff relied. We have traced the failure of a succession of Chancellors whose business it was, in his opinion, to direct and foster the spirit of the nation. We found their policy over-ridden at every turn by "military necessity." Gradually they failed to keep up the will-to-victory. Ludendorff seized the reins of Government himself. His purely military work took precedence, all else he looked upon as secondary. The whole world wondered at the skill with which he played his game of glorified chess to prolong the struggle against world forces which a different form of moral impetus had called into being. The years of human agony have left their mark upon all nations; we are still too near the great event to judge them in their true perspective. It may be that some day historians will trace for the guidance of generations to come the gradual wearing down of the human will, controlling forces of terrific strength, by a greater Power in the titanic struggle between Militarism and Moral Force.

GEORGE ASTON.

THE FUNCTIONS AND FUTURE OF THE PRESS.

THE story of a successful life is always interesting to everybody, particularly when written by the man himself. The young devour it with a view to imitation; the middle-aged study it critically for the purpose of comparison; the old linger over it with the gay wisdom that consoles our closing days. Mr. Kennedy Jones began life as an office boy on a Glasgow newspaper; he went through the regular mill as reporter and news-sorter; he passed through Birmingham, and arrived in London at the age of twenty-seven, literally without a shilling; he ran up against Alfred Harmsworth, and together with him bought the *Evening News*; founded the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Mirror*; in 1908 bought the controlling shares in the *Times*; and in 1912, at the age of forty-seven, just twenty years after he had eaten "the sausage and mash" which he couldn't pay for, he left Fleet Street with a fortune of five or six figures at his disposal. All these things Mr. Kennedy Jones tells us, frankly and artlessly, in *Fleet Street and Downing Street*.¹ As a document of contemporary mentality the book is important; as a record of Fleet Street facts it is valuable; as a defence of sensational journalism it amounts, unconsciously, to a plea of guilty. Perhaps the cleverest thing in the book is the dual dedication to Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Lloyd George. For it is an adroit way of asking, Who is going to win the duel, the Polypapist or the Prime Minister? True to instinct, or habit, the writer seems to say that he will fly to the succour of the victor. Has the daily Press any political power? If so, how much? And has that power been used for good or evil? These are the questions with which the book opens. But they are never clearly or satisfactorily answered, for it all boils down to this, that when a "stunt" succeeds it succeeds, and when it fails it fails. Even Mr. Kennedy Jones, past-master as he is of the art, admits that he never can tell whether a stunt will hit or miss the popular taste. The publication in 1909 of Mr. Blatchford's letters against German military aims, quite the most creditable service the *Daily Mail* has rendered to the country, as a stunt was a failure. The public didn't want to know the truth. The politicians were absorbed in taxing landowners, crippling the House of Lords, and fishing for Irish Nationalist votes. The masses were lapped in prosperity, and the trade unionists were

(1) *Fleet Street and Downing Street*. By Kennedy Jones. Hutchinson and Co.

hatching strikes. The attack on the shortage of munitions in 1915, again, was a perfectly legitimate subject of Press comment ; but it was bitterly resented by the public because it appeared to give information to the enemy. Practical good it did none, for the shortage was perfectly well known in Whitehall, and the articles in the Northcliffe Press did not hasten by one hour the production of a single shell.

Lord Morley is the only journalist who has secured a really solid position for himself in politics, and meeting the representative of the new journalism at lunch one day, he said : "In my time there were none of these enormous circulations. A million readers were undreamt of." "You must remember," replied Mr. Jones, "that you left journalism a profession. We have made it a branch of commerce"; and the author goes on to say : "I doubt whether it ever has been or can be or will be a profession." On another page we have this passage : "The idea that a leader-writer should be able to guide, inspire and lead public opinion was to me a vain thing, and directly I went outside the newspaper office and away from newspaper circles, I could discover no one who believed this to be possible." If this is so, why ask whether the Press is a political power? The question is nonsense, though not such nonsense as the assertion just quoted. The ownership of a newspaper being a commercial organisation for the purpose of getting money, its one business is to sell news, not ideas. It is conceded that to old customers the newspaper may, whilst delivering news, chat a little, and hazard an opinion or two, which will be received with the negligent smile accorded to the hairdresser's prattle. But the main object of the tradesman to procure and retail news, as the greengrocer sells onions, to suit the taste of buyers, must never be lost sight of : news with "the note of humanity," however, that is, selected and manipulated news. The note of humanity, as Mr. Jones calls it, strikes me as the note of vulgarity, sometimes of depravity. These are harsh expressions, which must be justified by specific instances. About 1890 a Polish Jew, called Lipski, was found guilty by a jury of murder, and sentenced by one of our ablest judges to death. The Home Secretary was Mr. Matthews, one of the most accomplished lawyers of his day, who refused, after carefully considering the case, to advise the Sovereign to exercise his prerogative of mercy. It occurred, however, to W. T. Stead, the father of sensational journalism, that it would be a good "stunt" to declare Lipski innocent and to denounce the Home Secretary as a judicial murderer. This Stead did every night for a week in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and questions were asked in the House of Commons. On the scaffold Lipski confessed, but Stead

never wrote a line of regret or apology. Why should he? The business of a paper being to sell copies, what was it to him that a weak Home Secretary might have pardoned a murderer, or that he had unjustly attacked a brave and conscientious Minister? The business of a newspaper-owner being to sell his copies, he must concentrate his faculties and those of his staff on the question, What sells a newspaper best? On p. 198, Mr. Kennedy Jones drops into a candour, which is either unguarded, or cynical to a degree never before ventured. "What sells a newspaper? is a question often asked me. The first answer is 'War.' War not only creates a supply of news, but a demand for it. . . . The effect of the European War on journalism is patent to everyone. Notwithstanding the Censor, it brought back the *Times* from a penny to threepence, and restored its old prestige and prosperity; it destroyed the 'ha'penny sneer' at the popular dailies, and by doubling their price improved equally their finances and influence." If ever the Chancellor of the Exchequer does make up his mind to hunt up "war profiteers," let him turn his sleuth-hounds into Fleet Street, for here we have an admission of the most explicit kind. Let us cull one more sentence from these confessions. "War apart, a State Funeral sells more papers than anything else." Did I go beyond the mark in saying that the notes of sensational journalism are vulgarity and depravity?

If the function of journalism be unmoral, or amoral, that is, if it has no duty to the public, but merely the duty to itself of making money, it follows that the newspaper-owner, like the good tradesman, must choose the news that he thinks most likely to attract, and dress it in the guise most likely to please his customers. Is it a travesty of this doctrine to translate it into the exhortation, "Shout with the largest crowd"? And what crime in history, perpetrated by a popular fury, does such a doctrine not cover? In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries your sensational news-vendor would have head-lined the drowning of witches and the burning of heretics; and in Paris in 1793 he would, or rather he did, eagerly seize the catchword during the trial of Louis XVI. of "*La Mort sans phrase*."

In contradiction to so great an authority as Mr. Kennedy Jones I maintain that journalism has been, is, and always will be, a profession, and a noble one, which has employed the talents of nearly all the great writers of our language. There is hardly a notable man of letters who has not written for the daily Press, and whose leading articles, republished in books, form the bulk of our essay-literature. Wandering amongst the historical details, which are strewn haphazard about this book in exasperating disorder, we run up against Stuart of the *Morning Post* and Perry

of the *Chronicle*, and the men of genius whom they sweated, Coleridge and Hazlitt. Stuart and Perry were men after Mr. Kennedy Jones's heart, being out for money all the time. But Stuart was at least kind to Coleridge, whom he visited daily in his attempt to extract a leader from the poet, recumbent on a sofa in King Street. But that rascally Whig toady, Perry, cursed, even while he sweated, Hazlitt's exquisite talent. "That damned fellow's damned stuff!" he roared, which is only a coarser way of expressing "K. J.'s" comparison of the leading article to the impertinent chat of the barber. Whilst he was dining and wining the Whig lords of the day, Perry allowed Hazlitt to die in solitude and squalor. Time the avenger unfortunately cannot "soothe the dull cold ear of death." Very few have heard of Perry; and very few educated men have not read with delight that "damned fellow's damned stuff."

I do not think I am a prude; and I have never been accused of being an idealist. I hope it is not a sign of either to reject Mr. Kennedy Jones's definition of journalism as degrading and unworthy. Of course, a newspaper must pay in order to live; it must earn enough to pay its editor and staff, its contributors, its publisher and printer, and to return an adequate interest on the capital employed, measured by the modern scale. But these profits must be honestly and honourably earned, that is, with a due regard to the fact—or what I submit ought to be the fact—that the ownership of a newspaper is in a sense a public trust, like the possession of a seat in Parliament, an important directorship, or the occupation of a pulpit. Though he is self-appointed, the owner of a newspaper does stand in a fiduciary position towards his public. He *owes* his customers, not merely exciting news, but his honest opinion of public men, and the best judgment he can form of public affairs, and when I say "he," I mean the owner or his editor, the relations between the two being always rather indeterminate. The public buy his paper because they trust it, and if that trust is abused for the sake of gain, in the shape of money or titles, the calling of journalism is discredited. And my heaviest charge against the sensational Press is that it so often does abuse its trust, generally for the sake of money, but sometimes to support a Minister from whom something is expected, and sometimes to gratify private resentment. I am not writing of the illustrated papers; I gladly leave that field of naked backs and empty heads to the polypapist millionaire; let him make as much money there as he likes: *illâ se jactet in aulâ*: owning a picture-paper is like running a cinema show. I am thinking of the daily and evening political Press, and here let me thank Mr. Kennedy Jones in passing for the

compliment he pays the weekly Press by excluding it from his purview of journalism. This book, greeted with the chorus of praise which in these days is accorded to everyone who makes a fortune (the sole measure of merit), is in reality a confession of failure. For finally Mr. Kennedy Jones is forced to admit the fact that the public no longer believe the news, which it is the sole business of the Press to supply. This is sad indeed. The only *raison d'être* of a Kennedy Jones newspaper being to sell the public news, the public smiles and shrugs, and doesn't believe a word. This is dangerously true. The reason why the working classes won't believe in the truth of the Bolshevik atrocities in Russia is because the Northcliffe Press tells them they are true. Sensational journalism has thus over-reached itself, and inflicted a serious blow on the credit of British journalism. The public may be doing the owners of sensational newspapers a grievous wrong; but they cannot help drawing an obvious inference from plain facts. They see that all the flourishes about "independence of party," public interests, imperial solidarity, and other phrases that garnish the front windows of Fleet Street, invariably end in a million and a peerage.

Sensational journalism weakens the power of judgment in the public by confusing men's minds, and presenting too many superficialities at the same time to the eye. The head-line habit is not only the negation of all candid discussion, but must in time reduce the popular mind to childishness. Sensational journalism does much moral harm by encouraging the taste for indecent curiosity in the private lives of unimportant neighbours, and by exciting the appetite, far too prevalent, for something strange and new at all costs. Witness the revival of Spiritualism.

If the definition of a newspaper as a purely commercial concern be rejected, I may fairly be asked to state my own view of the functions and future of the Press. In a country governed by discussion, working through Parliamentary institutions, I conceive the functions of the Press to be three, not separate, but conjunctive, viz. : (1) The lyrical; (2) the informative; (3) the educational. (1) By the lyrical function I mean the duty of expressing the best thoughts of the country on great subjects in the best words. This is a function which Bagehot, writing in the last century, assigns to the House of Commons. To-day this function of first-rate discussion is best discharged by the House of Lords. But it ought to be divided between the Houses of Parliament and the Press. If anyone wishes to see how this lyrical function may be discharged by the Press I recommend him to glance at Coleridge's articles in the *Morning Post* (*His Own Times*, Vols. I. and II.), at some of Hazlitt's essays (*Political*

Essays, "Table Talk"); or in more modern days let him look over the leaders in the *Times* during Delane's reign, say, between 1850 and 1870. It will, of course, happen—and it is right that it should be so—that the best thoughts of the country on subjects of first-rate importance will be expressed from different points of view by different organs; otherwise there would not be discussion. (2) The informative function consists in the supply of accurate facts about domestic subjects and foreign nations; in the honest supply of news—not news specially selected or dressed up to suit the views of the paper—but the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This is most important in the domain of foreign politics. It has been again and again demonstrated that in home affairs the Press has little influence on the electors, because they know the facts, and are quite capable of forming their own judgment. No man or woman, for instance, requires to be advised by his paper how he or she should vote on Total Prohibition. But in foreign affairs, of which people know little or nothing, the publication of false or manipulated news is very dangerous. Although large sums of money are spent by the big newspapers on foreign correspondence, the news from foreign countries, as a rule, merely represent the opinions of "Our Correspondent," who may be a fool, or a fanatic, or a gossip, or a knave, and who in nearly all cases writes what he thinks his employers want to hear. It is a commonplace that wars have been caused or averted by the pens of "Our Correspondents." This is so important that, though I am no friend to Government control, I should almost be inclined to support a Government Bureau of Foreign Intelligence, emanating from our embassies. (3) The educational function of the Press is discharged by the competent and disinterested criticism of books, plays, and pictures. The critic must tell the public not only that a book, or poem, a picture or a play is good or bad, but why it is so; he must give his reasons why his readers should like or dislike a work of letters or of art. Owing to the dependence of most newspapers on advertisements rather than on circulation, there is very little disinterested criticism to-day. Twice within the narrow scope of my personal experience have publishers withdrawn their advertisements because of unfavourable reviews of their books. Two angry letters have been received from actor-managers, one accusing the paper of "an abuse of hospitality," because a free ticket had been sent for the criticised play! What editor, even of a magazine, would have the courage to print Macaulay's essay on Montgomery, or Gifford's criticism of Keats, were those poets with us to-day? If Mr. Selfridge or Sir Woodman Burbidge will publish a book of poems I will ensure both, or either, against a

hostile reception. Nay, I will forfeit a round sum if their lines be not hailed as crystallising, arresting, whimsical, magical, fragrant, and all the rest of it. Had Parnell been a draper, as well as a lover, he would have lived scathless unto this day. Criticism which is not disinterested is worthless. Laudatory reviews have become purely conventional. Johnson once said to a lady, who was teasing him with her compliments: "Madam, before you distribute your praise so freely, had you not better consider what it may be worth?"

If such be the functions of the Press, what of its future? It is difficult, if not impossible, to take a sanguine view. Letters are no longer three parts of life. The increased and increasing cost of production, the price of paper, the rising wages of printers and their shorter hours, the higher charges of publishing and distribution, all tend to throw the ownership of newspapers into the hands of big capitalists, whether individuals or trusts. And the capitalist owner, whether a company or an individual, will surely share the opinion of Mr. Kennedy Jones that a newspaper is, first and last, a commercial proposition. There are two other causes which militate against the intellectuality of the Press. One is that the modern life, whether of business or pleasure, is so exhausting that the man has no mental vitality left for the reading of a serious article on any subject. At the end of the day—in the morning he has no time for anything—or of the week, he is fagged out, and is unable to do more than look listlessly at pictures. The illustrated Press is pushing the older newspaper off the pavement. The second cause is the sudden protrusion of women into every cranny of life. Women have always spent; formerly the husband's money, now they spend their own, and their husband's, if they have got one. To one man who buys a paper nowadays, there are perhaps ten women. For the majority of women there is but one topic of real interest, namely, clothes. I wish some statistician would supply me with a calculation of the thousands of pounds spent every day in printing plates of women's clothes, and paying people to write about them. I do not ask for an estimate of the amounts spent in the purchase of the clothes, for that is incalculable. But it must be obvious that women have exercised a deteriorating influence on the Press. The only hope is that the small number of sane and thoughtful women may increase with time. The present orgy of extravagance and immodesty cannot last for ever.

As to the questions with which Mr. Kennedy Jones sets out, Has the Press political power? And how much? I take the matter to lie thus. Words, like currencies, have become devalued by inflation. There are so many words

spoken and written, and the emotional or sensational journalist uses such big words, that they have lost a great deal of their value; as the area is widened the power of language diminishes. We are promised a deflation of currency—in time. Shall we ever have a deflation of words? Probably not as long as the reign of democracy lasts, for where would the demagogue be without words? But even in the universal flux of words there must be differentiation. The newspaper which is best written, *i.e.*, which uses the best words, will in the long run secure most readers, just as the best speaker, in Parliament or pulpit, will attract the largest audience. The power of the Press can hardly be put much higher than that in these times, at least amongst educated people. In *The Warden* Trollope describes with his best humour the terror caused in the cathedral close by the bolts of *The Thunderer*. But those were mid-Victorian days, when Delane was in Printing House Square. The commercial journalism, of which this volume is the apotheosis, has dethroned the editor, or at least put him in a comparatively subordinate position. It seems to me essential, if the authority of the Press is to be recovered, that the authority of the editor should be restored. The managerial and editorial departments must be kept separate. The constant interference of the owner with the editor and the latter's insecurity of tenure are incompatible with consistency, or vigour, or honesty, without which qualities there can be no power.

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

THE TURKISH TREATY.

IN an article published in the February number of this REVIEW I discussed several aspects of the "Turkish Tangle," devoting special attention to the problems of Constantinople and the Straits. I alluded there to the various alternatives open to the Peace Conference, pointing out the reasons for which I think the Turkish capital should remain on the Bosphorus, and I attempted to show that, whilst Constantinople constitutes the *pièce de résistance* of the Eastern question, so far as Europe be concerned, the future distribution and government of Asia Minor are in fact far more important to the various subject races of the Ottoman Empire. Since the publication of that article the decision of the Supreme Council to maintain the Sultan in Europe has been announced, certain other items of information have become public property, and the situation in Anatolia has developed even more unfavourably than was anticipated at that time. No apology, therefore, seems necessary for a renewed discussion of the Eastern question—a discussion in the course of which I shall endeavour, firstly, to explain the fundamental circumstances and the events responsible for the present situation, and, secondly, to allude to certain of the already forecast terms of the Treaty itself.

In order to grasp the meaning and complications of the problem under review, it is necessary to realise that the present situation and the difficulty of finding a solution for it arise from three more or less distinct causes—the general conditions which have prevailed in the Near East for years, the events which occurred and the various international agreements made during the war, and the developments which have taken place since the conclusion of the Armistice. With regard to the first of these points, it must always be remembered that in the Ottoman Empire the ruling nation, the Turks, have constituted, and still constitute, only a minority of the total population, and that they have formed, and do form, an army of occupation in the country which they purport to govern. After the re-establishment of the Constitution in 1908, the Committee of Union and Progress, which from that time up to the present has been the only real force in the Empire, recognising this, decided to adopt a definite system of "Turcification" and of "Denationalisation"—a system which still constitutes the fundamental basis of the struggle in progress in the dominions of the Sultan. This system, based upon a *régime* more

autocratic than that of Abdul Hamid, carried with it in Asia the oppression and massacre of the non-Turkish peoples, especially of the Armenians, and in Europe a state of things which led to the formation of the Balkan League and to the first Balkan War.

At one time the Committee seemed destined to suffer a great loss of prestige and power as a consequence of this campaign. Kiamil Pasha was, however, driven from office, and Nazim Pasha was murdered in January, 1913, because these Ministers appeared willing to cede Adrianople to the Balkan Allies during the first Armistice. Mahmoud Shevhet Pasha, who was never a really whole-hearted supporter of the Committee, having become Grand Vizier, he in his turn was assassinated in June, and this because he was held responsible for the loss of Adrianople, agreed to by the Treaty of London of May 30th, which fixed the Enos-Midia line as the frontier of European Turkey. These events constituted the low-water mark of Committee power, or rather a turning-point in the life of that body, for, with the advent to power of Prince Said Halim as Grand Vizier, Enver and his colleagues were again in undisputed possession of the reins of government. Not slow to utilise the opportunity given by the outbreak of the second Balkan War, these men tore up the Treaty of London and "reconquered" Adrianople. This event, enabling its instigators to proclaim that they were once more the saviours of the country, regained for the Committee all the influence which it would otherwise have lost by the disasters of 1912-1913.

Coming to the European conflagration, and ignoring the military events of the war, we have two distinct developments, or series of developments, which have to be taken into account in considering the present situation. Firstly, the Committee, once more in full authority, was responsible for what is really the great Turkish crime in the war—the most shocking and atrocious Armenian massacres of all time. Those massacres, which were more prolonged and more systematic than any which had previously taken place, must have a material effect upon the problems of to-day and of the future, in that, by the destruction of a large part of that race, the question of the size and the future prosperity of the new Armenia may have been influenced, and in that the most absolute and definite safeguards must now be taken to prevent the recurrence of like events. And, secondly, there is a whole succession of international treaties, which unfortunately cannot be ignored in arriving at a settlement of the Turkish problem. They are of vital significance from two points of view—their influence in once more making the people of the United States distrustful of the methods of European diplomacy and in preventing them from being willing to undertake a mandate in

the Ottoman Empire, and their direct bearing upon the future of Turkey. The most important of these arrangements¹ are :—

(1) The agreement, concluded in March, 1915, between Great Britain, France and Russia in regard to Constantinople. That understanding, of course, became inoperative with the exit of Russia from the war, but its original existence is none the less of significance in that, for more than two years, it removed the necessity for considering the future of the Ottoman capital, and in that it clearly defined the extent of the zones (on the European and Asiatic sides of the Straits) which were to be annexed by Russia, to enable that country to safeguard her interests.

(2) The Pact of London, concluded between Great Britain, France and Russia on the one side and Italy on the other. This arrangement, which is perhaps more resented than any other in the United States, gave the Dodekanese Islands to Italy in full possession and recognised the interests of that country in the neighbourhood of Adalia. If its terms are carried out it will probably mean the disadvantage of establishing Italy and Greece as neighbours in Asia Minor.

(3) The agreement of the spring of 1916 between Great Britain, France and Russia in regard to Asiatic Turkey. This document, which is now inoperative, at least so far as Russia be concerned, gave to that country the vilayets of Trebizond, Erzeroum, Van and Bitlis. France secured the coastal strip of Syria, the vilayet of Adana, and the territory bounded on the south by a line drawn from Aintab through Mardin to the future Russian frontier, and elsewhere by a curving line, running by way of the Ala Dagh, round to the north of Sivas and back through Kharpout, to the southern boundary at Mardin. This arrangement effectively divides the districts which ought to go to form a United Armenia.

(4) The Sykes-Picot agreement² made between England and France in May, 1916. This agreement seems, so to speak, to constitute an explanation and an amplification of the last-mentioned understanding, and it laid down that the Syrian coast from Tyre to Alexandretta, Cilicia, and most of Southern Armenia from Sivas to Diarbekr was to be French. Together with the remainder of its clauses this arrangement is, presumably, still binding on the parties concerned, but its execution to the letter would no doubt be resisted by the Turks to the bitter end.

(1) In this article I have purposely excluded any serious discussion upon the futures of Palestine, Syria, Arabia and Mesopotamia, and any reference to the agreements with the King of the Hedjaz, because, for reasons given in my February article, these areas seem already to have passed definitely out of Turkish hands.

(2) A summary of this document contained in a letter from Col. T. E. Lawrence was published by *The Times* for September 11, 1919.

The existence of the above-mentioned conditions and agreements would in itself have meant that the Peace Conference was beset by problems, the magnitude of which it is difficult to exaggerate. But instead of recognising immediately the diverse complications of the Balkan and Turkish questions, and this at a time when our various enemies would have been prepared to accept the results of defeat, nothing whatever was done for months to indicate, even in general terms, the Allied attitude towards the future of the Near East. The apologists for delay are no doubt justified in suggesting that they were influenced partially by a desire to await an indication as to the attitude of the United States. Such a desire, however, provides no adequate excuse for the procrastination and repeated changes of policy which have been in progress during the last fifteen months. Indeed, had the "Big Five" early last year proclaimed the principles upon which they proposed to act, and had they then appointed various expert Commissions to deal with details, many of the actual developments might never have taken place.

It is not, therefore, really too much to say that the present highly critical situation is largely the result of events connected with, and occurring since, the Armistice. To begin with, whilst the Turkish Army may have been demobilised, there was no stipulation for effective disarmament; and Lord Curzon stated in the House of Lords on March 11th that disarmament "was a task entirely beyond our power." This naturally means, even if the actual forces of Mustapha Kemal did not now number more than 50,000 men, that these forces are composed partly of ex-Turkish soldiers, and that this ringleader-Governor can rely upon the support of a large armed population, the final numerical strength and the fighting value of which it is impossible to calculate. Moreover, coupled with these features in the situation, the loss of more than a year's valuable time has provided ample opportunity for two distinct agitations—a Pan-Islamistic and a Pan-Christian agitation—agitations which have undoubtedly still further disturbed the already dangerous atmosphere.

The growth of the power of Mustapha Kemal, which is responsible for the renewed massacres in Cilicia, constitutes a repetition of events which took place in Turkey in 1913-1914. Although he did not make his appearance in those colours at first, that leader, who is still the official Governor of Erzeroum, and who is a well-known Ottoman General, is really a second Enver. Enjoying what is obviously complete independence of his nominal superiors at Constantinople, he is the outward and visible chief in a movement which, in fact, constitutes the rebirth and the rejuvenation of the Committee of Union and Progress—a body

which had lost prestige at the end of 1918 as it had done in the summer of 1913. This man, therefore, stands in the eyes of the Turkish public as a patriot determined to save his country from the consequences of a disastrous war. For that reason we must expect him to leave no stone unturned to resist the Peace Treaty and to prevent the execution of its terms, thus following the example of Enver, who "reconquered" Adrianople in 1913. Equally well, the Armenian massacres form an almost exact counterpart to the persecution and massacre of the Greeks domiciled in the Ottoman Empire in 1914, for whilst the present onslaught is being levied for the purpose of weakening the Armenia of the future, that of six years ago was instituted with the object of avenging the loss of the *Ægean Islands*. In short, therefore, the failures in Allied statesmanship referred to above, and especially the events connected with the Greek landing at Smyrna last spring—a landing which ought never to have been permitted, still less encouraged, when the future of that district was still entirely undecided—are responsible for the rehabilitation of the Committee of Union and Progress—a body which was the link between Turkey and the Central Powers and a body which is the great barrier to good government in that country.

At the moment of writing (March 15th), when the information available is scanty and when the whole truth is still unknown, it is difficult to review accurately what has taken place in Cilicia. Knowing this unhappy region as I do, however, I think that several distinct features of the fatal drama are clearly discernible. To begin with, whilst all the Allies are indirectly blameworthy for the present situation in Turkey, no direct responsibility for the renewed Armenian massacres rests upon this country or upon the British Government, for in November last we withdrew from our temporary military occupation of this area, and handed it over, together with the adjoining portion of the Syrian coast, to the French. This said, it must also be pointed out that the actual outbreak in Marasch was caused by the hauling down of the Turkish flag by the French Military Governor of the town, and that the Turks were alarmed by the presence of troops, partly composed of Armenians.¹ These events, unfortunate as they were, should not, however, have been sufficient to bring about the widespread massacre of Armenians and the regular hostilities with the occupying troops, and it seems certain, as Lord Curzon said, that the whole affair formed a part of a definite Nationalist programme, and that it constitutes one more attempt to solve the Armenian question by the destruction of that race—a pro-

(1) See an article from the Constantinople correspondent of *The Times*, published in that paper on March 3, 1920.

gramme and an attempt which the French seem to have been powerless to prevent. As things stand at present, therefore, all that can be said is that there now exists what is practically a state of war between the French garrison of Cilicia and the Nationalists, that we can only trust Lord Curzon is right in believing there is no serious danger of massacres at Adana and Mersina, and that we must hope the French will now be capable of undertaking their responsibility which they have assumed in this neighbourhood.

Whilst Lord Curzon was no doubt correct in suggesting, in the debate which took place in the House of Lords on March 11th, that a capital has great significance and power, that of no country is this more true than of Turkey, and that there has been a constant interchange of communications, of arms and of men between Constantinople and the Nationalist forces in Asia Minor, I venture to think that the scene of primary importance has now been transferred from the Bosphorus to the interior of Anatolia, and that although Mustapha Kemal may be glad of support from the Central Government, his movements and actions can be no more controlled by that body than could those of the Salonica Section of the Committee of Union and Progress be regulated from Stamboul for several years after the re-establishment of the Constitution. If this be the case, it is safe to assume, whereas some months or even weeks ago a material influence might have been brought to bear upon the general situation by Allied pressure in the capital, and whereas such pressure may still prevent communications between that city and the Nationalist Headquarters, that for to-day, and certainly for the future, the Ottoman Government is practically powerless to act against this new and dominating force—a force which at any moment may join hands, if it has not already joined hands, with those sections of the Arabs who are far from contented with the attitude of the Peace Conference, and particularly with the suggested French domination in Syria. However this may be, too, it would seem that Allied control, which should have been both real and practical at Constantinople for months, does not recently appear to have achieved any amelioration of the situation in the interior. This proves, to my mind, that in the interests of the local inhabitants, as well as of the Allies, it would have been better to decide, immediately after the Armistice, to maintain the Sultan at Constantinople and to support any authoritative and non-Committee form of Government which could be established there. The adoption of that course would probably have prevented the development of a situation in which the Supreme Council may be placed in the position of employing the Greek forces at Smyrna for the purpose

of dealing with Mustapha Kemal—a course which would correspond to the writing of *Alice in Wonderland* in blood—of undertaking extensive and costly Allied operations in Asiatic Turkey, or of risking the tearing up of the Treaty and the obliteration of the Armenian and other non-Turkish peoples during a discussion of terms with Ottoman Ministers, who have no force behind them.

Turning to the larger question of the terms of the Treaty, there are two fundamental conditions which should be fulfilled. Firstly, the Committee of Union and Progress having acted as the tool and instrument of Germany, there must be security against the recurrence of a like development. Secondly, as the Turks have proved themselves to be bad governors and administrators, especially of non-Turkish peoples, measures are necessary on the one hand to create new autonomous or independent national units in areas where such units are justified by the ethnical composition of the inhabitants, and on the other to insist upon security and fair treatment for all elements, including the Turkish element domiciled in territories governed by, to them, alien administrations. The two conditions falling under this second category are of equal importance, for whatever may be the districts to be included in the new Armenia, Cilicia, Kurdistan or Greek Smyrna, there will be Armenians, Kurds and Greeks outside their own respective confines, and there will be Turks and other Moslems left within the new national units. The most stringent arrangements must, therefore, be made to establish absolute equality before the law for minorities and majorities, for Christians and for Moslems, and this because it is only by such safeguards that the ill-feeling engendered by centuries of misgovernment can be obliterated, and that the predominant races in the respective zones can be prevented from venting their animosity upon others who, whatever happens, must remain subject nationalities.

At the moment of writing things are moving so fast, and the future is so uncertain, that it is only possible to refer in the most general terms to a few of the probable features of the Treaty itself—features which can be discussed merely upon the basis of forecasts and surmises, considering that no detailed official information is available at present. If we take it, as Lord Curzon has taken it, that the Sultan is to remain at Constantinople, then the only problems connected with European Turkey are bound up with the nature of the internationalisation of the Straits and with the future of Thrace. As to the first of these questions, I say unhesitatingly, as I said two months ago, that I do not believe international control of the waterways will be enough, and that those waterways should be bordered by bands of territory

subject to some form of international *régime*. With regard to the rest of Thrace, three courses are open : —

(1) The territory on the *Ægean* coast, left at the disposal of the Allies by the Treaty of Neuilly, might be returned to Bulgaria, and that country might be allowed to annex the area of Turkish Thrace situated to the north-west of the Enos-Midia line, special extraterritorial arrangements being made for the Moslem Holy Places at Adrianople. For many reasons this would be the most satisfactory solution, but it is hardly likely to be accepted.

(2) An internationalised zone on the European side of the Straits might be so extended as to include all pre-war Turkey in Europe and also the *Ægean* coastal strip now at the disposition of the Allies. This would add to the difficulties of finding a system of internationalisation, but it seems to be favoured in America, and it would be the only means, except re-annexation, by which Bulgaria could really be given access to the *Ægean*.

(3) The *Ægean* territory, now at the disposal of the Allies, alone, or together with all or the greater part of the pre-war Turkey, might be given to Greece. It seems now to be generally assumed in Hellenic circles that at least the *Ægean* coastal strip is to fall to that country, and there are well-informed Greeks who believe that it is tolerably certain their frontiers will extend to the Black Sea and to the Chatalja Lines, and that those frontiers will run down to the Marmora and include part of the Peninsula of Gallipoli. The acceptance of the lesser of these suggestions would mean that Bulgaria would, in fact, if not in name, be denied free access to the *Ægean*, and it would lead to an armed peace likely to be of short duration. The more extreme proposal, whilst carrying with it these disadvantages, would have the additional danger of encouraging the Greek claims to Constantinople, of making future war between Greece and Turkey a certainty, and of hazarding the durability and safety of any international *régime* destined to control the Dardanelles.

Coming to Anatolia, and, roughly speaking, Anatolia is all I propose to consider here, the position is much less clear and far more complicated—so complicated, indeed, that unless the United States could be persuaded to accept a mandate for the whole, or at any rate for part, of this area, I do not believe that any lasting or satisfactory settlement will be achieved, at any rate at present. To begin with, in the Armenian question the Peace Conference must undoubtedly have been beset by difficulties unsurpassed by any which have arisen as a consequence of the war. Here there are those possessed of the opinion that it would have been better to create a large autonomous Armenia, composed, for instance, of something corresponding to the six vilayets and Cilicia—an

area in which the Armenians could never have had a majority of the whole population, and a country which could hardly have been taken completely away from Turkey. Equally well, there are those who think that the inclusion of only a much smaller district, tacked on to the existing Republic of Erivan, will make for a State more able to maintain its existence and to develop its prosperity. For better or for worse, it now seems as if the advocates of the latter policy are to be gratified and as if the new Armenia is to be made up of Erivan, together with parts of the vilayets at Trebizond, Erzeroum, Bitlis and Van. If this be the case, the future largely depends upon whether or not the new State is to have a proper access to the Black Sea, upon how much of the above-mentioned vilayets she is to obtain, and upon the identity of her Mandatory or Protecting Authority. Here I feel very strongly, although there is a considerable Greek population in the area, that Armenia should embrace all the Turkish coast to the east of, and including, Trebizond—a port which is the natural entry into, and exit from, these districts. In the interior, if possible the town Erzingan, and certainly the cities of Erzeroum, Bitlis and Van, ought to go to Armenia. With regard to the Mandate, the case of Armenia is clearly one which should come under the first class, defined by Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations; and her people are in a position to express their sentiments upon a question in which they have a primary interest. Their choice would, without doubt, fall upon the United States or Great Britain, but failing acceptance by either of these, resort might well be had to one of the smaller European Powers—two of whom had already provided Inspectors-General before the war—America, if possible, being persuaded to give to the new country her financial assistance.

Closely bound up with that of Armenia are the futures of Cilicia and of Kurdistan, for whereas, had America been willing to accept responsibility, these units might very properly have been merged in one, such a solution is not now practicable. As Cilicia, composed as it is of the Sanjaks of Adana, Khazan, Djebel-Bereket and Marasch, cannot be incorporated in Armenia, it should be guaranteed some special *régime*, for the non-Turks domiciled there cannot be left at the tender mercy of the Ottoman Government. Moreover, the boundaries of any special zone here created should be extended so as to give it a contiguous frontier with Armenia proper. The adoption of this course would have the dual advantage of giving that country access to the Mediterranean and of barring the way against Osmanli intrigues in Syria, Kurdistan and Mesopotamia. The achievement of such an object may be beset by certain international and other difficulties, but

if France were to undertake the Mandate the situation could no doubt be regularised by that country foregoing her rights, gained under the 1916 agreements, to Sivas and the surrounding country, in exchange for the acquisition of other territories in Kharpout, Erzenoum and Bitlis—territories which she did not secure under those agreements. With regard to Kurdistan, it seems probable that a new autonomous State will be formed to the south of Armenia, this State being placed either under the influence of France or of Great Britain, who would naturally form an administration, depending partly upon the nature of the *régime* ultimately to be established in Mesopotamia.

If anything corresponding to these suggestions be adopted, it still leaves approximately the entire Anatolian Peninsula for distribution. The whole of that area should remain Turkish, and the new Ottoman frontier should be common to those of Cilicia and Armenia. Provided really adequate arrangements be made to ensure the carrying out of any guarantees instituted for the protection of the non-Turks, and provided every opportunity be given to these people to immigrate into territories now to be allotted to their various nationals, such an arrangement would be more likely to make for peace than would any further sub-divisions of territory. In addition to many other complications, we are here, however, face to face with the difficulties created by the Italian claims on the south-western coast, and by the attitude taken up by the Allies towards Hellenic aspirations in the Smyrna region. Beyond the title of compensations or balance of power, there is nothing to justify the Pact of London so far as it concerns Asia Minor. Consequently, while Italy may have a right to a specially favourable position in regard to commercial enterprises and sway in South-Western Asia Minor, any territory placed under her political influence should be as strictly limited as is compatible with the agreements concluded before the exit of Russia from, and the entry of America into, the war.

The claims of Greece to Smyrna and to its hinterland have to be considered in a different category. I say this, because, if that country is to secure, as she ought to secure, a number of the *Ægean* Islands lying comparatively close to the Asiatic coast, it is natural that she should covet also a portion of that coast: Moreover, whether or not the more extreme Greek aspirations be justified upon the basis of nationality, there is no doubt that, at least in the town of Smyrna and in the Sanjak of which it is the centre, the Hellenic element of the population does predominate, and that there are other coastal towns which are almost purely Hellenic. On the other hand, any acquisition, not to say a considerable acquisition, of territory by Greece in Asia Minor

would give cause to most serious resentment, not only among the local Moslems, but throughout the pro-Turkish world—resentment resulting partly from the ethnical composition of the population outside the Smyrna Sanjak, and partly from the natural fear that such a loss would mean the stifling of the trade of the interior. This indignation has been greatly aggravated by the events which have accompanied the Greek occupation—events no doubt going a long way towards the building up and the rejuvenation of Turkish Nationalism, which now plays such an important part in the whole situation. Consequently, if it be true, as has been suggested, that Greece is to secure the Mandate for Smyrna, then we can only regret that such an arrangement will result in continued friction between that country and Turkey—friction which must react against the interests of both peoples and especially against those of the large number of Hellenes who will in any case remain domiciled in territories belonging to Turkey. Such friction and the critical dangers arising from it might or might not be diminished by the maintenance of the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan, which would tend to regularise various fiscal questions connected with the port. But if resort be had to this expedient, that sovereignty must be accepted by all parties as a permanent institution, for to recognise it as a transient phase would be disastrous to all parties.

I have said sufficient to prove that for years the Near East has been a menace to the world's peace—a menace due partly to international rivalries and partly to the ever-recurring danger of insurrection, massacre and local conflict. The war has witnessed the Gallipoli, the Salonica, the Palestine and the Mesopotamian campaigns—campaigns successfully fought to prevent the establishment of Germanic domination from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. The Peace Conference in its turn is faced by the duty of giving permanency to these military achievements and of endeavouring to arrive at a basis of reconstruction which will be satisfactory and lasting. That basis has not yet been discovered, and it cannot be discovered in an atmosphere of ignorance and procrastination—an atmosphere in which almost all the methods of pre-war and secret negotiation seem to predominate. The task still before Allied diplomacy is, therefore, to find a settlement which is judicious, rational, and democratic—a settlement without which the Near East will remain "The Danger Zone of Europe" and the ready "Cradle" for yet another war.

H. CHARLES WOODS.

March 15th, 1920.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"I EXHORT you never to debase the moral currency or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong." So spoke Lord Acton to young historical students, urging them to admit of no doctrine of relativity in morals, and never to allow the causes of an evil deed to be quoted as excuses for it. The same principles should surely inspire the contemporary writer who wishes to be just and who believes that a certain policy has been, and still is, wrong. The manifest failure of the Peace Conference to rise to the magnitude of its task, the deplorable so-called settlement it eventually drew up, are now explained by saying that it was not possible to reconcile the Allied and Associated Governments to any other course. How can such an argument absolve the Allied and Associated Governments? The fact that the Treaty is a compromise between certain good principles and certain bad principles does not make the bad principles good. Nor does it absolve us from the duty of working to secure their elimination by means of a revision of the Treaty. And it is surely the most amazing judgment that could be passed upon any body of plenipotentiaries, that their critics should be justified in six months, that after that short interval public opinion should demand the drastic alteration of essential features of the Treaty they have drawn up, and that they themselves, in the Economic Memorandum issued three weeks ago, should adopt these critics' conclusions.

The state of Europe to-day is terrible to contemplate. It is perhaps most terrible to those who fought in the war and who took it seriously, who faced its tragedies really believing that there was some ultimate moral purpose in it all; that history would be justified of her victims; that the world in travail was really struggling to bring forth a better order. Yet it is difficult not to admit that all the nations are both morally and materially worse off than before. Russia is in chaos, partly as a result of Allied mishandling. Austria is dying in circumstances of appalling horror. Germany is moving towards the same ruin. France is intoxicated by victory and blind to the most self-evident facts. At least part of the famine in Central Europe is due to the desire of certain of her statesmen that Germany and Austria should be

ruined in an economic as well as in a military sense. America, after a brief period of inspiring idealism, has sunk back into a pharisaical self-centredness, thanking Monroe that she is not as the European nations are. We, generally more responsive to facts than receptive of ideas, are already aware of the harm that has been done, are indeed anxious to do something to remedy it. But we are apt to be blind to the fact that in Ireland and elsewhere we have our own weak spots, and that the necessary sacrifices may have to hit us, as they will certainly hit our friends, somewhere where we shall really feel them. Some people find a facile comfort in the fact that the Germans and Austrians were responsible for the war. So they were, in a sense, and bitterly they must regret it; but this is a case in which the punishment threatens to react upon ourselves. It would be better if we put that responsibility on one side for a moment and shouldered our own. We are responsible for the peace and for the sort of world in which our children will have to live. And posterity will not excuse us if they suffer owing to our mistakes by saying that our enemies had made us justifiably angry.

Mr. Asquith's return, however personal its causes, is bound to have an increasing effect on the future grouping of parties. Labour will be least affected, but even Labour may be taught that Parliament is not a penny-in-the-slot machine, in which every member is as good as another. It has got to learn that it must have at least a sufficient number of the right type of representative adequately to fill its Front Bench. Its shortcomings in this respect will be even more apparent now that Mr. Asquith is back than they were before. Independent Liberals will gain in confidence; but it is on the Coalition Liberals that the greatest effect may be expected. Coalition Liberalism is dead as a political force; it cannot possibly survive another general election on its present basis. By many of the associations in the constituencies of sitting members it is openly repudiated. Moreover, the Unionist electors refuse to recognise the obligation to vote for a Liberal candidate, even if he be recognised by the authorities. At the Wrekin they preferred to follow the banner of Mr. Bottomley; at Stockport they have threatened to do the same. Coalition Liberals, therefore, have to regard the support of their own associations as doubtful and that of the Unionist associations as improbable. Three courses are open to them. They can either turn Conservative under a new name, return to Mr. Asquith, or* disappear. The "Fusion" scheme is something between a farce and a fake. The Prime Minister's call to co-operation is, in fact, a call to surrender to Conservatism. A party expressly called

into being to protect the "haves" against the assumption of power by the "have-nots" can make no pretence of Liberalism. The issue now is, How many of the Coalition Liberals will become in effect Conservatives?

The real interest attaches to the line to be taken in future by the Independent Liberals. Can they hold their own on the Left Wing of politics against Labour? There has been a steady drift of young and enthusiastic spirits to the Labour Party. This is due to two causes, closely allied to one another. These Radicals fear that in its recoil from Nationalisation Liberalism will move ever further to the Right, that as each seat won by Labour gives its policy greater actuality the movement will be accelerated. They believe, in fact, that the fear of nationalisation will predominate over other considerations in the Liberal councils. Secondly, they believe that the economic issue will, during the next generation, be paramount in domestic politics, and, apart altogether from nationalisation, they are with Labour on the broad issue of substantial equality as against wide differences of wealth, of industrial democracy as against personal economic power. Liberalism has now time to think out its position afresh on these issues. The crisis in foreign affairs threatens to remain acute, or sub-acute, for some time; and by standing for a real League of Nations, for a more enlightened policy in Ireland, for real peace with Russia, and for a drastic revision of the Treaty, Liberals can maintain their progressive traditions. But Liberalism depends on the progressive vote, and it will lose it if, on the broad issue I have outlined, it is felt to be on the Conservative side. Many people would not mind; they find in Labour all that their souls desire. Others, myself included, would much regret it; for Labour, though sound on Equality and Fraternity, is not so sound on Liberty. There it has much to learn from Liberalism. Moreover, in a political fight on class lines, such as the advocates of a Centre Party have so dangerously invited, much would be swept away that is worth preserving, the value of which is more fully realised by those trained in the Liberal school. But Liberals have got to make up their minds on which side they are going to fight in the industrial controversy. I believe that if they really face the issue and the consequences there can be but one answer. But the choice for some of them is the choice of "the young man with great possessions," and the answer is not yet.

I wish I could see some way out of the deadlock over Nationalisation. Something might be done if once the air were

cleared of the many misconceptions of the problem. Because our administrative service is bureaucratic in form, it is assumed that a nationalised coal industry must be managed by a similar hierarchy. The miners themselves do not want that. The only part of the industry they really want to see nationalised is the shareholders' part. They wish the actual mines to be managed by the present managers, working for salaries, as so many of them already do, in co-operation with the miners themselves. So far as working conditions, safety, and so on are concerned, they have clearly a right to be heard. So far as wages are concerned, the State already, in practice, determines them, and would continue to do so. As for the business side of mining, the marketing of the product and the purchase of material, the interests of the miners and managers are there identical with those of the owners to-day, or could easily be made so; for the fact that miners will not accept co-partnership with capitalist owners in no way proves that they will not accept co-partnership with the State. They would then wish to buy cheap and to sell dear, subject to the controlling power of the community, which is already exercised. I see, therefore, no reason why they should not pursue the same methods, and even make use of the same men on the same terms. In any case it is clear that there is an infinite field for arrangement and compromise once the actual principle of national ownership is conceded.

A most important consideration is whether one really believes that Nationalisation is going to come or can be avoided. I am one of those who think it self-evident that it must come in the course of a comparatively small number of years. Looking back in history one can say that democracy was bound to come; that as soon as the demand for manhood suffrage became clamant, manhood suffrage became inevitable; that as soon as the demand for woman's suffrage became clamant that also was certain to be conceded. On *a priori* grounds the things seem both to be right and to be in the natural order of progress. Now the principle of Nationalisation is that the community should own and control the commodities and services essential to its life and well-being. That proposition seems to me self-evident in its truth and its acceptance to be in the natural order of things, once political democracy is conceded. The argument against it can only be pragmatic, namely, that a system of private enterprise produces more coal at a less cost. That is a statement very widely accepted on no evidence whatever. We cannot tell until we try, and we are asked to try in the case of two industries—coal-mining and the railways. At present the outstanding fact is that private

enterprise tends to produce less and less coal at an ever-increasing cost, and this in the main because the miners are disgruntled. They say they will cease to be disgruntled if we buy out the shareholders. In my opinion we ought to try on grounds of mere expediency alone, and we ought all the more to try because of the moral and æsthetic truth of the proposition in favour of national ownership.

But if Liberals are to be asked, as I think they might well be asked, to reconsider their attitude towards Nationalisation, Labour must stop flirting with "direct action." If Liberalism means anything, it means the rule of law and constitutional authority as against every form of force, monarchical, oligarchical, or militarist. Here it is on the firmest possible ground, and it would be false to itself if it quitted it for a moment. "Direct action," if persisted in, will destroy Labour's chance of becoming a great Parliamentary force for a generation, and the strong Labour polls in recent elections have shown it to be quite unnecessary. That, of course, is the main objection to it. It is revolutionary, but revolutions are often quite necessary evils. On the other hand, a revolution is a needlessly wasteful and turbulent method of securing even a legitimate end, if that end can be attained by normal and constitutional procedure. The 1918 election, with its amazingly unrepresentative result, came perilously near to giving the direct actionists an excuse, if not a justification. But the prospects of the next election have removed that excuse. If Labour and Liberalism compose their differences, they are bound to secure a large composite majority at the next general election. Once in power they can introduce a system of proportional representation, or the alternative vote, which will make any further compromise in the constituencies unnecessary. They can then fight one another, if they wish, in the full knowledge that they are not merely presenting a majority of seats to the Conservative Party. Of course, there are a number of Labour politicians who think that they in their turn are going to profit by the three-cornered contests. Ultimately, they hope, the splitting of the "capitalist" vote will enable Labour candidates to slip in everywhere. Such a re-grouping of forces is, of course, quite possible. But I think that long before it comes into being, and before Labour has crept into power by the back door, it could walk in straightforwardly if it will take the only course likely to result in the reform of the electoral system. The Conservatives in both Houses, by eliminating this reform from the Speaker's franchise scheme, definitely imperilled our whole constitutional system and gave the direct actionists a useful argu-

ment. For that they deserve the strongest condemnation. But there is no reason why their opponents should play into their hands. To sum up, I should like to see Liberals modify their attitude towards Nationalisation, abandoning their opposition to the principle and concentrating on the terms of the scheme itself. Labour in return should come off its pedestal of moral superiority and be content to receive in a few years what it cannot snatch now without endangering our national prosperity.

Mr. Kennedy Jones's book on Fleet Street and Downing Street brings us face to face with one of the problems of the age. With his attempt to depreciate the whole moral standing of journalism I am not concerned. Some newspapers, quite obviously, are run on the principle that the journalist is a tradesman engaged in the purveying of news, just as the grocer purveys sugar, sometimes judiciously mixed with a little sand. But Mr. Jones in one breath minimises the importance of opinion in newspapers, and in another admits that the public has become inordinately suspicious of the news in the papers. And why? Because the opinions of the editor or proprietor, instead of being argumentatively set out in the leading articles, are suggestively put forward in the news columns. The public, instead of being given unvarnished news in one place and considered comment in another, is given carefully selected and coloured news columns and editorial comment which no one reads or expects to be read; or so one would presume from the way it is done. Take, for instance, the question of the Soviet *régime* in Russia. In one journal I find columns about Bolshevik atrocities, columns filled with what are in fact propagandist articles in the form of descriptions of the state of Russia. And I find practically nothing else. I turn to another paper and I find none of this. I find only descriptions of the admirable state of organisation of such and such factories, statistics of the number of prisoners lost by Denikin, lurid accounts of Koltchak's tyranny, perfervid speeches by Lenin himself. I then go and talk to one or two people who have been in Soviet Russia, and I find that the truth lies half-way between the two; that the Bolsheviks have been terrorist and are tyrannical; that atrocities have been common on both sides; that the Soviet Government is successful, at least in so far that the people prefer it to its rivals, and that it is coping with some efficiency with its economic difficulties.

But the mass of people do not meet individuals who have been in Soviet Russia, and the mass of people read only one paper. What sort of chance have they, then, of forming a reasonably

well-founded opinion on the state of Russia on which they may support this or that policy on the part of Great Britain herself? None whatever. Now, under the old journalism, which still exists fortunately in the cases of a few newspapers, both sets of facts would be fairly set out in the news columns, and the editor would then give his readers the benefit of his considered judgment in his articles, which they know to be expressions of opinion and can accept or reject. Those readers are called upon in their tens of millions by their votes to pass judgment upon and to determine policy. And they depend for the raw material of their opinions on the daily Press—

“Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs.”

With the decline of Parliament the Press has become the public man's great platform. He is therefore at the mercy of the editors, who can banish him, if they will, to a constricted space on a back page. And instead of a large number of newspapers in different hands we are getting large groups of papers under the control of a few men, the members of each group speaking with the same voice in a different key. On all sides, also, we find bodies arising to carry on propaganda on behalf of this or that cause. At present they are most of them wasting their energy tilting at a windmill they miscall Bolshevism; but the method may in time come to be devoted to a more pernicious end. Murmurs are arising from those who serve the fickle deity; during the railway strike the printing staffs became restive, until the rival advertisements of Government and Trade Union reduced propaganda for the moment to a farce. But this is a real problem, possibly the most difficult that democracy has to solve. For the public has to ensure that every opinion has reasonable freedom of, and scope for, expression, and at the same time to prevent the wholesale manipulation of opinion for private and even trivial ends.

H. B. USHER.

FRECKLES.

HAD your correct butler flung open the drawing-room door and announced "Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Thomas" you would have been greatly astonished when the mother and daughter walked in. Happily no butler was put to so terrible a test. In the cantonment of Multan there was no person remotely resembling a butler, and the bearers and khitmutgars of the Sahib-log would have known better than to admit Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Thomas. To old people in England Multan still carries memories of its siege in the last century, and its great fort still hunches itself above the tortuous ways of the city. A long, broad road passes from the city to the big bungalows of the civil lines, past broken ground where little irrigated fields lie vividly green, and the Mahomedan cemeteries huddle the dead beneath the pale, parched earth. The Suddar bazaar hums with native life between the civil lines and the cantonment where law and order reigns and the British and Indian regiments dwell side by side. There are huge banyan trees and gardens full of flowers, great bare parade grounds, the club, the church, the ranges, and a green golf links among palm groves. A convent dwells in seclusion by the dusty road where the long strings of camels defile slowly towards the railway station, and the little Eurasian pupils go back from the convent school to the small, untidy bungalows of the railway folk. It is among these people that you would have found Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Thomas in a cracked dwelling with a straggling bougainvillia flaming across the arches of a squalid verandah. Green parrots screamed hideously, and the wheel of the Persian well made raucous moan in an unkempt garden where the daughter stood in sullen misery dressed in dingy widow's weeds. She was dazzlingly fair with red hair that caught the light and enriched it, eyes that were green sparkles, and a white skin which seemed like snow that had frozen the sunshine. A very daring work of Nature, so boldly bright, so brazenly beautiful. By her side her little orphan niece went whining. The child was dark and very sallow, with blue half moons to her dirty finger-nails, and brown eyes with long black lashes; the "chaukra" of the establishment followed her about and tried to persuade her to eat her supper: "Bohut achcha hai,¹ Missy Baba," he reiterated. The woman turned upon them both.

"Go, you little devil, go," she cried with something so terrifying in her uncalled-for frenzy of rage that the child and the servant shrunk from her promptly into the shadows of the house.

The day died, the bats flew about, and the frogs croaked. Mosquitoes bit and hummed in the hot, dry air, and still the woman

(1) "It is very good."

stood erect in the darkened garden. She stood there, very still, but tense in some fierce fury, till the silver moon swung into the April sky. All the pi-dogs yapped, and in the hollows among the dwellings of the dead the jackals howled and howled. And still the camels padded past, and the dust they raised gritted against the hot skin. A train panted and whistled in the station, and presently went roaring on its way. By and by the Last Post sounded from the cantonment.

"Allah!" hissed the woman in the garden.

Even as she spoke there was the sound on the verandah of someone shuffling into his shoes, and presently a big Afghan swung down the path and out on to the road. When he wheeled at the corner the moon serenely revealed him. His long, pointed shoes held feet as hard as horn, great baggy white trousers made the man bulk broad, a leather coat was girded in at the waist by a belt, and a leather despatch bag studded with brass was flung across his great shoulders. A dark blue puggaree embroidered with gold turbanned his bronze head, and his features were fine, regular, and strong. A wild man, a man of simple purpose, but approaching that purpose by all the devious paths of complicated intrigue. Tenacious while desire held, but child-like or monkey-like in the sweeping tempest of the wish—its coming, its exclusion of all else, its passing. Brave as a tiger is brave. Unhampered by any nerve-wrought need of haste, using the train and the telegraph at times, but able to leave both behind and walk day after day by the camels laden with merchandise through the mountain passes into Afghanistan, unwearied, unbores, unafraid.

Mrs. Thomas watched him go and then strode back to the bungalow and into a whitewashed room where a punkah with a torn frill hung idle above a bed, and a dressing-table lit by a smelling oil lamp revealed a few cheap toilet things and the photograph of an elderly Englishman who might have been a sidesman on Sundays and a shop-walker for the rest of the week. You may see a hundred like him in any provincial town in England. As a matter of fact, he had been a commercial traveller in India, and was lately dead, leaving his widow penniless save for the few personal possessions which littered the room.

Mrs. Thomas pushed through the dim confusion into a room beyond, where a Mahomedan woman of the Punjab sat upon a string charpoy and smoked a hukah. Mrs. Warren, widow of a railway guard, an Irishman who retired from the Army and married a native, had been a handsome creature in her youth, and now, with her parchment face, clear-cut lips and nose, she was a striking ruin. In her native draperies, with her dark sari drawn over her black hair, and heavy bracelets upon thin ankles and wrists, she seemed more in harmony with the vast dark night, the weird haunting chorus of animals and insects, the city and the plain, than did the fair Eurasian she had borne in her youth. She was

no purdah woman, she was no woman of the bazaar—she had been wife and mother. She was avaricious and intriguing, she was old and shrewd and utterly a daughter of Eve. She was India, and for all the dirt and darkness of her setting an artist might have sat and watched her and have dreamed dreams of life, its strangeness, its tragedy, and its lure.

The daughter looked at the earth-coloured mother, and her impatience blazed like a flame.

"Bakh, bakh, bakh,"¹ she cried. "I have waited hours, I tell you—there in the garden with the child dik-ing² me. And the box-wallah came for his money and would not go away."

The mother answered in the vernacular. "Peace—thou—it is enough. The bundobust is made. He will give the rupees and you go with him to-morrow. All is well—he is no budmash, and God knows where you would find such another." She raised her voice to a parrot-like scream: "Chaukra, chaukra—bring the Memsahib her dinner."

The widow blazed again. "Memsahib," she derided. "A Memsahib does not marry a kala admi, mai!" (black man, mother).

"Thy father was a very good Sahib," said the old lady quietly. "But thy son or thy daughter might be even as are the people of the Punjab."

"True talk," assented Mrs. Thomas with sullen indifference.

All through the night they talked, those two, after a desultory fashion. The white woman clung to her father's race and her husband's race as a rag hanging on a tatter may still hold to the rest of the fabric by a thread, but in spite of those two men, Mike Warren and Alf Thomas, the blood of her mother beat in her pulses, ran in her brain, and raced in her heart. To intrigue for money, to yield to passion—these instincts beset the pride that clung to her position as "Memsahib." The Afghan lover with whom she had never spoken, who bargained with her Punjabi mother for her possession after immemorial Eastern custom, found in the desire of the eyes a more than sufficient courtship—since few bridegrooms of his people behold the bride till she is wife. He was divided from her in that he was Mahomedan and she nominally a Christian, but he was kin to her in that he was of the East that had mothered her, cradled her, been her home. Her white skin, that she took together with her European standing from her father, isolated her from the only land she knew, and her marriage with an Englishman had further removed her from her mother's people; but the distance she had placed between herself and the overwhelming numbers of the land had meant a panting strain. Her tongue held their speech, her debts were sown deep in their bazaars, their superstitions haunted her mind, and she was not familiar with any other race or country. It was only *appearance* that set a boundary,

(1) "Talk, talk, talk."

(2) Bothering.

that divided her from the Punjab woman who pushed her towards the Afghan suitor—the difference in the colour of the skin.

In the end it was a trifle that turned the scale. She stood next day in the arch of the verandah, while the garden burnt with poppies—each petal a flame the sun had kindled—one arm akimbo and one flung out against the pillar. Her eyes traced the white length of it, swelling fore arm, curved elbow, slender wrist, the golden down of gossamer hairs that caught the light; and then she noticed on the back of the hand a thousand tiny freckles—sun's kisses, brown as the mounds of earth where the Mahomedan dust went back to dust, brown as the broken potter's vessel that lay at her feet, brown as the native mother who had brought her into the world.

"Memsahib, memsahib, the boxwallah has come for his money," said the chaukura.

"Bas! I will go with Amir Khan," said Mrs. Thomas, penniless and deep in debt, her eyes fastened on those brown freckles.

* * * * *

The next day saw her swinging along the road from Multan to Dera Ismail Khan in the great wooden khajawah on the back of a camel, secluded from all eyes by a white linen burkha that covered her from head to foot, while at the side of the camel stalked the Afghan, but lately returned from trading in Australia, a passionate lover, a cruel foe. The Afghan's wife had been called "Rosy" by her father and husband. "I, Rose Emily, take thee, Alfred Arthur," she had declared at the altar, but she moved across the desert of the Derajat swinging aloft on the camel's back between sunrise and sunset as Moti the Pearl. And as a pearl she lived under the sun and stars—to be valued at a price, to be guarded as a possession, to be caressed for personal beauty. She was not unhappy; she was indifferent to much, she thought but little, and she used her power over the man—which power rested on the slender fabric of fascination—to obtain the personal comforts and indulgence that she desired, and thus the days passed till, beyond the frontier cantonment of Dera Ismail Khan, the dusty file of camels with Amir Khan at its head came to the camp of tattered brown canvas and branches and mud, where women and children waited through the winter for the Afghan merchants to return from the rich south and take them back again across the mountains out of reach of the long arm of the British Raj. There was a riot of welcome in the camp that night, and small boys clung to the big men and ate far more than was good for them. Tall women in black draperies seemed like the night's shadows incarnate, and the little oil lamps twinkling on the hovels shone like golden flowers in the desert where dwelt these Adams and Eves. Intrigues flickered through the camp like the serpents that were awaking in every

corner of the land to their summer life of love and death. Hospitality there was, and love of children, and the robust good humour of well-fed men and the courtesies of Eastern folk, and in the tent of Moti the Pearl, who for four weeks had been the wife of Amir Khan, the Powindah, there was a whisper of the woman afraid, but triumphant, to the man who, gratified and ardent, was for that hour a good fellow: kind, indulgent, and considerate after the fashion of those who all their life move through danger and by rough roads with foals and baby camels to be cared for, and women who bear children to their lords and masters.

As a rule the road between Dera Ismail Khan and Murtaza runs quiet as a policeman's beat in a sleepy Sussex town, but from Murtaza onward the hills are picquetted, Government goods go by convoy, and all men are armed. The Powindahs had their rifles given back to them once more, and the youngsters ruffled it in the mountain passes like any young cocks o' the north a hundred and fifty years ago in our own Highlands.

On the secure side of Murtaza, not far from Tank, a young English police officer, revolver at his hip, struggled with the ill-humours of his motor-bicycle.

"Good morning, sir," said Amir Khan in English, and the boy looked up amazed to hear his mother tongue coming as it were from the cheek of this lusty Afghan caravan in the midst of the hostile desert. The effect was as if every camel and woman and child had grinned.

"Where the devil did you learn English?" demanded young Brown as one who is robbed by an inferior of his splendid isolation.

"In Australia, sir."

Young Brown was mollified. "So you have been to Australia?" he said in friendly fashion, for the Englishman likes the bold Pathan and Afghan, and Amir Khan's face, with its genial fierceness—like a sword that shines in the sunshine—was a manly, jolly countenance. "Just give me a hand with this, will you?"

Amir Khan gave him help with courtesy and energy, and Gerald Brown sprawled in the dust and did mysterious things with nuts and valves and ball bearings, the while Moti the Pearl, who had been Mrs. Thomas, peeped at him from the supercilious camel's back.

"Did you like Australia?" he inquired.

"Yes, there are many Sahibs there," said Amir Khan. "But they do not want my people."

"White Australia," grunted Brown. "Pour a little oil in here—that's better. Glad to get back to your own country?"

"Yes, I am glad."

"I expect someone will kill you there, you know, just for the pleasure of a scrap," remarked the boy amiably.

"God knows," said the Afghan with a broad grin.

"Well, this thing will go now," said Brown, standing up and putting on his goggles. "Thanks. Good morning."

"Salaam, Sahib," said the Afghan.

Hop, hop, hop went Brown's left foot, and phut, phut, phut went the motor, and then he disappeared in a cloud of dust. That evening he dined in the mess of the 40th Sikhs and remarked that it was curious to be addressed in English from a kirri: he would have found the incident ten thousand times more curious had he known that the speaker, who was worth in money about fifty times as much as any officer in that mess, had been carrying out of India among his merchandise a wife as white as any man who drank King George's health that night. A woman young Brown was to meet again.

Two nights later, near one of the Border posts held by a detachment of an Indian regiment under command of an English subaltern, some of the camels strayed, and the kirri was in an uproar. Voices slashed through the quiet dawn uttering curses and insults, three careless youths were severely beaten, and savage anger turned the encampment into a cauldron. None was more fiercely declamatory than Amir Khan, none more dangerous in his wrath. Rose Emily blocked up her ears and closed her eyes and shuddered. She felt the sweat of fear trickle from her copper hair, and she panted beneath the low roof of her tiny canvas tent. She was carefully secluded, and no man's eyes rested on her beautiful face save only Amir Khan's, but the other women of the kirri knew little of the purdah when on the march, and she called to one now in the propitiatory accents she had learned from her Punjab mother.

"O, sister," she whispered in Pushtu. "O, sister, what is the trouble?"

"It is nothing," said the other cheerfully. "Amir Khan is angry over the loss of five camels. He has now gone to tell the Sahib that they have been raided, and the Sahib will go forth with his sepoy-people and bring them back."

And sure enough the Sahib did, under the cruel April sun among the burning rocks. It was a hard day's work, and he was extremely angry when he found the truants peacefully munching thorn bushes, and his Pathan Subadar explained the situation to him.

He turned his stern young face on Amir Khan. "What do you mean by it?" he inquired severely.

But who so courteously submissive and plausible as the Powindah? "Sahib, God knows I speak truth. The budmashes, greatly fearing the Sahib and the sepoy-log, have left the camels here and fled in haste. By the favour of the Presence my camels are found once more. Two of my young men were killed, Sahib."

"O go to blazes," said the subaltern. "You are a liar and a man without faith. Chelo,¹ Subadar Sahib."

And the representative of law and order withdrew to the fort. He knew fear as little as did the Afghan.

Amir Khan, stomached the insult, since it is necessary to swallow

(1) "Come on"

whatever the stronger man puts in the spoon, but as he watched the party go he spat upon the ground, somewhat ruffled, and he boasted very greatly to his wife of how he had outwitted the Sahib. If she disliked this she had too much caution to show it. Among the evening shadows of the mountain pass she laughed when he laughed, nodded at his assertions, and at the end her red lips parted in praise.

"O Shabash! You are a strong and clever man," she said.

So white she was, so strong she looked, the words went to his head like wine, and so fiercely he loved and prized her that had the gaze of one of his fellow Powindahs fallen upon her within the cloak of his torn wayside tent that night he would have killed him there and then, for all that the Afghan women of the kirri showed their faces to the sun, the stars, and the eyes of their menfolk.

At dawn the wayfarers were up and off again, and Rose Emily leaned from the khajawah on the gaunt camel's back and waved her hand to the fort and the one English officer—her small white hand with the brown freckles.

Lingering, quarrelling, fighting, ever moving onward, the huge caravan came at last to Khandahar and home in the great heat of June.

It was here that Pat Warren's surprising daughter encountered the Other Woman, and needs must live with her for long months. Amir Khan was none of your stingy Kabulies; he had married after an open-handed fashion two Afghan ladies. The first had borne him three strapping boys and then died; the second was childless, but till the intrusion of Moti the Pearl had held his passion. Now she fell into utter neglect, widowed of his love and scorned by his dependants and servants. Here was a good chance for the poisoned cup and all the bitter intrigue of a forsaken and supplanted wife; but the tale ran differently from that. The Other Woman had been ill, and was too weak for vigorous resentment; she merely wept and wept through saddened days and nights. And Moti was kind. Haughtily and overbearingly kind, but good to the poor thing in a consistent and purposeful fashion such as the will of the Eastern feminine does not know. Her Irish blood kept her generous in spite of her grasping Punjab mother, and she shared her plenty. Never during her life with Alf Thomas in the squalid Calcutta suburb, or with her Indian parent on the outskirts of Multan, had her white skin been as vividly recognised and as powerful as it was among the olive groves of Khandahar. Amir Khan was subject to her beauty, cruel to the Other Woman after his own unthinking fashion that acted as he felt, lovingly where he loved, unmoved by pity where he was indifferent, and ever indulgent to his three jolly young rogues of sons. Sunshine, hail, rock, sand, and volcano—you could find them all in this primitive man of a very ancient and fierce people.

In the autumn he left his home for the road and the money-

(1) "Well done!" Literally—"Be a king!"

getting of India once more. His boys went with him, but Moti was not strong enough for the long, long way, and stayed behind.

He parted from her easily enough, but he made every arrangement for her with skill and care, very much as a man may roll a pearl into a strong safe out of the palm of his hand. To her own surprise she cried bitterly when he had gone, and missed him greatly. Life was so deadly dull without him.

When the orchards blossomed they met once more, and Moti had a baby girl in her arms, almond-eyed, wheat coloured, a true daughter of Afghanistan. The Other Woman had crouched beside her in listless pity when she had fought her way alone through the Hades of pain to deliverance, and her voice had risen in a wail to announce the birth of a girl. But Rose Emily accepted the tidings with indifference, so simply concerned was she with her own physical fate. Long hours after she looked at the brown atom and a mother love, deep as Nature itself, stirred in her heart.

Amir Khan was the father of sons, hence he had no quarrel with the lovely fat thing that cooed laughter to him from the threshold, and as its mother had no complaint to make of its sex all was well.

"Her name is Freckles," said Moti the Pearl with bitter humour.

"Freh Khels," said Amir Khan. "She is of her father's people." It pleased him to be master in this, that she bore his earth colour and not the lily of his wife.

Freckles was very friendly and merry and bold, and Amir Khan was devoted to her as a boy may love a kitten. When autumn came round again he made his preparations for the road once more, and Moti and the child went with him. The woman's beauty had faded somewhat, but her temper had waxed imperious, and during the hot summer days quarrels had arisen that shook the household, and once the Other Woman, who was dying, had thrust herself into the fierce presence of her husband, all panting and trembling, and had found, not murder, but a man who threatened to strike and a woman who furiously defied him. Both had turned suddenly to stare at the intruder.

"Go back, sister; you will harm yourself," cried Moti.

"I greatly feared," the deserted wife murmured.

"I fear nothing," boasted Moti, and she pushed the Other Woman back to her seclusion, and, bending, kissed her English fashion in quick compassion.

On her return Amir Khan was playing with Freckles, and peace was restored.

"She will certainly die," he remarked of his childless wife with complete absence of any emotion.

"That is nothing to you," said Moti boldly. "You have taken no heed of her."

"I forgot," said the Afghan simply.

The Other Woman died three weeks after Moti and her child left

Khandahar, and her eyes were sightless from endless weeping before Death comforted her.

On the outskirts of Khandahar a cruel crowd was gathered in a knot round two iron cages. There were murmurs of breathless interest, and one fiendish jeer echoed above the whispers and the shuffling feet. From one of the iron cages there came hoarse, animal-like cries of a man in torment. The kirri, wending its way out of the gate, hung slackly upon the camel's ropes and stared its fill. Only Rose Emily covered her ears and shut her eyes and shuddered for a mile or more. One of the youths was so fascinated by the spectacle of the torture of the two condemned wretches that he lingered, and did not catch up the slowly moving caravan till late in the evening. She heard Amir Khan shout inquiries to him, and though she closed her ears against the replies she could hear her husband's great laugh roar out once or twice, while the camp fires were kindled and the savage Powindah dogs fought and barked.

And with the breath of India deep disquiet came to Moti. All through the winter she dwelt in the kirri's encampment by the wayside on the Tank Road and quarrelled with the Afghan women, who, like herself, were left there among a few old men and young boys while the Powindahs traded south. She ailed and bickered, and Freckles ailed too. The big boys were rough to the child sometimes, and Rose Emily squabbled with the mothers of sons over that, and they gave her as good as they got. Twice a day the mail tongas passed between Tank and Dera Ismail Khan, and at the sound of the horn ringing over the sand and scrub Moti would stand at the opening of her tent in her soiled white burkha, among the black draperies of the other women, and watch with haunted eyes the officers and their servants, the fox terriers and the kit bags, driving past her. Occasionally motors hastened by, and these curiously enough roused her to a sickening and bewildering discontent.

She looked eagerly for the coming of Amir Khan, but two days before rumour heralded the approach of the Powindahs across the Indus, Freckles fell ill, and when the Afghan arrived at the encampment he found no rapturous welcome, no feast, no preparations. He found instead a wan, weak baby piteously moaning, with one little arm thrust out as if to invoke the pity of the world; a shadow child, soft, lovely, infinitely touching, above whom a hollow-eyed woman watched intently and spoke in commanding anxiety of Doctor Sahibs and a return of thirty miles to the hospital at Dera Ismail Khan, spoke of a girl child's existence as a thing above price, to be saved at all cost, spoke with a Western civilisation's energy of life as precious, spoke as an English mother might speak. And she spoke to the deaf ears of an Afghan grown indifferent.

A few Powindahs were praying with their faces turned to the Holy Places, some score of babies were nodding off to sleep, women were busy over cooking pots, and old men helped the boys look after the camels and their young. Here and there in the

dusk of the scrub a great beast could be seen raising its weird head against the sky; here and there a pool ran blood-red in the sunset; in the distance the fierce mass of Sheikh Budin lifted its lone height. On such a night, over such a scene, above such a people, the moon David sang of must have looked down in the dark hours of long-dead centuries.

Across the flickering shadows of their tent Rose Emily fought with Amir Khan, whose three boys complained bitterly that they hungered.

"Hungry! And my child dies. Go, you devils, go!" the woman panted, and the boys shrank from the doorway as the Indian chaukra had shrunk from her two years ago. Women drifted towards the tent and listened to the hoarse voice, husky with passion.

"It is but a little thing. Place me upon thy camel and take me now to the hospital of the Mission Doctor Sahib, and the child will live. Thou knowest the Doctor Sahib and——"

"I know him. Peace, woman, we will go in the morning. Bring food now; I would eat."

"Eat, son of a serpent, while thy child dies! I will bring thee no food. I will kill thee and myself also. I will. . . ."

He made an articulate sound of rage, so savage that the breath dried on her lips. But her eyes fell on the sweet, helpless outlines of the baby, on the stricken hang of the beloved round limbs, and she broke out again.

"I will love thee forever if thou wilt take me now. See, here lies the babe thou didst play with so many times. Behold thou art not as other Afghans; thy heart is good—take us now! Take us now!"

"I will take thee to-morrow," he growled. "Be silent now."

She was dumb for a second, helpless before his Eastern lie, for well she knew that he never meant to keep his word. And as she stood, terribly white, terribly alien, in her tent, the child went through the throes of death and passed to peace.

A scream tore through the camp, and the women, curious, peeping, sympathetic, broke wailing into the tent. They were arrested on the threshold by Rose Emily's voice, speaking cold as arctic snow in bitter English.

"You've killed my child, you dirty native. I've done with you. You've tried your cruel games with a white woman once too often, you brute. By heaven, I am back off to the English, where men are men and not savages without a soul. I would trust a dog to go on caring for a woman or a child he had loved before I'd trust you."

The words were without sense to the women, yet held all the meaning of defiance and despair and a power that no other person in that camp possessed, the power of self-control. To Amir Khan the word "dog" fell on comprehending ears, but as he stood between Mrs. Thomas, tense and aloof above the dead child, and

the fierce group of Afghan women espousing her woman's sorrow, even his spirit quailed. With a darkly brooding face he flung out of his tent.

At dawn Amir Khan buried his dead, still with that stormy sadness on his handsome face, and an hour later the caravan started on its homeward journey. It was high noon when, across the glare of the white desert, a village could be seen to the south, and Amir Khan shouted a direction or two to his sons and then led his own camel, solitary, across the livid plain towards the squalid hamlet.

Standing by a pool of green filth, he spent half an hour haggling with the villagers, and then the camel knelt, and Rose Emily perforce staggered from the khajawah to her feet and followed Amir Khan and an old hag into the inner hovel of a mud ruin in the heart of the tortuous horror of a place. She raised her burkha as she stood, pale and stunned, in the dirty space, and that old hag looked intently at her and went out muttering and mumbling to the sunshine.

Amir Khan held a rope in his hand, and when his iron grip touched her arm a ghastly fear struck every limb into a palsy; but still she jeered him.

"Kill me, and the Police Sahib will hang thee," she cried, though her voice trembled.

Never a word did the Afghan speak, but he bound her roughly hand and foot, and dropped her to the ground. She had influenced him as no other woman could have done. Even now something made him stop short of murder. He turned at the crazy door. "Dog!" he said in English, and then went out. Very lonely, very cruel, very dangerous, he rode forth upon his camel and joined the kirri.

* * * * *

At twilight the old hag brought the woman chuppatties and water. She had been a low Musalmani ayah in Multan years before.

"Memsahib, salaam!" she said to the broken figure on the floor.

* * * * *

"Most weird case I ever came across," said young Brown, the police officer. "It doesn't matter telling you fellows now, for the woman is in the very south of India and as safe from Afghan vengeance as we can make her. I tell you, when an ancient female brought me a postcard beginning, 'Dear Sir, I am an English woman tied up in the village of —' you could have knocked me down with a feather, and when I found her there it beat anything I could have imagined. At first she seemed half dotty, and no wonder. When I got her into Dera Ismail Khan I thought she was going to faint, and I said, 'You look very white'; and she just gazed into space, sort of, and said, 'Yes, but I am freckled.'"

JOHN TRAVERS.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—(V.).

IN the almost unprecedented confusion of the hour (April 15th)—the Prime Minister at sea—his colleagues hardly less so—the state of Ireland more ghastly than ever, and the new Bill standing over for debate—U.S.A. not able to decide if it has a government or a policy at all—the Supreme Council on tour, now taking *villeggiatura* on the Riviera—in such a state of things, the wise man who takes a detached view of public affairs in a remote retreat will withhold his judgment until better advised. It is for an omniscient Press, writing only twelve hours before it is read at the breakfast table, to tell us what we ought to think about it all. Here, down in Bath, I try to possess my soul in peace with law, philosophy, and books of the day.

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A portentous sign of the New World in which we live is the suddenness with which rooted ideas are abandoned and dominant changes are made. Reforms that have been fought over for generations pass almost by consent. The franchise is doubled; Women have votes and even exceed the male voters; Home Rule is carried by Unionist majorities against the Liberals; Labour becomes the New Rich, and the lower Middle Class, whose "fixed incomes" are now "sinking incomes," become the New Poor. Bishops and Deans invite Nonconformists to their cathedrals. The Minister of Education welcomes denominationalism to public schools. The House of Lords leads the way in Divorce. Socialism is advocated in academic, literary, and aristocratic quarters. The biggest Empire on earth is transformed into the millennium of Labour. And the biggest Republic on earth goes "dry" and retires from the world.

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To an old lawyer one of the most amazing changes is the welcome that has been given to the splendid reform of the law of Property introduced by the Lord Chancellor with so much eloquence and learning. It is the greatest and most useful reform in our Law that has been seen for centuries. As an old con-

voyancer and Professor of Law myself, I recognise the benefits it will confer on the public, if not on the profession as well. In my early days of the law in the 'fifties, I remember Lords Lyndhurst, Campbell, Westbury, Cairns, and Selborne. I was secretary to the Royal Commission of 1869 for Digesting the law; and for two years I had to register the schemes of famous Judges and draft those of Bethell, who, whatever his other defects, had a real passion to restore order and consistency in the law of Property. In the present Chancellor law reform has found a younger and far more practical enthusiast. In these Notes it is impossible to discuss a Bill of 250 pages, with its radical abolition of antique anomalies and its judicious assimilation of the law of Inheritance and of Land. As one of the survivors of the law-reformers of two generations, I trust the Bill will pass with due amendments in both Houses. It is one of the best products of the New Time.

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Though the scope of the Bill is so large, and indeed so startling at first sight to the old-fashioned pundit, it will not disturb the holders of important landed estates, nor those holders of other property who take care not to die intestate. The really great changes in the law introduced by the Bill concern devolution on intestacy. Those who have any considerable interest in land for the most part make regular wills, if not elaborate entails. Speaking generally, the Bill will not affect either the law of Wills or of Entail. To get rid of the antique feudal survivals will remove many a trivial nuisance, but need not concern the general public. But now that so great a body of landed estates are being broken up, and so many small holdings in land are created, it is necessary to provide for intestacy. The assimilation of freeholds to leaseholds is an inevitable result of the immense multiplication of small freeholds, as also is the simplification of the title to land. The Americans who adopted our common law naturally got rid of feudal traditions, and called interests in land and houses *real estate*. The Bill does this for us.

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The new book by the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge¹ must deeply interest all who reflect on the revolutionary age in which our lot is cast. With great and wide learning and signal detachment of mind, Professor Bury traces the history of the Idea of Progress as the accepted law of the civilisation of mankind. He speaks as a historian, not as apostle of any school, and he gives us an encyclopædic survey of the successive theories by which Progress and Civilisation have grown to

(1) *The Idea of Progress*, by J. B. Bury (Macmillan and Co., 8vo., 1920).

be associated in men's minds. He begins his survey with the Greeks—the Athenian poets—Aristotle and Plato, Roman Epicureans and Stoics, the Mediæval Church, the Renaissance, Descartes and Bacon, French and German idealism, the revolutionists: and thence he comes down to Evolution, social and physical, Comte, Darwin, and Spencer. It is a history of Philosophy so far as belief in a law of progress is a factor in the civilisation of Humanity. The book is dedicated to Saint-Pierre, Condorcet, Comte, Spencer, "and other optimists."

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Like all vast generalisations, the idea of human Progress and the conscious sense of a common civilisation was a very slow movement, built up gradually by partial enlightenment and fitfully seen by poets and thinkers in special manifestations. Bacon and Descartes and their followers in the seventeenth century changed the whole basis of speculative thought; Voltaire, Diderot, Turgot, and the Encyclopædists in the eighteenth century, enlarged these new ideas so as to touch the moral and social condition of man. But Professor Bury treats the Abbé de Saint-Pierre about the middle of the eighteenth century, famous author of the "Project of Perpetual Peace," as the first to imagine a Utopia of Progress in human civilisation. Narrow as was his knowledge of history, shallow as was his sense of scientific truth, and naïf as were his projects to secure the happiness of all, the generous Abbé's heart had inspired a new optimism which dreamed of an indefinite progress to the welfare of man.

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It is with Montesquieu, Turgot, Diderot, and Condorcet that the idea of Progress as a practicable enlargement of civilisation first became a true social law, as part of a scientific philosophy of life. With all their limitations and prejudices, Montesquieu and Voltaire did much to popularise the idea of a philosophy of history. Diderot founded the belief of man as the centre of our World; the Encyclopædists and the Economists in various ways popularised this idea. Turgot was a great political reformer as well as a wise philosopher of life. But Condorcet is the true prophet of Progress, of which others had been the intellectual students. And it is Condorcet whom Professor Bury honours with special interest. "It is amazing," he writes, "that the optimistic *Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind* should have been composed when he was hiding from Robespierre in 1793"; and that it was written without books was "a marvellous *tour de force*." And in the Dedication the Professor couples the name of Condorcet with that of Comte, as indeed Positivists do also.

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Mr. Bury passes on to criticise Rousseauism and British and German philosophers who had visions of Progress; but he considers that it is rather from France in the nineteenth century that came systematic theories of Progress as an ascertainable law of civilisation. The more definite schools which made it the basis of schemes to mould society were those founded by Saint-Simon and August Comte. With discernment and solid evidence, the Professor treats Saint-Simon as the successor of Condorcet, and Comte as the successor of Saint-Simon. It was Saint-Simon who in 1814 transformed Condorcet's idea of Progress, meaning a growth in knowledge and intellectual sanity into a far wider social power that explained the mediæval system and included religion as an essential social force. This pregnant conception is certainly the foundation of Positivism; and, as Mr. Bury says, Comte derived more from Saint-Simon than he or his French disciples were willing to admit. Comte broke with Saint-Simon at the age of twenty-two, and he did not begin his System of Philosophy until five years after Saint-Simon's death. Unsystematic and elusive as was that founder of a sect of Socialists, the Count must be regarded as the first who propounded a dogmatic scheme of general social Progress. He it was who in 1814 wrote: "The golden age is not behind us, but in front of us. It is the perfection of social order."

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But Professor Bury naturally treats Comte as far the most important and systematic apostle of the idea of Progress. All Positivists will accept the words with which he opens his Chapter XVI. :—

"Auguste Comte did more than any preceding thinker to establish the idea of Progress as a luminary which could not escape men's vision. The brilliant suggestions of Saint-Simon, the writings of Bazard and Enfantin, the vagaries of Fourier, might be dismissed as curious rather than serious propositions, but the massive system wrought out by Comte's speculative genius—his organic scheme of human knowledge, his elaborate analysis of history, his new science of Sociology—was a great fact with which European thought was forced to reckon. The soul of this system was Progress, and the most important problem he set out to solve was the determination of its laws."

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Professor Bury gives a thoughtful sketch of Comte's philosophy of history and the famous "law of the three stages." This is not the place to discuss his account of the *Philosophie Positive* (1830-1842). I will only note one or two points. Comte's law never implied that the human organism, or Society, was ever successively in one or other of the three stages; but that individual minds and branches of knowledge pass through three phases in that order:—individual minds and societies often being in all

three stages simultaneously as to different matters. I remark also that Comte did treat the future of Asiatic and Polynesian races—Islam and Hindooism—in his *Politique Positive* (1854). Again, why assume that men in the earliest prehistoric age were not fetichists, i.e., attributed to external objects what they themselves felt or feared? The races who killed the mammoth may have had much intelligence; but what do we know of their theories about Nature other than such as we find in primitive people? And, even if the tribes who inhabited European caves had evolved a system of Theology, as Mr. Bury suggests, may they not have had predecessors, and again, are they the true ancestors of ourselves to-day? There may have been a huge gap in the glacier ages.

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Professor Bury limits his study of Comte to the *Philosophie*, and does not seem to know the *Politique Positive* (1851–1854, English translation and analysis, 1875–1877). But Comte's philosophy of history and of progress is most fully stated in the third volume of the *Politique* (1853). Many points in the Professor's criticism would be cleared up by referring to this work and to Dr. J. H. Bridges' *Illustrations of Positivism* (second edition, 1915). If Professor Bury would turn to the *New Calendar of Great Men* (of which a new edition is in the press), he will find about seventy of the philosophers and men of science, whom he mentions, treated in the sense of Comte's philosophy of history, and largely in complete agreement with his own views. Reference to English students of Comte would show that they, at least, never attribute to his writings any doctrine of *finality*, that they recognise many of his speculations as ideals to meditate on rather than to act out in the immediate present, that they repudiate any idea of orthodoxy and sacerdotalism, that they in their own society and the practice of their lives reject the names of "sect," of "Comtism," of "authority"; indeed, as a matter of fact, profess and claim a full measure of personal liberty of thought and action.

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Mr. Bury then treats of the theory of Evolution and Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1859) as having introduced the third stage in the idea of Progress. And, as he says,

"the ablest and most influential development of the argument from evolution to Progress was the work of Spencer. He extended the principle of evolution to sociology and ethics, and was the most conspicuous interpreter of it in an optimistic sense."

The summary of Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy* (1862), with which Mr. Bury practically closes his study, will be accepted by most of Spencer's followers, though they may not accept the

criticisms with which it is followed. The Professor evidently regards Spencer as the most resolute upholder of philosophic optimism.

"The synthesis of the world-process which these volumes lucidly and persuasively developed, probably did more than any other work, at least in England, both to drive home the significance of the doctrine of evolution and to raise the doctrine of Progress to the rank of a commonplace truth in popular estimation, an axiom to which political rhetoric might effectively appeal."

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The interesting question then arises: How far does Professor Bury himself believe in Progress? Is he one of the "other optimists" to whom, with the leading Four, his book is dedicated? We search the Preface and the Epilogue; and we must admit that we find no conclusive answer. He declares that his present attempt is "a purely historical inquiry." On the other hand, he raises the problem of Progress to a dominant moral and even religious power. He finds that the hope of Progress has reformed the ethical code of the Western world. The hope of an ultimate happy state on this planet to be enjoyed by future generations has replaced, as a social power, the hope of felicity in another world. Progress seems to be a counter-balance to the idea of Providence and the dogma of personal immortality in Heaven. The Professor has spent an immense amount of learning and of thought on the genesis of this idea. He sees how ethics and creed are largely involved in it. Is it a great truth: is it an *idolum sacculi*? He leaves the answer to us. As a last word he asks—if the law of Progress comes out of the law of Evolution, may it not be itself evolved into some other unknown law of change? Optimists will reply: Perhaps it may be; and we will leave the infinite æons to come to settle that question in their own good time.

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All those who enjoyed the society of Henry James, and the far wider range of his readers all over Europe and America, will be glad to see the letters which he wrote to his family and his friends, and which have now been edited with skill and care by Mr. Percy Lubbock.¹ They will reveal to the world without the charm of his personality and a nature of rare affectionateness, brimming over with generous sympathy for all forms of beauty and of intelligence, yet all the while endowed with an inexhaustible spirit of subtle observation. These letters to parents, brother, sister, nephews, nieces, consins, and aunts, give us a bright picture of New England family love and companionship

(1) *The Letters of Henry James*, selected and edited by Percy Lubbock (Macmillan and Co., 2 vols., 8vo., 1920).

which has a primitive freshness in the air of our crowded, hustling, standardised British life. Here we have a cultured and keen American mind studying British ways and the ever-revolving scene of old Europe with thorough detachment, as if it were being studied from another continent. The young naïf traveller from New York descends upon us, as it might be from Mars, all eyes, all nature's child, keen to get to the heart of old Europe, finding how strange and complex it is, and yet with such culture in his brain and such sympathy in his heart that it fills him with intense and growing interest. He is among us—long not at all of us—then he passes to view the charm of Italy and the *esprit* of France. But Europe, England, London, Kent, grasp his soul more and more. Wilsonian neutrality in the great war revolts him, almost kills him. At last he is wholly with us on the side of defending civilisation. In July, 1915, he is naturalised, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gosse being two of his sponsors. In February, 1916, whilst the Republic was still an unfriendly neutral, he dies as a British subject and O.M.

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Until the last this loving, generous, gentle soul of his seems never to have been touched by any public care, seems hardly aware of war, revolution, or policy, either in America or in Britain, until the great upheaval of 1914 overwhelmed his hitherto tranquil spirit of detachment and neutrality. He knew the leaders; he was in the whirl of our politics; nothing of them touched him, hardly gave him a moment's thought. Again, with a nature of such tenderness, with streams of affection flowing from his pen-tip to scores of "dearest Emilys," "dearest Betsys"—they cannot all be cousins—this love for beautiful and gracious women never seems to have got concentrated upon any one, even for a time. In all these forty-six years of a correspondence brimming over with loving words to men and to women there is not the faintest trace of any supreme affection. This subtle master of the human heart lets us see no scintilla of personal romance of his own. Let those who care to read between the lines of these letters try if they can discover any such.

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These Letters suggest two points—first as to the mental habit and secondly as to the style of Henry James. He seems to close his mind resolutely against any interest in warring causes and social movements. In a letter of advice to his nephew he says, in 1899, "Thank God I've no *opinions*—not even on the Dreyfus case. I'm more and more only aware of things as a more or less mad panorama, phantasmagoria and dime museum." And there is more in this Carlyle vein. But this devotion to Art broke

down in the Great War in 1914. Again, the letters prove his intense *modernity* of mind. Not only will he put aside the clash of parties and nations, but he turns with indifference from the Past. There is no trace that he ever seriously cared for history, or lived in the past—even in Rome, or Paris, in Florence, Venice, or Touraine. In each he is the American tourist, keen about art and society. He tells Mr. Gosse, in 1900, that he hungers and thirsts for “a gleam of reflection of the life *we* live, of artistic or plastic intelligence of it, something one can say Yes or No to, as discrimination, perception, observation, rendering.”

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This passion for the present visible scene of modern life reacts upon his culture and on his style. To read these Letters one would think that he was indifferent to, almost ignorant of, the great literature of the past. In a flood of correspondence with men of letters, students, and critics, there is a great deal about modern romance, drama, and art, but hardly a single word about our great English writers in verse or prose. I find nothing about Wordsworth, Cowper, Gray, Burns, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Dryden, Pope, not even about Milton or Spenser. He must have read them; but they seem not to have been infused into his mind, and they certainly did not form his style. If he had really studied the *Letters* of Cowper, of Gray, of Walpole, would he have written these, or the curiously tessellated and mystically interwoven passages in so many of his graceful romances? If he had been born and trained in Old—not in New—England his mind would have had a broader range, and his style would have had a simpler and an easier flow.

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But let us not overlook the many bright and suggestive pictures of illustrious Victorians. What loving portraits of Burne-Jones, of William Morris and of his wife—“a grand synthesis of all the Pre-Raphaelite pictures”—of Mrs. Humphry Ward, of Turgenev, of Stevenson, of the Eliot Nortons, of George Meredith, of Gladstone, of Ruskin, of George Eliot, of Paul Bourget, and Alphonse Daudet. In this age of caricatures, diaries, and abominable indiscretions, how sweet, how generous, how artless are all these revelations of a very affectionate and subtle spirit poured out in such volubility to the men and women of a large and distinguished family from New England, and to such a circle of cultured people, both English and foreign. Henry James, though domiciled and naturalised in Britain, was still American from first to last. The simplicity, the lovability, the graceful *enfantillage*, of his open heart are a refreshing relief from our national *morgue*.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

IN RUSSIA UNDER THE BOLSHEVIKS, 1917.

THE writer was one of two hundred British officers and men who, after being taken prisoners by the Turks, mostly in Kut, were interned at Kastamuni, in Northern Asia Minor. As has been described elsewhere, four officers who broke out of this camp during the summer of 1917 and reached the coast of the Black Sea a fortnight later were recaptured on the beach; but three of them, including the writer, were rescued by some outlaws, in whose company they crossed to the Crimea in a small boat a month afterwards. The writer did not go to England at once, but spent the autumn in Russia endeavouring to arrange for the escape of more British prisoners from Kastamuni. The attempt was unsuccessful, but his experiences during these months, which could not be made public at the time, seem worth recording.

The three of us reached Sebastopol, the headquarters of the Russian Black Sea Fleet, two days after landing in the Crimea. The Tsar had been deposed seven months earlier, but under the Provisional Government of Kerensky Russia was still our ally, and the British Admiralty had a *liaison* officer—Engineer Commander Le Page—in the Black Sea. Through him we at once represented to the Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet that there was no military reason why all the 120 British officers and eighty British sailors and soldiers in captivity at Kastamuni should not be kidnapped from the Turks and brought across to Russia. Although we ourselves had, from obvious motives, chosen an indirect course to the coast which involved a cross-country trek of about two hundred miles, a much shorter route was available. A fair motor road led from Kastamuni due north to the small port of Ineboli, a distance of only sixty miles. If sufficient motor transport were landed, the whole of the British prisoners might be brought down to the coast in a single night, and as the Russians had undisputed command of the Black Sea the rest would be easy. Failing motors, cavalry with spare horses could do the job, though the time required would be longer and there would be some risk of the prisoners being moved further inland before the rescue party could reach Kastamuni.

The only Turkish forces capable of opposition were less than a thousand soldiers and *zaptiehs* (gendarmes) at Ineboli and Kastamuni—all either elderly or very young men; and any resistance they might attempt could be overcome by the fire of a destroyer and a few machine guns on land. The country

between the two towns was thinly populated, and the inhabitants were not likely to give trouble, though it would be necessary to post small pickets on the bridges. Finally, the force guarding the prisoners at Kastamuni was about one hundred old men, whom the prisoners themselves would, we knew, be prepared to disarm if they had a few hours' notice. Details of the scheme* could be sent secretly to them by one of our outlaw friends.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Black Sea Fleet was Admiral Niemetz, who had succeeded Koltchak three months before, when that officer had thrown his sword into the sea rather than carry out the policy of the Revolutionary Committee. The Admiral listened sympathetically to our plan, and told us that a similar scheme had actually been worked out by his staff some time before we arrived, but its execution had been postponed, partly for lack of precise information concerning the strength and disposition of the Turkish forces, and partly because it was intended to combine the rescue of British prisoners with a raid on barracks and other buildings near the Anatolian coast. We were able to supplement the Russian intelligence about the forces likely to be encountered, and we urged that as the weather would soon be too cold for sleeping out at night prompt action was essential. After some discussion Admiral Niemetz promised to carry out the scheme as soon as sanction could be obtained from Petrograd. He asked that one of us should stay behind to accompany the landing party, and it was decided that I should remain in Russia for this purpose. But in order not to attract too much attention from the many German spies in the Crimea, it was arranged that the three of us should first proceed to Petrograd, as if we were all going home.

Before we could start, a telegram arrived from the British Mission at Mohileff, the Russian G.H.Q. (commonly called Stavka), ordering us to report ourselves there. Cross-country railway journeys being slow and difficult, our best route seemed to be from Sebastopol to Odessa by sea and thence *via* Kieff to Mohileff, especially as the ex-imperial yacht *Almaz*, in which we were quartered at Sebastopol, was herself going to Odessa. Her sailing was, however, postponed in consequence of a report that the *Goeben* and *Breslau* were at sea, and we spent the interval in visits to various ships in the fleet, from which we learnt a good deal about the progress of the Revolution.

Sebastopol was far from the storm-centre of Russia, but there were many indications that the Provisional Government was by no means firmly established, and that the first effect of Kerensky's magnetic oratory had almost disappeared. The murder of about forty naval officers in the Baltic had not, so far, been imitated

in the Black Sea, but every ship and regiment were already the prey of Bolshevik agitators. At a meeting of bluejackets of the whole fleet, held at this time, resolutions were passed demanding that all power be entrusted to committees of sailors, soldiers, workmen and peasants; that all officers and *bourgeois* resisting the Revolution be arrested, and all newspapers unfavourable to it suppressed; that the censorship be abolished (this was not quite consistent with the preceding resolution); that all "agents of foreign imperialism" be expelled; that an eight-hour working day be introduced; that commissions in the Navy and Army be given only to the rank and file; that the death sentence in both services be abolished; and, finally, that peace be made forthwith.

Early in October a red flag inscribed "Long live the Democratic Republic of Federated States" was hoisted by many ships in the fleet. On the same day came the report (already mentioned) that the *Goeben* and *Breslau* were at sea, and the staff at once issued orders to two dreadnoughts and two destroyers to go out to look for them. The crews of these four vessels were celebrating the hoisting of the red flag, and jumped to the conclusion that the order was a ruse for putting an end to the festivities. Accordingly, they flatly refused to sail; whereupon Admiral Niemetz, who was frankly afraid of his men, postponed the time for carrying out the order until the evening!

This was not the only sign of the destruction of discipline which inevitably followed Kerensky's policy of pandering to the committees. At sea, watch and look-out were indifferently kept, in spite of the danger from submarines. In harbour, the ships were never cleaned, no drills were held, and the men spent half the day on the quarter deck listening to the frothy orations of politicians from the Baltic (who were undoubtedly subsidised from German funds), or reading the posters with which the barbettes were plastered. Saluting was a thing of the past, except between officers, and both seamen and soldiers addressed their officers as *Tovarish* (comrade). It was quite common to see men monopolising the seats in a boat while their officers were standing; and on one occasion I saw the Commander-in-Chief compelled, on landing from his launch at the principal jetty, to shoulder his way through a crowd of bluejackets, who took not the slightest notice of him. Officers were treated with somewhat more respect at sea, for every man then realised that his life was in their hands.

But the sailors of the Black Sea Fleet were not at this period united. Some crews were opposed to extreme measures, and one day, when a pogrom was threatened in Sebastopol, they landed patrols and announced that if disorder occurred the guns of the

dreadnoughts would be turned upon the naval barracks, the hot-bed of sedition. On another occasion, when a destroyer had sunk a Turkish destroyer, the crew of one of the dreadnoughts passed a resolution condemning the action as undemocratic. They even threatened to punish a repetition of such conduct, whereupon the crew of the destroyer retorted sarcastically that next time they were escorting the dreadnought and met a German submarine they would not fire upon her!

The extremists attached much importance to the destruction of all concrete reminders of the old *régime*. Statues of Tsars were boarded up, imperial portraits were removed from all men-of-war, and imperial emblems were carefully cut away from the uniforms preserved in the Sebastopol Museum since the Crimean War. It was said that in some churches the prayer for peace was amended by adding the words "without annexations or indemnities," and even that such expressions as "King David" and "The Kingdom of Heaven" were made more democratic.

Food was much more plentiful in the Crimea than in North Russia, and white bread was still made, but prices were already ten times the pre-war rates. Although the harvest had been gathered, many peasants refused to sell their grain and other produce because they were unable to buy anything with the money, both imports and manufactures being practically at a standstill. Clothes were almost unobtainable, and as the uniforms in which we had escaped were in rags we had to depend on Russian charity for loans of mufti. One chief cause of the rise in prices was, of course, the depreciation of the paper currency; at the Imperial Mint, where 750 men had sufficed for the coinage of money before the war, 15,000 were said to be now engaged in printing it.

The report about the *Goeben* and *Breslau* turned out to be false, and we left Sebastopol in the *Almaz* on October 4th, arriving at Odessa next morning. Men-of-war in the harbour were flying the red flag only, but when they found that we were still flying the St. Andrew's ensign they hoisted that also, evidently wishing to be in the fashion set by the latest arrival from headquarters.¹

The position at Odessa was more critical than at Sebastopol. The whole of the town was in the hands of bluejackets and soldiers, who were terrorising the population and making large sums of money for themselves by cornering supplies. At night, burglaries by soldiers wearing masks were frequent, and civilians, even women, who ventured into the streets after dark ran the

(1) The *Almaz* remained at Odessa, and was afterwards used by the Bolsheviks as a torture-chamber and slaughterhouse for their victims

risk of being stripped of their clothing, and especially of their boots. A wine store belonging to a Frenchman was raided, and two men who became too drunk to move were drowned in the wine. On the whole it was well that rioters so soon became drunk, for they would have done much more damage if they had remained sober. The craving for alcohol, suppressed before the Revolution, was such that a tank containing spirit intended for the manufacture of asphyxiating gas was tapped and several men were poisoned to death.

The streets were thronged with soldiers who had either openly deserted from the trenches or obtained sick leave from the regimental doctors by threats. We learned that the troops at the front had refused to prepare winter quarters, on the plea that the war would not last over the winter. Indeed, some regiments were already fraternising daily with the enemy, and when a patriotic Russian battery opened fire on one of these the gunners were placed under arrest. Friction between the Russians and the Rumanians became so great that barbed wire was put up between them. Rumania was then at the nadir of her fortunes, and several British Red Cross doctors and sisters who had just arrived in Odessa from that country gave us a terrible account of her condition, and of the sufferings of her wounded men.

Odessa contains a large Jewish population, and Mr. Balfour's pronouncement at this time in favour of a Jewish State in Palestine evoked a remarkable pro-British demonstration. But this enthusiasm was short-lived, for German influence was in the ascendant. An enormous number of Russian currency notes printed (as only experts could detect) in Germany were in circulation, and their arrival was followed by an outburst of anti-British and pro-German propaganda. The news of the execution of Russian labour leaders at Riga gave some indication of what a German peace would mean, but the Russian demagogues were blind to such warnings. A separate peace seemed already inevitable, and many of the *intelligentsia* were disposed to say, with characteristic fatalism, Let the Germans come and restore order.

After being generously entertained by the British and American colony in Odessa, and visiting the races and the opera, which seemed quite unaffected by the Revolution, we left for Kieff on October 7th. *Wagons-lits* were still running, and soldiers and peasants thronged the corridors; but it is a curious fact that at this stage of the Revolution they had sufficient respect for authority not to enter compartments for which they had no tickets. At Kieff, the capital of the Ukraine (which had not yet asserted her independence), we met several British artillery

officers and N.C.O.'s who had been sent to train Russian soldiers in the use of British six-inch guns—some of the hundreds of guns we supplied to our ally. They complained that the Russian gunners took no interest whatever in their work. Indeed, our officers were wasting their time, for a few weeks afterwards the Bolsheviks placed a guard of Austrian prisoners over these guns!

Going on from Kieff to Mohileff the same evening, we found that two Italian officers who had escaped from an Austrian prison camp were in the train with us. At Mohileff, after giving such information as we had brought from Turkey to the British Mission at the Russian G.H.Q., we dined in a mess which included generals from nine Allied nations. Less than two months later the Russian Government was obliged to warn all these officers that it could no longer be responsible for their safety.

We reached Petrograd on October 11th, and Captain Tipton and Lieutenant Bishop, the two other members of our party, at once began to make arrangements for getting home *via* Finland, Sweden and Norway. Never was such a round game as obtaining passports, permits and tickets for this journey, and three days' continuous work barely completed the necessary formalities. The question of clothes was even more formidable. Mufti was essential for officers passing through neutral countries, but the suits borrowed in the Crimea had to be returned from Petrograd to their owners. A month would not have sufficed to get clothes made, and the cost would have been fabulous. Happily, the Naval Attaché at our Embassy and his assistant came to the rescue, and Tipton and Bishop left Petrograd on October 14th and reached England ten days later.

Petrograd at this time was fairly quiet, but the Bolsheviks were gathering force for their *coup d'état*. Korniloff's attempt to seize the capital was being used with ever-increasing success to embitter the people against Kerensky (who knew more about the attempt than is generally imagined), and against the Cadet Party and the *bourgeoisie* as a whole. All of these were branded as Counter-Revolutionaries and Royalists, though none really desired to restore the old *régime*. (Compare the charge of wishing to revive Tsarism brought against Koltchak and Denikin by certain people in England.) Red and black processions paraded in the Nevsky—red with Bolshevik banners and black with flags bearing such inscriptions as "Down with the Capitalist Ministers"; "Down with the Imperialistic Allies"; "Down with the *bourgeoisie*." Kerensky and his Ministers affected to despise these demonstrations, and one of them, luncheoning with the British Ambassador, boasted that the one thing the Provisional Government desired was that the Bolsheviks should take up arms against

it—a wish that was very soon to be gratified. The population, though not yet starving, was on a very small ration of bread (or, rather, of the black, soggy substance which passed for bread), and long queues lined up outside every food shop. But money in sufficient quantities could still buy everything, and the best restaurants were thronged. One by-product of the Revolution was the refusal of waiters to accept tips, which were deemed contrary to the principles of democracy; every bill included a fixed percentage for attendance, which was divided among the staff. However, in the writer's experience, they were surprised if they were not tipped as well.

I returned forthwith to Sebastopol by the direct route through Moscow and Kharkoff, hoping to find that the plans for the expedition against Turkey were well advanced. But the naval staff was absorbed in political issues, and the *moral* of the fleet was such that operations were at present impossible. There was a chance that they might take place later, and quarters were allotted to me, first in the auxiliary cruiser *Dacia* and then in the aviation cruiser *Imperator Alexander III.*, re-named the *Respublicanetz* after the Revolution. The *Dacia* was a Rumanian liner taken over by the Russian Navy and manned with a Rumanian navigating crew and Russian officers and gunners, while the *Alexander III.* had been a Russian passenger liner, built on the Clyde.

The situation in the Black Sea had changed greatly for the worse since we left Odessa a fortnight earlier. A few examples will show the extent to which the ships' committees, or soviets, mainly composed of bluejackets, were assuming authority. A seaplane carrier which had crossed to Sinope for a reconnaissance preliminary to the proposed operations, had lowered her planes into the water before the ship's crew noticed that bombs were attached to them. They at once held a meeting and insisted that no bombs should be dropped—only proclamations calling upon the Turks to throw off the German yoke. So also the committee of the flagship, on hearing of the stern punishment of a small mutiny in the German Navy, passed a resolution of sympathy with the mutineers. The *Centrofлот*, or soviet for the whole fleet, requisitioned one of the principal hotels, and established itself on shore for the purpose of controlling the town as well as the ships. All sailings were suspended during the election for the Constituent Assembly.

The ships had now ceased to use the Russian ensign and flew the Ukrainian flag and a red flag side by side. But the naval barracks on shore started a new fashion by flying a plain black flag, and when the *Centrofлот* asked what this meant the reply

was "Death to everyone." Not less wild language was used at the countless meetings held on board every ship and in the town itself. A favourite resolution, as vague as it was visionary, demanded "complete rupture with the middle classes, who are sucking the life-blood of the starving workmen and peasants."

The position of Russian officers at this time was pitiable, and few would have remained at their posts had not their country been still at war—or nominally at war. I was overwhelmed with inquiries about the prospect of their finding employment in the British service—no matter in what capacity. In Russia their authority was at an end—except when the committees chose to make use of it. In all ships officers had been deprived of their swords and revolvers, and in some it was laid down that anyone wishing to go on shore must obtain permission from the soviet. A few crews demanded and obtained the use of the wardroom, and in the *Respublicanetz* the men refused to enter the cabins, and announced that officers must in future clean their own boots and make their own beds. But they made an exception in favour of the Englishman, and provided him with a servant! This was not the only incident which showed that in Russia it was better to be a British than a Russian officer, however lonely one might be through ignorance of the language.

The civilian middle classes were in almost as unhappy a plight as the officers. Though the time had not yet arrived when every *bourgeois* (a term sometimes defined as a man wearing a linen collar) went in hourly danger of imprisonment or death, yet already none dared lift his voice against the decrees of the soviets. These committees did not confine themselves to the work of the old Government; their activities extended even to a man's domestic affairs. For instance, when a certain householder in Sebastopol dismissed a servant for refusing to carry out an order, the local soviet, usurping the functions of the law courts, sent two of its members to force their way into his house and insist on payment of compensation. The "*frightened intelligentsia*," as the middle classes were often called, were incapable of resistance; they seemed to despair of the future, to have lost all pride in their country, and to live only in the past.

Our eleven outlaw friends who had accompanied us from Turkey had been living comfortably on board a transport in the harbour as the guests of the Russian Government, but now seven of them were sent at their own request to the Caucasus, whence their ancestors had migrated to Turkey after the Russian conquest of that province in the nineteenth century. In payment for the boat in which we had crossed the Black Sea the Russian

Admiralty distributed 12,500 roubles between the eleven men—a high price for a dilapidated two-ton felucca, but the equivalent at that date of the £T.400 in gold which our friends had given for it. It was the intention of the Russian Staff to use this boat in the proposed operations, and three of the outlaws—two Circassians and one Armenian—remained at Sebastopol for the same purpose.

In spite of all the signs and portents which have been mentioned, and of many others besides, Admiral Niemetz still expressed confidence that the situation would so far improve that the rescue of our men at Kastamuni might be undertaken. But suddenly, on November 7th, the Bolshevik *coup d'état* in Petrograd, which overthrew Kerensky's Government and put Lenin and Trotsky in power, shattered all idea of a serious offensive against Turkey.

This is not the place to discuss the aims of the Bolsheviks. The secret of Lenin's and Trotsky's success was obviously that they did not hesitate to use violence to enforce their policy, while Kerensky relied on speeches and proclamations. The following incident illustrated the feebleness of the latter's methods in a crisis. When he addressed the soviet in a certain town it responded to his appeal for moderation by passing the wildest and most bloodthirsty resolutions, whereupon the colonel of a Cossack regiment which had come into the town to support him ordered the meeting to disperse. Yielding to an appeal from the President, Kerensky severely reprimanded the colonel, who immediately withdrew his men, remarking that Kerensky evidently did not need his assistance. It was perhaps owing to such episodes (and the Korniloff affair was of the same sort) that even the Cossack regiments in Petrograd turned Bolshevik, while their comrades in the Caucasus, who had seen less of Kerensky's methods, continued for a long time to oppose Lenin.

At Sebastopol the *Centroflot* passed a resolution condemning Kerensky and applauding the Bolshevik *coup*. No bloodshed followed immediately because, although the new Revolution was detested by very many, the opposition to it was unorganised, and the Commander-in-Chief, who was extremely unpopular with his officers, invariably adopted the line of least resistance to the soviets. But one or two incidents showed that a general conflagration could not be long postponed. While the *Daciz* was at sea general quarters were sounded, and during the panic which ensued the Commander struck a man. He was immediately placed under arrest by his crew. A few days later, while another cruiser was lying at Batum, the Captain of the Port, on coming on board, was knocked on the head by a bluejacket who had a

grudge against him. He was seriously injured, but his assailant was not brought to trial.

The advent of the Bolsheviks to power clearly heralded peace between Russia and Turkey, and if any help was to be given to the prisoners at Kastamuni it must be sent without further delay. Evidently the scheme for landing motors or horses would never be carried out, and the only plan now feasible was to pick up a few of our men at a rendezvous on the coast, to which they would have to make their way on foot. After much argument the Commander-in-Chief agreed to provide a destroyer, and the *Centroflot* raised no objection.

The following arrangements were decided on. The destroyer was to land the three outlaws, who were still in Sebastopol, at a deserted point on the Anatolian coast, near Sinope. They were, of course, "wanted" by the Turkish authorities and could not show themselves in public, but they had a friend living near Sinope whom they would take with them to the outskirts of Kastamuni, and who would go boldly into the town while they lay in hiding. The rest of the scheme is set out in the following letter from myself which the Sinope man was to hand to any British officer or soldier whom he saw in Kastamuni.

We got through to Russia.

This letter is brought by a man from the Turkish coast; two Circassians and one Armenian wait outside the town. They are willing to guide not more than six of you to the coast. You will have to walk about 100 miles. A vessel will be in waiting on December 7th and 8th, and again on December 12th and 18th. I have promised £200 for each officer that gets through. Bearer will let you know by letter (enclosed with this letter) how a reply is to be sent to him. The reply must either (1) state date and time you will meet him, or (2) state that you cannot come. If you decide to come, the men will wait for you, at the time you appoint, by the side of the Sinope Road, about an hour's walk from Kastamuni. Strike the road somewhere beyond the hospital and walk on until they stop you.

You will move at night. Bearer will arrange shelter in huts used by cowherds in summer. He will be able to buy food *en route*.

Wear fezes. Bearer has six for you, but may not be able to deliver them until you meet him on road. Indisferential whether you wear uniform or mufti.

If you can't come send letter suggesting any other scheme. How many men guard you now? What troops and gendarmes are in Kastamuni or between Kastamuni and coast?

It was, perhaps, dangerous to send an Armenian in company with two Mahommedans, but he had lived unharmed for some months with a party of outlaws in which he was the only Christian.

On the morning of November 19th the destroyers *Gnyeony* and *Buistri*, both 1,050 tons, 33 knots, three 4-inch guns, left Sebastopol for the Turkish coast. Besides the two Circassians and

the Armenian, we had on board three Greeks (Turkish subjects), who had volunteered to row them to the shore and knew the coast. Each of the three outlaws carried a Russian rifle, a Caucasian knife, a bomb, a waterproof, a water-bottle, a bag for bread; and between them they carried six fezes, a bottle of rum, and 13 lbs. of bacon, which seemed to be the most sustaining food, in proportion to its weight, that they could carry for the use of our officers. To the Armenian was entrusted £T.100 in paper money. It was settled that on their return to the rendezvous a fortnight later they were to light three fires in a row when they saw the destroyer, to indicate their exact position on the coast. If the destroyer was unable to send a boat at once, on account of bad weather, she would acknowledge the signal in a certain manner and send the boat as soon as possible. The operation of embarking the three men and the British officers at the rendezvous was to be covered by the destroyer's gunfire if necessary.

At 1 a.m. on November 20th the felucca, which had been carried on deck, was lowered into the water, and the Greeks duly landed the plucky trio close to Cape Injeh, the northernmost point of Anatolia. The night was very dark, but the rowers reported on their return that they had seen a Turkish patrol and had only just avoided detection. We hoisted the boat on board again and returned to Sebastopol.

Having nothing to do during the fortnight of waiting I obtained leave to visit the Caucasus, and took passage to Batum in the *Principesa Maria*, a Russian auxiliary cruiser. The weather was rough, and on the fourth day the ship found herself near Sukhum, seventy miles out of her course. We had a narrow escape of meeting a German submarine which had just sunk a Russian transport off Sukhum, and two destroyers which had come out to look for her escorted us into Batum. We then learned that the submarine, U.B. 42, had just landed six men near Poti, and that five of them—two German sailors and three Georgian officers of the Russian Army—had been captured. Their plan was to spread German propaganda in the Caucasus, and they were supplied with two million roubles of paper money, most of which was, unluckily, in the possession of the sixth man, also a Georgian, who escaped. This submarine had travelled from Kiel to Constantinople, *via* Gibraltar and Pola, in seven weeks, in company with two others which were still at Constantinople.

From Batum I went by train to Tiflis, and while I was sleeping in the upper berth of a *coupé* a Russian in the lower was robbed of the whole of his kit, including his boots. At Tiflis

a British military mission was attached to the G.H.Q. of the Russian Caucasus Army, and at that time there was a hope that, even if the Bolsheviks made peace, Armenians, Georgians and Circassians might unite, with our assistance, to carry on the war against the Turks. But the Germans soon became so far masters of the Caucasus that our mission was obliged to retire a few months later, and eventually it fell into the hands of the Bolsheviks. After a day in Tiflis I obtained a seat on a Russian motor lorry crossing the Caucasus by the famous Georgian military road, which itself ascends to a height of 7,700 feet and passes Mount Kasbek, towering another 10,000 feet above it. Soon after leaving Tiflis we met a body of Armenian soldiers drilling by the roadside—the first and last time during my three months in Russia that I saw any troops at work. The road had not been swept as it is in normal times, and near the summit we looked like being snowed up, but eventually we got through and reached Vladikavkaz, on the north side of the Caucasus, after a drive of 133 miles which took sixteen hours.

In Vladikavkaz Bolshevism was then at a heavy discount, the town being dominated by General Porloftzoff and his corps of Don-Kuban Cossacks. The General had been Military Governor of Petrograd a few weeks earlier, and told me that he had placed in the hands of Kerensky, then Minister-President, documentary proof that Trotsky was in German pay, but Kerensky would take no action. In the General's ante-room I met Captain Noel, of the Indian Political Service, who was on his way to Mesopotamia *via* the Caspian, a journey which led a few weeks later to his capture by the Jangali tribe in North-West Persia, who kept him a prisoner for six months.

From Vladikavkaz I had a tedious two-day journey by train to Novorossisk, where a Russian vessel was due to call to take me back to Sebastopol. But the naval staff at Novorossisk had no news of her, and I had to make my way round to Sebastopol by rail *via* Rostov—a journey which occupied three nights under very uncomfortable conditions. I met nobody who spoke English except one man who accosted me in broad cockney and explained that he was a Russian Jew who had lived for many years in Whitechapel. Under one of the Military Service Acts he had been given the option of joining the British or the Russian Army, and he had cunningly chosen to come to Russia, knowing that as the Russian Army already numbered far more men than could be equipped he was not likely to be called up.

On arrival at Sebastopol I went with Commander Le Page to remind Admiral Niemetz about sending a destroyer to the rendezvous on the appointed dates. But during my absence

events had followed one another with unexpected rapidity. The *Centrostot* had resolved that all operations and sailings must be sanctioned by itself, though the Commander-in-Chief remained responsible for the execution of orders, obviously because only officers understood navigation. A bluejacket named Romanetz had been appointed Commissary, or executive officer of the Committee, and no order issued by the Commander-in-Chief was to be valid without his counter-signature. The Admiral therefore expressed his regret that he was powerless to give any directions for a destroyer to sail, and he referred us to the *Centrostot*.

Going on to the *Centrostot*, we used every argument that we could muster to persuade the members to send a vessel. Both honour and humanity, we urged, demanded that neither the three messengers nor any British officers who might have come back with them to the coast should be stranded at the rendezvous, where they might die of hunger and exposure. A speech in the same sense was made by the Admiral, who addressed the assembled bluejackets as *Tovarishi* (comrades). Several of them favoured our application, but the meeting was turned by Romanetz, who argued that as negotiations for an armistice had already been opened with Turkey no man-of-war could be sent to her coast. After a lengthy debate the only concession we could obtain was that a wire should be sent to G.H.Q. at Mohileff to ask for a ruling.

The days passed and no reply arrived, and it seemed doubtful whether the message had ever been sent. Then news came that an armistice had been signed by the Bolsheviks, and as one of its clauses forbade Russian vessels to go south of a line drawn from the Danube to a point near Trebizond all hope of a destroyer keeping the appointment at the rendezvous had to be abandoned.

Commander Le Page had meanwhile been called to Odessa, and I telegraphed to ask him whether he could find an Italian or Rumanian vessel to undertake the trip. He made every possible effort, but no ship could be persuaded to sail. The French yacht at Sebastopol, formerly *stationnaire* at Constantinople, volunteered to go if she could raise steam, but this also was found impossible on account of the condition of her boilers.

As a last hope a sailing boat was chartered, and several Russian naval officers generously offered to man her, though in so doing they would have risked punishment by the Bolsheviks, besides endangering their lives in the venture. However, a severe and prolonged snowstorm put the voyage out of the question for such a craft. In any case a sailing boat would perhaps have done more harm than good. The party at the rendezvous would be

expecting a destroyer, and we should have to fly the British or Russian flag to show them who we were. As our boat had no gun, the flag would bring down upon us and upon them all the soldiers and *zaptiehs* who saw us, and the party at the rendezvous would almost certainly be discovered and recaptured.

Nothing more could be done, and I left for Petrograd on December 16th, only just before the long-threatened pogrom took place in the Black Sea Fleet, when sixty officers were murdered in Sebastopol alone.

At Petrograd, all passports for Englishmen were held up by the Russian Foreign Office in consequence of the arrest of Litvinoff and other Bolshevik missionaries in England. I was able, however, to persuade Trotsky to make an exception in my favour, on the plea that after escape from an enemy country it was hard to be imprisoned in an Allied country (the Bolsheviks had not yet definitely denounced the alliance). To impress upon me, perhaps, what a great concession this was, the Red Guards looted my luggage at the railway station. The journey home took three weeks, my route being through Finland to Tornaa, and thence by Stockholm, Christiania and Bergen to Lerwick and Aberdeen, which I reached late in January, 1918. I had travelled over 10,000 miles since landing in Russia three months before.

I did not hear until I arrived in England that the camp at Kastamuni had been broken up before my letter could have been delivered, and all the prisoners had been moved to Changri, sixty miles further inland, whence the majority of them were afterwards sent to the still more inaccessible town of Yozgad.

No news of the Armenian and the two Circassians whom I had been obliged to abandon was received until long after the Turco-British armistice was signed. What happened to them was characteristic of the Ottoman Empire. Soon after they landed the Circassians quarrelled with the Armenian, murdered him, and stole the £T.100 which he carried. The body was discovered and identified by *zaptiehs*, and the arrest of the two men followed. They bought their lives by revealing the plan for helping our officers, but both of them were imprisoned. One died in gaol, the other escaped and is believed to have resumed the profession which he was following when we first met him in Anatolia.

Thus the plan for helping our men at Kastamuni to escape to Russia was wrecked three times over. But it is pleasant to record that in the following year no less than twenty-five British officers and one soldier (all, with one exception, men who had been at Kastamuni) broke out of the camp at Yozgad by their own unaided resources, and enjoyed varying periods of liberty, eight of them eventually reaching Cyprus.

E. H. KEELING.

FRANCO-BRITISH UNITY.

THE Governments of our Allies may well be excused if they become a little hazy at different moments as to what really constitutes British opinion. There are the polite phrases and friendly assurances of the Foreign Office, the abrupt and erratic interventions of the Prime Minister with his eyes fixed on the Party weather-glass, and the proverbial loyalty and straight dealing of the English people. In the final resort, it is the last that must prevail.

The cloud of misunderstanding, due perhaps to some misinterpretation of the language employed in the official communications which undoubtedly passed prior to France taking action, that arose in consequence of the measures that the French Government felt compelled to adopt on the right bank of the Rhine, has not disturbed in either Paris or London the deep conviction that Franco-British unity is an established fact for our mutual security, and for the preservation of our common interests in the new European situation created by the war that ended with the Peace of Versailles. For this reason it cannot be doubted that any feeling of disappointment or any sentiment of indignation which may have been engendered during the recent episode will soon pass away or be buried in oblivion. Great as is the need to keep Germany to the fulfilment of her obligations, still more is it incumbent on both Governments and nations that France and England should not drift apart for the benefit of their late enemy and for the discomfiture of nobody except themselves.

The position which the French Government has taken up with regard to the Ruhr is quite natural and far more logical than our own. The main fact in the situation—and indeed there is no other if we keep clear of speculation—is the execution of the conditions of the Peace of Versailles. Those conditions have been flagrantly and repeatedly broken by Germany; indeed, it would not be difficult to prove that not one of them has been literally and faithfully complied with. This could not have happened if the British Government had shown a firm upper lip, and, indeed, room is left for the suspicion that the German representatives had some grounds for their subsequent declaration that they had English assurances that the terms would be modified in their favour provided they would only sign the Treaty to conclude the war with a formal act. Official colour was lent to this extra-

ordinary representation by Earl Curzon's statement in the House of Lords on February 10th last that "nothing in the Treaty was sacrosanct," and that he contemplated many, even great, changes in it; but Lord Curzon went on to add that to merit such concessions Germany would have to make a good show of complying with its conditions. Well, have they done so?

It would puzzle Lord Curzon to specify a single condition with which Germany has fully and freely complied, and as against any partial compliance it would be easy to cite three flagrant breaches. Was it only for this, it may be asked, that the British taxpayer had to pay three-quarters of a million sterling for the entertainment of our Councillors, Commissioners, and their colossal staffs since the Prime Minister first set foot in Paris as a sort of *Deus ex Machinâ*? Is there anything to marvel at in the French losing patience with people who have never shown that they can translate words into acts? Is it surprising that M. Millerand should have decided to act on his own responsibility without waiting for the formal adhesion of the British Government in the belief that it could not be long in following his initiative? Had he not a good precedent for acting "with or without" the prior assent of his Allies in the brusque action of the British Government itself at Constantinople? We cannot set up one standard for ourselves and a different one for France.

The advance of the Reichswehr troops—the nucleus, let it not be overlooked, of a new German army—into the neutral zone, despite French warnings that it could not be sanctioned, was an inexcusable provocation, nor can it be explained except on the assumption that the Germans had reason to believe that this country would offer no opposition to the proceeding. Their raising of the bogey of Bolshevism in the Ruhr was an astute move to start suspicion and discord between France and England. It has been said by way of excuse for our tardiness in supporting France that we could not associate ourselves with her action because we had no adequate force ready for the purpose at Cologne. That illustrates one of our habitual faults in want of prevision and preparedness, but it affords no justification for our neglecting to do our part in thwarting the schemes of our wily and wakeful opponent. Moreover, the presence of even a single British battalion in the Ruhr region would have sufficed to show that we were in perfect accord with France in this and every other matter relating to the Treaty of Versailles. Besides, if that local display of force were not sufficient, there would always remain at our disposal the easy alternative of sending a squadron to the Elbe to bring Berlin to its senses. The sad and disturbing feature in the whole affair is the suspicion that Germany knew

somehow or other that France was not going to receive the full and prompt support of the British Government, and that she felt herself accordingly at liberty to provoke France to take action that would leave her isolated. Belgium, wiser than Britain, nipped that hope in the bud. It is clear that the sinister pro-German channels which never failed our astute as well as formidable foe during the war are more than ever available under the new dispensation. The springs of German policy should be searched for in the centres of international finance that lie between New Court and Throgmorton Street far more diligently than on the Spree. What is denounced there as "the precipitation" of French action has baffled and brought to naught projects that aimed far more at pecuniary profit than the promotion of sound national policy.

The matters involved in the recent disputation, which we are assured has now closed, are far more complicated and subtle than either the British or the French public imagines. What was the reason for the extraordinary irritation displayed in the Premier's Note and confirmed by the orders sent to our Ambassador in Paris to absent himself from the Conference? Mr. Lloyd George might not have been in full or even partial agreement with France, but that was no justification for employing the rudest phraseology at the service of a solicitor. But he complains "you did not tell us beforehand," "you did not concert measures with us." Are we to conclude from this that he does not censure France for what she did, but only because she did not give him an opportunity of joining in? Well, he had the opportunity if he had only chosen to take it. He cannot take up the position that the intentions of the French Government, if the Germans did not keep their armed forces out of the Ruhr districts, were locked up as a profound secret in M. Millerand's bosom. If he wanted to prevent the French advance he should have used all his means of persuasion to prevent the Germans from persisting in their provocation. For a fortnight before the French troops occupied Frankfort and other places he had been informed in the plainest terms by the leading Paris papers that his attitude in regard to this very matter would be regarded as the touchstone of our sincerity in supporting France. He may accuse the French of not waiting on his good pleasure either because they were convinced that he would not proceed to action or because they had persuaded themselves that if they acted he must follow and accept the *fait accompli*; but he cannot allege that they made any concealment of their purpose and firm intention. That was openly proclaimed to the whole world. Germany had to be taught that she had reached the limit and could transgress no longer.

Mr. Lloyd George's irritation is to be explained by causes very far removed from the Rhine. He has large commitments in the Near East. His adventure at Constantinople is not proving so very successful. There are clouds on the horizon that not all the genial breezes at San Remo will sweep away. He played for immediate effect, and he has now to provide against the contingency of a fiasco. He moved troops and the bulk of our fleet to the Bosphorus in reckless haste, reducing our Mediterranean garrisons to skeletons and perilously weakening our force in Egypt, but on the other side of the ledger is impotence against Germany, unless he resorts to some form of compulsion or conscription to raise the army which France has the right to expect from us whenever the German menace again grows formidable.

Nor is it only in the Near East that our available troops are locked up. In Ireland the larger part of our Home Army remains fixed, at the same moment that recruiting from the Sister Isle, which used to feed our voluntary army, has come to an end, and every week heavy drafts have had to be made to India, nor can they be discontinued. There are, to put the point bluntly, no troops available to make a suitable demonstration on the Rhine, and to justify Mr. Lloyd George's pretension to pose as the boss of Europe. His irritation at perceiving that if he acted at all it would have to be in Marshal Foch's wake must have been extreme; but why did he put himself in this position, why did he not keep ready to hand the force that might be needed at any moment to impress on Germany the necessity of good faith?

Because the last thought in his mind, ever since the Peace negotiations closed with the Treaty of Versailles, seems to have been to follow German proceedings with the closest vigilance, so that there might be no departure from its terms. He has disregarded the main issue to commit the country to reckless and unprofitable side-shows, which are based on economic and speculative considerations that have no right to a place in the national policy of a great Empire. At one moment the inducement dangled before the eyes of the British public is the wheat, probably rotten even if existent, in the granaries of South Russia, at another the oil wells of the Tigris and Euphrates; and it is more than probable that behind what the country is asked to regard as vigorous action at Constantinople are illicit dreams about the rights of the Baghdad railway, and its attendant coterie of German-Jew concessionnaires. But it is the honour and security of the British Empire, threatened at many points, that are compromised by these rash and unjustifiable adventures. At Constantinople we are placed in a position that justifies the greatest anxiety, and there is no one to blame for it but the Government.

France has been the greatest sufferer by this laxity of purpose in dealing with Germany. In the early days following the Armistice the Premier assured his fellow-subjects more than once that the whole cost of the war would be recovered from Germany, and the terms of the Treaty justified the hope that a good portion at least would come our way. But calculators on all sides are now demonstrating that we must not hope for a penny, because the thousand millions suggested as a maximum will not meet the material losses of France and Belgium alone. If we are so happily placed or so prodigal as to be able to dispense with any alleviation of our financial burden, that is not the position or point of view of either Belgium or France. For the latter country a considerable portion of the indemnity in coin or in its equivalent is a vital necessity, but instead of receiving practical aid from us in obtaining it from the guilty, or at all events the party liable, the French have to listen to weekly homilies directed against the alleged inadequacy of their direct taxation. Now among the resources most easily available for the liquidation of German liabilities is the coal of the Ruhr region, already partially assigned as compensation for the havoc wrought in the mines of Northern France and Hainaut. The intrusion of the Reichswehr forces has temporarily arrested the stipulated supply from that quarter, and Belgium has been deprived of one month's supply of 50,000 tons. We do not yet know the quantity that has failed to reach France. Whatever the motive of the recent action in Westphalia, the Berlin authorities have hindered the compliance which the miners of the Ruhr had been showing with one of the plainest and most necessary conditions of the Treaty. The Germans have systematised the art of cajolery. In the East they coquet with Bolshevism against the Poles, in the West they accuse the Ruhr miners of adopting Lenin's tenets as an excuse for coercing them by the recognised Prussian methods. It is not surprising that they should do these things, but it was hardly to be expected that they would find supporters here at the expense of France.

History has proved in many instances that nations know no gratitude in their relations with one another, and it is not as strange, when allowance is made for the extraordinary hold that German influences had acquired in our official and commercial circles during the nineteenth century, as it might appear to outsiders that since the conclusion of the war the British Government has now and then displayed a greater desire to win over the Germans than to retain and strengthen the new ties binding us to France and Belgium. This attitude must be destructive of all real and lasting confidence. It reveals an almost pitiful blindness to the true situation of Europe, which is passing through a

fluid stage. Were an instance asked for to prove this blindness, it would be found in the extraordinary attempt of the British Government to impose upon Belgium that condition of enforced neutrality which almost entailed her ruin in 1914, and which, if it had been accepted, would have debarred her from coming to the aid of France the other day.

What is the present position in Europe so far as it affects ourselves? It is quite true that by the disappearance of the German Fleet from the seas we are placed for the time being in a position of absolute maritime security. There is no longer any rival in Europe to challenge our naval supremacy. But will this last for ever, or even for many years? Does this point of view take into account new forms of warfare that promise to be in common use before very long? The United States, in order to establish their good faith in entering a League of Nations, announce their intention to have the strongest fleet afloat, and they possess, as we all have reason to know, the Almighty Dollar; Lord Fisher and others tell us that the day of fleets in the old sense has passed away, and that the future of nations lies in the air and under the waters. But the matter is far from ending with these speculations. Big Berthas, which damaged Paris, but which were really designed for London if the Germans could only have planted them on the heights of Grisez and Boulogne, have inaugurated a system of long-range firing that is still in its infancy. The Channel may be closed to us some day by a creeping barrage from the heights of the Black Forest unless we realise in good time that our real frontier is on the Rhine and not at the cliffs of Dover.

Space will not admit of our pursuing these speculations any further, but at least it is clear that the disappearance of the German Fleet is not a sufficient or lasting guarantee of our desired security. These considerations may be recommended to the representatives of the old Wolseley school, who still oppose the projected Channel Tunnel with a quotation from Shakespeare in the persuasion that what was sound in an age of galleons and gallivats must be equally so in a day of Sopwiths and submarines, to say nothing of Big Berthas and the new Baz gun.

France has still greater need than we have to think of the security of her frontier and the protection of her provinces from the ravages of a brutal invader who has left marks of his presence that will not be obliterated for many years. She has suffered in the most terrible degree, and we were spared that direct suffering by the valour of her soldiers as well as of our own. The brutal experience has made an indelible impression on her soul. Never again, if wisdom and fixity of purpose avail, shall French

men and women endure such an ordeal, and one precaution on which she is resolved is to place no reliance on the most specious assurances of the Germans. We were told that the old Prussian system and the Prussian military spirit were crushed and extinct, and our politicians believed it. Our neighbours were sceptical, and von Luttwitz and his confederates have given them reason. In the opinion of all competent French and Belgian military authorities the German military organisation is still formidable, and the more dangerous to their countries because the Allies no longer present a firm and united front.

What is the evidence that the Prussian military system has collapsed? There is none except the fantasies created by our own delusions, which the French people cannot afford to share. It has still the same Chiefs as in 1914, the same Headquarter Staff, and never before was the University Cadet Corps so numerous, so active, or so bellicose. In comparison with this country, which has been reckless in the dispersion and destruction of war material, Germany is well provided with the munitions necessary for a fresh war, and from more than one source we have received warning that in air power she is better equipped than ever. Finally, in man power Germany has been weakened far less than France, or even than England when we take into account the facts that Ireland is closed to us as a recruiting-ground, and that the natural increase of our population, long arrested, seems to be permanently declining. We nurse a delusion in hugging the belief that Germany, in a military sense, is smashed. We brought her to her knees, but she is rapidly regaining her strength, and making ready for the spring which, aided by surprise, will, as she hopes, enable her to turn the scale in her favour. France sees these things and scents the peril from afar. She is in a position that does not allow her to incur any risks or to be taken at a momentary disadvantage.

France and England have increasing need of that unity which sustained them during the long years of the struggle for existence as well as independence. It will be long before any candid historian who shows how near they were to perdition will be believed. Are we to imperil that hard-earned success and to lose its fruits by criticising one another to the satisfaction of the late enemy gloating over our misunderstandings and disputes? Are we to resort to frowns and to utter rebukes because our neighbours take a more serious view of things and express no faith in the plausibilities of Teutonic guile? The French are at the advanced post of danger and we are far behind. It is doubtful whether, if the need suddenly arose, we could do as well or be as quick now as we were in August, 1914; to-day, as then, France

and Belgium would have to bear the first burst of the storm. But, although we should not be present—the little force at Cologne is scarcely worth counting—our interests would be no less vitally involved than those of France in what happened in the Rhine valley.

The immediate needs of the time are to keep Prussian military forces, whether they are called Reichswehr or some fresh name for the purpose of camouflage, out of the neutral zone, and to insist that its resources, assigned for the satisfaction of some part of the claims of France and Belgium, shall not be diverted to other ends. We cannot take our eyes off German proceedings for a moment unless we are prepared to see ourselves circumvented. We shall certainly be circumvented unless we stick close to France and remember that she knows far better than we do the turns and twists in the German mind.

Y.

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES—AMBASSADOR OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE appointment of Sir Auckland Geddes as British Ambassador at Washington has aroused a vigorous discussion of his qualities and previous work. Certainly no American who cares for the future of the relations between the United States and Great Britain, certainly no business man in the United States whose daily affairs are in one way or another affected by the industrial and economic life of the rest of the world can fail to have an interest in the personality and career of the man who is British Ambassador in our country. For the affairs of the United States, whether for good or evil, are bound to be closely involved with the affairs of England. And the clear fact is that at this time, on this occasion, the British Government has sent to Washington a very different person than they have ever sent before. Perhaps they recognise the possibilities of the future.

In the first place, Sir Auckland Geddes is not an Englishman at all. He is a Scot. Some people call him dour. He is stolid, but not in the least stolid in the sense that he is not alive to everything that goes on about him. He has been in the thickest of the fight, and because of the character of the very disagreeable jobs which have been assigned to him in the past by the British Government, he probably has as many and as lively a set of enemies as any man in English public life. He will, of course, represent the British Government at Washington, but he will peculiarly and especially, by virtue of his training and experience, represent the British Empire in a way that none of his predecessors could personally have done.

If we look over the distinguished list of previous British Ambassadors during the course of the last thirty years we find, in the case of Lord Pauncefoot, a valuable servant of the Foreign Office, trained in the technicalities of diplomacy and enlivened by a warm friendship for America. Sir Michael Herbert held the post too briefly for many of us to get any real impression of him. His successor, Sir Mortimer Durand, was a trained and genial diplomat, who endeared himself to many Americans, but who was much more familiar with Oriental affairs than with Anglo-American problems. Lord Bryce's eminent ambassadorship marked him for ever as the greatest Briton who in recent years crossed the Atlantic. But, after all, "Mr." Bryce, as we

still like to call him, belonged in one sense to the two worlds, and he stands, not on a pedestal, but still right with us.

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, whom some of his friends delighted to call "Springheels," was a "diplomatist of career" who had risen throughout his profession from the smallest secretaryship to be Ambassador at what is actually for England the most important foreign capital in the world. Many in America continue to enjoy the memory of his versatile character and regret the sacrifice of his health in the service of his country. More recently Lord Reading, a Jew by descent, who by his ability and adroitness had risen to be Lord Chief Justice of England, came to us at a peculiarly difficult moment, when the very fortunes of the Great War hung in the balance. It was his mission to try to adjust matters so that we could pull together for the victory which we jointly won. For many days those of us who heard him speak, both privately and publicly, will retain a memory of his services.

Within the last few months Lord Grey came to us as Special Ambassador. Even in the darkest shades of academic seclusion we knew him as the great fighter for European peace, and at last in those difficult days of August, 1914, we came to know him as the stern defender of the liberties of the world. At Washington he scarcely had a chance to show what he could do, but he will continue to be a potent influence for good.

Now comes Sir Auckland Geddes. The difference is decided. Some people in England think the appointment a mistake. He has had what is technically known as rather a bad Press in England. That is partly due to domestic and political controversies in England with which we in America have nothing to do. But he comes to America at a peculiarly important and interesting stage in the development of our relations and, let us all hope, of our friendship with Great Britain. By virtue of his career, by virtue of his character and by virtue of his qualities, he is going to be first of all Ambassador of the British Empire in a way which, without in any way implying the slightest criticism of any of his predecessors, none of them could have been. And in order to understand what his appointment may mean, we must go back to examine in a hasty fashion the facts of the case. But before anything of that sort is done we must look at his picture. In profile he represents the idealist with the fine scholarly lines of the man of real thought and high heart. Face to face he is tall, awkward, and a bit heavy; a man you would hate to box with, for he has been a professor of anatomy and he knows just where to hit. But by his side one could well trudge along through the roughest sort of world.

In his early years of training he became much interested in

the educational importance of military training. Throughout, his interest in military affairs has been moral, due to a sense of citizenship. He has believed in the value of military training as a service to the community, but he has hated war as only a medical man who has known war can. Yet without hesitation, and after difficult endeavours to pass Army tests because of his eyesight, he entered the British Army as a private on the occasion of the South African War. His rise from a civilian volunteer "rookie" to be Brigadier-General is one of the curious features of his variegated career. With a long vision he was one of the few Britishers who advocated military training years before the Great War because he feared its coming. When it came he promptly left his careful professional nest as a teacher of medicine in Canada and served almost from the outset.

In France in 1915-16 he was actually in the trenches, and won his rapid promotions for gallant and distinguished conduct in the field. Later at the War Office as Brigadier-General he was in charge of recruiting. The general scope of his work at the War Office was quickly enlarged, and as Minister of National Service, as a civilian, he had charge of getting the men for the British Army who were so desperately needed in the spring of 1918, when our American Army was not yet ready to play its full part in France.

In particular, he took over the organisation and application of the draft in England when it was in its most chaotic condition, and those of us who know anything of the difficulty of the application and administration of our own service law will appreciate that his belated job was no easy one in England.

Naturally, having been in charge of recruiting during the last years of the war, he was called in to help deal with the problem of demobilisation. However, he was not responsible for these matters until January 30th, 1919. Many mistakes had been previously made by Britain, and, as in other cases, Sir Auckland Geddes was called up to act as a "doctor" to try to straighten out conditions for which his predecessors were mainly responsible. Rapidly he saw that the problem of demobilisation was fundamentally connected with that of employment, and, instead of supporting the policy of doles and temporary assistance, he took the larger view and tried to strike at the root of the whole situation by stimulation of work and industrial reorganisation, so that the demobilised soldier would not be pauperised or become a mere pensioner.

There in turn his work led directly to the problem of trade, and the remarkable industrial revival of England during the last

nine months has been, to a considerable degree, due to the stimulus which he was officially able to supply. But that is not by any means to imply that he was, or is, in favour of Government control of business life. In fact, probably one of the bitterest controversies has arisen from his opposition to the general policy of State control. In particular, he has opposed nationalisation of the coal mines. But, with a broad mind, he does not regard it as permanently impossible; indeed, eventually he thinks it may be conceivably necessary. The story is that in the course of the controversy he has antagonised British labour, and that he and his brother, Sir Eric Geddes, were partly responsible for the railway strike of last October. The facts of the case do not seem to support this tale. There was a frank difference of opinion as to policy; but on the whole Sir Auckland Geddes is a man who is profoundly interested in humanity, and as a public servant he has not shown himself indifferent to the interests of the great army of industrial workers.

As an interlude in his busy life he took over the Cabinet position, in November, 1918, of President of the Local Government Board, retaining still his position of Minister of National Service. The reason was that the United Kingdom, through the passage of the fourth Reform Bill, had immensely extended its suffrage. Women were for the first time given the vote. Universal male suffrage was to be applied immediately in the general election of December, 1918. It was necessary, therefore, that a man of clear mind and extraordinary administrative ability should have charge of the task of preparing the voting lists. At the War Office, whenever there was a snarl, the general saying was "send for Geddes," and in belated fashion the Government "sent for Geddes" to handle the administrative work of preparation for the fuller application of democracy in the United Kingdom at the time of the last general election.

There came also the problem of reconstruction, and following the general election Sir Auckland Geddes was called in as Minister of Reconstruction as well as of National Service. The sudden termination of the war, in spite of the numerous programmes of reconstruction, found England, as well as other countries, unprepared for peace. Sir Auckland Geddes, therefore, drew the report which attempted to tide over the difficult period of demobilisation to the time when England might be ready to go full steam ahead in industrial and commercial matters.

We are now all well aware that the economic recovery of England from the strain of the war has been exceptional, and we will do well to bear in mind that the new British Ambassador

was largely connected with that revival and the great change which has taken place in English economic life during the course of the last eighteen months.

He comes to America, therefore, especially alive to the question of foreign commerce and international economic relationships, "for he has adopted from the outset the idea that the best way for England to resume its normal commercial life was to remove Governmental control as fast as possible, and to help the industrial life of the country by stimulating the development of the overseas markets. Of course, the picture here given is totally inadequate on the administrative side. In fact, one might very easily suppose that Sir Auckland Geddes was a sort of handyman who had been used for any job. Apparently, as a matter of fact, he got most of the nasty jobs, and was used as a sort of administrative "doctor" to pull together a situation which Governmental delay or incapacity had marked as dangerous. He is what we might call a "clear desk" man, for it is his habit to follow the best office methods of the average American business man, yet without too hasty decision.

A striking fact in the annals of British bureaucracy was that, on the appointment of Sir Auckland Geddes as Ambassador to Washington, the various staffs, the servants of the various Departments of which he had been the head, united in giving him a dinner as a testimonial of their appreciation of his work. Such a thing in British official life has never happened before.

On examination, State papers which the new Ambassador has already prepared with reference to local questions have perhaps not been quickly understood in England because of his power of condensation. I suppose that any American audience or reader may find that there is a chance of missing what Sir Auckland Geddes really means, since it is not a question only of packed sentences, but of packed words. The style is lucid, but we must read slowly and carefully if we are to understand just what he means and implies.

In the House of Commons Sir Auckland Geddes was a newcomer, as the result of his election as Unionist member for Basingstoke in December, 1918. He was a man of unusual type, and in the atmosphere of the House of Commons he was not entirely happy. That was partly due to the fact that the House of Commons is both a sort of a club and at times a rather rowdy place. He never would be at home in a rowdy place, and he would always belong in any community both to the best and the most human club. So that is at least a partial explanation of the fact that a Parliamentary view of the speeches of the Ambassador might not be fair.

Perhaps another way to judge a man is by the places where he is most appreciated; and for Americans who know Manchester and Liverpool, the fact that Lancashire is a region where Sir Auckland Geddes has been "most highly regarded will convey a further notion of the man's character and possibilities. But it is not the fact of any special knowledge of business conditions which has led to that appreciation, for he is by no means a specialist; rather it is his earnestness, conviction and moral integrity which won him such a favourable reputation in Lancashire. Those qualities have also marked him in his scientific work.

Yet as a medical man he was never of the family physician type. He has been the "laboratory man" who was engaged in profound research, particularly in embryology, delving into the very secrets of life. It is also a mark of his calm interest in social and educational questions that if he had not come to Washington he would have returned to the world of education to be head of McGill University.

This brings us to the fact of his interest in affairs outside England, to the essential qualities of his present ambassadorship, for he is in a peculiar way to be the representative of the British Empire. Educated in Scotland and abroad, he knew South Africa during stormy days. He has occupied educational positions at Edinburgh, Dublin and Montreal. Earlier still his father, who was an engineer, was largely concerned in the construction of the great railway systems of India, and his mother belonged to a family which was interested in one of the pioneer shipping lines to Australia. Indeed, many of Sir Auckland Geddes's family still live in Australia. In this fashion his association with both shipping and railways is connected with his earlier colonial associations.

His wife is of American birth, but of British citizenship, and he and Lady Geddes have naturally a very large and pleasant acquaintance with American and British Colonial people. When we consider the fact of the great diversity of peoples and conditions within our own Empire of America, we can well value the sympathetic understanding of a man who also knows the diversities of the British Empire, for with these diversities and with the enlarging interests of the self-governing portions of the British Empire we, as Americans, will have in years to come an even wider and greater connection and interest in the different parts of the Empire.

But Sir Auckland Geddes is by no means an Imperialist any more than he is a Militarist. He has a mind which people in London sometimes call an "Empire" mind, but which is first

of all essentially democratic. His life is a very simple one, and he has always hated fuss and feathers.

In his representation of the British Empire Sir Auckland Geddes will undoubtedly find his previous colonial experience of use, as the self-governing dominions and commonwealths of the Empire come to have their own representatives very possibly appearing in Washington to deal with local matters. In this sense the new Ambassador will have a chance at co-ordination of strictly British interests at Washington, for he is a man whom the citizens of the newer countries will readily understand.

If I am any judge of men and affairs, Sir Auckland Geddes certainly will never twist or turn for the sake of mere diplomacy, and in view of his career he comes to us as a new sort of person, representing the British Empire to the Empire of America. As a medical man, as a soldier, and as an administrator he has been a great public servant. His work, both for the mutual and separate interests of our two countries, will now also undoubtedly be great.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

JUNKERS, "SCHIEBERS," AND BOLSHEVIKS: A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, April 6th.

REVOLUTIONARY Germany has three emphatic types--the Junker, the "Schieber," and the Red. This does not mean that any of the three types, or even all three together, dominate numerically. It means merely that from the grey mass of the politically inert and feeble these aggressive political and social types stand out best. Anyone who wants a key to the Right Counter-Revolution of Kapp, and to the more significant Left Revolution that succeeded it, can, short of any deeper philosophy of revolutionary history, find the key in the actions and interactions of the emphatic three. The Revolution, which began in political ferment, is, in fact, developing along much less idealistic pocket lines; and that is a reversion to political type, for before the war four of the five parties (omitting the Centre, though it too had its economic policies) represented, from Right to Left, the Agrarian, the heavy industry, the middle-class and the industrial-Labour money interests, and represented nothing politically worth mentioning. The factions struggling to-day—one may ignore the Government majority, which struggles only in the way of a worm trodden on by three successive boots—are influenced by pocket motives. Monarchy *versus* Republic, war *versus* peaceful submission to the Versailles humiliation, the two issues which absorb foreign observers, play no rôle. When Herr Kapp, who at heart was Monarchist and Militarist enough, established himself for five days in the Wilhelmstrasse, he did not dream of doing the traditionally correct thing for a Monarchist-Militarist—proclaiming a new Kaiserdom with a programme of national liberation. He had too close a knowledge of the public mood for that. He promised unheroically to cleanse his country in business matters and to abolish the *Zwangswirtschaft*, that is, the Government control of trade from which all except the "Schiebers" suffer; and so the emblem on his helmets and armoured cars was not the eagle or the sceptre, but the innocent Svastika cross which, as adapted by himself, adumbrated a pogrom for the "Schiebers," which meant for the Jews. The extremists at the other end, the Red Revolutionaries of Westphalia, also have only an economic programme; and the correct converse of Kapp's universal honesty is their universal plunder. Besides these two factions are the (also purely economical) "Schiebers," who gave both the Right

Counter-Revolutionaries and the Left Ultra-Revolutionaries their excuse. In the narrow, original sense, the "Schiebers" are mere dishonest traders who sell goods above rationed quantities at above legal prices. In wider sense, they are an enormous class who, sometimes innocently, have been enriched automatically by the unexampled displacement of all values which has resulted from the currency collapse. Socially, the "Schieber" is a marked type in every German city; and politically, though he is usually passive and has naturally no ungrateful prejudice against the queer Democracy which presents him with diamond shirt-studs and deep sealskin collars, he exerts an unintended influence no way smaller than the influence of the other two.

The condition of this Germany of Junkers, "Schiebers," and Reds only too closely resembles the condition of Russia in the eight months that passed between the collapse of the Monarchy and the coming of the Bolsheviks. This is a paradox, for the springs of Russian history are different from those of German; and even under Bolshevism pocket motives are not to Russians the chief. But the resemblance is there. Germany, like Russia in 1917, is struggling for a stable Government; and she has not attained one because, as in Russia three years back, men and classes with the will and the ability to rule have not yet appeared. Her condition is more disappointing than Russia's was, because her chances were better. Russia's consolidation was inevitably hampered by a foreign war; by national questions—it was the Ukraine which directly upset Prince Lvoff's Cabinet; and by the fact that, owing to neglect to convoke a Constituent Assembly immediately, there was no Constitutional Government with a mandate to rule. Germany for a year past has had a very satisfactory—paper—Constitution; and all the best—paper—machinery for enforcing the Democratic majority will. But, with these advantages, Germany has so far reached only the same impossible mechanism of a condominium that brought dissolution and ultimately Bolshevism to Russia. In Russia in April, 1917, the first Cabinet crisis was solved when the Petrograd Soviets, which had then no Bolshevik majority, enforced on Prince Lvoff a written compact which contained very Radical, and partly Socialistic, schemes of reform; and the whole policy of the Soviet during the following half-year was, while refusing to take responsibility, to obstruct all measures of firm government. Here, where the nominal Cabinet has an unimpeachable mandate, and where there should be no State authority except that upheld by the National Assembly, the Government majority parties on March 20th signed a compact, like Prince Lvoff's, with entirely irresponsible, extra-Constitutional bodies, conceding these bodies'

claim to make and unmake Cabinets, to exact specific legislative reforms, and to enforce their policies at any time by means of a revolutionary general strike, or, "if necessary," as the Left's chief negotiator put it, "by civil war." This is only a first step towards Minority Dictatorship of Russian kind; meantime, it constitutes a Revolution from the Left, quite as unconstitutional and much more dangerous than the unsubstantial Right Counter-Revolution of Kapp.

Germany is undoubtedly still in a state of Revolution, which means that most factions reject Constitutional ways. Kapp's *coup* played into the hands of the most dangerous faction. It was inevitable that the Right Counter-Revolution should be seized by this faction as a lever for unconstitutionally increasing its power. Here, again, is a close parallel with pre-Bolshevik Russia. In September, 1917, after Korniloff marched his troops against Alexander Kerensky, as Kapp and Luettwitz marched theirs against Bauer, there was an explosion from the Left; all Socialist Russia, Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik, rang with the cry: "Save the Revolution!" Guarantees were to be exacted against fresh counter-revolutionary attempts of Korniloff's kind; but the *bourgeois* Government, insisted the Left outsiders, could not give these guarantees; only the armed proletariat could. So within a fortnight the Bolsheviks, whose prospects up till then had been thin enough, captured first the Petrograd and then the Moscow Soviet. Practically the same thing has happened here. At first the general strike had no aim except to overthrow Kapp. In this it proved a perilous success, convincing the radically-minded that one can do anything by a strike. So the striking organisations, whose members had laid down their tools and quitted their office desks in healthy defence of the Constitution, refused to return to work unless the Constitution was again wrecked, this time in their own class interests; and the solution of the trouble was a compact for divided power between the Cabinet and National Assembly on one side, and radical class-organisations on the other, which promises nothing but trouble for Germany's future.

The condominium was created by the Peace Treaty of March 20th. The subject of negotiations was the terms on which the strikers would return to work. On one side were representatives of the three parties which support the Coalition Cabinet, that is, the Centre, German Democrats, and Social Democrats; and on the other the three chief organisations which took part in the strike, the General German Association of Trades Unions, the United Clerical Unions, and the German Officials' Union. The chief spokesman of the Unions was Herr Legien, member of the National Assembly and President of the Association of Trades

Unions. The Unions knew that they had got the Government into their power. They not only declared that they would continue the strike if their demands were not granted, but added that the strike would take sharper forms; that they would prevent the return of the Government from Stuttgart; and that, if necessary, they would not shrink from civil war. They declared, what the Democratic Party denied, but what was true, that they alone had beaten Kapp; and they demanded as reward for their three Unions a privileged authority over the new Cabinet, though they later conceded that the other striking organisations should also be heard. Also they abandoned temporarily their demand for a special Workmen's Parliament which should control the Reichstag. But they insisted on dictating the composition of the new Cabinet and on pledging the Government to specific administrative and legislative reforms. The effect of their demands was that the Trades Unions should henceforth be a controlling organ for Cabinet, National Assembly, and coming Reichstag. The Social-Democratic members of the Government Coalition on the whole supported the Unions. The Centre and Democratic representatives saw at once that a new Left Revolution was the Unions' aim; and they declared that they could not bind their parties or the coming Cabinet. But they swallowed at last the programme which the Unions thrust down their throats, and undertook to recommend acceptance to the rank and file of the Government parties; and with that the new Revolution from the Left was put through.

The main conditions of the compact of March 20th were:—

1. That the present representatives of the Majority Parties (i.e., Centre, German Democrats, and Socialists) will recommend to their parties that in the impending reconstruction of the Governments of the Republic and of Prussia, the question of candidates shall be settled by the parties after an understanding with the organisations of Workmen, of Clerical Employees, and of Officials, which participated in the General Strike; and that these organisations shall be given a deciding influence upon the reform of economical and social legislation, the rights of the national representation being maintained.

2. A thorough cleaning out from the entire public departments . . . of counter-revolutionary persons, especially of those who are in leading positions, and their replacement by reliable persons. . . .

4. Speediest possible carrying through of the reform of the administration on democratic principles, with co-decision of the organisations of Workmen, Clerical Employees, and Officials. . . .

6. Immediate taking in hand of the Socialisation of ripe branches of industry, on the basis of the decisions of the Socialisation Commission. . . . Taking over of the Coal and Potash Syndicates by the Republic. . . .

7. Dissolution of all military units which did not show themselves faithful to the Constitution, and their replacement by units from among the reliable republican population, especially from among the organised Workmen, Clerical Employees, and Officials. . . .

8. Effective requisitioning, if necessary, confiscation, of stocks of food products. . . .

The provisions which I have omitted have less importance, because they have not the openly anti-Constitutional character of most of the above. The Government Parties' representatives signed this agreement, as the ex-Finance Secretary Gothein said, "with heavy heart"; and since then they have been trying to explain the agreement away. The Democrats have issued a commentary on the Treaty, in which, while showing themselves afraid to denounce it, they declare that it must be executed "strictly on the basis of, and within the limits of, the Constitution," "with insistence on the Democratic equality of rights of all citizens, occupations, organisations of employees, agricultural and industrial," and, as regards Clause 6, "with due regard for the present conditions of our national economy," all of which reservations have no meaning because they do not really qualify the Treaty, but violate its clear import, which is that the Constitutional mechanism for appointing and dismissing Ministers and for passing laws is denied. On this point an hour-long wrangle took place, in which the dictatorial Legien maintained his objection to ending the first clause with the words, "in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution." The alternative reservation, "the rights of the national representation being maintained," means that the Unions believed that they had captured and bound the majority of the national representation; and the belief was true, for the majority's representatives, when signing the compact, were under the terror of the general strike, not to mention Herr Legien's threatened "civil war." The Unions immediately exercised their chief new prerogative, the making and unmaking of Ministers; after throwing out of the Cabinet the Democratic Herr Schiffer, to whose sacrifice the Democrats vowed they would never consent, but consented, they overruled the plan to appoint as Erzberger's successor at the Ministry of Finance Herr Cuno, Director-General of the Hamburg-America Line, whom most moderate men pronounced to be the best Finance Minister conceivable. Since this success the temper of the Unions has been in the highest degree confident; their speakers and newspapers openly proclaim that at the Union bosses' behests any Minister may be dismissed or appointed; and there are exultant prophecies of new general strikes or "civil war" if Herr Müller's Cabinet does not with sufficient slavishness clean out the Army and the bureaucracy and hurry on the promised Socialisation. This is by far the most striking event of the past unsettled month. It is a new Revolution which is only a shade removed from the ultimate Revolution—Minority Dictatorship.

The secret of the success of a handful of agitators in thus getting the Bauer Cabinet on the run and preparing a prospect of humiliating dependence for Bauer's successor, Müller, needs to be explained. It is not explained by assuming great popular support for the agitators. During the negotiations of March 18th and 19th, the chief dictator, Legien, boasted that behind the Unions are 14,000,000 workers, making, with their families, the greater part of the population. In reality, the new dictatorship is a faction dictatorship of Bolshevik kind in which numbers do not count—were the Unions sure of public support they could calmly await the coming first Reichstag election and attain power by Constitutional means. The Unions were able to grasp power not because they had wide support, but because the Cabinet of Herr Bauer had no militant support. The Cabinet was badly discredited by its conduct on March 13th. Kapp's *coup* could have been, and ought to have been, resisted by force. A show of force would probably have sufficed. Noske, who is being assailed for his failure to do this, admits that "a couple of dozen machine guns" would have stopped the Döberitz raiders; and he justifies himself personally with the story that his commanders, with the exception of his chief of staff and one officer, refused to obey. In fact, had the Cabinet, on discovering that its regular forces were failing, summoned to its support a few score Socialist workmen with rifles, and posted them at the entrance to the city, the Kapp-Luettwitz raid would almost certainly have failed through the refusal of the raiders to shoot; and at worst the bloodshed would have been a trifle compared with the general slaughter that has since been going on. Had Kapp won the battle and arrested Bauer and his colleagues, their moral authority would have been enormously strengthened. Berlin believed that the Bauer Cabinet fled ignominiously; and this belief was not shaken by pro-Government leaflets explaining blandly that the Cabinet had not abandoned power, but had gone to Dresden (later to Stuttgart) in order "to rule Germany in quiet." The Cabinet ran away because it did not feel sure of popular support; because it knew that it was highly, and rightly, unpopular; and because it probably half believed that Kapp would not only seize power, but would keep it with a large measure of popular support.

After the Counter-Revolution's collapse the legend quickly spread that Kapp was condemned and execrated by the whole population. But the legend began with the failure and not with the attempt. Kapp was at first a hero, not merely to the Junkers with their satellites, the farming population, and to the German-National and German Peoples' Parties which a day after his *coup d'état* issued ambiguous manifestoes more for him than

against. In addition, as long as he seemed to have a chance of success—and in the complete absence, within half a mile of Wilhelmstrasse, of news as to what was happening, many thought he might succeed—he had a great measure of popularity with the non-political city populations, particularly with the middle classes. The well-to-do western suburbs of Berlin, which participated in events merely by collecting at poster pillars and debating Kapp's untruthful, and his foes' equally untruthful, manifestoes, were largely pro-Kapp. That was my personal observation. But in these debates one heard nothing at all about the Monarchy, the Versailles Treaty, or any other high-political issue which logically ought to have come up when a Junker partisan achieved power through support of the old Army. Subject of debate was—the "Schiebers." Kapp was the anti-"Schieber" Messiah; Kapp would allow honest business to take its lawful course; Kapp would hang the food-usurers, and stop the progressive enrichment of parasites and the ruin of hard-working citizens through the infamous devaluation of money. Remembering that Kapp's *coup* took place only a few hours after the Court's judgment in the scandalous Erzberger-Helfferich trial, one can understand this. Convinced that Herr Bauer's Finance Secretary was hopelessly corrupt, and aware that Helfferich had proclaimed this to be the inevitable corruption of Democracy, many citizens believed that the whole Cabinet and all its Democratic hangers-on were dishonest, or winkers at dishonesty. "The 'Schieber' Government!" was the angry cry. Here was a chance to get rid of "Schiebers" in and out of office, and to restore the Prussian virtues—not so popular in the old days when they were peppered with Junker class-spirit and bureaucratic tutelage—of honesty, industry and sense of duty. Kapp showed that he knew the new Democracy's weak point when, instead of proclaiming a Hohenzollern princelet whom nobody wanted, or tearing up the Versailles Treaty which long ago tore itself up, he proclaimed in his leaflets: "German Men and Women! Now Dishonesty is Ended! The *Zwangswirtschaft* is abolished! The 'Schiebers' and food-usurers will be gripped by an iron fist! Capital-smuggling will be stopped! Germany will soon again become the Honest Nation which once it was her pride to be!" To citizens who trusted this worthy but chimerical programme, and as long as they trusted it, Kapp was far more popular than Herr Bauer or Herr Müller could ever be. And so the flight of the Bauer Cabinet, as well as the later surrender to the Trades Unions, were mere expressions of the Democratic Government's conviction that it had earned grave unpopularity, and had even, not always through active

faults of its own, been identified with the economic abuses under which the whole nation groans.

No German Government, one may safely predict, will ever achieve stability until these abuses have ceased; until a system of State finance, industry and trade is established which assures to citizens the fruits of their labour, and under which speculation, parasitism and downright dishonesty are not the only ways of attaining wealth, or even living in modest comfort. Under present conditions every single German man and woman is either a "Schieber" or an enforced patron of, and victim of, "Schiebers." Despite, or because of, all the multitudinous semi-Socialistic ration and price measures of Democratic Governments so far, it is impossible to live without practising or encouraging corruption. The food, housing and manufacture laws, which were ostensibly designed to give a fair chance to all, are violated by all. The food rationing is an ugly farce which increases the inevitable advantage of the rich over the poor, and of the "Schieber" over the rich. Everywhere, by paying twice, five times, or ten times the legal prices, one can get unlimited amounts of foods which, in theory, are strictly rationed. Rationed bread and meat are bad and in quantity insufficient; in Berlin the meat ration is usually little over $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. a week. But bakers, in the hearing of crowds of buyers whom perhaps they have never seen before, openly sell white bread which is not supposed to be baked at all; and it is far easier for a rich man to get 10 lb. of fresh meat than it is for a poor man to get his $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of canned Argentine. Farmer-"Schiebers," who refuse to deliver their legal quota of food to the authorities, advertise ill-veiled offers to supply rationed goods to the rich in unlimited amounts. In Berlin, a just Municipality compels shopkeepers to mark the prices of necessary manufactured goods displayed in their shop-windows—once inside, the buyer finds that the displayed article cannot be sold because it has a defect or because it is a model, but that he can have practically the same thing at double the marked price. The shopkeeper truthfully exculpates himself with the plea that he in turn is a victim of "Schieber" manufacturers; and these with equal truth vow that they are victims of "Schieber" raw-material producers.

Practically no manufacturing branch can be conducted without preliminary deals with "Schiebers." The Reichswirtschafts-Ministry haggles for weeks with the big western syndicates over the maximum prices to be charged to manufacturers for different kinds of iron and steel; and after weeks have gone by in deciding the precise, providentially just and mathematically absolute prices of these products (forgetting that during the wrangle the value

of money has probably dropped 50 per cent.), the new maximum price is unanimously by all parties ignored. Lately the Ministry, after four weeks of study and dispute, insisted on striking 5 marks a ton, or 0.17 per cent., off the price demanded by the Iron Syndicate for a particular iron plate; but while this comedy was proceeding everyone, including the bureaucrats, knew that no manufacturer could have the plates at less than a 1,000 marks above the fixed price. About once a month a new elaborate wrangle begins over the price of pig-iron; a tremendous pretence is made of determining the production cost, wages, cost of living, price of foreign ore, and influence of the exchanges; but, in practice, pig-iron, which after the last wrangle was fixed at 2,288 marks a ton, cannot be had under 3,800 marks. The manufacturer can only get it through a "Schieber" who has cornered a supply; or he pays the producer surreptitiously an extra 1,000 marks, pays him in foreign currency at an arbitrary exchange, or supplies him with an equivalent weight of scrap-iron at half the price at which scrap-iron is sold in the open market. The acute housing problem, though easier than trade to control officially, is in the end controlled by "Schiebers." Berlin has a Central Housing Department without whose certificate one cannot—in theory—get a dwelling at all; and even when armed with a certificate the seeker cannot—in theory—get a house or flat without another certificate from the local Municipal Dwellings Office. Every vacant dwelling must be registered; every applicant must wait his turn; all tenancy contracts must be officially sanctioned; and as rents are severely limited there can be—in theory—no favour for the rich. In practice, dwellings change hands at enormous prices, as much as ten times the annual rent being paid as premium; "Schiebers" are ever at hand to arrange deals by which rich families are first taken in as "lodgers," and then allowed to edge out the earlier well-compensated tenant; or by which, as a veiled premium, "furniture," which means a few tables and chairs put in specially, are bought by the new tenant at a thousand times their cost. And this "Schiebertum" is often condoned. Though usually unjust to the poor, it is for a great many citizens a grateful, indispensable lubricating oil in the stiff machine of bureaucratic over-control; and there are experts in political economy who even praise it. Without it, they declare, things would be much worse; if the farmer could not sell part of his produce illicitly at ten times the maximum prices, he would refuse, so low are these maximum prices, to produce for the towns at all, and the familiar food condition of Soviet Russia would soon be reached.

Characteristic of Germany's economical condition is that this

dishonest and openly illegal "Schiebertum" is far less resented than the unconscious, automatic "Schiebertum" which results from the progressive devaluation of the currency. "Schieber" means "pusher"; and the devaluation of currency pushes one part of the population, often without any effort of its own, into unearned wealth, while it pushes the other part into undeserved ruin. The currency inflation I described in the March number of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. Since the end of last year, to which figures were then brought, the inundation of paper, partly needed for the higher price level, partly for the discounting of Treasury Bills which are the Democratic Government's one financial expedient, has risen much higher. In one week alone of February, 1,769,500,000 marks, in fresh Reichsbank notes and *Kassenscheine*, were put into circulation. The circulation of both monies, which on December 31st last was 45,600,000,000 marks, had risen by the 15th of last month to over 55,000,000,000 marks, so that in the full first three months of 1920 about twice as much new money will have been put into circulation as the whole bank-note circulation before the war. The rawest student of finance can tell the effect upon price-levels and upon certain property relations. But the Government, which in its taxation plans as in its commercial price-regulation shows the utmost refinement and the most ponderous bureaucratic conscientiousness for class and individual justice, ignores altogether these obvious effects. The effects are that creditors, pensioners, owners of State Loan stocks, and other persons of fixed income are rapidly ruined; and that debtors and persons whose wealth lies in solid property and commodities are rapidly enriched. This process is aggravated by the fact that German business is done on credit to an extent unknown in England. Nearly all German landowners, however rich, distribute risk by mortgaging their estates and investing the proceeds in Government loans or industrial securities; and there is hardly a flat-house in the whole Republic that is not mortgaged to near two-thirds of its value. Before 1914 the money so borrowed was in good gold marks; and it constituted, as a rule, a high proportion of the value of the security. To-day, as result of the inflation, and despite Government limitations of prices, the values of land, houses, factories, and machinery have risen enormously, while the creditors' claims have shrunk to about a fifteenth of their former gold value. The owner of a factory worth 300,000 gold marks, mortgaged for 200,000 gold marks in 1914, can, out of a few months' profits, easily clear off what is now a paper mark debt; the creditor gets back 200,000 paper marks worth about 13,000 marks gold; and the debtor has his property, now probably worth 1,500,000 marks, free.

This wholly unjust process of displacement of wealth goes on in all classes and all businesses ; and it encourages a special type of "Schieber" ; the man who, while producing nothing, and rendering no service to the national economy, gets rich through exploiting the ceaseless shiftings in the relative values of commodities and money. "Schiebers," without any knowledge of markets or of commodity qualities, buy up indiscriminately food, clothing, machines, and metal ; heap them in empty dwellings ; forget them ; and wait. The Government with its beneficent note-printing press will do, they know, the rest ; and three months hence the public will fight for a chance to buy the goods at thrice their price-cost. When the State set itself to regulate housing it ignored entirely the currency inflation, and thereby ruined tens of thousands of persons and enriched other tens of thousands. Buying the flat-house in which one lives is a favourite form of investment for Germans of small means ; and before the war the combined rents of a house of average size yielded a smallish middle-class income. The housing authorities ruled that rents may not be raised more than 20 per cent. above the 1914 level ; and, further, that no tenant can be put out against his will. The house-owner, who before the war received, say, 20,000 gold marks, which was £1,000, is forbidden to-day to receive more than 24,000 marks, which is about 1,600 gold marks, and is little above the working-class minimum income. The tenants, whose incomes have risen not 20 per cent., but as a rule 300 or 400 per cent., pay rents which, relatively to their incomes, are only a third or a fourth of what they paid in 1914 ; and the fact that while paying so little they cannot be put out, creates a valuable vested interest in the tenancy which can be sold, through the inevitable "Schieber," for an enormous sum. The new taxation is on similar lines. Income tax is to be levied on annual incomes of 1,500 marks, which is a little above the monthly wage now being demanded by Berlin Underground Railway guards ; the tax on increment of income ruthlessly treats as war-profiters persons who earn a few more paper marks than they formerly earned of gold marks, and who are therefore beggared ; and the tax on increment of property since 1913 practically expropriates all increase of paper wealth, while usually leaving entirely untaxed persons whose real wealth, being invested in solid property, has risen fivefold or tenfold.

All that is a kind of "Schiebertum" ; and at the time of Kapp's *coup* there was no class, "Schiebers" excepted, who did not resent it. The landed classes were incensed because, though as debtors they stand to profit ultimately from the currency revolution, they cannot realise their good fortune as long as food prices

are artificially kept down; meantime they realise their bad fortune in the shape of rising production costs. The raw material producers and finishing manufacturers were dissatisfied; the first because of the maximum-prices policy, the second because they had to pay blackmail to "Schiebers." The salaried middle class, officials and professional men felt aggrieved because they could not raise their nominal earnings in pace with the headlong price-rise; and the small capitalists and investors because their real incomes were falling to half every three months. The working classes did not profit even from the policies which were supposed to be in their interest. Government attempts to keep down retail prices failed; if wholesale prices were sometimes kept down, the difference went to the "Schiebers." In the second half of last year the Government increased its Floating Debt by 3,000,000,000 marks merely in order to reduce food prices, and for this aim it has just now submitted a Bill providing an additional 2,750,000,000 marks. The two big surfs, spread as they probably will be over a whole year, reduce the average family budget in that term by about 100 marks. But in the last half-year the mere monthly expenditure of a working-class family on food has risen by between 300 and 400 marks. Far more easily than others, the working classes can put up their wages to meet increasing prices; but they do this only at cost of recurring strikes and threats of strikes; and they deeply resent the fact that the industrial cities teem with ostentatious "Schiebers," who have grown rapidly rich without doing any work at all.

Since the Kapp revolt these working classes have had almost complete power in their hands; and they are moving more and more towards the Left. Their attitude towards Constitutional Government differs little from that of the Junkers who were behind Kapp. The Kapp Junkers at least did lip service to the Constitution when they proclaimed for a new Reichstag on the established Democratic franchise. The working man, who only a few years back believed that majority Democracy in the seductive form of Marxian Socialism was the universal arcanum of happiness, has ceased, under Lenine's propaganda, to believe in any kind of Democracy at all. He showed this in the negotiations which led on March 20th to the provisional compromise of a condominium; but he is too clever to believe that this condominium is more than the necessary pause after an exhausting round; and there is little doubt that his next revolutionary attempt will be to establish a Minority Dictatorship of purely Left colour. And it is likely that this attempt will be made, not merely by the Western Reds, but by the mass of the Unions, at no remote date; in fact, as soon as the promised reconstruc-

tion of the Army upon proletarian lines gives a prospect of success.

Unless, that is, the new Democracy tries really to govern and to create. The present prospects of this are thin. Müller's Cabinet is no improvement upon Bauer's; Noske, though he failed badly when he quitted Berlin with his frightened colleagues, had abilities; and Erzberger was the ablest man produced by Democracy so far. By his influence with the Centre, Erzberger made possible the three-party Coalition which provides the only conceivable Government majority; Erzberger pushed through a seemingly impossible taxation scheme which would have balanced the Budget had his colleagues stopped inflation with a forced loan and stopped private extravagance with penal sumptuary laws; Erzberger won where Finance Secretaries in the easy pre-war days failed, when he not only transferred direct taxation rights from the States to the Federal Government, but also, and against strong opposition from State Finance Ministers, established the Republic's general financial supremacy. The striking Unions have taken care that Herr Müller shall not put into his Cabinet any new Noskes or Erzbergers. The new Cabinet's policy towards the Ruhr plunderers shows that it is effectively frightened out of Noske politics. In future, to restore order where order is broken, the Government must rely upon the assistance of the same industrial workmen who are determined to upset it. The Reds in Westphalia, though they are at present dissolved into mere brigand bands, have no intention of disarming or recognising Berlin's authority. A day after the Government's representative at Münster had been forced into the concession that the Reds should take their weapons to their homes, "and give them up there," the Central Soviet at Bochum issued a proclamation ordering them to keep their weapons in readiness for a fresh revolt; and the whole revolutionary mechanism of local Soviets is to be maintained "as a fighting organisation against the *bourgeoisie*." Red disorder is formally legalised. Although the Red revolt can no more be justified than the White revolt—Kapp's none too militant braves behaved much better than the Reds—the Müller Cabinet is so much in revolutionary hands that in the same agreement in which it promises "immediate disarmament and punishment of all persons engaged in the Counter-Revolutionary attempt of January 13th," it is forced to promise "full immunity from punishment of the workmen engaged in the (Red) revolt."

Even if the Müller Cabinet gets over the immediate crisis, it will be faced with very difficult administrative and legislative reforms. The promised political cleaning of the Army will not

make for trustworthiness, and will certainly make for inefficiency. The Unions' aim is to replace Counter-Revolutionary soldiers not with non-political soldiers, but with Left-Revolutionary soldiers, who, like the forces cleansed of Counter-Revolution by Kerensky after Korniloff's revolt, will some day put in power the destined Minority Dictators. The promised combing-out of the higher bureaucracy has the same aim. The higher bureaucracy did not support Kapp; and its offence is that it would not support Legien or any other proletarian despot. If these troubles are overcome, if the Democratic Government survives its semi-Bolshevik soldiers and administrators, serious difficulties will arise in fulfilling the promise to accelerate Socialisation. In this matter the March Treaty requires a complete reversal of recent policy. The Socialisation of mining was already prepared—by the law of March 23rd, 1919, and of the potash industry by the law of April 24th; but these laws provided neither centralised State Socialism nor local Municipal Socialism, but only self-government by the individual industries. This self-government (*Selbstverwaltung*) of industries has been a catchword of economic reformers ever since the Revolution; and, superficially examined, it is far more attractive than bureaucratic Nationalisation or disorderly local Communism. Under self-government all firms and companies in a given branch of industry are united into a Public Trust, over which the Central Government has only supervision rights similar to a Central Government's rights of supervision over municipal local government. The higher policy of the Public Trust is directed by corporate bodies which represent the interests in the particular industry, interests here meaning not merely the producers, but all classes directly or indirectly affected: the producers, the traders, and the consumers; and in the representation of each of these three classes employers and employees have an equal share. Similar principles underlie the proposed "Iron Parliament," and the newly-created Foreign Trade Boards (*Aussenhandelsstellen*), which are to regulate export and import in each individual trade branch. In industry the self-government bodies are required to pursue towards production, prices and sale conditions the policy which seems most in the whole nation's interest. But experience with self-government, in the qualified way in which it has so far been applied, has not been favourable. All the existing Coal Syndicates are fused into a *Reichskohlenverband*, over which as highest instance is a *Reichskohlenrat*. The whole of Germany, being interested, has a voice in the management of the industry so organised; and the whole of Germany's interest is to increase efficiency of production and to keep prices down. In practice, the Coal Public Trust and all

other self-government organs are dominated by the employers and employees of the particular branch, whose, in other respects contrary, interests are solid as against the public; the employers' representatives want to put up prices; the employees' representatives consent to this on condition that wages are raised; and usually the traders' representatives, a third important element voting, have no objection—the higher the turnover, the higher, as a rule, the trader's profits. Therefore, the coal price, during the brief career of coal self-government, rose from 45 to over 200 marks a ton. Outside of the few already self-governed branches, Labour is mostly dissatisfied with the results; and there is strong hankering after the old fetish, State Socialism, and stronger hankering after local Communism. State Socialisation, with its bureaucratic methods, is wholly unsuited for a great competing industry like the potash, in which Germany no longer has an international monopoly; and local Communism, judged by Russia's first experiences under Bolshevism, means industrial ruin. However, Germany has a too large proportion of working men who do not care whether they cut the legs from under industry if at the same time they cut the legs from under the *bourgeoisie*; and as the *bourgeois* minority, with its industrial experts, heavy-weight economists, and merely timid politicians, dominates the National Assembly, and will probably dominate the coming first Reichstag, the working-class design cannot easily be put through by Constitutional means. In the minds of those workmen leaders who realise this, Minority Dictatorship of best Russian Bolshevik colour is the ultimate design.

This gives a black view of German prospects. At present no other view is possible. It is, of course, not certain that because Germany is marching towards Bolshevism she will reach that goal. The influences which have diverted her to the present path may any day be reversed. But the chance of reversal depends upon the present Democratic system's displaying more vigour and will than heretofore, and, primarily upon the putting in order of the finances, the anarchy in which is beyond all doubt a chief cause of the present unrest.

ROBERT CROZIER LONG.

HAMLET AND VOLPONE AT OXFORD.

IN THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for August, 1913, in an article on "Hamlet at Oxford," I put forward a new interpretation of the well-known statement on the title-page of the first Quarto that the play had been acted "in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford." I sought to show that these words did not imply (as was the accepted view) any academic recognition of the play or of Shakespeare's company, but that they merely indicated performances in the University towns, with the sanction of the civic authorities. I based my interpretation mainly on two facts—the declared hostility of the senior graduates, including even academic dramatists like William Gager of Christ Church, to professional players; and a long series of payments, beginning in 1587-8, in the Oxford Vice-Chancellors' accounts, to travelling companies to take themselves off.¹

Amongst those who have accepted my view of the matter are Sir Sidney Lee in the revised edition of his *Life of Shakespeare*, and Sir Walter Raleigh in his address at the opening of the Bodleian Shakespeare Exhibition on the occasion of the Tercentenary in 1916. The first critic (so far as I know) to challenge my conclusions is Mr. W. J. Lawrence in "A Belated Reply" in THE FORTNIGHTLY for August, 1919. In arguing in favour of the traditional view that *Hamlet* was acted "at both Universities," he relies mainly on two pieces of evidence, the patent of James I. to the Globe Company, henceforth known as "His Majesty's Servants," on May 19th, 1603, and the dedication by Ben Jonson of his *Volpone; or the Fox* to the two Universities. I will attempt to deal with these in turn.

In making use of the patent of May 19th, 1603, for his purposes, Mr. Lawrence is faced with the preliminary difficulty of the date of the performances of *Hamlet* at Oxford and Cambridge. He contends that the patent forced the University authorities to change their attitude towards the King's Company. It is therefore essential to his argument to prove that the performances took place in the reign of James and not of Elizabeth. As I do not believe (for reasons given below) that the policy of the Universities was affected by the patent, I would not quarrel with any date suggested by Mr. Lawrence if there was evidence for it.²

(1) For the evidence on these points I may be allowed to refer to Chapter X of my *University Drama in the Tudor Age*.

(2) In my article of August, 1913, I suggested that as we have no proof that the Lord Chamberlain's Company visited Oxford and Cambridge in 1601, the

The first Quarto of *Hamlet* was published in 1603, which extended to March 21st, 1604, according to the modern calendar. As Elizabeth died on March 24th, 1603, there was nearly a year after the accession of James during which the performances mentioned on the title-page of the Quarto could have taken place. From May, 1603, to February, 1603/4, the plague, as Mr. Lawrence points out, was raging in London, and for the greater part of this period the theatres were closed.¹ It was therefore a time during which the companies might naturally have been expected to take prolonged provincial tours. But, so far as I know, there is little documentary evidence of this. In any case, no visit of the King's Company to Oxford between Michaelmas, 1602 and 1603, is recorded in the civic accounts; and the fee of twenty shillings to them in the same accounts for 1603-4 is entered between payments on May 7th and June 16th, 1604, so that it appears to relate to a summer performance—much too late to have been mentioned in the first Quarto. Hence there is no evidence that the King's Company was at Oxford during the first year of the new reign, though there is always the possibility of an unrecorded visit.

But on the main question at issue between Mr. Lawrence and myself the question of the date of the performance is, from my point of view, of little importance. For I am convinced that he attaches undue significance to the wording of the patent to the Globe players, which he quotes in full. I need therefore only refer to the clause, on which he lays stress, licensing the company to act, when away from London, "within anie towne-halls or moute-halls, or other conveniente places within the liberties and freedome of anie other cittie, universitie, town, or boroughe whatsoever within our said realmes and domynions."

Upon this Mr. Lawrence comments as follows:—

"Whether or not the authority to act at the Universities was inserted at the instance of the players to preclude the possibility of future rebuffs—such,

performances of *Hamlet* there may have been earlier, possibly between 1592 and 1594, during which time visits to one or other university by the company are recorded. In the *Times Literary Supplement* for 9 January, 1919 Messrs. A. W. Pollard and J. Dover Wilson writing about the four "bad quartos" of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry V*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Hamlet*, advanced the theory that these pirated editions "are primarily based on the abridgments which were hastily made" for the tour on which the company started in May, 1593, "the longest provincial tour it ever took." This theory give independent support to my conjecture, but I admit readily that there are difficulties, and as the question of date was quite subordinate to my main argument, I will not pursue it further here.

(1) I welcome Mr. Lawrence's support of my suggestion that "the late innovation" in the famous passage in Quarto 2 of *Hamlet* is to be interpreted as "tumult" or "commotion." But I doubt his application of it to the plague.

mayhap, as had been already experienced—it was a concession utterly lacking in precedent, and its insertion has therefore very considerable significance. . . . Had the privilege proved irksome to the universities, there would doubtless have been grave complaints to the Privy Council. But the academic authorities made no sign, and when, in 1619, the patent to the King's men came to be renewed, the old concession was still allowed them. The hurried granting of the patent of 1603 on the heels of the King's arrival gave the Globe players such a status and indicated so warm an interest in their well-being that none but the most resolute and uncompromising of Vice-Chancellors would have risked the royal displeasure by denying them entry had they presented themselves shortly afterwards at his gates. There are good reasons to believe that they did so present themselves at both universities, and that at each they performed *Hamlet* during their stay."

Now when Mr. Lawrence speaks of "the authority to act at the Universities" as "a concession utterly lacking in precedent," it would naturally be inferred that there was a series of previous patents not containing the word "universitie." As a matter of fact, there appears to have been only one earlier royal patent to a theatrical company, that of Elizabeth to Leicester's men in 1574. The "concession utterly lacking in precedent" therefore dwindles into a variation from a single exemplar thirty years old. Nor was the insertion of "universitie" peculiar to the patent of the King's Company, or intended as a mark of special favour. The formula, "cittie, universitie, town or boroughe," is found in the draft patent for Queen Anne's players (*circa* 1604); in the same patent when completed, April 15th, 1609; and in the patents to the players of Prince Henry, April 30th, 1606; Charles, Duke of York, March 30th, 1610; the Lady Elizabeth, April 27th, 1611; and the Elector Palatine, January 11th, 1613.¹

Moreover, the new formula had not the awe-inspiring effect that Mr. Lawrence attributes to it. He has to face the extremely awkward fact that the Vice-Chancellor's accounts for 1603-4 include a payment of forty shillings to the Queen's players "vt sine strepitu discederent." These were the players, formerly the Earl of Worcester's company, of whom Queen Anne became patron early in 1604. On Mr. Lawrence's showing, would not the King have resented such a rebuff to the servants of "our moste deerely beloved wiefe Queene Anne" as deeply as if it had been offered to his own company? But Mr. Lawrence's inference from the payment to the Queen's players is that, "so far from indicating that the Vice-Chancellor diplomatically bowed out all players," it "rather favours the supposition that the King's Company had been there a little previously. Enough being as good as a feast, some discrimination had to be exercised. It is hardly likely that the academic authorities would have indulged

(1) The series of royal patents to companies of players will be found in the Malone Society's *Collections*, I. 3. pp. 280 ff.

the scholars in more than one set of performances per year. With all respect to so distinguished an investigator, it is difficult to take this reasoning seriously.

Moreover, there is documentary evidence that the policy of "buying off" the travelling company was continued later in the reign of the first Stuart. I pointed this out in an article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* for August, 1918, which Mr. Lawrence had evidently not seen.¹ I will give here in fuller detail the extracts which I was permitted by the Keeper of the Archives to make from the Oxford Vice-Chancellors' accounts, which run from the middle or end of July in each year :—

1618-4.—Solutum Histronibus Dominae Reginae—xx^s.

1615-6.—Solutum Histronibus Domini Regis—xl^s.

1616-7.—Solutum Servientibus Illustrissimi Principis Caroli, 28^o Aug.,
1616—xxii^s.

1619-20.—Solutum Histronibus vt discederent ab Vniversitate—xxii^s.

1621-2.—Solutum Histronibus Regiis vt discederent ab Academia nec
luderent—xx^s.

1623-4.—Solutum quibusdam Histronibus vt non luderent—v^s.

If the three first entries stood alone, they would seem, at first sight, to lend some support to Mr. Lawrence's theory that there was a change in the academic attitude towards actors after 1603. But they are evidently of a piece with the entries that follow, the reason for the payment being omitted in the shorter form of entry. The item for 1621-2 is particularly significant. The patent to the King's Company (as Mr. Lawrence points out) was renewed on March 27th, 1619, and universities were again mentioned in it. Yet so soon afterwards this favoured company was paid to go away from the University and to refrain from acting.

The patents were, in fact, not intended to interfere with the disciplinary powers of the Vice-Chancellors, whose only concern with actors at this period was to see that they did not trouble the University. It is completely to mistake their function to think of them as rewarding travelling players or "indulging the scholars" with professional performances. There was no building belonging to the University as such in which performances of the kind could take place. Thus "universitie" in the patent has a local, not an academic significance; it means the university town. And this is exactly how the word is used on the title-page of the first Quarto of *Hamlet*. The play is described as having been acted "in the Cittie of London; as also in the two Vniversities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere." The Universities are here exactly balanced against the City of London, and "elsewhere." *Hamlet* is not said to have been acted "at" the Uni-

(1) "Theatrical Companies at Oxford in the Seventeenth Century."

varieties, or "before" them, as the phrase has been so often loosely reproduced, but "in" them. There is much virtue in your "In"! Whatever the other sins of the pirate publishers of the first Quarto, they were here stating the simple truth.

The rare occasions on which the Vice-Chancellors' accounts record contributions to theatrical entertainments are the visits of royal or other exalted personages. Even then the payments were for general expenses, such as staging or hire of costumes, and did not include fees to the actors, who were graduate or undergraduate members of the University. These state performances took place, as a rule, in the hall of Christ Church. On less formal occasions Magdalen, St. John's and other colleges mounted and acted their own plays.

It is important to bear these facts in mind when we turn to Ben Jonson's dedication of *Volpone* to the two Universities, which Mr. Lawrence cites as the second main support of his argument. I had not overlooked his (as he seems to think), but did not deal with it because, for reasons given below, *Hamlet* and *Volpone* did not seem to me to be sufficiently parallel cases. But as Mr. Lawrence argues from one to the other, and as there is a *prima-facie* similarity, it is necessary to consider the question of the performance of Ben Jonson's comedy.

The quarto edition of *Volpone* is dedicated "to the most noble and most equall sisters, the two Vniversities. For their love and acceptance shew'n to this Poeme in the presentation." The relevant passages of the eloquent address to them that follows are quoted in full by Mr. Lawrence. The most significant words are those in which Jonson speaks of "this my latest Work, which you, most learned Arbitresses, have seene, judg'd, and to my crowne approv'd."

This Epistle is dated from Jonson's house in Blackfriars "this 11 day of February, 1607," i.e., in all probability 1607/8. The play must therefore have been acted at Oxford and Cambridge some time between this date and its first production at the Globe in 1605. Jonson claims that it had received whole-hearted academic approval, but as to how or where it was performed he is tantalisingly vague. He personifies the Universities as "sisters" and "arbitresses," but he does not tell us through whom or in what fashion they gave a favourable judgment on his work.

Is it possible that *Volpone* was acted by the scholars themselves at Christ Church or at Trinity College, Cambridge? Many members of both these societies came from Westminster, and would doubtless have been glad to perform a work by their distinguished schoolfellow which was cast in the mould of classic drama. It is worth mentioning that the Christ Church account-

books record the performance of an "English comedie" during the session 1605-6. But no case seems to be known of the University amateurs producing a play which was the property of one of the professional companies, and which was still in manuscript. Moreover, had the piece been staged at Christ Church or Trinity, Jonson would probably have made direct mention of the fact.

If, therefore, an amateur college performance has in all probability to be ruled out, the only other alternative is that the King's Company acted *Volpone* in the usual way at one of the city inns. We know from the municipal account-books that they visited Oxford on October 9th, 1605, about the end of July, 1606, and September 7th, 1607. It was on one of these occasions that the play doubtless was presented.¹ Of any formal recognition by the University of the performance, or of any payment to the King's men by the academic authorities, there can, in my opinion, for the reasons already given, be no question. But if ever there was an occasion on which the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors might be expected to turn "a blind eye" upon the attendance of scholars at prohibited professional entertainments, it would be at the production of *Volpone*. Nearly sixty years later Anthony Wood records that on New Year's Day, and again on Twelfth Night, 1663, he spent sixpence to see "*Volponey*" acted at the Oxford Town Hall by 'prentices and tradesmen. We may be sure that when the King's Company presented the play fresh from its triumph at the Globe Theatre, gownsmen were among the audience, and showed their appreciation of such a work so completely after their own heart. It was Jonson's cue in his dedication to make the most of this. His attitude throughout the Epistle is one of appeal from the judgment of the vulgar to that of the *intelligentsia*. He calls them to witness that he "stands off from" the ordinary writer for the stage, morally and artistically, as light from darkness. He admits the indictment against the contemporary theatre—except in his own case:—

"It will here be hastily answer'd . . . that now especially in *Dramatick*, or (as they terme it) Stage-Poëtry nothing but Ribaldry, Profanation, Blasphemy and Licence of offence to God, and Man, is practised. I dare not deny a great part of this . . . But that all are embarqu'd in this bold adventure for Hell, is a most vncharitable thought, and vtterd, a more malicious slander. For my particuler, I can (and from a most cleare conscience) affirme that I have trembled to thinke toward the least Prophanesne, have loathed the use of such foule Baudry as is now made the foode of the *Scene*. . . .

(1) "E. S." (probably Eame Stuart, Lord Aubigny) in his lines prefixed to the quarto of *Volpone*, which are quoted by Mr. Lawrence, speaks of the play as best known "in both Minerva's cities." But the place and manner of performance are left vague.

The present trade of the Stage in all their misc'line *Enterludes*, what learned or liberall soule doth not already abhor? where nothing but the garbage of the time is vtter'd?

Could any academic Puritan or precisian, even John Rainoldes himself, the opponent alike of the collegiate and the professional stage, have said more?

It is noticeable that in his dedications Jonson speaks of his comedies and tragedies not as "plays," but "poems," to be judged by the classical rules. So, too, his friends in some of the commendatory verses prefixed to the quarto of *Volpone* salute him as the harbinger in England of an art that will revive the glories of Greece and Rome. Thus Edmund Bolton, in Latin hexameters addressed "*Ad Vtramque Academiam*," begins:—

Hic ille est primus, qui doctum drama Britannis,
Graiorum antiqua, et Latii monumenta Theatri,
Tanquam explorator versans, felicibus ausis,
Prebebit: Magnis ceptis *Gemina astra facete.* •

Another admirer, "F. B.," speaks of:—

The Art, which thou alone
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of Time, of Place,
And other Rites deliver'd with the grace
Of comick stile, which onely, is farre more
Then any *English* stage hath knowne before.

What worlds away are we here from *Hamlet*! Can anyone imagine Shakespeare dedicating it as a "poem" to the Universities, or his friends writing Latin panegyrics upon it, or hailing him as a poetic saviour of English drama?

And if we want to have the typical verdict of early seventeenth century Oxford on the two playwrights, we have only to open the poems of William Cartwright of Christ Church, himself a distinguished academic dramatist. In 1638 Cartwright contributed to the collection of memorial verse, *Jonsonus Virbius*, a poem of nearly 200 lines of unrestrained panegyric. Here are some characteristic complets:—

Where shall we find a Muse like thine, that can
So well present and shew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinkes thy Art
Extends not to the gestures, but the heart?
Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taughtst Custome, and not Custome thee?

Whence 'mong the choycer Judges rose a strife
To make thee read a *Classik* in thy life.
Those that doe hence applause, and suffrage begge,
'Cause they can Poems forme upon one legge,
Write not to time, but to the Poets day:
There's difference between fame, and sudden pay.

Contrast with this the notorious "appreciation" of Shakespeare in Cartwright's commendatory verses on Fletcher prefixed to the 1647 folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays:—

Shakespeare to thee was as dull, whose best jest lyes
I' th' Ladies questions, and the Fooles replyes.
Old fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
In turn'd Hose, which our Fathers call'd the Clown;
Whose wit our nice times would obscenesse call,
And which made Bawdry pass for comickall.

In the light of these two passages from the pen of "that typical Oxonicule, the Rev. William Cartwright" (to borrow Swinburne's vituperative coinage), can any analogy be drawn between the academic attitude to *Volpone* and to *Hamlet*, and is it conceivable that either the University or the college authorities would have given official countenance to a performance of Shakespeare's tragedy?

Mr. Lawrence, while disputing my conclusions, is ready to allow that I am "obviously and honestly intent on arriving at the true facts according to the evidence." I, of course, return the salute. May I further assure him that I have not been influenced by any pre-conceived idea, or by a prejudice against the traditional view? On the contrary, if I may confess it, when I began to examine some of the college account-books at Oxford I was not entirely without hope that I might light upon an entry of a payment to the Lord Chamberlain's Company for a performance of *Hamlet* within academic precincts. But as I learnt more about the contemporary attitude of the University Dons towards professional players, and realised the rigid line drawn by the chief academic dramatists, such as Legge of Cambridge and Gager of Oxford, between amateur acting in college halls and "playeinge of Enterludes and settinge forth of other vaine games and pastimes" by strolling companies, I gradually became convinced that the statement on the title-page of the first Quarto of *Hamlet* had been misinterpreted. Then came the confirmatory evidence (to which Mr. Madan first drew my attention) of the payments in the Oxford Vice-Chancellors' accounts to the London companies to take themselves off. And when I found in the contemporary Oxford municipal accounts that the Mayors were rewarding the same companies for acting, I drew the natural inference that *Hamlet* was performed under civic, not academic, auspices. I submit that this interpretation has stood the test of Mr. Lawrence's counterblast, and that it still holds the field.

FREDERICK S. ROSS

PROPAGANDA FILMS AND MIXED MORALS ON THE "MOVIES."

THE cinema is not allowed to be merely a means of entertainment and amusement. Energetic attempts have been made of late to exploit it for didactic purposes. So far as this is done with a purely educational aim—as, for example, that of teaching botany and zoology to children, or explaining to artisans the details of their industry—one can only wish well to the movement. But the film-producer is on more doubtful ground when he applies himself to what is called propaganda, and enters the field of politics, ethics, sociology, or economics. It is a tendency which has received a good deal of encouragement from influential quarters, where it stands in much need of closer and more careful consideration than it seems to have received.

In this country the propaganda film is a war product. Thoughtful persons in high places had not discovered by the summer of 1914 that "the pictures" had outclassed every other form of entertainment with the masses of the population. As the war went on, and the expediency of arousing and sustaining popular enthusiasm became apparent, attention was directed to the possibilities of the screen. The Government was urged to make some use of this powerful auxiliary. Officialism, very cold and distrustful at first, gradually warmed to action. It established a cinematograph department, which enlisted the services of leading manufacturers and producers, utilised to some extent the resources of the Admiralty and the War Office, and succeeded in getting a certain number of war films shown at the picture-houses.

At the outset these were purely informative. They gave vivid representations of the actual doings of our soldiers, sailors, airmen, and munition workers. Such were the thrilling Somme battle series, and the admirable pictures of life and activity in the Navy and the workshops. These displays were at first attractive, and for a time valuable. Unhappily the popular interest in them soon waned; and after the novelty had worn off the exhibitors felt they had done enough for patriotism, and were reluctant to go on displaying war-films before an apathetic public which did not go to "the pictures" to be instructed.

In their new-born eagerness to bring the cinema into action the authorities, impatient of the slowness and imperfect methods of the British companies, turned to the country where mass-production of films was in progress on a gigantic scale. American

war-propaganda photo-plays were imported ready-made, and were freely shown all over England and Scotland, many of them under the patronage, or at the instance, of the Government publicity departments. Some of them had been heavily subsidised, directly or indirectly, out of the Imperial Exchequer. *

These film-dramas had the qualities we have been accustomed to expect in the work of the great American combinations. The photography was admirable, the stage management clever, the settings and mechanical effects lavish, and the scenarios were constructed according to the recognised rules, with "heart-interest" and "punch," and all the rest of it. As entertainments they were good of their kind, and some, I believe, achieved a fair commercial success. As propaganda they seemed to me nearly always ineffective, and occasionally harmful. Few of them could have sent the spectators away in the desired mood of glowing patriotic enthusiasm, or inspired them with the determination to "stick it" to the end, and achieve victory at any cost. They may have provided an agreeable evening for the spectators; but they could hardly have stirred them to passionate emotion, or steeled them to triumphant resolve.

From this point of view I daresay they may have been more successful in the land of their nativity. Being designed for Americans by Americans they were concerned with American interests and American psychology. The local colour, when it was not French, was American; the hero was usually an American youth, and the heroine was an American woman, or sometimes French or Belgian; there were American soldiers and French soldiers, but scarcely any British, except here and there a Canadian or Australian; the Stars and Stripes waved and crackled throughout the proceedings, but the Union Jack was invisible. Many Americans, I have been told, are convinced that it was their Army which "whipped Germany," with some assistance from that of France. It is a natural, perhaps an excusable, error. But it was not an error that need have been widely disseminated in Britain during the war and afterwards, with the assistance of British officials, British agencies, and British *entrepreneurs*; nor could its dissemination in these circumstances have had any satisfactory reaction on the public *moral*.

Here we had political films which failed to convey the lesson intended, or which conveyed one of a different kind. There is another example in the piece called *Auction of Souls*, which excited a lively controversy before it was exhibited in London. This Transatlantic composition, according to the programme, was "presented by the League of Nations Union," though I believe that distinguished body has disclaimed any direct participation in

the venture. The film deals with the Turkish massacres in Armenia, and is supposed to present an authentic picture and transcript of the outrages committed upon the hapless Christians of that country. What we are invited to witness is the record, or alleged record, of an appalling series of murders and tortures, the butchery of boys and old men, the wholesale violation of women, merciless floggings, shocking mutilations, every outrage that unchained lust and maddened cruelty could devise. Girls are seen dying under the lash, or hanging naked from the crosses on which they have been immolated. No wonder indignant protests were heard when it was proposed that such scenes and incidents should be placed on exhibition.

How far the protests caused the piece, as originally produced in America, to be modified when presented in London, I cannot say. It was, at any rate, most unexpectedly and surprisingly milder than the subject and the advertisements had led one to anticipate. The spectator who went into the Albert Hall with a shudder came out with a yawn. A performance which might have been intolerably painful turned out to be rather dull; it assuredly did not evoke that fever of pity and resentment which it was, I presume, designed to arouse. The failure throws light on the characteristics and the limitations of the cinema.

The *Auction of Souls* film does, in a measure, comply with the promise of its prospectus. The banquet of horrors goes through its prescribed courses; the murders, the rapes, the floggings, the crucifixions are served up on the board. But the scenes of infamy and terror pass by so swiftly, and sometimes so confusedly, in the flash and shuttle of the moving reel, that their dreadful significance does not sink into our minds, and touch our hearts, as they might if they were set forth in print or by the spoken word. The historian or the orator would treat his subject so that we should naturally be induced to dwell upon its graver aspects; we could ponder over and assimilate them; the high lights would be concentrated on the essential figures and events, and a due proportion kept between what was weighty and terrible and what was trivial and unimportant. In the cinema one picture occupies as much space on the screen as another; however striking it may be, it has only its life of a minute or less; it has barely time to transmit its meaning before it fades out to something else; the eye is so busy following the lightning procession that the brain and soul are out of action. You cannot *think* in front of this kaleidoscope, so restlessly scintillating and shifting before you; it is as much as you can do to *see*. As well try to meditate on the Grand Stand at Epsom, when the great race is being run, and when all your faculties are wound up to note the relative

position of the horses as they sweep round the corner and come thundering up the straight.

That is one of the limitations of the bioscope. As conducted at present, there is another which this Armenian piece exemplifies. It purports to be a pictorial account of the actual experiences of Aurora Mardiganian, "the Christian girl who survived the Great Massacres." This young lady was engaged to re-enact her sufferings and adventures before the camera. She has also committed her narrative to print with the assistance of an "interpreter." I got hold of a copy of the volume and examined it with some attention. It is a crude, illiterate composition, which tells a hideous story as badly as possible, a monotonous catalogue of sanguinary crimes and acts of bestial wickedness. We see the miserable Armenians driven in herds about the country. At every halting-place a batch of men are murdered, and a number of women violated or kidnapped, by Turks, Kurds, Tartars, and occasionally Germans. One may hope that there is a good deal of exaggeration in Aurora Mardiganian's statement. She was only fourteen years of age in 1915, and was therefore not more than eighteen or nineteen when she dictated her reminiscences. Her recollections are evidently confused on certain points. We are told that after escaping from her Turkish captors she wandered "*for months*" about the mountain district of Northern Kurdistan, without a rag of clothing, and with no food except the bark of small trees, "the weeds that grow in the winter, and the dead blades of grass found under the snow." This is incredible. A girl of fifteen or sixteen, weakened by outrage and suffering, could not have lived "*for months*," or even for days, naked and famished, among the icy blasts of the Armenian uplands in winter. Aurora Mardiganian's memory must have deceived her, or she may have been misunderstood by her literary "interpreter." As evidence on the Armenian atrocities her narrative must be accepted with considerable reserve.

However, the narrative, read even with these qualifications, unfolds a ghastly tale of iniquity which does leave on the reader's mind a deep sense of anger against the perpetrators of the wrongs. Nobody who has gone through its pages will regret that the Allied Council insists on bringing Enver and Talaat to trial. A bald translation of the volume into photographic terms would be extremely painful, and to that extent impressive. But so treated it would not have suited the caterers of the picture-theatres. They felt that Aurora's autobiography, even when enacted by Aurora herself, was lacking in the element of popularity. It was necessary to make it interesting, sympathetic.

So the book was taken in hand by a scenario-writer, who worked upon it according to the prescribed formula, and turned it into a film story, twisting and kneading it to the shape he and his clients like. Aurora's statements of fact are very loosely handled; they are often amplified, sometimes curtailed, constantly distorted. In the book there are brief references to a Miss Graham, the head of an English missionary school, whom the Turks arrested. Nothing is said as to this lady's fate, and we conjecture that American or neutral intervention secured her speedy release. The scenario-writer saw an opportunity here for "featuring" a bright cinema actress, and featured she is. The English girl is made joint heroine with Aurora, and shares with her a round of melodramatic adventure. Aurora describes her escape from a Turkish prison with the aid of a poor old Armenian shepherd. But a film-play must have a hero, and the authoress of the book has provided only villains. The want is supplied by turning Aurora's venerable assistant into a handsome young Christian mountaineer, who pervades the piece in the approved gallantly improbable fashion, and is constantly seen outwitting the Turks and delivering the two girls from imminent and deadly peril. Thus is the requisite "heart-interest" imparted; for if this dashing gentleman is not rewarded by the hand of one of the ladies the onlooker feels that he ought to be. In the book the account of the manner in which Kurds and Tartars seized Armenian women, and flung them across their horses like sacks of meal, is brutal enough. In the play the brutality disappears as you watch pretty actresses doing cinema "stunts" on horseback, and you quite forget that these attractive, bare-legged dancels are being ridden off to shame and death.

In spite of all the license he has taken with his text, the author has not constructed a good story. But it is just good enough, or bad enough, to cloud the atmosphere and deprive the whole production of its ostensible justification, which can only be that of rousing resentment against Turkish rule over Christian subjects. If it does not have that effect its gallery of abominations, even though obscured and confused, is indefensible. But in the *Auction of Souls* film the crusading spirit evaporates. The attack on Turkish oppression misses fire. To the majority of the audience the licentious pashas and beys and the persecuted Christians are only the characters in a trite fairy tale, like the wicked noblemen and virtuous poor folks of the serial novel. It is just a story; not, as I have said, in this case a good story. But how is it possible to impose a sense of reality if your medium compels you to satisfy a craving for sensational incident and familiar cheap sentiment? In the amalgam of grim truth with

obvious "fake" the serious lesson (be it right or wrong) cannot be conveyed. It is reduced to triviality, or passes by unnoticed.

The propaganda film does not confine itself to politics. It is applied to social and ethical uses; and we have had a number of edifying photo-plays directed against vanity, covetousness, alcoholism, and sexual immorality. The composers and inspirers are particularly fond of this last subject, which they discuss without a shred of reticence. There is nothing "squeamish" about your film moralist. He calls a spade a spade; and he does not clean the implement before bringing it into the drawing-room after poking with it down the sewers. He proposes to induct you into the paths of virtue by directing your attention, without the smallest disguise, to the offensive, unwholesome, and physically injurious effects of vicious indulgence. To the pathological side of sin he devotes himself with ardour, exhibiting in detail its painful consequences, not so much to the human soul as the human body. He wastes no time in telling the sinner he will go to hell but warns him that he may have to go to the hospital. Austere and philanthropic persons applaud these demonstrations, and are even anxious to make the medicine as nauseous as possible, being convinced that it will thus be more likely to act with efficacy as a "deterrent."

One wonders if it does. Here again we are back at the old difficulty. The nauseousness is undeniable; but the compounders of the medicine know, or think, that it must be administered with a good allowance of jam in the shape of the customary story. So the sermon is enwrapped in a melodramatic scenario, which furnishes the requisite quantity of plot, sentiment, and sympathetic characterisation, worked into forced and artificial connection with the above-mentioned malodorous details.

There has recently been shown in London a morality play of this kind (imported, as usual, from America) at that highly correct establishment, the Regent Street Polytechnic, under the patronage of a society of ladies and gentlemen devoted to the improvement of public health and morals. There is no mistake about the "candour" of this work of art. It is so candid that the British Board of Film Censors refused to sanction it; but the Board has no official status, being only a private committee of critics appointed by the trade, so that any showman is at liberty to ignore its verdict if he pleases. The Polytechnic managers, and their supporting moralists, did so. They thought that the public at large should have opportunities to witness a piece which men of the world, like Mr. T. P. O'Connor and his colleagues, deemed too repulsive for public exhibition. As a slight concession to the champions of an out-of-date decorum it

was announced that the entertainment was intended "For Adults Only." This, on the face of it, is illogical and hypocritical. The warning the piece is supposed to convey is obviously needed much more by innocent young persons on the threshold of life than by those of maturer years. But the rubric "For Adults Only" is leniently interpreted. My immediate right-hand neighbours at the Polytechnic were a male and a female adult, neither of whom seemed to be more than about twenty years of age. On my other side I had a grey-haired woman with a red-faced elderly gentleman, both, one might conjecture, fortified by the pitiless years against the special temptations illustrated on the screen.

The play is concerned entirely and explicitly with the subject of venereal disease. It is a thesis on the proposition that illicit sexual intercourse may (the authors seem to think it *must*) lead to infection with revolting and dangerous consequences. These consequences are discussed and disclosed with the utmost particularity, and the names, characteristics, and effects of the maladies are reiterated and enlarged upon. The adults who assist at this refined performance have the benefit of seeing patients in various stages of disease X. and disease Y., of witnessing their treatment in the clinic and the hospital, and of examining life-like photographic representations of their limbs and bodies under the worst ravages of the plague. Festering sores, racking torments, disgusting illnesses, paralysis, blindness, insanity, premature decay are pictured and described.

Now, is not all this fine, frank morality? Ought not these painful truths to be made known to the ignorant, the incautious, the self-indulgent? Possibly. But ought they to be set forth in this manner, and, if so set forth, can they produce the desired effect? Is it right or expedient that an intimate medical disquisition should be propounded to a mixed audience of men and women, young and old, earnest reformers, idle pleasure-seekers, and prurient amateurs? By all means let us away with "false modesty." Let us not pretend we have done with social evils when we have merely hidden them out of sight. When it is necessary let us call these things by their right names. Let our Councils and Committees of public morals circulate information upon prophylactics and preventives, if they are convinced that this is their honourable and useful function. Let doctors and preachers and parents be supplied with the requisite knowledge, and let them impart it to those who may stand in need of it. If it promote the public health and continence to unveil the secrets of the consulting-room and the hospital ward let that be done by sober lectures, not for "Adults Only," but for each

sex separately. If it tends to edification for photographs of diseased limbs and putrid bodies to be seen let such things be published in pamphlets, or leaflets, or treatises, which may be read carefully and quietly, and pondered over with due attention.

I do not now discuss whether a widespread popular agitation on this subject is advisable or not, or whether the "ignorance" upon it is profound enough to call for so active a campaign of enlightenment. But, assuming the propaganda to be required, then it ought to be effective; and to be effective it should be conducted gravely and earnestly by suitable agencies and methods. It ought not to be hashed up and tricked out as a popular entertainment. The devisers of this *End of the Road* film are not content with their clinical and pathological demonstrations. They also want to make the thing draw, to attract the public, to bring shillings and dollars to the pay office. So again there is a story, a film story, with a love interest, a manly hero, a sympathetic heroine. Shoddy sentiment is sprayed about this charnel-house, and its sickly perfume mingles with the odour of the disinfectants and the carbolised sponges. There is a nice young woman well brought up by a good mother, and a vain, frivolous young woman badly "raised" by an ambitious, worldly mother. The good young woman becomes a nurse, falls in love with a virtuous doctor, marries him, and lives happy ever after. The bad young woman treads the flowery path of worldly ambition by becoming an assistant at "the bargain-counter of a fashionable shop," falls a prey to one of the young profligates who find their victims in such places of resort, goes with him to "disreputable roadside inns" and "country clubs," and other haunts of iniquity, and "falls." Her sin is visited with the appropriate physical penalties. Otherwise the structure and ethical content of the tale closely resemble that of a thousand others. "Be good and you will be happy," the moralist of the serial story has been saying this many a month, with no very perceptible result on the general level of conduct. "Be bad and you will be ill," cries the film-propagandist; and it may be that his exertions will be no more fruitfully rewarded.

The sermon of *The End of the Road* is drowned, as it will always be in these cases, by the story. The surgical photographs and medical sub-titles lost much of their poignant realism when one got them mixed up with a foolish narrative of affection and adventure. The unreality was increased by the transmutation of American local colour into sham English. Worldly young women in America may, for what I know, find the "bargain-counter" the open road to a brilliant marriage; wealthy *roués*

may, in America, pervade the big shops in order to gratify their licence; in America eminent physicians may take their sweet-hearts and mothers to "country clubs" where rowdies and demireps get drunk on cocktails. This may be a correct picture of life in the United States. It is not a correct picture of life in London. A London audience is quite aware of the fact. It feels itself in a false theatrical atmosphere, assisting again at a fairy tale. Fairy tales are excellent in their way, but they do not cause men and women to be more moral: even when they deal with ogres and monsters and bottomless pits and sloughs of despond. Messages addressed to "adults only" should not be conceived in terms suited to exceptionally childish children.

In any case, the moral of *The End of the Road* is not a lofty one. I suppose the philanthropists who approve this outrage on taste and decency think it inculcates self-control and restraint. That is not the lesson, if anybody takes the trouble to learn it, to be drawn from this over-emphasised exposition of the purely physical possibilities of vicious indulgence. The film does not tend to make people more virtuous; it can only make them more careful, which is not quite the same thing.

I remember an example of mixed morals in another (American) photo-play I saw some time ago, called, I think, *The Eternal Evil*. It was issued with the support of Miss Jane Addams and other apostles of "uplift," and was meant to show how women are led to their ruin by masculine profligacy. But it did not show anything of the kind. The story was that of a girl employed in a large city store, who has to support an idle father, a mother, and half-a-dozen younger sisters and brothers, out of her scanty earnings. As all her money is taken from her for this purpose she cannot afford to buy herself a new pair of boots; and being in dire need of these articles she eventually obtains them by "selling herself" to a dissolute young man. The little tale is told with delicacy and skill, and there is genuine pathos in the pictures of the poor girl tramping to her work in frayed and broken shoes, bathing her swollen feet at night in her shabby sleeping-room, and gazing hungrily at the shop-windows where smart new boots are on view. The part was played with expression and feeling by one of those delightful American "cinema girls" whose talent and charm will often make the silliest piece worth watching.

• This piece, though slight, was not silly; but its moral was not that set forth on the programme. The heroine of the broken shoes cannot properly be described as a sacrifice to man's lust. She was, in reality, sacrificed to a bad economic and social system. Her father had steadily refused to do any work, preferring to

lie in bed, smoke, and read dime novels, while his wife washed, and swept, and tended for him and his numerous progeny; and the daughter's salary was regularly confiscated to supply the family wants. In England the wife could have obtained a magisterial order compelling the husband to contribute to her support, or she could have asked for a separation. Either such relief cannot be obtained in the American state in which the scene is laid, or social convention allows a worthless husband to treat wife and daughter as his slaves. Instead of trying to extirpate the "Eternal Evil," the reformers, it struck me, might occupy themselves with the simpler and more practical task of promoting legislation, and rousing opinion, against the kind of domestic servitude exhibited. The girl in the film is, it is true, driven to wrong-doing by distress and suffering, but she was not forced inevitably to the particular kind of wrong she committed; instead of "selling herself" she might (and in real life probably would) have simply stolen a pair of boots. The other expedient was selected by the author as being more dramatic and interesting, but it is not the natural and necessary moral of the story. If there is any other, besides those mentioned, it is that parents ought not to bring into the world more children than they can properly support. So that the film, if propagandist at all, is propaganda for the Malthusian League; and I am sure that is not what Miss Addams and her friends intended.

These examples, and many others that could be adduced, suggest that when the cinema is used for teaching social and ethical lessons very great care should be taken to see that it does teach these and not something different. The point should be specially kept in mind by the committees and societies of well-intentioned people who rush into hasty alliances with those other persons, not perhaps quite so altruistic, whose manufacturing and commercial resources are placed at their disposal. Evangelical zeal and business aptitude do not always run well in double harness. The producer and the scenario-writer are no doubt anxious to give the moral lesson its fair scope. But they are still more anxious—it is the condition of their existence—to devise a show which will satisfy the mighty multitude of the picture-houses. If the alternative lies between emphasising the sermon and weakening the popular entertainment, it is the sermon that goes under. For, however convincing the preacher may be, he will have small chance of being listened to if he cannot induce a discriminating public to pay for admission to his conventicle.

Apart from this essential point, one may question whether the cinema is in any case a favourable vehicle for guiding and

informing public opinion. That seems to me to be extremely doubtful. The cinema appeals primarily to the eye; it is a "show." It reaches the understanding through visual representation of a special kind; for the vital quality of the "moving pictures" is that they are pictures and that they move. There is no pause, no time for reflection or consideration, as the scenes flash by in rapid and unbroken continuity. To stop, or even to slow down below a prescribed pace, is impracticable while the projector light is on and the film is running off the reel. You cannot hold up the action, or temporarily suspend it; you cannot, as in the drama, bring your point home by a long passage of argument or rhetoric. In the cinema the "sub-titles" must be short and snappy, limited to a few words, or at most a few brief sentences. But even the drama, with all its advantages of the spoken word and the living exponent, is not well adapted for propagandist purposes. The propaganda play has been attempted at intervals from the days of Aristophanes downwards, and rarely with success. In our own times the thesis-drama, even when it comes from the hand of a master like Brieux, is closely studied in the library and usually neglected in the theatre; unless, indeed, it is written by an Ibsen or a Dumas who is so much of a playwright that we forget he is also a preacher. The drama appeals to the emotions and the instincts, not to the reasoning faculty; action, humour, wit, pathos, passion, the clash of character, and the whirl of life, are what we seek at the theatre. We go there to be amused, touched, excited, moved to pity or terror, not to be instructed.

Where the spoken drama fails the picture drama can hardly succeed. The cinema has large possibilities. Technically it has gone far; artistically it is still immature, for it has been dominated by its advertising tradesmen, stage-managers, and mechanical experts, and too rapid fortunes have been made by playing down to popular ignorance and frivolity. Gradually we may hope that its range will be enlarged, so that we may have photographic poems and stories and symphonies, composed by men with imaginative gifts and distinctive talent. The bioscope has its limitations, but also its special opportunities; if it has its limitations compared with the spoken drama, it can yet do some things beyond the drama's reach. It can handle dream, and vision, and myth; it can bring the past and present together; it can shake off the trammels of time and space; it can change its scenes at will; it can turn unspoken thoughts into living images; it has all the pictorial aspects of nature and humanity for its material. It will always remain a "show"; but it may become a plastic show interpenetrated by the spirit of artistic and literary

creation. Let it, if it can, strive to reach these heights, and leave agitation and controversy to less distracting agencies. When you sit down before the printed page, or listen to a gentleman in a black coat standing behind a table and a decanter of water, you can give all your mind to the argument. The thread may escape you when you see a lovely and lightly-clad heroine hurling herself over a precipice, or watch a villain expiating his crimes under the wheels of an avenging motor car. Those who have any social, political, or philosophical doctrines to lay before the world would do better to use the newspaper, the lecture-room, the platform, or the pamphlet, and to turn their thoughts away from the picture theatre, where their messages, as I have endeavoured to point out, can seldom be delivered in their integrity, and hardly ever with entire sincerity and precision.

SIDNEY LOW.

THE MIDDLE EAST.

LOOKED at from a wide point of view, the position of affairs in the Middle East cannot be said to show any improvement since the writer dealt with this subject six months ago in this REVIEW, in an article entitled "The New Middle East in the Making." At that time Great Britain and France had come to a provisional Military Agreement respecting Palestine, Syria, and Cilicia, and in consequence of it the dissatisfaction which the French Press had expressed with regard to the British occupation of the greater part of these territories disappeared amidst professions of mutual good-will. Under that Agreement the British forces were withdrawn from Syria, north of Haifa, and from Cilicia, and were replaced by French troops, except in Eastern Syria, or that tract of country containing the cities of Damascus, Homs, Hama, and Aleppo, where an Arab administration, with the Emir Feisal as its head, had been set up almost immediately after the conquest of the country by Allenby about a year before. The British, however, remained in occupation of Palestine. General Gouraud, a distinguished soldier of the Great War, was appointed High Commissioner of the French Republic in Syria and Cilicia and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Levant, and in due time arrived in the coastal region of Syria; but he had comparatively insignificant forces at his disposal, and it was soon evident that they were inadequate.

Gouraud had to control not only the coastal region, but also the considerable territory that stretched eastward of the Taurus far into Southern Armenia. In the former his task was relatively easy, for its inhabitants were not unfriendly; in the latter he encountered peculiar difficulties because of the incessant conflict between the Armenians and the Turks, and because of Turkish intrigue generally. He had to figure besides as the adviser of Feisal, and as the protector of the Lebanon. Feisal, who had hitherto leaned on an extremely sympathetic British support, did not particularly want, or perhaps relish, his advice. And everywhere, from Damascus as a centre, Gouraud was faced, openly or covertly, with the manifestations and ramifications of the Pan-Arab movement, the object of which was complete independence for the Arabs—in Syria, which in the Arab view included Palestine, and in Mesopotamia. This Pan-Arab movement, often described as "Nationalist," was already strong before his arrival in the country, and the weakness of the force at his command

encouraged it to become stronger. He asked for reinforcements, but did not receive sufficient to deal effectively with the situation. Quite apart from "Nationalist" and sentimental influences, to which in Great Britain we are inclined to attach far too much importance, the inmost secret of the proclamation of Feisal as King of Syria would appear to lie in the simple fact that Gouraud was not given an army large enough to determine the course of events.

In Mesopotamia, as in Syria, the Pan-Arab movement was active. About the time when Gouraud took up his quarters in Syria General Sir George MacMunn, then in command of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, indited a despatch from Baghdad—November 12th, 1919, was its date, though it was not made public till the second week of March last. Sir George MacMunn had succeeded Sir Alexander Cobbe, who, in his turn, had replaced Sir William Marshall. Sir George in this despatch noted first of all that the months immediately following the Armistice were occupied in demobilising troops surplus to the force considered necessary for the Army of Occupation, and in reducing all auxiliary services. During that period there were no local disturbances in Mesopotamia. But he went on to observe that the long delay in coming to a decision as to the future of the country, which originally looked to an effective British control as certain and immediate, had had a deteriorating effect. He stated that Pan-Arab enthusiasts, Pan-Islam and Pan-Turk propaganda, the activities of the Committee of Union and Progress, and the approach of Bolshevism towards Persia, had all had an adverse effect on Mesopotamia. Intrigue of every kind had been rife, and there were many disturbing rumours current. In this singularly frank despatch Sir George declared that, on taking over command and after making a survey of the position of affairs in general, he was much struck with the volcanic possibilities of the country, the reasons for which were (1) Mahomedan unrest in Egypt and India, (2) the spread of the Akhwan or new Wahabi movement in Central Arabia, (3) the unrest among the Kurds, (4) the Pan-Arab intrigue, and (5) the large number of well-armed tribes between Baghdad and the Persian Gulf, both on the Tigris and the Euphrates.

This is a notable summary of the disturbing and, indeed, disruptive factors at work in the Land between the Rivers three or four months ago, and in the adjoining territories. That these influences, or at least one of them has already borne fruit was seen in the proclamation of Feisal's brother, the Emir Abdulla, as King of Irak or Mesopotamia. Yet only a very short time before MacMunn took over the Mesopotamian Command the

Arabs of that region had, almost with one accord, declared that they did not want an Arab ruler over them. In an article entitled "The Arab Question," which was published in the March issue of this REVIEW, the writer discussed this aspect of affairs in the Middle East, and quoted from a message to the *Times*, from its Correspondent at Baghdad, dealing with replies to a *questionnaire* sent out by the British administrators to the Arab chiefs of Mesopotamia, which asked their views on the future government of the country. These chiefs said, with practically complete unanimity, that no Arab Emir was possible; the exceptions, apparently without much significance then, but noteworthy in the light of subsequent events, were found at Baghdad and the neighbouring Kadhimain, where local notables suggested that Mesopotamia should be constituted an independent Musulman Arab State, with one of the sons of the Sherif of Mecca (King Hussein of the Hedjaz) as its head. As against this, the sheikhs of the district of Nasiriyeh, having debated the matter among themselves, said that if the British administrators "were bent on appointing an Arab Emir," that was a thing that should not be done till after some years, when it would be time enough to select such a prince, "whether from Mecca, the Yemen, or Syria." Instead of there being a general demand for an Arab ruler, the Mesopotamian tribes clamoured for the return of Sir Percy Cox from Persia to become their Governor. It is certain that up to the summer of last year the vast majority of the people of the country still desired to remain under British rule—which, as in other lands, was developing by the formation of Local Councils, as at Basra.

To turn to the other parts of the Middle East at the particular time when the writer's last article on this most important subject appeared in the FORTNIGHTLY, Persia was the country which was then of special interest, owing to the conclusion of the Anglo-Persian Agreement in August, 1919, and the approaching visit of the young Shah to London, in visible confirmation of the compact that had been made. British critics of our foreign affairs, of very different schools of thought, regarded that agreement with favour. Some took the high-political view that it safeguarded India on the west; others, from a more broadly human standpoint, saw in it a tolerably sure prospect of the redemption from anarchy and ruin of one of the great historic peoples of the world. The Agreement provided, among other things, for the opening up of Persia by the building of roads and railways, for the policing of the country, and for new tariff arrangements to give Persia the revenue she requires. A British Mission has been at work at Tehran, and, in co-operation with the Persian authorities, it has

accompanied a good deal of an auspicious nature. The tariff has been revised. The country is more tranquil than it has been for many years. The Mejlis, or Parliament, which will be the fourth since the beginning of the Constitutional régime, is expected to meet at the capital in June, and the results may be very interesting.

One of the most hopeful things for Persia is that a strong syndicate, composed of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company (in which the British Government last year largely increased its financial stake) and of the Armstrong-Whitworth, Vickers, and Weetman Pearson groups, is undertaking the survey of a railway to link up with the line east from Baghdad, the railhead of which at present is at Kuretu, not far from Kasr-i-Shirin, inside of the frontier of Persia. The survey is to proceed through Kermanshah, Hamadan, and Kasvin, whence it will go south-easterly to Tehran and north-westerly to Enzeli, on the Caspian. It should not be so very long before this railway is actually built, with an extension probably from Tehran to Meshed. A further stage will be the joining up of the Persian railways with the railway system of India, by way of the Quetta line into Seistan. With the completion of the Baghdad Railway the overland route to India—"Calais-Calcutta"—will be established. This, no doubt, is looking ahead some years, but it is certain of accomplishment.

The future of Persia, under British guidance, is bright with promise, though on her northern and north-western frontiers the Bolshevik menace and questions regarding the delimitation of her boundaries must for some time be causes of anxiety to her. So far as is known, the Bolsheviks have not violated Persian territory, but the threat is always there. In face of the triumph of Lenin, Persia seems inclined, somewhat like the rest of the world, to accept the situation and come to some kind of terms with the Soviet Government. But one would like to know whether the British Mission or the British Government, which preserved Persia from the Turks in the last two years of the Great War, and must ever keep India in mind, with the possibilities of Bolshevik penetration from the west never lost sight of, has said anything to the Persian Government about this. In any case, for her own sake, Persia, like the rest of the world, will do well to practise, so far as the Bolsheviks are concerned, that eternal vigilance which is the price of safety. With respect to the disputes about the frontier, her case was laid before the Supreme Council some weeks ago by Prince Firouz Nosrat-ed-Dauleh, her Minister for Foreign Affairs. She asks for a clear delimitation of the boundary on the west and north-west—the boundary which before the war was a source of perpetual trouble

between her and Turkey. She seeks, in particular, a settlement ~~on the~~ Kurdistan, and all the more because of the million Kurds who form no inconsiderable portion of her own population.

Roughly speaking, Kurdistan is the region lying between the Tigris and Persian Azerbaijan, with its southern limits some distance north of the Diale and its northern limits extending into the Armenian Bitlis-Van area. The Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force has had some trouble there, as Sir George MacMunn recorded in detail in the despatch referred to in the foregoing, but the Civil Administration has been completely restored. The fate of Kurdistan has still to be decided, but if the British retain the Mosul vilayet as part of Mesopotamia—Iraq consisted of the vilayets of Baghdad and Basra, and did not include the vilayet of Mosul—it will be necessary for them to keep a firm grip of Kurdistan, which may be a matter of some difficulty, as the Kurds are a wild, lawless people. Above Kurdistan, Persia, in her province of Azerbaijan, comes into contact with the new Caucasian republics of Azerbaijan, the capital of which is Baku, and of Armenia, whose capital is Erivan, above these, again, being the republics of Georgia and Daghestan. Great Britain has recognised all these, except Daghestan, as having *de facto* Governments, and Persia recently announced that her policy with respect to her neighbours of the Caucasus was one of friendship, making a start with a treaty with Azerbaijan. With the exception of Batum, Transcaucasia has been evacuated by the British, but before they retired they did their best to establish peace and good relations generally among the Caucasian peoples. Some success attended their efforts, but this was imperilled when it was announced that the troops were to be withdrawn from Batum. Fortunately, the British Government reconsidered its decision, and its soldiers continued in occupation of this important Black Sea port, which is the western terminus of the railways going by Tiflis easterly to Baku and south-easterly to Julfa and Tabriz. Thanks to the retention of Batum by the British, communications have been kept open between that town and Enzeli by way of Baku, much to the profit of Persia.

It is perhaps too much to say that the presence of a British force in Batum preserves such tranquillity as there is in Transcaucasia, but its withdrawal might well precipitate a catastrophe. As has often been pointed out, this whole region is peopled by a medley of races with a medley of religions, as, for instance, there are Shiah Mahomedans as well as Sunni, and the Christians of Georgia will have nothing to do with the Christians of Armenia. There was an attempt at solidarity in Caucasia shortly after the Russian Revolution, but that soon failed. Fighting still proceeds

between the Armenians of Erivan and the Tartars of Azerbaijan, who have made, according to statements which appear to be true, a treaty with Turkey, a thing that is not precisely desirable in the interests of the Allies at this juncture. Pan-Turk and Pan-Islam influences are formidable throughout all this difficult, mountainous country, except in the Armenian part of it, which is faithful to the Allies, though bitterly disappointed by the long and exasperating delay of the latter in reaching a final settlement with Turkey. The Armenians of Erivan have been adversely affected by the massacres of their fellow-countrymen at Marash and elsewhere, and they await, with natural impatience, the action of the League of Nations, to which "Armenia" has been handed over by the Supreme Council. Just how the League is to make any action it contemplates generally effective has yet to be disclosed. And then it remains to be said, in a review of the situation in Caucasia, that Bolshevik pressure on the north has greatly increased since the defeat of Denikin, while on the east side of the Caspian the Reds hold all Transcaspia with the railways traversing the Central Asian khanates, and touching at Kushk the frontier of Afghanistan, thus cutting off all that side of the Middle East from intercourse through Krasnovodsk with Baku.

But, however uneasy and anxious the situation in Caucasia may be because of internal, elemental differences, Turkish intrigue, and Bolshevik menace, it is the Arab question, with its recent sensational developments, that calls for the most serious consideration at the moment. In other words, what is to be done about Syria and Mesopotamia? Syria primarily interests France, Mesopotamia Great Britain—it is of importance to get this clearly stated at the very start. Palestine and East Syria excepted, all Syria and Cilicia passed into the hands of Gouraud before the close of last year, under the Anglo-French Agreement of September, 1919. Great Britain acknowledged the French claim. To repeat the terms of the Sykes-Picot Agreement of 1916, and of the other Agreements that apply in the premises, is needless; a sufficiently full account of them was given by the writer in the February issue of this REVIEW. It was in fulfilment of Great Britain's bargain with France that the evacuation of the British troops took place. And with this military withdrawal from the regions named above there was associated a political withdrawal on the part of Great Britain from the Arab administration, under Feisal, that was centred in Damascus. Whether implicit or explicit in the 1919 Agreement, the terms of which have not been published officially, this is the fact; instead of looking to the British for advice and support, as he had hitherto looked, Feisal

was to look to the French. This was shown typically by his return from France, after his last visit to Paris, in a French warship, whereas he had arrived in a British vessel. Last February M. Millerand made a complete and detailed statement on the Syrian question before the Commission on Foreign Affairs at Paris, and laid before the Commission the documents in the case. After a lengthy discussion a motion was adopted to the effect that in the final settlement of Eastern affairs the long-standing rights of France in Constantinople and her rights under the Agreements with respect to Palestine, Syria, and Cilicia must be maintained. This motion was passed more than a month before the occupation of Constantinople by the Allies, and almost exactly a month before the proclamation of Feisal as King of Syria.

Towards the end of March there were debates in the French Chamber on foreign affairs, including the question of Syria, but by that time the situation in Syria had undergone its remarkable transformation. What is termed a Pan-Syrian Congress met in Damascus early in March, and on the 8th of that month the President of that body read a declaration of the independence of Syria, which was adopted unanimously. This declaration, which is too long to quote in full, began with the statement that the Congress, which truly was representative of the "whole Syrian nation, east, west, and south," and had in mind the glorious civilisation of the Arabs in the past, wished it to be known that the Arab people had long sought the complete independence of their country, their aim being to form a nation in control of its own destiny. The declaration next proceeded to consider the military occupation of Syria, consequent on Allenby's conquest of Palestine and Syria from the Turks, and said that Syria had been divided into three parts for military reasons. The three parts referred to were known, while under British control, as O.E.T.A. (Occupied Enemy Territory Administration), South, West, and East, the first consisting of Palestine, the second of the coastal region (Beirut, Tripoli, and Alexandretta) and the Lebanon, and the third of East Syria. The fourth part was O.E.T.A. North, or the Adana portion of Cilicia, but it was not mentioned in the declaration, which went on to say that, though one and a half years had passed since the Armistice, the three parts that were mentioned were still in "foreign military occupation."

"We now by our action," asserted the declaration, "put an end to this intolerable position, and we proclaim the independence of Syria, including Palestine, within its proper boundaries, as a democratic and civilised State." With regard to the Lebanon, permission was given to its inhabitants to retain their national

rights and prerogatives within the present limits of the district, but all foreign influence was barred. The Emir Feisal was selected as King of Syria, with the title of Feisal I. A decentralised civil Government, responsible to the Congress until the summoning of a National Parliament, was to be established on the cessation of the foreign military occupation. The independence of Mesopotamia was demanded. Finally, friendly relations with the Allies and full respect to their interests were the subject of a short paragraph. Such, in brief, was the declaration of independence read in the Congress, and after it was approved a deputation waited on Feisal and offered him the crown of the new kingdom—there had never been a kingdom of Syria before, the kingdom of the Seleucids, with Antioch as capital, being Greek and devoid of any Syrian national character. Feisal accepted the crown, and later the declaration of independence was read in his presence. It was on this day also that his elder brother, Abdulla, was appointed King of Mesopotamia, the independence of which country had been proclaimed by some thirty notables assembled in Damascus.

It had been understood that Feisal had come to an arrangement with Clemenceau last autumn before sailing from France for Syria, and we may be sure that that arrangement did not contemplate an Arab kingdom of Syria, with Feisal as its King. Several explanations of Feisal's action, which, of course, cannot be reconciled with French hopes and interests in the Middle East, have been given. One is that Feisal's hand was forced by the extreme Nationalists of the Arab Club of Damascus. Mr. J. M. N. Jeffries, an able and experienced correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, said, in a message from Damascus published in that paper early last month, that the Emir, with whom he had had an interview, virtually pleaded that he was compelled to agree to the proclamation of Syrian and Mesopotamian independence and to take up the kingship of Syria, or imperil his position. Mr. Jeffries added :—

Emir Feisal would have put off the final act while he hoped for some cablegram from the Supreme Council with enough tangible promises in it to satisfy the malcontents for a time. A message actually received, as he says, declared that the Allies had not forgotten Syrian interests, and invited him to go to London to plead the Syrian cause. This was not enough for the advanced parties, who renewed the pressure. At any rate, the Pan-Syrian Congress took the bit between its teeth, and the Emir understood that unless a declaration of independence took place outbreaks of brigandage on a big scale would speedily occur, threatening his authority here (in Syria) and his prestige in the West.

On the other hand, Feisal told a correspondent of the *Petit Parisien*, who interviewed him in Damascus, that his people had

got tired of the changes of policy the Allies had made respecting their country. One day Palestine was given to the Jews, and the next day an ill-defined mandate over Syria was given to France, a mandate which might or might not be turned into a protectorate. He averred that all that the Arabs wanted was their independence, and he asked what could the Entente wish if it was not to grant to the Arabs, who were free peoples, the right of self-determination. The Allies had emphatically declared their desire to establish indigenous Governments in the lands rescued from the Turks, and the action of the Syrian Congress had merely anticipated the decisions that must inevitably be taken in that sense by the Peace Conference. He declined to consider the possibility that the Conference might fail to recognise the independence of Syria and his own kingship; if such a thing happened, neither he nor his people, he declared, would be responsible for the consequences. In this interview the Emir appears to speak much in the same vein as in his famous statement made last autumn to the *Jewish Chronicle*, when he said that the minimum of the Arab claim in the Middle East was Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. Further, it has to be realised that, leaving Palestine aside, all Syria does not favour Feisal, for protests have come from many quarters. Even before his assumption of the kingship his Government, it will be recalled, was repudiated at Deir-es-Zor, where a certain Ramadhan Shalesh openly defied him for a time. After the declaration of Syrian independence the Lebanon, which was an autonomous sanjak under the Turks till the Great War, protested against the coronation of Feisal. Delegates from all parts of this district met at Baabda, and decided to adopt as the flag of the Lebanon the tricolor of France, with the addition of a green cedar on the white ground. Tripoli and other places in the coastal tract have protested, and declared that they preferred to be under French rule.

The final decision rests with the Peace Conference, and the Conference showed what it thought by requesting Feisal to go to Paris to explain the position that had arisen. The Conference did not recognise the Pan-Syrian Congress, and therefore was oblivious of its decisions. Feisal did not comply with the request of the Conference, but later sent a representative to Paris, on receiving a second summons. About the same time Mr. Lloyd George, in an answer to a question, said, in the House of Commons, that the Emir had been informed that the Conference would shortly examine the whole subject with a view to arriving at a settlement in accord with the declarations that had been exchanged by the British, French and Arab Governments. In

passing it may be noted here that it was also about this time that the Prime Minister said, in the debate on the Consolidated Fund Bill, that, when the Treaty of Peace with Turkey was settled, the British Government would claim the right to be the mandatory Power for Mesopotamia, including the Mosul vilayet, which, he mentioned, contained rich oilfields, but which, he apparently omitted to state, was reserved to the French as part of their sphere of influence in the Middle East under the Sykes-Picot Agreement. He did say, however, that Mesopotamia was not to be treated as if it were an essential part of the British Empire; its Government must be Arab, and the business of the British there was to constitute this Government and advise it. These remarks of his were made after the proclamation of the independence of Mesopotamia, with the Emir Abdulla as king. Similarly, France may be expected to take the view that to constitute and advise Governments or a Government in Syria is her affair.

Gouraud told the people of the coastal tract that in the absence of the authorisation of the Peace Conference the action of the Congress was illegal. To judge by the latest information from Damascus, as sent to the *Daily Mail* by Mr. Jeffries, and published on April 5th, it seems that the hot fit of the Congress was followed by a cold fit, when it was discovered that the Conference refused to be rushed. "The demand for the formal recognition of Syrian independence by Britain and France and other Powers has been practically dropped," writes Mr. Jeffries, "and probably a private intimation of a conciliatory nature would suffice to bring Emir Feisal to London to explain matters." The steam has been blown off, and the inexorable realities of the situation assert themselves in unmistakable fashion. These realities are economic even more than political, and are summed up in the fact that, apart from subsidy or subsidies from the Allies, there is no revenue in sight for a king or a kingdom in Syria. A considerable sum of money will be needed, to work the kingdom as the "democratic and civilised State" the Congress declared it to be, and this money is to seek. To those who know the Arabs there is something Gilbertian in the idea of their becoming, under an Arab *régime*, "habit and repute" taxpayers. One of the elements in the success of Feisal at the beginning was that he was abundantly supplied with British gold—actual sovereigns, which his Bedouin saw and handled. Perhaps the most real thing about the Arabs, whether of Mesopotamia or Syria—the thing they think most about—is their desire for gold of Europe, and it may be that they believe more is to be got by them from lavish England than from thrifty France.

As was bound to be the case, the proceedings of the Pan-Arab Congress had a marked effect on the situation in Palestine, and were not without an unsettling influence on Egypt, though in the latter country, with its Turkish leanings, this was probably offset by the Allied occupation of Constantinople—one of the wisest steps taken by the Supreme Council since the termination of the war: the Oriental, Turk or other, never fails to understand the "Big Stick" policy, whatever else he fails to understand. With respect to Palestine, the Emir Feisal has consistently declared that the Holy Land is an Arab province, and the Damascus Conference roundly asserted that it forms part of the "kingdom" of Syria. Here we are face to face with Mr. Balfour's historic letter, in which he promised that a Jewish National Home would be set up in Palestine, the expectation of All Jewry being that this Home would in time become a Jewish State. The Arabs maintain that the country is far more Arab and Moslem than anything else, and the recent riots in Jerusalem show how strained are the relations between the Jews and the Moslems. Unquestionably Pan-Arab propaganda accounts for much, but it is equally certain that some at least of the Zionists are not altogether free from blame. Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.P.; a Zionist leader, visited Palestine during last winter, and he has published his impressions. He considers that the opposition to Zionism does not go very deep, and that it is based largely on false ideas of Zionism, such as that in the future Jewish State Mahomedans and Christians will be placed under the Government of a Jewish minority, and that the peasants at present in possession of the soil will be ousted from their holdings. He rightly says that the economic development of Palestine can only proceed effectively when the Peace Conference has satisfactorily solved the political status of that country. This touches the heart of the whole Arab question. What is wanted is a definite settlement of the Arab Middle East by the Conference as soon as possible; it has been delayed far too long, with the inevitable result that the settlement has become much more difficult than it would otherwise be. And if that settlement is to give the Arab the best chance, it must be such a settlement as will put him in his proper place—with firm and strong guidance from outside.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

INCOME TAX PROBLEMS.

SELDOM has the Report of any inquiry been awaited with so much interest as that of the Royal Commission on Income Tax. The country should be grateful to Lord Colwyn and his colleagues for the time and labour which they have spent, and for the pains which they have taken to sift the evidence and to weigh the suggestions put before them. Many inquiries have been made before now, but the present law dates largely from the changes which were made in consequence of the Report of the Select Committee of 1906. That Committee rejected the Draft Report of their chairman, Sir Charles Dilke, and adopted Sir Thomas Whittaker's Draft instead. In the Budget of 1907 Mr. Asquith carried most of their proposals into effect, and it is assumed that the main recommendations of the Royal Commission will be carried into law during the present session of Parliament. Many minor changes have taken place in the income tax since 1907, but the chief difference is the immensely greater amount of revenue which the tax has to raise. In 1907 it yielded £32½ millions, in the year just ended it yielded £359 millions; and the standard rate of income tax has been raised from 1s. to 6s. in the pound, although that rate is only paid in practice by the small number of persons (about 88,000) whose incomes exceed £2,000 per annum.

The present Report is a very different thing from the brief recommendations of fourteen years ago, and the summaries which appeared in the daily Press did much less than justice to the searching inquiries and detailed proposals for reform which are made by the Royal Commission.

Naturally enough, public interest was drawn at once to the proposal that the limit of total exemption should be raised from £120 to £150 for single men and women, and from £170 to £250 in the case of married persons. The Commissioners also propose that the allowance for children shall be raised from £25 to £30. This means that the normal citizen, *i.e.*, a man with a wife and three children, will not pay income tax until his income exceeds £350 per annum. According to the Estimate (Cmd. 224) prepared by the Board of Inland Revenue last July, the number of taxpayers with incomes above £250 a year was only 1,343,000, and their taxable income amounted to £1,107 millions. No precise figure can be given for the total national income, but as it was reckoned at £2,400 millions before the war, it cannot be

reckoned now at less than £4,000 millions; consequently, Lord Colwyn's proposal means that the cost of Government shall be thrown, principally, upon those who receive less than one-third of the national income.

No doubt the raising of the exemption limits will be popular, but nearly all economists will recognise that it is made at a most unfortunate time. In the year just closed the genuine revenue was far from balancing the expenditure, and from the estimates already published there seems little possibility that the existing scale of taxation will bring in money enough to cover the expenditure of 1920-1921.

If one may judge by the amount as well as by the kind of evidence tendered in Great George Street, the Commissioners have had a hard task. The evidence fills five Blue Books, costing two or three shillings apiece, and in nearly every case the witnesses came forward with excellent reasons to show why the persons or the interests whom they represented should receive special exemptions or allowances. Even the Joint Secretary of the Income Tax Department, who had prepared several alternative schemes or graduations, had to meet the following question: "If this suggestion of yours represents the view of the Department, it means that Somerset House will be very much relieved at the expense of somebody else?" It was not, of course, suggested that Mr. Hopkins was influenced by personal considerations, but the questioner went on to ask: "Is it not in human nature that everybody feels the pressure himself, and every witness we have had has suggested that the section or society to which he belongs shall be relieved?"

This is not strictly true, for the evidence which Sir Edward Brabrook and the present writer tendered, on behalf of the British Association Committee on Income Tax Reform, was specially designed not to favour members of the Committee. In our proposals for extending collection at the source we were careful to add the "tax on salaries and other periodical payments" to the tax on wages. Several witnesses were so intent upon getting special exemptions and allowances for the classes whom they represented that they had not even troubled to find out the provisions of the existing law. A lady who appeared on behalf of several societies for women's service, and other bodies of organised women put forward as her chief grievance that husband and wife were assessed together, only to be told that the law allows separate assessment if either husband or wife demands it. The same witness admitted that the great bulk of the people for whom she spoke would have a family income (that is, the income of husband and wife) which did not exceed

£4 per week; but with the present allowances for wife and children these people would not pay any income tax. This lady also wanted the abolition of indirect taxes, except, perhaps, the tax on wine. Mr. Kerly, K.C., pointed out that the total indirect taxation on a family with £200 per annum was about £20 6s. 9d., "of which £14 6s. is paid on drink and tobacco, leaving £6 only which is paid on tea, sugar, and other indirect taxes, including the Post Office."

The whole question of the basis on which taxation should be levied was discussed over the evidence of Mr. Charles Edwards, M.P., who represented the South Wales Miners' Federation. Mr. Edwards' chief demand was that the exemption limit should be raised to £250 per annum, and one of his arguments was a belief that the cost of collecting any tax from wage-earners was "almost equal to the amount collected." He asserted that "of the £8 million that it brings more than £4 million goes in salaries and expenses." The chairman pointed out that the whole amount spent in collecting income tax in 1918-19 (i.e., of collecting £370 millions) was only £3 millions, and the cost of collecting income tax from the wage-earners was 7 per cent. of the amount collected, i.e., half a million on £7,700,000.

If such estimates as that put forward by Mr. Edwards are really believed by the wage-earners, one can understand their hostility to the income tax. In a masterly cross-examination Mr. Kerly extracted from Mr. Edwards the admission that for many men with families the point at which income tax begins is higher now than it was before the war; very much higher, in fact, for a man with a wife and three children now obtains allowances and abatements amounting to £285, whereas before the war he would have begun to pay after £190. Mr. Edwards was finally driven to declare that an unmarried man or woman, without dependants, ought not to pay taxes of any kind unless his or her income exceeded £250 a year.

It ought to have been made clear to the Royal Commissioners that they were wanted to show how the income tax might be made to yield more revenue and not less than at present. There is no other tax which can be adjusted with anything like accuracy to the taxpayer's ability to pay, consequently remissions of taxation, if and when they can be granted, should be made in the indirect taxes, such as those on tea, sugar and tobacco. It was perfectly right that the Commissioners should recommend a larger allowance in respect of marriage and of children or other dependants; but if the allowance for marriage was to be raised from £50 to £100, the revenue thus lost should have been recovered by lowering the exemption and abatement limits for

single persons from £130 and £120 to £100. Perhaps the Commissioners were influenced by the hostility to the tax which has been shown by certain sections of organised labour, notably the South Wales miners, but it was hardly the business of a Royal Commission to give way to such unpatriotic demonstrations. In the old days, when the franchise was restricted to a small number of well-to-do persons, it would have been right that the chief tax should be restricted in the same way. As a matter of fact, Chancellors of the Exchequer in the old days obtained their revenue largely from indirect taxation, which was paid to a considerable extent by the classes who had no vote. Now that the franchise has been extended so widely, it does not appear politically expedient, although it may be human nature, that the newly enfranchised millions should shirk their responsibilities.

Apart from this one recommendation, no serious fault can be found with the Report. Some people perhaps will object to the increased powers which the Royal Commission would confer on the bureaucracy, and may regret the practical supersession of the old Local Commissioners. It is easy, however, to attach an excessive value to the localised administration of 1842. Personally I regret, far more, that the Royal Commission would not accept the British Association's proposal: "That the tax on salaries, wages and other periodical payments should be deducted by the person making the payment at the time of payment." We suggested also that the tax should be deducted at the lowest "earned" rate from wages and small salaries, and that the taxpayer's abatement and allowances should be taken into account at the time of deduction. Evidently the Commissioners saw the merits of the proposal, but they got it into their heads that both employers and workmen were opposed to this extension of "collection at the source." I believe that, so far as employers are concerned, the Royal Commission was misinformed, for I have met no employer who saw any difficulty in the matter, and I have made it my business to ask them. No doubt the employer does not see why he should be turned into an unpaid agent for Somerset House, as he has been made an unpaid agent under the National Insurance Acts; but we provided against this objection by suggesting that he should be given some small remuneration for his trouble. Since the cost of collecting the tax from wage-earners is admittedly 7 per cent., there is an ample margin.

We may now turn to the good points in the Report. At present the scale of graduation is marred by steps and jumps at arbitrary points, *e.g.*, at £400, £500, £700, and so on. The Commissioners would remove all these steps by an extremely ingenious yet simple plan. They propose (1) that the exemption limit shall

be the same as the abatement, and (2) that the exemption, abatement and allowances shall be the same for all incomes. May I mention that this was one of our "twenty points"? A uniform system of abatements and allowances constitutes a kind of graduation by itself, for the effective rate of tax rises with every additional pound of income.

But the Commissioners were not satisfied with this reform: in order to differentiate between earned and unearned income, they propose an allowance of one-tenth for earned income, which again they would make uniform up to £2,000. Then they introduce a new idea of "taxable income." Although the Report is signed by every member, there are nine Reservations. Sir J. S. Harwood-Banner and four colleagues disagree with "differentiation" altogether; they point out that earned incomes have increased enormously during the war, while the capital value of Stock Exchange investments "shows an enormous depreciation"; in fact, every investor has been made aware that the income from investments may be more precarious than that from earnings. They insist, too, that "taxable ability is best represented by the actual income received and not by speculation as to its source and nature." Moreover, the increased Death Duties, which may be regarded as a capitalised income tax on property, act as a very serious differentiation against unearned income. Mr. Herbert Samuel, in his presidential address to the Royal Statistical Society, reckoned that the provision for Death Duties and Income Tax took 64 per cent. from an income of £50,000 a year.

This new definition of "taxable income" is one of the happiest devices of the Report. At present there are eleven different rates of tax; the Commissioners would sweep all these away and make the standard rate a reality instead of a fiction. This is where "taxable income" proves so useful. Taxable income is assessable income less the allowances, and what happens is best shown by an example. Supposing that a man earns £300 per year and receives another £100 from investments, he will obtain, first of all, an allowance of one-tenth on his earned income of £300, then he will get his allowance of nine-tenths of £250 as a married man, which makes his taxable income £145. But 6s. in the pound would be too heavy a rate for an income of this size, so the Royal Commissioners have adopted a plan which I expounded in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* five years ago,¹ and would charge the £145 at half the standard rate. Thus our £400 man will pay £21 15s., by no means an extortionate sum after

(1) *A Reformed Income Tax*, January, 1915, p. 345.

a five years' war, in which, possibly, our taxpayer has run no serious risk.

Many illustrations are given in the Report showing how the suggested scale would work out in practice. Thus, a bachelor earning £4 a week would pay £7 16s. 7d., or an "effective rate of about 9d. on each pound of his income"; a married man without children, earning £350 a year, would pay £13 10s., an effective rate of 9½d.; a married man, with three young children, earning £500, would obtain the following allowances: £50 for the one-tenth on earned income, £225 for marriage, and £90 for three children. His taxable income is thus £135, and half tax thereon is £20 5s., or 9¼d. on the whole £500.

Obviously it does not matter whether you deduct the allowances at the full rate from the full £500 or at the 90 per cent. rate from £450. This plan supplies an even graduation and brings down the effective rate of taxation to be paid by people with comparatively small incomes and large families to a very reasonable amount. Unfortunately, it also involves a serious loss of revenue, and, although the Report suggests that the taxation of the larger incomes shall be heavier than it is now, I cannot see how the loss is to be made good. In the first Reservation Mr. Geoffrey Marks, President of the Institute of Actuaries, and three colleagues bring forward weighty reasons against this lowering of taxation on so many incomes. They quote Mr. Bonar Law's recent statement that, "whereas in 1912 the indirect taxes produced 42 per cent. and the direct taxes 58 per cent. of the total taxation, in 1918 indirect taxation produced 18 per cent. and direct taxes 82 per cent." Mr. Marks and his co-signatories state they have had "clear evidence from witnesses representing the working classes that they looked upon direct taxation as the fairest and best means of taxation, and that they would not be opposed to an extension in the range or rate of the income tax if indirect taxation were correspondingly reduced." As I have suggested elsewhere,¹ it is doubtful whether most of our present indirect taxes are worth collecting, in view of the subsidies which tend to cancel them. This Reservation points out that the total amount of State subsidies comes to about £182 millions, and it is proposed to extend these subsidies in the case of education and unemployment. Undoubtedly they are right in thinking that "sufficient consideration was not given to the fact that we are dealing with a War Budget"; most people will agree with their conclusion that "the price of the safety achieved by the struggle should be more widely distributed."

(1) *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*, January, 1920, p. 103.

In a separate Reservation Mr. Marks contests the whole basis of the Report and brings forward arguments with which I believe most economists will agree. He maintains that, when due regard is had to allowances and reliefs, the exemption limits recommended by the Commission, namely, £150 for unmarried taxpayers and £250 for married taxpayers, "are too high." Feminists will be pleased to hear his opinion that in households which enjoy only a small income, "the wife is an asset rather than a liability." In the case of unmarried persons he thinks that there would be a taxable margin, "even if the exemption limit were lowered below £130." No doubt, too, he is right in saying that "undue weight has been given to political considerations."

Personally, I agree completely with Mr. Marks' belief that a proper explanation of the financial position of the country "would reconcile wage-earners to the necessity for increased taxation," and with his contention that to raise the country's revenue, so far as is possible, by direct taxation on all classes is a desirable method of bringing home to the mass of voters their political responsibility. Mr. J. W. Clark, also in a separate Reservation, takes much the same view. He argues that the Royal Commission ought to have been allowed to consider the question of taxation as a whole, and he mentions especially "the crushing burden of Excess Profits Duty on a trader with a low pre-war standard," the bread subsidy, "the tremendous increase of local rates," and the Death Duties. All these changes, as he says, tend to relieve the smaller incomes and to increase the burden of the larger incomes; consequently, he will not agree to any raising of the exemption limits, or to any additional taxation on higher incomes, until he is satisfied "that all incomes are equitably contributing their quota."

One of the most debated questions in income tax law is the exemption of co-operative societies. In their origin co-operative societies were small groups of workpeople buying for themselves the common necessities of life, and it was clear enough that they lay outside the scope of income tax. Even six years ago most members of co-operative societies must have had incomes below the taxation limit, although the societies themselves were doing an increasing trade, and the great C.W.S. was one of the largest businesses in the world. Since 1914 everything has been changed. The income tax itself is required to produce eight times as much revenue as it did in 1913-14; the money incomes of wage-earners generally have increased by about 150 per cent., and the societies have largely extended their operations. Thus the considerations which led to their exemption from income tax no longer apply, and the existing law gives them an unfair

advantage in competing with other traders, who have, of course, to pay a higher rate of income tax because the societies pay nothing. It must be admitted that the Royal Commissioners show some weakness in dealing with this question; they declare that a society should be treated "exactly as a limited liability company trading in similar circumstances," but their actual proposal differentiates in favour of the societies. They propose to tax two things: (1) The income derived from invested reserves, and (2) "any part of the nett proceeds which is not actually returned to members as dividend or discount." It will be seen that the Commissioners are driven to use the word "proceeds" instead of "profits," or they would give away the whole case. In practice it may be found that this recommendation, if adopted by Parliament, will simply mean that the societies will cut down their allocation to reserves. Mr. Pretyma, M.P., and Sir J. S. Harmood-Banner do not agree with the distinction drawn by the majority of their colleagues. They have been "much impressed by the evidence of the growth of these societies, of the magnitude of their operations, and of their tendency to absorb business previously carried on by trading organisations whose liability to income tax is unquestionable." Obviously, if this process is continued, the revenue must lose and other taxpayers must pay more; moreover, this fact increases the advantage of the societies over private traders, and so must tend "to accelerate the progress of their absorption or displacement." All fair-minded persons will agree that the present state of the law is inequitable; there is much to be said for Mr. Pretyma's suggestion that if the income tax does not suit the societies, they should be consulted as to some alternative method.

On the other side, Mr. Brace, M.P., Sir N. F. Warren Fisher, and five other Commissioners sign a Reservation insisting that the societies shall not be taxed at all. The extraordinary fact about this recommendation is that an ex-Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, Sir E. E. Nott-Bower, and the present Secretary to the Treasury, should endorse the following sentences: "But the income tax is not a corporation tax; it is a tax on the profits or incomes of the individuals, and though for convenience it is assessed in the first instance upon corporations in which they hold interest, the amount of it is always adjusted to the income, not of the corporation, but of the individual shareholders." This may be the law, but, if so, the Treasury and the Board of Inland Revenue have been breaking it every day for years past! Everybody knows that corporations are forced to pay income tax without any regard to the individuals of which they may be composed. The Councils of our big towns find themselves taxed on the

alleged profits of their gas, water and tramway undertakings, although it is perfectly clear that the vast majority of their citizens are not liable to income tax. If it were proposed that co-operative societies should be exempt from local rates, the injustice of the present law would be clear to everyone, for you would have tradesmen on either side of the society paying rates from which the society, although doing exactly the same business, was exempt. If people would only understand that taxes, like rates, are in the main simply a payment for services rendered, claims for exemption would be seen in their true light.

Probably the most difficult question submitted to the Royal Commission was that known as "double income tax." Here, as was perhaps natural, the recommendations take the form of a compromise. In the case of income tax, both in the United Kingdom and in the Dominions, the Commissioners propose, in effect, that the tax collected by the Dominion should count as tax paid here, so that the United Kingdom gives up part of its tax and the Dominion gives up nothing. This concession is based upon the theory that within the British Empire we are all sharing common burdens. In the case of income derived from foreign countries this theory does not apply, and so, "unless reciprocal arrangements can be made between our Government and the Governments of each foreign State where income tax is in force," the Commissioners cannot recommend any change in the existing law. The result is far from satisfactory, yet it is difficult to see what other conclusion could have been reached; possibly a Financial Section of the League of Nations may be able to devise a system.

Wasting assets formed another difficult question, and again we meet a compromise. The Commissioners found it impossible to make "any general recommendation that from the income produced by any asset an allowance should be made for the amortisation of its capital value." The Commissioners begin by saying that no allowance shall be made when the life of the wasting asset is estimated at thirty-five years or longer; consequently, assets with a shorter life "should receive an allowance dependent on the time by which their life falls short of thirty-five years." From an auditor's point of view, a "wasting asset" includes things like leases, of which the value has to be replaced within a given period. The Commissioners do not take that view; they propose, as a general principle, that no allowance should be granted to any asset other than "an inherently wasting material asset which has been created by the expenditure of capital." Consequently, leaseholds in general are excluded; but the Commissioners would make an allowance where a leaseholder

spent money "in order to adapt the leased premises to the requirements of a particular business." They would also make allowance when the right to future profits has been purchased from a vendor who is entirely outside the scope of British income tax." Most people look upon "mineral rights" as an obvious example of a wasting asset, but the Commissioners would make no allowance in respect of them; they insist that these assets have not been created by the expenditure of capital; but they would allow for expenditure on shaft-sinkings and initial work on development, and elsewhere on such things as surface works and the permanent way and equipment of railways, tramways and docks.

The Royal Commissioners are at their best when they discuss the question of married persons and income tax. They give very fairly the various arguments for the separate taxation of husband and wife, and dismiss them as being irreconcilable with the fundamental principle of "ability to pay." A lengthy Reservation by Mrs. Knowles and Mr. J. W. Clark shows how easy it is to go wrong when one abandons this guiding principle. If the limits of total exemption are brought down to £100 for single persons, and £200 for married couples, there is no reason why the rest of the Commissioner's recommendations should not be carried promptly into law, the result would be a much fairer and simpler income tax.

If I end with a word of criticism it would only be to regret that the Commissioners did not deal with the larger question of the effect of taxation on prices. Sir Edward Brabrook and I ventured to tell the Royal Commission (1) "that, if skilfully adjusted to the 'ability' of each taxpayer, an income tax imposes little real burden," and (2) "that a heavy income tax has a tendency to lower prices of commodities in general, just as an inflation of the currency increases them." These two principles, however, assume that all citizens above the poverty line pay their quota, thus they provide two further arguments in favour of a lower limit of total exemption.

J. E. ALLEN.

WAR WEALTH TAX.

THE proposal to levy a tax upon war profits, which, with a cut and dry scheme prepared by the Board of Inland Revenue, is now before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, is in the nature of a sharper's trick, who, having by his assurances secured your confidence, then sets about abusing that confidence by a thin fraud on your resources. We were told, while the Government during the war was hammering at our doors like an importunate dun, that the way to win the war was to save our money and, when by irksome thrift we had done so, to hand it over as a loan to the Government. We are now told that in any levy upon war-time wealth it is impossible to distinguish between the increment of our capital which was due to the war and any increase which was due to other causes, such as thrift. It was thrift that the Government insisted upon as the way that people who were too old to fight and sat at home at ease "could do their bit." Now the savings which have been accumulated during the five years between June, 1914, and June, 1919, are to be taxed to the extent of one-fourth of their value. This is their confidence trick.

Of course, it is at present impossible to see why the lines are drawn at these two particular dates. Why a man who had a great monetary accretion before June, 1914, or after 1919 should not be taxed, while the man who had had a legacy in 1918 should be compelled to part with one-fourth of it to the Government. That has not been explained, and the injustice of such a proceeding would soon be made a reason for extending the tax to all increments of wealth, and from that stepping-stone it would only be a short stride to a tax upon all capital wealth.

But there is another aspect in which the proposal has a fraudulent look. The Government, on the principle that men should not make money out of the evil plight of the nation in the Great War, laid upon traders an obligation to pay at first 60 per cent., and later 80 per cent., of their excess profits. Profits were, in their view, assumed to be made out of, or by reason of, the war, if the profits in these troubled years exceeded those which had been made before the war began. Of course, the inference was not in many cases well founded. In the case of many industries which had come into existence immediately prior to the war the profits which were made during the war might be the ordinary growth of a business, totally unconnected with any of the events which were happening in Europe. But all excess profits, however they came, were to be heavily taxed.

Many people thought it a bad tax. Mr. Illingworth, speaking at the Bankers' Association Dinner in May, 1919, said it was "the most unjust tax ever imposed upon any community in the history of finance in this country."

But, bad or good, the industries had to pay it. Still, the payment was made on the understanding that if a man paid the £80 out of his £100 excess profits he was to be allowed to keep the balance. But that, it appears, is not the case. What he was allowed to retain, if he spent it at Monte Carlo, is, of course, out of the reach of the Government. If he invested it in jewels or pictures it may be difficult to tax, but if, on the other hand, he was foolishly lured by the Government into purchasing National War or Victory Bonds,¹ he is to be made to share his savings with the Government; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer sees nothing in the principle of his tax which he does not approve. Still, Mr. Chamberlain, who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, is "hard up," while he is opposed to a general capital levy, proposes to impose what is a general capital levy on all the wealth which has been accumulated during the war. Not only would he punish the thrifty man, but he would catch in his indiscriminating net the man whose capital has been increased during these five years by a fortuitous legacy, or by the rise in the value of a stock upon which up to June, 1914, he might have had no returns, and who, since his investment became remunerative, has been paying an income tax, and possibly a super tax, to the Government.

It is well, however, that we should understand that the term "War wealth levy" which has been used in this connection is a misnomer; and that what is proposed is a general capital levy on all wealth, however come by, which has been accumulated during these five years.

Of course, notwithstanding Mr. Chamberlain's assurance that he was opposed to a general capital levy—an assurance which was given, no doubt, to lull the community into an idea of the security of their property—there are other people who are, at any rate, candidly in favour of such a tax. The Labour Party or Socialists—for Mr. Churchill seems to think that these terms are interchangeable—have all along held that the possession of capital in private hands is criminal, and any proposal which would take wealth out of the hands of capitalists and put it in the hands of the State as trustee for the proletariat would be

(1) If the Savings were invested in Victory Bonds the levy on the value of these would be doubly unjust. Persons who bought these at £85, the issue price, or about £76, the present price, did so not merely as an investment but as an insurance, the Government having promised to accept these as payment of the Death Duties at the nominal value of £100.

regarded by them as a step in the right direction. If, then, we take the view that the possession of capital, or the appropriation of profits, by private individuals is inadmissible, there is everything to be said in favour of this tax of Mr. Chamberlain's as an exceedingly prudent proposal. If, on the other hand, we are still of opinion that the profit, wage, and capitalist system should continue, there seems to be no excuse for the imposition of this tax.

In the first place it seems bad finance. The rate of interest on capital in this country, taking into consideration not merely stocks and shares, foreign and colonial and other securities which were once called "gilt-edged," but also the return on capital invested in industrial and commercial undertakings, is certainly not less than 10 per cent. all round. It may even be at a higher rate. When we see the profits that have been made by oil companies, thread manufacturers, and tobacco corporations we are probably putting it at too low a figure. But if we lay a tax on capital and take away the fourth part of the capital of the country and pay off with that a debt which is served by a 5 per cent. interest, we are clearly carrying out a very foolish financial operation in the interests of the community. The man or nation which has borrowed at 5 per cent. and pays off the debt with capital which is yielding 10 per cent. is not a financier, but a fool.

But there are other aspects in which the tax is a foolish one. Long ago a man who spent money was thought to be doing what the Poor Law of the reign of Elizabeth purported to do—"setting the poor on work." But it is an exploded idea that extravagance is a benefit to the State, and that the spendthrift is a philanthropist. We know better now. It is self-denial, it is thrift, it is saving that "makes the mare" of production to go. We have too long been abusing the miser. If he was a wise one, and instead of putting his savings in a stocking he put them in a stocking-mill, he was doing good. We have, too, in the same way passed unwise usury laws which were intended to prevent the lending of money at interest. The "dark ages" in relation to such matters have passed away, and we believe in thrift and investment. But does anyone suppose that a tax upon savings will not prove a discouragement of thrift, that very prudent self-denial which accrues to the benefit of the community. "Save! Why should I save if I am not allowed to keep?" It was with a view to encourage saving that the laws of inheritance allowed a man to hand on his accumulations after his death to his children or other relations. Now we have already, to some extent, departed from that wise principle by altering the laws

of inheritance, and making a man, who has during his lifetime accumulated £1,000,000 (we only take large figures because they are quite easy to deal with), hand over as death duty £400,000 to the State. We have, therefore, already put an embargo on thrift and encouraged not only extravagance, but have also encouraged evasions by which a man can dispose of his wealth during his lifetime and leave little or nothing for the harpy Board of Inland Revenue to lay its hands on at his death.

Now in extension of this principle the levy on capital would make him pay ransom during his life, and is even a more drastic condemnation of thrift than the death duties.

Of course, such a tax is thought well of by people who have no accumulated capital, and who only receive a salary or income for services rendered. At the present time such a man has to pay 6s. out of every £1 so earned. But with such natural predilections we have nothing to do here. We are not concerned with the very natural desire of greedy people that the expenses of the State should be paid out of any pocket but their own; but are attempting to see if, upon any sound economic principle, such a tax as the war wealth tax can be justified.

One of the needs of this impoverished time is, of course—we see it repeated every day—greater production. There is no way to pay our national debt except by creating and accumulating new wealth. There is no “new way to pay old debts” but that. We want new trade, we want to sell more and buy less. That wealth is there for us to produce from our potential resources. It can only be turned into kinetic wealth by more production, and the greater production can only be brought about by increased credit. People often think that the commercial and industrial world is run on money, while as a fact its wheels are promises and the belief that the promises will be kept. But the worth of promises depends to an enormous extent upon the accumulated capital of the man who makes the promise or draws a bill of exchange. If, however, you make a capital levy upon that accumulated wealth, you cut the wings of credit. If the State says you must hand over one-fourth of your capital—in whatever form it is invested—to the Exchequer, you limit that man's credit at a time when it is essential to the recovery and reconstruction of industry and commerce, for the creation of new and the extension of existing trade. What we require is more credit, not less. If, therefore, you impose this tax, you will have every capitalist attempting to realise enough to meet the duty—at or about the same time—and even if, as you propose, you spread its payment over a certain number of years, you will discover that you have done an irreparable injury to the productivity of the country.

We hear, and it is true, that high prices are the outward and visible sign of our national poverty which has resulted from the war, and from Governmental extravagance during the war. We know that into high prices high wages enter largely, and that besides that element, the fall in the value of gold and the inflation of the currency have something to do with our present deplorable plight.

But one of the causes of the prices we are all complaining of is the diminished utilisation of capital in consequence of the attitude of labour. If that is so, is this the time to terrify capital, already all nerves, with the proposal of this capital tax; is it a time to diminish credit, which is the mainspring of trade? We should have thought not! Capital to-day is faced with many difficulties. The cost of building is enhanced, the cost of repairs and maintenance, and the recurring call for new capital for replacements are amongst the difficulties in the way of enterprise; and, of course, if enterprise is slow, labour suffers. But are you going to make it easier for capital by taking a fourth part of it away, by crippling its credit, and attempting to pay debts not by honest work, but by the legerdemain of transferring the burden of the State to the backs of certain of the individual members of the community? There never was a more foolish proposal submitted to a Committee of Parliament. There never was a more suicidal piece of finance submitted to the public.

Some of the critics of the scheme of the Board of Inland Revenue have naturally commented upon the difficulties of imposing the tax, and the enormous expense of the valuations which would have to be made of property as it existed in June, 1914, and in June, 1919. Indeed, the fundamental valuation upon which the memorandum of the Board proceeds, that the wealth of the country has increased by £4,000,000,000 during the war, can be nothing but a guess, probably calculated from income tax returns. According to Sir John Anderson, machinery, houses, lands, pictures, and motor cars in the hands of 340,000 persons are to be included in both valuations. Now, as to these items of wealth, there can be no accurate estimate of value made at the present time. But, although the figure he started with, viz., one-fourth of £4,000,000,000, must be erroneous, it is clear, as some of the critics have pointed out, that when all the expenses of these valuations have been deducted, the yield of the tax would be small. The Chairman of the Board proposes to exempt fortunes which in the war period did not exceed £5,000, and that has the effect of reducing the taxable amount of capital from £4,000,000,000 to £2,800,000,000, and the proceeds of the tax upon the 340,000 persons, who would have to pay not

£1,000,000,000, but £700,000,000. Again, he proposes that certain allowances should be made so that there "should be as little injustice as possible" (a curious phrase). For example, an allowance of £1,000 for a wife, £500 for each child; and these allowances would still further reduce the amount of the yield. But, even more significant, and as another means of securing "as little injustice as possible," Sir John, when asked if persons who in reply to Government appeals invested largely in War Loan would receive no further consideration than anyone else, said: "It would be possible for the Committee to make concessions to persons who had so invested." We think, ourselves, that such discrimination would, for obvious reasons, be another injustice; but, if it were made, it would still further reduce the return from this levy.

But, although all these criticisms are sound, and although the net yield of the tax would, after taking off the great cost of valuation, collection, and the payment in some cases by instalments, be very small,¹ they do not go to the root of the matter. If the return was small when only a fourth of the capital was taken, it would be easy for the Exchequer by the stroke of a pen to make the tax 50 per cent. instead of 25 per cent. of the War wealth. Indeed, there is a far more cogent objection to this tax than that. It is that this is nothing but a "try on" of a general capital levy, to which Mr. Chamberlain says he objects. It is said that the money raised by this duty would be applied, not as the death duties are to revenue purposes, but "solely to the reduction of the debt." Now it is an excellent thing for a nation to pay its debts, but it is dishonest to pretend to pay its debts while it is only transferring the obligations to other shoulders. As we have said, the only way to liquidate the debt which we have contracted is by the creation of new wealth. There is no new wealth created by reducing the national indebtedness by the £1,000,000,000 if the £1,000,000,000 has been secured by a diminution of that amount of capital in private hands. The country must be richer before it can get out of its obligations honourably. There is no more wealth in the country because a highwayman has taken my purse—no doubt he has more and I have less; but the country is perhaps worse off if the money is in less honest hands than it was before. Would anyone tell us how we are if we impose this War wealth tax to prevent the Chancellors of the Exchequer for the future from extending the principle to all wealth. The public are blind if they do not see where this road leads to.

(1) Of course, too, the State would lose heavily in other ways. If it appropriates £1,000,000,000 which is by the Inland Revenue calculation one-fifteenth of the whole national wealth, the income tax and the death duties would be diminished

But all these expedients for relieving the country of this almost intolerable burden of debt are founded on a supposition that it is essential "to get rid of some of the burden at once," as Lord Buckmaster says. As we have said, the only honest way to meet our expenditure in the past is to earn more than we spend in the future. Our debts ought to be paid out of revenue. There is no possibility of paying debt by debt, as the advocates for the policy of getting rid of the burden at once suppose. To get rid of it at once you must either, as those in favour of a capital levy desire, transfer the debt to someone else, or, as Lord Buckmaster proposes, repudiate the whole or a part of it. His proposal is, of course, veiled repudiation, but it is repudiation all the same. He would have a valuation of capital in private hands and make each holder subscribe for a bond of the value of 10 per cent. on his capital holding. That bond, which would bear no interest (or at most 1 per cent.) for thirteen years, would enable the Government to cancel a bond of the same amount which bears interest at 5 per cent. He would give new lamps for old, but the new one would be a rush light for thirteen years, while the old would have burned with a steady 5 per cent. candle-power. It is true that at the end of thirteen years the bonds, according to him, would be served with 4 per cent. interest, but during the thirteen years he would have confiscated the holders' 5 per cent., or (even if 1 per cent. were paid) his 4 per cent. This is what, in the *Sunday Times* of March 7th, he calls a "cross-cancellation scheme." But it is the cancellation of a security—say a Victory Bond—or a bond on which the country has promised to pay £5 per cent. by a bond on which the subscriber is to receive nothing, or, at most, 1 per cent. Call it what you will, it is repudiation; for a debtor—and that is the position of the State—does not only repudiate his debt by refusing to pay the principal, but by withholding the agreed-upon interest. It does not make it one bit more honest that the debtor is a State which can legislate itself out of its obligations.

But if ever this financial expedient—it is not, we think, too harsh to call it a "trick"—were adopted, and partial repudiation became the financial fashion, it would inevitably lead to further excursions in that fascinating direction. Lord Buckmaster's scheme, according to him, would in thirteen years relieve the country of a burden of £2,500,000,000 by a 10 per cent. levy.

But if you consider the principle that it is essential to "get rid of the debt at once" by repudiation, why should the taxpayer remain under the burden of the enormous balance of £5,500,000,000 which would remain?

This is playing with fire, which, if once lighted, will burn down the whole house.

J. H. BALFOUR-BROWNE.

OCCULTISM.

THE primary meaning of the word *occult* is that which is hidden or mysterious, with an element of the magical often superadded. Its believers assert that beyond the world of sense there is a realm which lies outside the scope of our normal faculties to penetrate; a realm whose secrets are hidden from the scientist and revealed only to "certain perfected individuals of human lineage"¹ who, in the words of the apostle, "walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit."

The astronomer sweeps the skies with his telescope, and, analysing their light, wrests from the stars the secret of their structure, but no visions of angels "swim into his ken." The occultist, disdaining the use of his senses and of mechanical aids, can, by virtue of his "psychic faculty," discern with spiritual eyes a company with whom he claims affinity; "a hierarchy of ever loftier grades reaching even up to Deity itself."² To him the phantasmal becomes the phenomenal. Such a belief is among the articles of the spiritualistic creed of minds of the type of the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, whose imagination filled "the infinite chasm between ourselves and Deity with an almost infinite series of grades of beings, each successive grade having higher and higher powers in regard to the origination, development and control of the universe." But of late the occult is used to include the experimental as well as the experiential, gathering under one cover—first and foremost—spiritualists, erroneously so-called, since their theories of the soul and of the conditions under which it exists in another life are crudely materialistic; psychometrists, psycho-statists (*i.e.*, soul-weighers), clairvoyants, automatists, palmists, phrenologists, astrologists, numerists, theosophists, *et hoc genus omne*.

The extent to which occultism has spread, and is spreading, in these latter days will, in vulgar phrase, be an "eye-opener" to many who have dismissed the matter as the passing freak of a handful of cranks. Into what close organisation the several branches of occultism are knit together, and how active and

(1) Art. Occultism: Hastings, *Encyclop. of Religion and Ethics* Vol. 9. p. 445.

(2) *Ib.* p. 445. Gibbon, quoting Libanius, says that the Emperor Julian lived in a perpetual intercourse with the gods and goddesses, "soon acquiring such an intimate knowledge of his heavenly guests as readily to distinguish the voice of Jupiter from that of Minerva, and the form of Apollo from the figure of Hercules." *Decline and Fall*, ch. xxiii. p. 466 (Bury's Edition).

(3) *World of Life*, p. 393.

earnest is their propagandism, can be known to outsiders by reading the journals of the movement, especially their advertisement columns, because these supply the names and addresses of professors of the several arts. As for the books and pamphlets on the occult, and the announcements of meetings of the various spiritualistic associations—these are legion.

Nearly seventy years have passed since the arrival of the first mediums on these shores. They were from America, which, ever since, has remained the market of supply of members of the profession. They were the direct successors of the originators of the movement, the two Fox sisters, in whose Arcadian homestead were first heard rappings interpreted as due to supernatural agency. In their bag o' tricks Mrs. Hayden, the first to arrive, and her followers brought the like apparatus, which remains, with the phenomena of table-talking and table-turning, an accepted key to spirit messages. Here is one verse from a doggerel hymn sung at gatherings of believers:—

"Rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap,
Loved ones are rapping to-night:
Heaven seems not far away,
Death's sweeping river is bright;
Soft is the sheen of its spray,
Magical changes these rappings have wrought,
Sweet hope to the hopeless their patter has brought;
And death is bridged over with amaranth flowers;
Blest Spirits come back from their bright homes to ours."¹

As for the tables, we have Sir Oliver Lodge's statement that they can convey information, indicative of joy or sorrow, fun or gravity,² "even amorousness, as, when at a family séance at his house, a small table attempted to get into Lady Lodge's lap, made most caressing movements to and fro, and seemed as if it could not get close enough to her."³

Tables, planchettes, and Ouija boards (these last, advertisements notify, will not be procurable until after the war), however, are yielding place to phenomena of a pseudo-psychical kind. We hear less about high kicks of furniture, of levitation, fire-handling, showers of flowers with their scents, of onions with their smells, and horse-play of invisible powers whose mischievous pranks were matters of sober investigation by dialectical and kindred societies. Attention is now centred on communications purporting to come from the departed through their "controls," or second personalities, who are in direct touch with mediums. "Schools of psychology" for initiation into the mysteries of mediumship exist in

(1) By Emma R. Tuttle, in *The Spiritual Songster*

(2) *Raymond*, p. 363.

(3) *Ib.* p. 221.

plenty, the fees for tuition varying in accordance with the length and elaboration of the curriculum. "Private development in all forms" of the art can be attained for a few shillings even without the personal attendance of the novitiæ. For as low a fee as "6d. post free, beginners *re séances*" can obtain full directions as to procedure. A more frequent class of advertisement is that issued by psychomagnetics, who insure sufferers from divers complaints deliverance at a paltry charge. The methods promise instantaneous cure of neuralgia, of gout and sciatica in a few minutes, and of appendicitis and internal tumours in a few visits. Following the "absent treatment" system in Christian Science, "a lady psychiatrist offers to cure patients of any complaint by correspondence," the condition being that the details respecting it are accompanied by the fee. For half-a-guinea competing dealers in "goods for the occult" offer vitic rods to restore "energy to the anæmic and to arrest senile decay," while for the same sum there can be obtained "Memphis Psychic Screens" for observing that hypothetical exudation from our bodies named by the Spiritualists "human aura"—ephemeral, enigmatical protuberances projected momentarily from the medium's body; protuberances of various degrees of density—from fluid to hard—which spring into existence and vanish in the twinkling of an eye. For two shillings and ninepence there can be purchased Memphis Incense, the purpose of which is not stated. Possibly the term may be borrowed from Rabelais, who says that "Pythagoras travelled far to visit the memphitical vaticinators"¹ (a statement, by the way, challenged by Prof. Burnet in his *Early Greek Philosophy*²). Rutter says that a Memphian stone "has power to bring a deadly sleepe on all the Senses."³ Perhaps the modern article has narcotising properties whereby those who inhale it are lulled to dreamland as was the priestess of Apollo by the miasmatic vapour issuing from the cleft in the Delphian rock. Sir Oliver Lodge attaches importance to "the somnambulic conditions when, though the automatic processes of the body go on with greater perfection than usual, the conscious or noticing aspect of the mind is latent, the things which influence the person are apparently no longer the ordinary events which affect his peripheral organs, but either something internal or else something not belonging to the ordinary known universe at all."⁴ In plain English, the meaning of this jargon is that a wide-awake condition is fatal to obscurity of perception, "which nobody can deny."

(1) Book 2. ch. 18.

(2) p. 18.

(3) *Shepherds Holy Day*, see *New Oxford Dictionary* s.v.

(4) *Proceedings Socy. for Psychical Research*, Vol. 10. Pt. 26. p. 14.

Sir Oliver has a place among the self-deluded whom Matthew Arnold vividly describes in *Empedocles on Etna*:—

"Born into life—who lists
May what is false hold dear,
And for himself make mists
Through which to see less clear."

Occultism is in close alliance with astrology. In the beginning of the sixth chapter of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* Gibbon makes reference to "the science of judicial astrology which in almost every age except the present has maintained its dominion over the mind of man."¹ It is pretty certain that if Gibbon had lived, stepped outside his own circle, he would have found any number of believers in the influence of the stars on human destiny. Since the remote time when men were watchers of the skies that belief has been persistent, and our daily language bears unconscious witness to the significance which once inhered in such words as jovial, mercurial, saturnine, consideration, influence and disaster. *Zadkiel* and *Old Moore* command a big circulation, and the *Book of Dreams and Fortune-Teller* is a favourite and consulted kitchen oracle. The old astrology had a certain quality of nobleness about it. As Comte said, it was an attempt to frame a philosophy of history by reducing the seemingly capricious character of human actions within the domain of law. It strove to establish a connection between these actions and the motions of the heavenly bodies, these being deified by the ancients and credited with personal will directing the destiny of man. But the astrology of to-day is a vulgar travesty of the old.

"Human life is the science of the stars: send me your birth-time and one-shilling postal order," says one advertiser. That appears to be a minimum fee, but the charge varies. For two-pence more there may be obtained a book wherein, having cast his nativity, a man can read his own character, learn to what disorders he is subject and how to cure them, for what occupation he is best suited, the sort of person he should marry, what his children will be like and how to govern them. A remittance of two shillings, accompanied by "small articles worn and birth-month," will procure an expert judgment; while for one guinea a course of "Astrological Correspondence Lessons" will result in a complete knowledge of "the mystic science." There is guidance for "the wayfaring man, though a fool." One journal directs him on which days he may safely buy property, engage servants,

(1) In his *Autobiography* he says of an ancestor, "Several of the most respectable characters of his age, Sir William Dugdale, Mr. Ashmole and others were his friends, and in the society of such men, John Gibbon may be recorded without disgrace as the member of an astrological club."

interview engineers, surgeons, avoid lawyers, and start on new enterprises. A sporting prophet gives the tip that "horses foaled when the Sun is configured by trine (120 deg. distance in longitude) with Mars prove winners in their class." If a builder does not make certain that neither Saturn nor Mars will be in the lower meridian when he lays the foundation-stone, the house will be destroyed by fire soon after its erection. It was through some shipbuilders neglecting to consult an expert astrologer as to the auspicious moment for launching two vessels that one sank in deep water and that the other was wrecked on a rocky coast.¹ Of course, Mars has been to the fore in these tragic times. "Round the Zodiac" with him was the subject of a recent paper in a psychic journal, wherein his varying activities, as he travels through the twelve signs, were set forth, the conclusion arrived at being that "the waging and the ceasing of world-warfare on every plane to-day depend upon the extent to which every man, woman and child in the world realises the force of the higher and lower Martian-vibrations."²

So definite a pronouncement should have been followed by directions to the sixteen hundred millions of human beings who comprise the world's population how each one is to be put into line so as to receive the impact of these vibrations. Otherwise the war could not have ended till the Greek Kalends.

The *International Psychic Gazette* of October, 1917, to May, 1918, contains a series of articles on the "Significance of Numbers," wherein the theory of Pythagoras runs in riotous extravagance. We know little about that remarkable man, and learn nothing worth the knowing from the moderns who bear his name. He left no writings; his traditional sayings, collected in *The Golden Words*, prove the loftiness of his ethical teaching, while in the religious brotherhood which he founded his aim was the reformation of public and private life. He is of the rare immortal company of Ionian philosophers in whose speculations and previsions are the germ of modern discoveries—notably of the order and unity of the cosmos. They may be added to the roll-call of those who "all died in faith, not having received the promises, but, having seen them afar off, were persuaded of them."³ Thales held that water is the common primitive element; Anaximander that it is air, and the disciples of Pythagoras applied his theory

(1) "The disaster to the *Titanic* should warn shipbuilders and owners not only to see that their ships are well-named, but also to insist on the keel being laid on a strong and favourable day. No attention should be paid to the scoffing materialistic mind on such matters."

(2) *International Psychic Gazette*, Oct. 1917. p. 19

(3) Hebrews ix. 13.

that numbers and geometrical figures are entities to all things being made of numbers.

Numbers and astrology, our modern occultists argue, are closely allied, each number has its spiritual vibration, which is connected with vibrations from the planets. Number one has a vibration from the sun; it is the supreme commander and the mighty Unknowable God of the universe, but it can never be explained. Number two has a vibration from the moon; it is psychic and belongs to the soul and heart plane. It is the number of the moulding of gross substance in response to the intellect of the Grand Architect, for God said "It is not good that man should be alone." The student of mythology and folklore will be prepared to meet a crowd of examples of the sacredness and symbolism attached to the number three; as in triangles, tripods and trinities; astronomical groupings inhering in a number which has a vibration from Jupiter, and whose psychic aura "is a deep blue like the sapphire."

Four fills in the numerist's calendar the chief place in human life. It, too, has a vibration from the sun. In the Highest Sphere there are the four-lettered holy names; the Hebrew YHVH; the English Lord, the French Dieu, and the German Gott. In the Lower Sphere there are the four human elements, spirit and mind, soul and body, and the four letters composing Adam's name. Five has the most powerful psychic vibration, so intense that the individual who understands its import becomes a true psychic. Six has a vibration of yellow and is the most perfect of all, because God created man on the sixth day. It is the I AM which purifies and illumines, and "is considered unlucky in racing circles."

The occultist, by virtue of his mental constitution, cannot accept the obvious. The explanation of the sanctity and symbolism ascribed to the number seven as astrological in origin is too simple to content him, and a matter which is crammed with interest in its bearing on custom, law and religion is befogged by the wilful import of balderdash into it. "It has," he asserts, "a very fine psychic vibration of red, and when this powerful energy is transmuted on to the higher soul-plane it is purified into pink and brings with it the vibration of love and sympathy." By what process this combined chromatic and emotional result is effected the numerist does not explain.

As "on the seventh day God ended the work of creation and blessed it and sanctified it," so the number seven represents the triumph of spirit over matter. In the Highest Sphere seven is the seven-lettered name of God. In the Sphere of Intellect there are seven angels; in the Heavenly Sphere there are seven planets,

in the Lower Sphere there are seven holes in the head, seven metals and seven precious stones. The seventh son of a seventh son "has great psychic powers." Of course Shakespeare's "Seven Ages" is quoted in further proof of the climacteric years of human life, a superstition on which is founded the belief that special changes and perils occur at periods which are multiples of seven, and which explain customs otherwise obscure in origin; e.g., the attainment of legal manhood at twenty-one, and the granting of leases for seven, fourteen and twenty-one years. The folklore of every people attests the significance attached to this number, and a treatise which handles the subject soberly would be a valuable contribution to the vexed problem whether the same beliefs and customs have arisen independently in different centres, or whether they have been distributed from a common centre through the wanderings of peoples, say, from Egypt, as some theorists hold.¹

The number eight has a vibration from Saturn full of negation and darkness, and those on whose life-chart it appears have a dismal outlook, while the more fortunate who are on the top plane of that chart wherein the number nine has place have imparted to them, through its fine psychic vibration of purple, wisdom and other gifts "more precious than rubies." "Shakespeare, whom we can claim as a great psychic and occultist, often mentions this in his plays and its remarkable influence on lives of men." But it is not a lucky number for a house, "the notorious Fleet Prison was No. 9, Fleet Street." The key to a man's good or ill fortune, the numerists explain, is determined by his position on the Life-Chart or numeroscope which is divided into three planes, Spirit, Soul and Body, his position being ascertained by equating the date of his birth with certain fixed numbers.

These examples of riotous nonsense on the part of the present-day numerists should not obscure the fact of the importance which, from remote ages, has been attached to numbers as vehicles of magic. What notable part, for example, four has played in folk-medicine, in theological speculation, and in religious symbolism is known to the student and possesses high value in the history of the confusion between names and things which persists among civilised as well as barbarous peoples to this day.

Papers on phrenology and advertisements of its professors, fill goodly spaces in the psychic journals, and how seriously its believers handle the subject has example in their demands that it should be taught in every school, and that "Cabinet Ministers ought to be chosen according to the formation of their heads as an

(1) See Prof. Elliot Smith's *Influence of Ancient Egyptian Civilisation in the East and in America*. (Longmans.)

absolute indication of their capacity and abilities." Only thus can the present "deplorable state of things" be remedied! To what audacious extremes this pseudo-science is pushed is shown in an article by a F.B.P.S. (which initials stand for Fellow of the British Phrenological Society) on "The Phrenology of Jesus." The writer starts with a modest admission of the limitations under which he approaches the subject. No authentic likeness of Jesus exists; the Gospels are silent as to "the size, form and quality of his brain," but they supply sufficient data for "a fairly accurate picture," and warrant these inferences. He was of nerval or sanguine temperament; the paramount lobes of his brain were Frontal and Parietal: the Temporal being little in evidence. His organs of Combativeness and Acquisitiveness were weak: Benevolence was strong; as a celibate and non-parent, family ties were weak, his love of children not being of the parental kind. Self-control is evident in his abstinence from food for forty days, while Firmness stands prominently out. Cuvier needed some fragment of bone before he ventured to name the animal to which it belonged, but the phrenologist needs no such material aid to divine from the mental characters he describes that Jesus had light auburn hair, dark large eyes, a pallid complexion, high forehead, and that his profile "would show prominent brows and a beautiful convex curve along them continuing into the top of his head." "When," the F.B.P.S. asks, "will some painter or sculptor supplement this phrenological analysis and give us a scientific presentation of the type of head capable of doing what is recorded as having been done by Jesus of Nazareth?" When, indeed.

In fitting sequel to these specific details on the phrenology of Jesus we have Sir Oliver Lodge's pronouncement on his psychology. In an article on "Fact v. Dogma" in the *Nineteenth Century* of January, 1918, he complains that the modern representatives of ecclesiastical and official Christianity, true to the spirit which throughout their history has made them ban inquiry and frown on psychical research, contend that "the Founder of Christianity would have discountenanced even our most devout and humble methods of communicating with the dead." Against this he cites the narratives of the raising of the son of the widow of Nain, when Jesus restored the "discarnate spirit to its abandoned body," and of the raising of Lazarus. Then, referring to the story of the Transfiguration, when Moses and Elijah "appeared in visible and audible and fully materialised form," he asserts that "therein the Master himself allowed his occult mediumistic faculties full play." In a pamphlet on *The Place of Jesus Christ in Spiritualism* the author claims the historic Jesus "not only as an exceptional medium, physically and psychically, but as a man

who himself exceptionally spiritually progressed, so that he was practically on the same plane as his highest guides."

The founders of phrenology are on a loftier level than their successors. Gall and Spurzheim were neither quacks nor cranks: the determination of character by the shape of the skull and the relation between brain and mind were matters of honest investigation on their part, and they gave a stimulus to the science of cerebral physiology. Their system of partitioning-out the skull into areas wherein they seated the several faculties, and their theory that the size of the brain is an index to mental power, are proved to be unwarranted; yet some credit is theirs as pioneers in anticipating modern discoveries of location of centres of speech and other faculties. They would have welcomed the evidence which proves that the cortex or layer of grey cellular substance covering the cerebrum is the organ of mind: they would have repudiated the framers of the specious and extravagant theories which are promulgated at phrenological congresses to-day.

Closely allied to the charlatans who pretend to find the key to mental and moral faculties in the bumps of the skull is the ancient and still flourishing company of diviners who profess to read a man's destiny in the lines and configurations in the palm of his hand, and, in the seven mounts or monticuli of that organ, to determine qualities connected with the sun, moon and five planets. The crowd of dupes who consult the palmists might with equal reason and at no cost read their own future in the creases in the knees of their trousers and in the elbows of their coats. The lines which are present in the hand, and which are of necessity due to the action of infolding of that organ, are present, from the same cause, in the hand of the ape, on which the palmist has not experimented. Those who care to know to what extent this spurious "science" is taken seriously should consult a recently-issued *Catechism of Palmistry* which, a psychic journal informs us, "the British Institute of Mental Science (Incorporated) has selected as its text-book for candidates who are examined for its diplomas."

The war has led to a roaring trade in mascots or luck-bringers (the word is cognate with the provincial French *masco*, witch) and amulets as protection against lethal weapons. Under the smile which they awaken when their wearers are challenged there lurks belief in their power to avert the dreaded. Some time back a Parisian "magician" was laid by the heels for selling rings which ensured good luck to the wearer, and ruin to his or her enemies. The pet goat or dog of a regiment nerves the soldier to face death, and the spray of white heather is a talisman against shell-shock and gas. The famous airman, Wellman, carried a

black cat in his flight across the Atlantic; the cat falls overboard, the dirigible picks it up, and is then blown hundreds of miles out of its course and lost, but the crew were saved. In view of the loss of their machine, the advantage of the cat as a mascot is doubtful. Another aviator attributed his escape from perilous positions to the magical properties of his mascot, a lion's tooth. But, unfortunately, he came to grief in the end. Of one quaint little figure, named Touchwood (probably from the old superstition of touching wood when saying anything affecting the future, evil being further averted by adding the word *unberufen*=unspoken), a million and a quarter had been sold within a year after the outbreak of the war, and belief in its power as a mascot had testimony in numerous letters addressed to the maker. One of these has five signatures. "We have been out here for five months fighting in the trenches, and not had a scratch. We put our great good fortune down to your lucky charm, which we treasure highly."¹

Thus might run on the story of crazes largely due to the nerve-tension of these harrowing times. But further recital would only be repetition, since all are of a piece in their mischievous play on the hopes and fears of crowds of dupes of all classes of society. *Stultorum infinitus est numerus*. Hence, in the struggle for truth, and for the maintenance of sanity, no quarter can be given to this obscurantism. Its exponents lack the harmlessness of the cranky theory-mongers who, if they have wasted our time in the pamphlets they thrust upon us, at least in some degree condone the nuisance by the amusement which they supply. To quote a few examples: there was the circle-squarer, James Smith, who, fifty years ago, issued a brochure entitled *The British Association in Jeopardy, and Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, in the Stocks without Hope of Escape*. He was preceded by a Captain Forman, R.N., who called the Fellows of the Royal Astronomical Society "craven dunghill cocks" because they refused to discuss a book which he wrote against the laws of gravitation. Keely caused a sensation in both hemispheres by the announcement that he had discovered perpetual motion, but he was a fraud. After his death it was found that he made use of a motor worked by concealed machinery which conveyed compressed air to the apparatus. Honest by contrast was the well-known John Hampden, bearer of an historic name, with his theory of a flat earth, "built upon foundations which the Word of God expressly declares cannot be searched out and discovered." One of his modern representatives recently sent me a large chart and a series of diagrams to prove that the earth does not rotate, as is proved by Scripture in seven places (texts duly quoted). The sun travels round the earth, "but the Pole Star is a fixture." Then there

(1) *Times*, Aug. 20, 1915.

were the lunatics who maintained that the earth is hollow and has a teeming population in its interior; the pseudo-scientists of the type of the late Prof. Piazzi Smyth (actually once Astronomer Royal for Scotland), with his fatuous theories about the purpose of the Great Pyramid, which he asserted was built under Divine Revelation. Many of this crotchety crew have due record in the late Prof. De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes*, a recent reprint of which is welcome. But, as shown in his book, *From Matter to Spirit*, that eminent mathematician was infected with the spiritualist bacillus.¹

The explanation of the persistence of occultism is at hand. It lies in the fact that since man arrived at the stage when, in self-flattery, he dubs himself *homo sapiens*, his instincts and elemental passions and emotions have remained the same. In a remarkable paper on "Primitive Man," read before the British Academy on November 29th, 1916, Prof. Elliot Smith emphasises this fact. He says that, "so far as one can judge, there has been no far-reaching and progressive modification of the instincts and emotions since man came into existence beyond the acquisition of the necessary innate power of using more complex cerebral apparatus which he has to employ." And the belief which he has evolved in his speculations concerning the nature of his surroundings remain fundamentally the same, however disguised in name, alike among savage and civilised people. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. Man felt before he reasoned. As a creature of emotion, he has an immeasurable past; as a creature of reason, he is only of yesterday. The more unstable his nervous apparatus, the lower is his mentality; the more he is the slave of instinctive actions (for we are all automatic in a larger degree than we know) and of emotions, with their brood of harmful activities, among which the element of fear plays the leading part. It is only in the higher and rarer types that we find a control and inhibition of the emotions which, unchecked, are the parents of ills that have made man's history one prolonged tragedy, a control indispensable to mental balance and to securing that sense of proportion wherein lies the art of life. It is because the emotions are allowed dominant play that the majority of people travel by preference along the lines of least resistance, sheep-like, in "follow my leader" fashion. They are the human caterpillars to whom the behaviour of the caterpillars of the Pine Processionary moths supplies analogy. These tiny creatures sally forth from their nests in the tree-tops in search of their food in single

1) Let it be remembered to his credit that he resigned his Professorship of Mathematics at University College, London, as a protest against its Council when it refused to elect James Martineau to the Chair of Mental Philosophy and Logic because he was a Unitarian! This was in 1866.

file. The leader emits, spider-like, an almost invisible thread, on which the next caterpillar crawls, doubling it by a like emission, the process being continued by all the others till there is formed a narrow ribbon of dazzling whiteness, forming an unbroken link between the crawling chain. That wonderful entomologist, the late Henri Fabre, speculating on what might happen if the chain was broken, had his chance when a procession of these caterpillars, each member touching the stern of the one in front of him, climbed up a big palm pot and marched round the rim. As soon as it had closed up Fabre broke the string of it and thereby also the clue by which the caterpillars could find the way back to their nest. For nearly a week the bewildered hungry creatures crawled round the rim, stopping only to rest at night; not one had the intelligence to leave the track, although their food, scented pine needles, was only a few inches away.

The parable should come home. Mimics and conservatives as we are at heart, one of the greatest pains to human nature is that "of a new idea,"¹ and they are wise who keep their minds receptive to the end, thus escaping mental ossification. Vested interest and apathy are kin foes to advancement; so dominant is the power of feeling over reason, of the wish to believe which calls for no effort, as opposed to the desire after knowledge, which can be satisfied only by strenuous effort. Sir Leslie Stephen says that "mankind resents nothing so much as the intrusion upon them of a new and disturbing truth . . . progress is the rare exception." And he adds that "it is a plausible, but wholly false, presumption that mankind in general acts on rational principles."² Three hundred years ago Hobbes wrote in the same key. "The most part of men, though they have the use of reasoning a little way, yet it serves them to little use in common life"³; and, more than two thousand years before him, Thucydides thus rebuked the apathy of his time: "So little pains will most men take in search for truth; so much more readily they turn to what comes first."⁴ This operates most forcibly in all matters of belief whose foundations are emotional and therefore unstable. Social in their origin, religions are necessarily conservative, because in revolt therefrom the communal bond is weakened; the tribal gods are angered; the tithes of the priests are imperilled and punishment awaits the daring challenger of established creeds and customs. He is the "eccentric," who has put himself *outside the circle* wherein the majority, the easy-going "half-believers of our casual creeds, who never deeply felt nor clearly willed," are content to abide. EDWARD CLODD.

(1) Bagehot, *Physics and Politics*, p. 163.

(2) *History of English Thought in the XVIIIth Century*.

(3) *Leviathan*, pt. 1 ch. v.

(4) Bk. 1 20.

A NOTE ON THE GENIUS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

I.

WHAT counts, certainly, for much of what is so extraordinary in the genius of Leonardo da Vinci—who died exactly five hundred years ago—is the fact that the noble blood he inherited (the so-called dishonour that hangs over his birth being in his case a singular honour) is curiously like the stain of some strange colour in one of his paintings; he being the least of all men to whom there could be anything poisonous in the exotic flowers of evil that germinated in Milan; where, as in Venice and in Rome, moved a changeful people who, in the very midst of their exquisite and cruel amusements, committed the most impossibly delicious sins, and without the slightest stings of conscience. Savonarola, from whom, in the last years of his life, Botticelli caught the contagion of the monk's fanaticism, was then endeavouring to strip off one lovely veil after another from the beauty of mortal things, rending them angrily; for which, finally, he received the baptism of fire. Rodrigo Borgia—a Spaniard born in Xativa—then Pope Alexander VI., was fortunate enough to possess in his son, Cesare, a man of sinister genius—cruel, passionate, ardent—who had the wonderful luck of persuading Leonardo to wander with him in their wild journey over Central Italy in 1502 as his chief engineer and as inspector of strongholds. Not even the living pages of Machiavelli can give us more than a glimpse of what those conversations between two such flame-like creatures must have been; yet we are aware of Cesare being condemned by an evil fate, as evil as Nero's, to be slain at the age of thirty-one, and of Leonardo, guided by his good genius, living to the age of sixty-seven.

The science of the Renaissance was divided, as it were, by a thousand refractions of things seen and unseen; so that when Leonardo, poring over his crucibles, desires no alchemist's achievement, but the achievement of the impossible, his vision is concentrated into infinite experiences, known solely to himself; exactly as when, in his retirement in the villa of the Melzi, his imagination is stirred feverishly as he writes detached notes, as he dashes off rapid drawings; and always, not for other men's pleasure, but simply for his own; careless, as I think few men of genius have ever been, of anything but the moment's work, the instant's inspiration. And, what is also certain, is that

da Vinci, like Shakespeare, created, ambiguously for all the rest of the world, flesh that is flesh and not flesh, bodies that are bodies and not bodies, by something inexplicable in their genius; something nervous, magnetic, overwhelming; and, to such an extent, that if one chooses to call to mind the greatest men of genius who ever existed, this painter and this dramatist must take their places beside Æschylus and beside Balzac.

Of Leonardo da Vinci Pater has said: "Curiosity and the desire of beauty—these are the two elementary forces in his genius; curiosity often in conflict with the desire of beauty, but generating in union with it, a type of subtle and curious grace." Certainly the desire of perfection is, in da Vinci, organic; so much so, that there remains in him always the desire, as well as the aim, of attaining nothing less than finality, which he achieves more finally than any of the other Italian painters; and, mixed with all these, is that mystery which is only one part of his magic.

Is all this mystery and beauty, then, only style, and acquired style? Fortunate time, when style had become of such subtlety that it affects us to-day as if it were actually a part of the soul! But was there not, in Leonardo, a special quality which goes some way to account for this? Does it not happen to us, as we look at one of his mysterious faces, to seem to distinguish, in the eyes reluctant to let out their secret, some glimpse, not of the soul of Monna Lisa, nor of the Virgin of the Rocks, but of our own, retreating, elusive, not yet recognised soul? Just so, I fancy, Leonardo may have revealed their own souls to Luini and to Solario, and in such a way that for those men it was no longer possible to see themselves without something of a new atmosphere about them, the atmosphere of those which Leonardo had drawn to him out of the wisdom of secret and eternal things. With men like Leonardo style is, really, the soul, and their influence on others the influence of those who have discovered a little more of the unknown, adding, as it were, new faculties to the human soul.

Raphael, I have said elsewhere, could "correct" Michelangelo, could make Michelangelo jealous; Raphael, who said of him that he "treats the Pope as the King of France himself would not dare to treat him," that he goes along the streets of Rome "like an executioner"; Raphael who for the remaining years of his life paces the same streets with that grim artist; of Raphael, may it not be asked: who, in the Vatican, has not turned away from the Stanze a little weary, as one turns aside out of streets or rooms thronged with men and women, happy, vigorous, and strangers; and has not gone back to the Sistine Chapel, and

looked at the ceiling on which Michelangelo has painted a world that is not this world, men and women as magnificent as our dreams, and has not replunged into that abyss with a great sense of relief, with a supreme satisfaction?

Is this feeling of a kind of revulsion, before so many of his pictures, really justifiable? Is it, I ask myself, reasonable to complain, as I was obliged to complain in Rome, that his women have no strangeness in their beauty; that they do not brood over mysteries, like *Monna Lisa*? Might it not be equally reasonable to complain of the calm, unthinking faces of Greek statues, in which the very disturbance of thought—not of emotion—is blotted out, as it might be among beings too divine for any meaner energy than that of mere existence, "ideal spectators" of all that moves and is restless?

II.

Two men of genius, in our own generation, have revealed for all time the always inexplicable magic of Leonardo da Vinci: Walter Pater in his prose, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti in his sonnet. It is impossible not to quote this lyrical prose. "The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Here is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. All the thoughts and experience of the world have been etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the Middle Age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands."

Rossetti, whose criticisms on poets are as direct and inevitable as his finest verse, was always his own best critic. He who said finally: "The life-blood of rhymed translation is this—that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one," was as finally right on

himself, as he was on others, in his unsurpassable revision of one of the most imaginative sonnets ever written: "A Venetian Pastoral, by Giorgione." Certainly no poem of his shows more plainly the strength and wealth of the workman's lavish yet studious hand. And, in this sonnet, as in the one on Leonardo, there is the absolute transfusion of a spirit that seemed incommunicable from one master's hand to another's. Only in the Leonardo, which I shall quote, there is none of the sovereign oppression of absolute beauty and the nakedness of burning life that I find in the *Fête Champêtre*. For in this divine picture the romantic spirit is born, and with it modern art. Here we see Whistler and the Japanese; a picture content to be no more than a picture; "an instant made eternity," a moment of colour, of atmosphere, of the noon's intense heat, of faultless circumstance. It is a pause in music, and life itself waits, while men and women are for a moment happy and content and without desire; these, content to be beautiful and to be no more than a strain of music; to those others, who are content to know only that the hour is music.

Here, then, is Rossetti's version of the beauty of mysterious peace which broods over the *Virgin of the Rocks*:—

"Mother, is this the darkness of the end,
The Shadow of Death? And is that outer sea
Infinite imminent Eternity?
And does the death-pang by man's seed sustained
In Time's each instant cause thy face to bend
Its silent prayer upon the Son, while he
Blesses the dead with his hand silently
To his long day which hours no more offend?

Mother of grace, the pass is difficult,
Keen as these rocks, and the bewildered souls
Throng it like echoes, blindly shuddering through.
Thy name, O Lord, each spirit's voice extols,
Whose peace abides in the dark avenue
Amid the bitterness of things occult."

So Leonardo, who said "that figure is not good which does not express through its gestures the passions of its soul," becomes, more than any painter, the painter of the soul. He has created, not only in the Gioconda, a clairvoyant smile, which is the smile of mysterious wisdom hidden in things; he has created the motion of great waters; he has created types of beauty so exotic that they are fascinating only to those who are drawn into the unmirrored depths of this dreamless mirror. He invents a new form of landscape, subtle and sorcerous, and a whole new movement for an equestrian statue; besides inventing—what did not this miraculous man invent?—the first quite simple and natural

treatment of the Virgin and Child. So, as he was content to do nothing as it had been done before, he creates in the Gioconda a new art of portrait painting; and, in her, so disquieting, that her eyes, as they follow you persistently, seem to ask one knows not what impenetrable and seductive question, on which all one's happiness might depend. Mysterious and enigmatical as she is, there is in her face none of the melancholy—which is part of the melancholy of Venice—that allures one's senses in a famous picture in the Accademia; where, the feast being over, and the wine drunk, something seems to possess the woman, setting those pensive lines about her lips, which will smile again when she has lifted her eyelids.

III.

The sinister side of Leonardo da Vinci's genius leads him to the execution of the most prodigious caricatures ever invented; that is to say, before the malevolent and diabolical, and macabre and malignant creations in this *genre*, of Goya. In his *Caprichos* one sees the man's immense arrogance, his destructive and constructive genius, his rebellion—perhaps even more so than Leonardo's—against old tradition; which he hated and violated. Dramatic, revolutionary, visionary in his sombre Spanish fashion, it seems to me that this—one of the supreme forms of his art—is, in the same sense as Villon's *Grand Testament*, his own Last Testament; for in both poet and painter the nervous magnificence seen equally in the verse and in the painting is created, almost literally, out of their life-blood.

Only, in Leonardo, visions shape themselves into strange perversities—not the pensive perversities of Perugino—and assume aspects of evasive horrors, of the utmost ugliness, and are transformed into aspects of beauty and of cruelty, as the artist wanders in the hot streets of Florence to catch glimpses of strange hair and strange faces, as he and they follow the sun's shadow. He seizes on them, furiously, curiously, then he refines upon them, moulding them to the fashion of his own moods; but always with that unerring sense of beauty which he possesses supremely—beauty, often enough, in its remoteness from actual reality. With passion he tortures them into passionate shapes; with cruelty he makes them grimace; abnormally sensitive (as Rodin often enough was) he is pitiless on the people he comes in contact with, setting ironical flames that circle round them as in Dante's *Inferno*, where the two most famous lovers of all time, Francesca and Paolo, endure the painted images of the fires of hell, eternally unconsumed. When he seeks absolute beauty there are times

when it is beyond the world that he finds it; when he seeks ignominy, it is a breath blowing from an invisible darkness which brings it to his nerves. In evoking singular landscapes he invents the *bizarre*. When he is concerned with the tragic passions of difficult souls he drags them suddenly out of some obscure covering, and seems, in some of his extravagances, to set them naked before us.

As it is Pater who says that inextricably mingled with those qualities there is an element of mockery, "so that, whether in sorrow or scorn, he caricatures Dante even," I am reminded of certain of Botticelli's designs for Dante's *Inferno*, in which I find the element of caricature; as, for instance, when the second head grows on Dante's shoulders, looking backwards; as in the face of Beatrice, which is changed into a tragic mask, because in the poem she refrains from smiling, lest the radiance of the seventh heaven, drawn into her eyes, shall shrivel Dante into ashes.

Nearest to Leonardo in the sinister quality of his genius is El Greco. I have never forgotten his *Dream of Philip II.* in the Escorial, where there is a painted hell that suggests the fierce material hells of Hieronymus von Bosch; a huge, fanged mouth wide open, the damned seen writhing in that red cavern, a lake of flame awaiting these beyond, where the King, dressed in black, kneels at the side. It is almost a vision of madness, and as if this tormented brain of the fanatic who built those prison walls about himself, and shut himself living into a tomb-like cell, and dead into a more tomb-like crypt, had wrought itself into the painter's brain; who would have found something not uncongenial to himself in this mountainous place of dust and grey granite, in which every line is rigid, every colour ashen, in a kind of stony immobility more terrible than any other of the images of death.

I am tempted to bring in here, by way of comparison with these two artists, Jacques Callot, a painter of extraordinary genius, born at Nancy, in Lorraine, in 1592; who in many of his works created over again ancient dragons and devils; created them with the fury of an invention that never rested. In his engraving of the hanged men there is that strangeness in beauty which takes away much of the horror of the actual thing; and in his monstrous and malignant *Fantasie*, where two inhuman creatures—in all the splendour of caricature—grind I know not what poison in a wide-mouthed jar, plumed and demoniacal.

La Tentation de Saint Antoine, done in 1635, is stupendous. High in the sky is the enormous figure of a reptile-faced Satan, who vomits out of his mouth legions of evil spirits; he is winged

with ferocious wings that extend on both sides hugely; one of his clawed hands is chained, the right hurls out lightning. There is chaos in this composition, it is imaginative in the highest degree of that Satanical quality which produces monstrosities. There are clawed creatures, that swim in the air, unicorns with stealthy glances. And, with his wonderful sense of design, the Saint is seen outside his cave, assailed by legions of naked women, winged and wanton, shameless and shameful. And what is the aim, what is the desire of these evil creatures? To seduce Saint Antony of the Temptations.

Another picture painted on the same subject is that of Grünewald, in the Cologne Museum, which represents a tortured creature who has floated sheer off the earth in his agony, his face drawn inward, as it were, with hideous pains; near him a crew of red and green devils, crab-like, dragon-like, who squirm and gnaw and bark and claw at him, in an obscene whirl and fierce orgie of onslaught. Below, a strange bar of sunset, and at the side a row of dripping trees; behind, a black sky almost crackling with colour. In some of the other monstrous pictures I saw suggestions of Beardsley; as in the child who kisses the Virgin with thrust out lips; in those of Meister van S. Severin, in which I found a conception of Nature as unnatural and as rigid as that of the Japanese, but turned hideous with hard German reality, as in the terrifying dolls who are meant to be gracious in the Italian manner. And in this room I was obliged to sit in the midst of a great heat, where blood drips from all the walls, where tormented figures writhe among bright-coloured tormentors; where there is a riot of rich cloths, gold and jewels, of unnatural beasts, of castles and meadows, in which there is nothing exquisite; only an unending cruelty in things. The very colours cry out at one; they grimace at you; a crucified thief bends back over the top of the Cross in his struggles; all around monsters spawn out of every rock and cavern and there is hell fire.

To turn from these to the Cranachs in Vienna is to be in another world of art; an art more purposely perverse, more curiously unnatural; but where his genius is shown at its greatest is in an exquisite Judith holding the head of Holofernes, which lies, open-eyed, all its red arteries visible, painted delicately. She wears orange and red clothes, with collars and laces, and slashed sleeves through which many rings are seen on her fingers; she has a large red hat placed jauntily on her head. She is all peach-blossom and soft, half-cruel sweetness with all the wicked indifference of her long narrow eyes, the pink mouth and dimpled chin. She is a somnambulist, and the sword she holds is scarcely

stained. There are two drops of blood on the table on which she rests the great curled head with its open eyes; her fingers rest on the forehead almost caressingly. She is Monna Lisa, become German and bourgeoisie, having certainly forgotten the mysterious secret of which she still keeps the sign on her face.

Writing in Florence on Leonardo da Vinci I used by way of comparison two Greek marbles I had seen in London; one, the head of an old man, which is all energy and truth—comparable only in Greek work with the drunken woman in Munich, and, in modern art, with *La Vieille Heaullmière* of Rodin; the other, a woman's head, which ravishes the mind. The lips and eyes have no expression by which one can remember them; but some infinitely mysterious expression seems to flow through them as through the eyes and lips of a woman's head by Leonardo. And this reminds me of certain unforgettable impressions; and, most of all, when in Bologna I saw, in the Museo Civico, the spoils of Etruscan sepulchres that weighed on me heavily; and, at the same time, felt an odour of death, such as I had not even felt in Pompeii; where in so frightful a step backward of twenty centuries, the mind reels, clutching at that somewhat pacifying thought, for at least its momentary relief. Here were the bodies of men and women, moulded for ever in the gesture of their last moment, and these rigid corpses are as vivid in their interrupted life as the damp corpses in the Morgue. In Bologna, as I was pursued by the sight of the hairpins of dead women, there flashed on me this wonderful sentence of Leonardo: "Helen, when she looked in her mirror, seeing the withered wrinkles made in her face by old age, wept and wondered why she had twice been carried away."

But, as I walked back at night in those desolate streets—so essentially desolate after the warmth of Naples—on my way back to the hotel where Byron lived before his evil genius hurried him to an early death, I remembered these two sentences in his letters; one, when in Florence he returns from a picture-gallery "drunk with beauty," one where, as he sees the painted face of a learned lady, he cries: "This is the kind of face to go mad for, because it cannot walk out of its frame." There it seems to me that Byron, whose instinct was uncertain, has by instinct, in this sentence, anticipated a great saying of Whistler's. It was one of Whistler's aims in portrait painting to establish a reasonable balance between the man as he sits in the chair and the image of the man reflected back to you from the canvas. "The one aim," he wrote, "of the unsuspecting painter is to make his man 'stand out' from the frame—never doubting that, on the contrary, he should, and in truth absolutely does, stand *within* the

frame—and at a distance behind it equal to the distance at which the painter has seen it. The frame is indeed the window through which the painter looks at his model, and nothing could be more offensively inartistic than this brutal attempt to thrust the model on the hither-side of this window!" He never proposed, in a picture, to give you something which you could mistake for reality; but frankly a picture, a thing which was emphatically not nature, because it was art; whereas, in Degas, the beauty is a part of truth, a beauty which our eyes are too jaded to distinguish in the things about us.

In the Ambrosiana, in Milan, beside two wonderful portraits, once attributed to Leonardo, and coming near to being worthy of him, are his grotesque drawings, that are astonishing in their science, truth and naked beauty. Each is a quite possible, but horrible and abnormal, exaggeration of one or another part of the face, which becomes bestial and indeed almost incredible, without ceasing to be human. It is this terrible seriousness that renders them so dreadful; old age, vice, and disease made visible.

In another room there are many of his miraculously beautiful drawings—the loveliest drawings in the world. Note, for instance, the delicious full-face drawing of a child with an enchanting pout. The women's faces are miracles. After these all drawings, and their method, seem obvious. The perfect love and understanding with which he follows the outline of a lovely cheek, or of a bestial snout; there is equal beauty, because there is equal reverence, in each. After this the Raphael cartoon (for the Vatican School of Athens) seems merely skilful, a piece of consummate draughtsmanship; supremely adequate, but entirely without miracle.

In one of Leonardo's drawings in Florence there is a small Madonna and Child, that peeps side-ways in half-reassured terror; as a huge griffin with bat-like wings—stupendous in invention—descends suddenly from the air to snatch up a lion wandering near them. This might perhaps have been one of his many designs for the famous *Medusa—Aspecta Medusa*—in the Uffizzi; for to quote Pater's interpretation of this corpse-like creation, "the fascination of corruption penetrates in every line its exquisitely finished beauty. About the faint lines of the cheek the bat flies unheeded. The delicate snakes seem literally to strangle each other in terrified struggle to escape the Medusa brain. The hue which violent death brings with it is in the features." It is enough to compare any grotesque or evil head in the finest of Beardsley's drawings with Leonardo's head of Judas in the Windsor Library, or with one of those malevolent and malignant heads full of the energy of the beasts he represents and of insane

fury which he scatters over the pages of his sketch-book, to realise that, in Beardsley, the thing drawn must remain ugly through all the beauty of the drawing, and must hurt.

It hurts because he desires to hurt everyone except himself, knowing, all the time, that he was more hated than loved. Sin is to him a diabolical beauty, not always divided against itself. Always in his work is sin—Sin conscious of sin, of an inability to escape from itself; transfigured often into ugliness and then transfigured from ugliness back to beauty. Having no convictions, he can when he chooses make patterns that assume the form of moral judgments.

IV.

Leonardo da Vinci's unfinished *Saint Jerome*, in the Vatican at Rome, is exactly like intarsia work; the ground almost black, the man and the lion a light brown. This particular way of painting reminds me of the intarsia work in the stalls in Santo Spirito in Bergamo done by Fra Damiano in 1520; just one year after Leonardo died. Here, in this supple and vigorous work in wood, I saw what could be done by a fine artist in the handling of somewhat intractable material. The work was broad or minute at will, with splendid masses and divisions of colour in some designs which seemed to represent the Deluge, sharp, clear, firmly outlined in the patterns of streets and houses; full of rich colour in the setting of wood against wood, and at times almost as delicate as a Japanese design. There was the head of John the Baptist laid on a stone slab, which was like a drawing of Daumier. And, in the whole composition of the design, with its two ovals set on each side like mirrors for the central horror, there was perfect balance. Seen there, this superb intarsia work of Fra Damiano seemed a criticism on Lotto, the criticism of a thing, comparatively humble in itself, but in itself wholly satisfying, upon the failure of a more conspicuous endeavour, which has made its own place in art, to satisfy certain primary demands which one may logically make upon it.

In the *Jerome*, as in his finished work, one sees Leonardo's undeviating devotion to the perfect achievement of everything to which he set his hand: one sees how, after a long lapse of time, in the heat of the day, he crosses Florence to mount the scaffold, adds two or three touches to a single figure, and returns forthwith. Never did Michelangelo paint in such various ways as Leonardo; for in his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel art ceases to approach one directly, through this sense or that, through colour, or some fancied outlook of the soul; only, one seems to be of the same

vivid and eternal world as these meditative and joyous beings, joyous even in hell, where the rapture of their torment broods in eyes and limbs with the same energy as the rapture of God in creation, of the women in disobedience.

Certainly, however, in the *Jerome* there is a glimpse of background in which I find already the suggestion of the magical rocks of the *Virgin* and of *Monna Lisa*; only, it is sketched in green, and in it there are gaunt brown rocks, which seem to open on another glimpse in yellow. All of the outline is gaunt, both the saint and his rocky cave; only not the lion, who is the most ample and living beast I have ever seen attendant on my *Jerome*. All the lines are outlined: the painful but not grotesque anatomy of the saint and of the sharp angles of the rocks are painted in dim, almost uniform, tones. Is the picture rhetorical, like the other *Saint Jeromes*, or does it in some subtle fashion escape? It seems to me to escape, retaining only the inevitable violence of gesture and the agony of emotion in body and face; together with an immense dignity, loneliness and obscure suffering.

Leonardo, who was in Venice in 1500, certainly must have seen Titian's early *Annunciation* in the Scuola di San Rocco, which is a rebuke to Tintoretto's explosive *Crucifixion*. Before this picture it struck me that Tintoretto is the Zola of painting. Here, in this immense drama of paint, is a drama in which the central motion is lacking; Christ is no more than the robber who is being nailed to the cross or the robber whose cross is being hoisted. Every part of the huge and bustling scene has equal interest, equal intensity; and it is all an interest and intensity of execution—which in its way is stupendous. But there is no awe, no religious sense. The beauty of detail is enormous, the energy overwhelming; but there is no nobility, no subtlety; it is a tumultuous scene painted to cover a wall.

In the Old Pinakothek in Munich the finest piece of paint in the Gallery is the *Scourging of Christ*, by Titian. The modern point of view, indeed most modern art, has come out of it—equally in Watts and in Monticelli and in the Impressionists. We see Titian breaking the achieved rules, at the age of ninety, inventing an art absolutely new, a new way, a more immediate way of rendering what he sees, with all that moving beauty of life in action: lights, colours, and not forms merely, all in movement. The depth and splendour of a moment are caught, with all the beauty of every accident in which colour comes or changes, and in the space of a moment. Colour is no longer set against colour, each for itself, with its own calm beauty; but each tone rushes with exquisite violence into the embrace of another tone; there are fierce adulteries of colour unheard of till now. And a

new, adorable, complete thing is born, which is to give life to all the painting that is to come after it. It seems as if paint at last had thoroughly mastered its own language.

I have always believed that Giorgione, born in 1478, one year before the birth of Titian, played in the development of Venetian art a part exactly the same as that played by Marlowe, born in the same year as Shakespeare, in the history of our tragic drama. Shakespeare never forgot Marlowe, Titian never forgot Giorgione; only the influence of his predecessor on Shakespeare was a passing one; that of Giorgione on Titian was, until he finally escaped from his influence, immense. It is from Andrea del Verrocchio that Leonardo begins to learn the art of painting; soon surpasses him. but, as Pater supposes, catches from him his love of beautiful toys. Giorgione possesses perfection without excess; Leonardo's absolute perfection often leads him into passionate excesses. He adored hair; and certainly hair has its own mystery. No one ever experimented in more amazing ways than Leonardo; but his experiment in attempting to invent a medium of using oils in the painting of frescos failed him in what might have been his masterpiece, *The Last Supper*, painted on the damp wall of the refectory, oozing with mineral salts, of the Cenacolo Vinciano in Milan. One looks at it as through a veil, which Time seems to have drawn over it, even when it is most cracked and chipped. Or it is as if it had soaked inward, the plaster sullenly absorbing all the colour and all but the life. It is one of the few absolute things in the world, still; here, for once, a painter who is the subtlest of painters has done a great, objective thing, a thing in the grand style, supreme, and yet with no loss of subtlety. It is in a sense the measure of his greatness. It proves that to be the painter of *Monna Lisa* means the power to do anything.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE PROBLEM OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.

THE present moment seems a favourable one for dealing with the liquor evil on bold lines. The war put to the proof many theories, so that hardly anyone's attitude to the question remains quite the same as it was before the war. There is a general consensus of opinion that the time is ripe for reform of some sort. This in itself is an advance from the old days, when no one connected in any way with the Trade or its political associates would admit that there was the slightest reason to regard the national drink bill as a national evil, or the huge totals of convictions for drunkenness as a national disgrace.

On the other hand, there is now perhaps less disposition to regard mere reduction of licences, with or without compensation to the licensees, as the aim and object of reform. It is realised by a new generation of reformers that the main purpose is not to attack and punish a vested interest, but to help and strengthen the community as a whole.

A great change came over public opinion during the first few months of the war, when the high wages earned by casual and other labour, both male and female, combined with the unusual strain of continuous work with overtime, caused an outbreak of heavy drinking which seriously impaired the efficiency of the country. This drew forth protests from military and naval authorities and others employing labour on war work. These men were in no sense temperance reformers; and their demand for restriction (if not prohibition) of the sale of alcohol was made purely in the interests of national efficiency. The situation became so serious that, as everyone knows, a Public Department, called the Liquor Control Board, was set up to deal with the problem.

From this point a completely new chapter was opened in the history of liquor legislation in this country, and no further changes can be introduced except in the light of experience gained as a result of this experiment in State regulation.

The powers with which the Board were invested were very wide. They could close licensed premises; regulate hours of sale; impose conditions on the supply of liquor; prohibit the sale of any specific class of liquor; regulate the transport of liquor; supervise licensed businesses. These powers were only to be exercised in areas scheduled by Order in Council. The motive

was to schedule areas in which the handling of war material or the manufacture of munitions was being carried on. By degrees the extension of munitions centres caused more and more areas to be scheduled, until practically the whole country came within the authority of the Board. The Board had also powers to take over the supply of liquor by acquiring any licensed premises and plant compulsorily, or by the establishment of their own refreshment rooms.

The most urgent need was for such a restriction of the hours of sale as would prevent people from wasting working hours in the public-house and from unfitting themselves for an early start in the morning by drinking late at night. It was decided, therefore, to limit the periods during which drink could be obtained to meal times and the early evening hours. Before the war the hours of sale in London were nineteen and a half out of the twenty-four. Under the Control Board these hours were reduced to five and a half, namely, two and a half hours at midday and three hours in the evening. These hours applied to all the scheduled areas equally. In order to prevent drink being carried home, the closing time for "off" sale was, in general, one hour earlier than that for drink to be consumed on the premises. In the case of spirits, "off" sale was restricted to the midday hours, and was forbidden altogether on Saturdays and Sundays.

The policy of the Board as regards spirits was to permit, and finally to compel, its dilution in alcoholic strength. By the end of the war whisky, brandy, rum and gin were subject to a compulsory dilution to 30 degrees under proof, and might be diluted to 50 degrees. Other regulations aimed at the pocket-flask habit and at the abuse of railway refreshment rooms. Two long-established customs were made illegal by the "no-treating" order and the order against the "long pull." Further, the door was closed against the "Sunday traveller."

One effect of these various restrictions is seen in the following table, which shows the weekly average convictions of drunkenness in England and Wales from 1914 to 1917. It should be remembered that the restrictions began to be introduced in the early months of 1915 :—

				Men.		Women.
1914	2,688	...	700
1915	1,898	...	624
1916	1,148	...	396
1917 (1st quarter)	852	...	323

During the same period the figures of deaths from alcoholism, attempted suicides, delirium tremens, overlaying of infants, all show similar reductions.

In 1917 another cause began to operate with more and more effect on the supply of alcohol. This was the restriction on output of beer and spirits under orders of the Food Controller. The submarine menace had become acute, and barley and sugar were wanted for other purposes than beer and spirits. From this date there was a still more rapid fall in convictions for drunkenness; but it is important to bear in mind that this fall was not due to State regulation of sale, but to absolute shortage of supply. It was due to a period of relative "dryness" over the whole country. Prohibitionists argue from this that the experience of the war does not show that sobriety can be brought about by State regulation, but that it can be, and was, brought about by cutting off the supply of alcohol.

The weekly average of convictions for drunkenness for both sexes in England and Wales was, in 1914, 3,388, and had fallen in 1916 to 1,544. In 1917, the first year when the curtailment of the supply began to be seriously felt, convictions fell to 851 per week. In 1918 they were down to 538, and were decreasing each week. For women the weekly average of convictions was reduced during this period from 718 to 78.

These and similar figures certainly show that the nation can actually be made sober by Act of Parliament; for there is no reason to suppose that, without the restrictions, the great outburst of drunkenness which characterised the opening months of the war would have been followed by a period of such phenomenal sobriety. From what has happened since the Armistice it appears as if it were also true that the nation can be made less sober by Act of Parliament. Since the Armistice there has been a gradual relaxation of the restrictions. The output of beer has been increased; large quantities of spirits have been released from bond; the hours of sale have been extended; and the no-treating order has been revoked. The general result has been to give the public greatly increased facilities for the purchase of alcohol. During the same period the weekly convictions for drunkenness have also greatly increased; and in every case the date of the raising of a restriction has synchronised with a rise in the weekly totals of convictions. To anyone who sees the progress plotted out in diagram form on squared paper the causal connection must be perfectly plain.

In default of a diagram the table below must suffice. Its significance can be seen by a study of the footnotes. The figures are the weekly averages for convictions for drunkenness of both sexes, the average being struck every month for the preceding four weeks:—

Date.	Weekly Average.	See Footnot
December 8, 1918	457	A
January 5, 1919	450	
February 2, ,,	526	
March 2, ,,	571	B
March 30, ,,	771	C
April 27, ,,	798	D
May 25, ,,	821	E
June 22, ,,	1,025	F & G
July 20, ,,	1,118	
August 17, ,,	1,109	
September 14, ,,	1,277	H
October 12, ,,	1,342	
November 9, ,,	1,340	
December 7, ,,	1,601	J
December 28, ,,	1,908	
January 25, 1920	1,700	
February 22 ,,	1,876	

- A. Includes Armistice week.
- B. Output of beer increased by 25 per cent. on the permitted standard barrelage. The specific gravity was raised from 1030 degrees to 1032 degrees. This was an increase at the rate of 2,680,000 standard barrels per annum.
- C. Hours of Sale extended from 9 to 9.30 p.m. (Mar. 17.)
- D. Output of beer increased by 50 per cent. on the barrelage of 1918, at an increased gravity of 1040 degrees.
- E. Hours again extended from 9.30 to 10 p.m. (May 22.)
- F. Output of beer increased from 20,000,000 standard barrels to 26,000,000 (May 28.)
- G. No-treating order revoked. (June 3.)
- H. All restrictions on quantity of beer to be brewed removed. (Aug. 19th).
- J. All restrictions on output of spirits removed. (Nov. 18).

It will be seen from the table that each increase in the output of liquor was followed by a rise in the drunkenness figures. The abolition of the no-treating order on June 3rd was followed by a sharp rise in convictions. The abolition of restrictions on the supply of spirits on November 18th resulted in a very large addition to available supplies, and was followed by very heavy increases of convictions all over the country, but particularly in Scotland. The official chart showing the weekly convictions at Glasgow leapt upwards towards Christmas, and the curve finally disappeared above the top of the paper.

The full effect of the changed conditions is seen by comparing the first return on January 5th, 1919, when the weekly average convictions were 450, with the return, for December 28th, when the average was 1,963. During the year 1919 convictions for drunkenness therefore quadrupled in number. These figures are for both sexes, and are therefore affected by the return of men from abroad. But equally remarkable figures can be shown in the case of women. Before the Armistice the weekly average convictions of women were reduced to 78. They have now risen to 513.

The position to-day is broadly that, in spite of State regulation, as represented by the Liquor Control Board (which now means practically little more than restriction of the hours of sale), the nation is rapidly falling back into its pre-war intemperate habits. The drink evil, after having been torpedoed by the German submarine during the war, is now reappearing, and shows every sign of becoming as rampant as ever unless prompt measures are taken to curb it. The national drink bill for 1919 is estimated by Mr. G. B. Wilson at £387,000,000, an advance of 49 per cent. on the 1918 figure.

Few people now imagine that the country will be content to return to pre-war conditions in respect of the liquor traffic. The Trade itself has its own plans for reform. There are, in addition, the plans of the Temperance Party, and the proposal for some form of State Purchase, which seems to have an influential backing in more than one political camp.

The Temperance Party contains many schools, but it may be fair to take the view of the United Kingdom Alliance as representative of thorough-going teetotallers. This point of view is frankly Prohibitionist; but it is admitted that Prohibition is, at the present day, not practical politics. Temperance reform should accordingly concentrate on the next best thing, namely, local option. That is to say, local areas should have the option of voting themselves "dry." As everyone knows, this has been carried into law in Scotland by the Temperance (Scotland) Act, 1913, and the Scottish electors will this year have the opportunity of voting themselves "dry" by burgh and county. This Act was a great victory for the old "Local Veto" Party. The Temperance Party hope by its means to introduce Prohibition piecemeal by local referendum. In view of the new women's vote the chance of many areas voting "dry" is not at all remote. A Bill for the introduction of local option into England and Wales has been presented to the House of Commons by the Prohibitionist Party. Voting would be by parish, borough and urban district.

The Temperance Party vigorously maintain this policy of Local Veto against the policy of reforming the public-house under State or philanthropic management. They declare that neither the State nor any philanthropic concern can touch the sale of liquor without being defiled, and urge that the modern tendency to turn the public-house into a café or restaurant, where families may resort freely, introduces young people to drink who would otherwise keep clear of it. The efforts of some brewers to make their houses more attractive to a temperate and respectable class of customer are characterised as an attempt to "get hold of the boys and girls." The brewers, it is said, fear the spread of

education and refinement, and are taking steps to cater for the new generation.

The advocates of State Purchase include most of those who have worked on the Liquor Control Board, and a large section of the Labour Party, who, as nationalists of everything, favour State management of an admittedly dangerous trade. The Labour Party have the best of reasons for not making Prohibition a plank in their platform. They do not desire to deprive the working man of reasonable refreshment; but, true to their general principles, they believe that State ownership would cure every existing evil.

In this instance the Labour Party have very influential and aristocratic associates, who are by no means "nationalisers" in general. This school contains many "Tory social reformers," and appears to be in the ascendant. In spite of the danger of a top-heavy State service, and the inefficiency which commonly accompanies it, the State Purchase school make out a strong case for the expediency of their policy. It is argued that the State is already drawing a revenue of something like £130,000,000 a year from the sale of alcohol, and is to that extent directly interested in the continuance of a dangerous trade. The argument of the Prohibitionists that the State would be defiled by benefiting under the sale of liquor is therefore beside the point, for the State is, in fact, now benefiting. Under public management the State would be able to control for the general good a trade upon which it is now financially dependent. To the argument that the State would never consent to the reduction of a traffic in which public money was sunk the State Purchasers reply that the profits on the trade would be so great that in a few years the whole sum invested would be wiped off. It is claimed that as a result of reduction and sale of licensed premises, more efficient management, etc., at Carlisle, the Liquor Control Board would be in a position to close down the whole trade in the acquired area at a date ten years from the time of purchase, and not show a penny of loss.

A word or two should be said about the Carlisle experiment, since this is the best example of State Purchase in practice. The Liquor Control Board were empowered to acquire any licensed premises, breweries or other businesses, and to become the sole vendors of liquor in any defined area. The area round Carlisle on both sides of the Border was flooded by munition workers and casual labourers during the early months of the war, and the result was to give rise to such orgies of drunkenness in the city that the Liquor Control Board was approached, and decided to apply their powers of acquisition. All the breweries and licensed

premises were bought up by degrees, the area being gradually extended on both sides of the Solway Firth. Redundant licences were suppressed, including all grocers' licences. Spirits were withdrawn from sale in houses near the National Factory, and everywhere on Saturdays. Beer was not supplied to young persons, except with a meal. Sunday closing was made general. The public-houses were put in charge of managers, often the old licensees, who received a commission on the sales of foods and non-alcoholic drinks, but none on the sales of alcohol.

The effect of these changes was very materially to reduce the convictions for drunkenness at Carlisle. As was seen in the recent debate in the House of Commons, there is some difference of opinion locally as to whether the experiment has been completely successful; but it is significant that the surrounding districts have asked to be taken into the controlled area. The member for Carlisle declared in the course of the debate that the city had been a much pleasanter place to live in since the trade was taken over.

The advocates of State Purchase maintain that the results obtained at Carlisle justify the extension of the system to the whole country. In a memorandum of December, 1916, the Liquor Control Board strongly recommended State Purchase in the interests of national efficiency and sobriety. On the financial aspect of the question they stated that the suppression of redundant licences, the concentration of businesses, the restriction of land transport, and other economies which would be possible under the scheme, would result in a large saving of working expenses. In their opinion no apprehension need be felt as to the effect of such a reform on the annual revenue of the State. The indirect saving to the nation by greater sobriety is of course incalculable.

The most definite scheme of State Purchase in England is that put forward in the report of the Departmental Committee over which Lord Sumner presided. This was published in 1918. According to this plan, the State would acquire: breweries; licensed premises; free houses; the interests of holders of "on" licences, and the interests of holders of "off" licences, without the premises. The businesses of wholesale dealers were to be excluded from purchase; so also were hotels, restaurants, and railway refreshment rooms. British beer for export (a trade of increasing importance) would be sold by the State to the exporters.

The basis of the purchase would be the true commercial profit of each concern on a freehold basis from 1910-1914. This would be capitalised at fifteen years' purchase. The Committee held

that in equity the Trade should be bought out on the basis of its pre-war profits, capitalised at the rate of capitalisation which it could have commanded before the war. The pre-war value of the main interests to be acquired was estimated at not less than £350,000,000. This is for England and Wales alone.

Obviously there would be no chance of satisfying the Trade on any such basis as the above, for the war conditions have opened up for it an era of prosperity and high profits. To be bought out on a pre-war basis would be an unspeakable calamity.

But if these proposals would not satisfy the Trade, some of the advocates of State Purchase hope to make them palatable to the Prohibitionist wing by combining with them a Local Option scheme. The Trade is to be bought out and run by the State. But each county and county borough is to have the option, every few years, of voting for Local Veto. This proposal has a certain reasonableness. It invalidates the Prohibitionist objection to State Purchase, that the State, once owning a profitable trade, would never consent to destroy it. The State will become the owner of the trade, but the local authorities (which, by the blessed dispensation of the Constitution, have a certain independence) will be free to stop the trade entirely in their own area. Every local community has the power of freeing itself from the State liquor traffic if it finds it an evil. The proposal has the further advantage that it will enable experiments to be made in Prohibition. Some areas will go "dry," and the rest of the country will be able to see how they prosper or languish under such a *régime*. To the argument that the Government would never purchase a property which the local authorities could destroy the advocates of the scheme say that State Purchase will be so profitable that the liabilities incurred will all be wiped off before any great portion of the country goes "dry." Still, there does appear to be an element of risk in the transaction, which will certainly be magnified by opponents of the scheme.

The point of view of the Trade can only be appreciated when it is borne in mind that the Trade means primarily the brewing trade, not licensed victuallers or innkeepers. The profits of the Trade arise from the sale of beer, and the keeping of public-houses is, and must be under present conditions, a means of pushing the sale of beer. Any efforts of the Trade to improve the public-house must not be understood as an endeavour to sell anything else rather than beer. The Trade can therefore never seriously undertake such action as has been undertaken by the Liquor Control Board at Carlisle, where the managers are instructed to push the sale of non-alcoholic drinks and eatables.

There is no doubt that, apart from this, the Trade is desirous

of raising the atmosphere of the public-house in response to changes in public taste. So far as public policy is concerned, their present aims are to get rid of restrictions imposed during the war; to abolish State regulation by the Liquor Control Board, or any such body; to prevent any more experiments in State Purchase such as the one at Carlisle; to prevent at all costs the extension to England and Wales of the Scottish Local Option Act; and to do away with the Licensing Justices.

The Trade has now a Bill before Parliament which would put an end to the system of Licensing Justices, and would set up in its place Licensing Courts presided over by barristers, which would have power to grant licences for a period of twenty-one years. Control over licences would be lessened by various provisions, and transfer of licences from decaying to growing neighbourhoods would be facilitated. This Bill meets with very strong opposition on the ground that it gives the Trade a security and a freedom from public control such as it has never yet enjoyed. The measure has little chance of passing, but it indicates the wishes of the Trade.

The attitude of the Trade towards State Purchase is somewhat difficult to estimate exactly, because complete candour can never be expected from a possible vendor. He is obliged to declare that nothing would reconcile him to selling. This is in fact what the Trade is saying to-day. It may be doubted whether brewers are quite as unwilling to listen to a good offer as they unanimously declare themselves to be. Business has been very good during the years of the war. Astounding profits have been made. Companies which never used to pay a dividend are now paying handsomely, and paying dividends on past years as well. The Trade is therefore naturally less willing to hear of State Purchase than during the lean years before the war. But there is still a chance that when normal conditions are restored the years of plenty will come to an end, and with them the chance of selling at a good price. On the whole one may conjecture that the Trade, at heart, is ready to listen to an offer; but it will certainly stick out for a price based on the capitalisation of present profits.

With regard to restriction of hours of sale, the wholesale trade favours a return to longer hours, though not to such long hours as before the war. The retail trade is content to make its present high rate of profit during a limited number of hours, retaining an ample leisure. This point of view is naturally shared by the staffs of public-houses, to whom the shorter hours have brought the possibility of "living out" and a more reasonable existence. Other restrictions, such as those regulating the quality of liquor

and the conditions of its sale, should, in the opinion of the Trade, *be reduced to a minimum; and should be laid down by Parliament, not by a Government Department exercising discretionary powers.*

Allusion has been made to the profits made during the war period. These have been astonishing; but they have not reconciled brewers to the control under which the profits have been made. Taxation of beer and spirits has, of course, very much increased during the war, but prices have more than kept pace with taxation. Moreover, the successive orders reducing the alcoholic strength of beers and spirits enabled the Trade to make a greatly increased quantity of liquor with the same quantity of raw materials. This increased quantity was all sold at the greatly enhanced prices.

A "standard barrel" of beer, on which the tax is levied, is of the specific gravity of 1055 degrees. Before the war English beers were mostly lighter than this, and only some Irish beers were much heavier. During the war the restrictions on the use of brewing materials, and subsequently the Orders of the Food Controller, greatly reduced the gravity of beer. Finally, by the Order of March, 1918, the gravity was limited to 1030 degrees, except in Ireland, where a strength of 1045 degrees was permitted. This meant that the materials necessary to produce 1,000 standard barrels would now produce a much greater number in "bulk" barrels, that is, beer as sold. The following table shows the number of these bulk barrels which could be manufactured from the materials necessary to brew 1,000 standard barrels during financial years ending March 31st. The figures are for England and Wales:—

							No. of bulk-barrels:
1900	1,009
1910	1,051
1914	1,064
1915	1,075
1916	1,089
1917	1,169
1918	1,438
1919	1,873

On April 1st, 1918, the beer duty was put up from 25s. to 50s. per standard barrel; but, simultaneously, the gravity of beer was lowered to 1030 degrees. This affected profits in the following way. During the March quarter the duty on 1,000 standard barrels was £1,250. From these 1,406 bulk barrels were made and sold for £10,123, at £7 4s. per bulk barrel. From April to December the duty was £2,500 per 1,000 standard

the same price for £13,665. The increase of tax was, therefore, only £1,250, whereas the increased return per 1,000 standard barrels was £3,542—a clear gain of £2,200. It is estimated that during the last nine months of 1918 the Trade gained £18,000,000 as the result of the increased dilutions.

The retailer has benefited almost equally with the brewer. His percentage of profit is smaller, but his turnover is immensely greater, the selling price including as it does the heavy taxation. The retailer's total net profit is consequently much larger than before the war. The following instances of actual net profits made by particular licensees before the war and during the past year show the result as far as the retail trade is concerned:—

Pre-War Profit.						Present Profit.	
£						£	
75	250	
200	500	
400	1,000	•
600	1,500 to 2,000	

The record of sales of licensed property at Winchester House reveals the same tendency. Cases have occurred where a pre-war value of £1,000 has been converted into one of £6,000; and a pre-war value of £500 to over £5,000.

The general situation may thus be summed up. The nation has sobered itself during the war in the interests of efficiency and conservation of food supplies. This was brought about by means of State control and the cutting off of the supply of alcohol. The removal of these factors is causing a return to the pre-war level of insobriety. There is a general consensus of opinion that some reform is necessary, and in the opinion of most moderate people this should be such as will not unduly restrict the liberty of individuals, and will not inflict hardship on those drawing a living from the Trade.

The Government has foreshadowed a continuation of State Control, and a Bill is to be introduced with this object in view. A keen battle is believed to be going on behind the scenes to decide whether this Bill shall merely perpetuate the Liquor Control Board in a milder and more constitutional form, with less dictatorial powers, or whether the State Authority should have power to extend its experiments in State Purchase. A complete scheme of State Purchase appears, at the time of writing, to be unlikely; although an influential party in the House of Commons intends to press for such a scheme. It is evident that only a very strong Government could tackle a comprehensive scheme of State Purchase, in view of the small likelihood that the Government would offer to purchase on a basis of

present profits. A pre-war basis would meet the united opposition of the Trade. Some State Purchasers suggest the average profits of the last ten years as a basis; but this is not likely to meet the wishes either of the Trade or of the Government's financial advisers.

In the case of purchase in selected areas the basis would apparently have to be on present values, since otherwise loss would be caused to some individuals in the Trade and not to others. If a large percentage of war fortunes were to be taken in taxation the problem would be simplified.

The boldest and simplest course would be to buy up the Trade at its present value, as was done at Carlisle. Even the Government could not fail to make a profit at present prices, and the inevitable inefficiency of State management would be to some extent counter-balanced by economies in reduction of licences, sales of property, etc. But, in this event, local areas should have the power to protect themselves against the State traffic by local veto.

ANTHONY DELL.

THE AWAKENING OF HODGE.

SINCE the Peasant Revolt of 1381 nothing more dramatic has happened in the life of the agricultural labourer than the rural revival of 1917-1919. Before the war Hodge lived in a state which was closely related to serfdom; and it was only a year before its outbreak that Mr. Lloyd George, then his champion, declared he was about to deliver him "from the shackles of feudalism." Hodge's position was well described by one of the official investigators of the Board of Agriculture (1917-1918). This gentleman, who had to report upon the wage and conditions of agriculture in a Blue Book, aptly summed up Hodge's position thus: —

"It may, I think, be taken for granted, since it is universally agreed that the farm labourer is the hardest-worked, lowest-paid, worst-fed and clothed, and worst-housed class of the whole British community.

"His pre-war wages did not even warrant him paying 2s. 6d. a week in rent, and, in the vast majority of cases, neither he nor his family could have existed at all but for the supplementary earnings of his wife. In having to work, the wife almost invariably suffered in health, as in spirit; she was obliged to neglect herself, her children, her husband, and her home. Both she and her family occupy the lowest rung upon the social ladder, and they are spoken of in tones of pity, if not of contempt, by their more fortunate, better organised brethren and fellow-workers.

"The farm labourer now, as in the past, approaches nearest the state of serfdom. He is, in fact, a serf, with the privilege of sleeping under a roof which, by courtesy, is called his own, though his wages would not allow of him paying a just rent for it.

"Hitherto he has had no Union to defend his interests; had not a copper a week to spare for contribution to any scheme of co-operation amongst his class."

The last historic attempt in which the agricultural labourer tried to lift himself out of his Slough of Despond was when that Methodist preacher and labourer, Joseph Arch, responded to a "call" in 1872 from labourers in a Warwickshire village. The demand was for a rise in wages from 12s. to 16s. a week and for the hours to be limited from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m. The demand met with bitter opposition, not only from the farmers, but also from the squirearchy and the clergy. There were one or two notable exceptions amongst the clergy, such as Canon Girdlestone, the Dean of Hereford, and Cardinal Manning, who did their best to help the labourers, especially by means of migration and emigration, but the majority of the clergy played a craven part with the farmers and landowners. In spite, however, of the hostility of

landowners, farmers, and clergy, the personality of Joseph Arch was strong enough to create, in the course of two years, an army of organised labourers which numbered as many as 80,000 men.

Repeated victimisations, lock-outs, and the consequent depletion of union funds, with the emigration of the finest of the younger spirits, the bad management of sick benefit funds combined with the agricultural depression, brought about in the course of a few years the collapse. By the time the rural Magna Charter of 1894—the Parish Councils Act—was passed, the movement had been almost swept out of existence. Wages slipped back almost to the level of the pre-Arch days.

It must be borne in mind that during the revolt under the leadership of Joseph Arch, the agricultural labourer was a voteless man. He had no voice in the affairs of Britain either Imperially or parochially, and a large part of Joseph Arch's efforts were expended in fighting for the enfranchisement of the labourer. This was achieved only in 1884. To the simple-minded the millennium was then expected. But years of grinding poverty were still in store for poor Hodge. The agricultural labourer, destitute of any political or industrial organisation, remained unvoiced, and, with the single exception of Joseph Arch, unrepresented until the outbreak of war.

One big attempt was made in 1914 to raise wages in Norfolk, which was almost the only county in England in which farm-workers were fairly well organised. In 1914 farming was generally prospering, in spite of the fact that wheat was only 31s. a quarter. This attempt, which partially succeeded, was known as "The King's Pay and the King's Conditions." The agitation arose in this manner.

Many of the men on the farms round about Sandringham had joined the union and struck for 16s. That is to say, they struck for the same sum as Arch's men demanded in 1872! The movement spread to the Royal Sandringham estate, and the agent, that gallant officer, Captain Beck, who disappeared in a wood in Gallipoli and has never been heard of again, summoned the Secretary of the Agricultural Labourers' Union to Sandringham. The Secretary, answering the summons and accompanied by a colleague, arrived at the station with his bicycle. The station-master, however, told him to put his bicycle away in the cloak room, for there was a carriage and pair waiting for the "agitator" round the corner. With a certain amount of trepidation the two "agitators" stepped into the royal carriage, having been ushered into it by a superb footman. On arriving at the village inn close to Sandringham they were asked to descend and partake of

refreshments. Here they found a magnificent luncheon prepared for them. After luncheon arrangements were amicably made with Captain Beck to raise the wages to 16s.

The setting up of the King's standard of sixteen*shillings in Norfolk did not make royalty popular amongst the farmers of that county. And here I might mention, that to-day, every physically fit man employed on the royal farms at Sandringham wears the badge of the Agricultural Labourers' Union.

But this is not the only royal estate on which trade unionism has entered to take up its permanent quarters. During the war an organiser of the Workers' Union—the other union which makes a special feature of organising agricultural labourers—was allowed to enter the gates of Windsor Castle to settle a dispute between the men and the Crown, and when he left he had managed to obtain an agreement for the men employed in the royal gardens, park, and farms, entitling them to a rise of 10s. a week. To-day every one of the employees of Windsor Castle, excepting two old men, is a member of the Workers' Union.

The organisation of the agricultural labourer has for many years been the despair of the trade union organiser and land reformer. In 1898 an attempt was made in the Midlands by the newly-formed Workers' Union, and two or three thousand did actually join the union, but the movement died away. The labourer on 12s. or 13s. a week was really too poor to keep paying twopence or threepence a week to a trade union in the hope of getting his wages raised; and living in many parts in farm-tied cottages he was afraid of losing his home, as well as his job, if it became known that he was a union man.

To show how difficult has been the task I will cite one or two instances told me by trade union organisers which happened even as late as the beginning of the war.

In a certain Wiltshire village a branch of the Workers' Union was formed, to enjoy but a very short life. The farmers quickly visited each of their men and told them to hand over their trade union cards. The men meekly obeyed. The farmers returned these cards to the office of the union, and that was the end of this branch.

It may seem surprising that Englishmen should ever behave in this manner, but it should not be forgotten that farmers have unlimited opportunities for sapping the independence and undermining the courage of the labourers. They can follow the ploughman across the field nagging at him. They can stand about the stables whilst the carter is feeding the horses and worry him. They can sit on corn-bins in the cowshed and cajole the cowman

while he milks the cows until he either throws up his job or turns down his card.

One or two humorous incidents have been related to me by trade union organisers.

Oxfordshire—that is to say, the Oxfordshire of low-lying fields in contradistinction to the hilly country—breeds a timid race of men. Into this part went forth two organisers to hold a meeting. As they were unable to obtain a room, they held a meeting on a piece of roadside waste. They spoke to an entirely empty road and a deserted wayside green; but they were conscious that at the back of them stood a blacksmith's shop full of men secretly listening. Thus the trade union orators had the unique experience of addressing an empty space in front of them, whilst behind them stood an audience straining their necks out of the windows to catch the words of the speakers. As darkness fell many of the men crept out of their dug-out in the rear and had the courage to join the union.

The funniest incident, perhaps, occurred to the Wiltshire organiser. His rostrum was a roadside bank, and his audience lined up in extended order behind the hedge to listen. Presently a well-known figure rode proudly by. Every labourer's head disappeared immediately below that hedge as though it had been chopped off by shears, whilst the rider rode by staring hard into the face of the astonished and silent orator who stood erect and bare-headed on the bank.

On one ducal estate his Grace was asked by his men if he would permit them to join the trade union. The duke graciously conceded this right to these free-born Englishmen. This, however, was not the attitude of a noble lord, who even as late as the spring of 1914, refused to employ any man who belonged to a labourers' union! No action could better reveal to us the peculiar feudal mind of the territorial landowner than Lord Lilford's, who denied his labourers the right of combination, the irony of the situation being enriched by the knowledge that the decision was arrived at on the hunting field. The demand of the men was merely that their pittance of 14s. a week should be raised to a princely 15s., and that they should have a weekly half-holiday. This occurred in Northamptonshire, which has always remained agriculturally a backward county. It is one of the counties where our peasantry have suffered most from being divorced from the soil; for the Northamptonshire peasant has been robbed of more land under successive Enclosure Acts than the rural workers of any other county. This has meant a devitalised peasantry as a heritage, and to-day Northamptonshire remains a county ruled by territorial peers possessing a mental outlook the narrowness of

which may be gauged by the fact that one of them, the owner of many thousands of acres, objected to any of his cottages being occupied by a railway worker!

Yet the agricultural labourers have always fought England's battles for her, and it is estimated that, during the Great War, no fewer than 400,000 left the plough to shoulder a rifle to fight for the land of which they own barely a single acre. Of these 250,000 were volunteers. Farms became woefully depleted of skilled labour, and the despised farmer's boy became a person of paramount importance. German submarines were rapidly sinking our food ships. Very little had been done by legislation to increase home-grown food. The situation was growing desperate. Farmers, when tribunals were set up, would drive their men into the county towns in order to plead for agricultural exemption. The despised labourer who had been told that he was employed out of charity became the "key man," without whom the farm could not be conducted. These tribunals revealed many an instance in which low wages had been paid. A farmer of Ledbury, for instance, appealing in February, 1917, for exemption for his son of nineteen, was asked what wages the man who had just left him had been receiving. The answer came "Ten shillings." Even in the autumn of 1916, in the county of Dorset, I found labourers still in receipt of only 13s. and 14s. a week, though the prices of food and the other necessities of life had risen 80 per cent.

During the years 1915 and 1916 the organisers of the two unions—the National Agricultural Labourers' Union and the Workers' Union—began extending their operations from a few Eastern and Southern counties to the Midlands and the West. Labour was getting scarce. In the words of a member of the House of Commons, "it was easier to fill the place of a Cabinet Minister than that of a skilled carter." Prices of all farm produce were rising in 1916 far in advance of the relative rise in wages. Whilst cereals were jumping up 250 per cent. in price, labour advanced only 30 or 40 per cent.

But what produced the great dramatic change in the attitude of the labourer towards trade unionism was the passing of the Corn Production Act, with its guaranteed prices to farmers and a minimum wage to labourers of 25s. a week. This became law on August 21st, 1917.

Though this minimum did not affect or hardly affected wages in Scotland or in the north of England, it immediately raised wages in the South. What, however, created the incentive to labourers to join the unions was the provision of the Act which set up an Agricultural Wages Board with District Wages Committees to fix a minimum standard rate for the wage

for each district, and to define working hours, overtime pay, the value of allowances, etc., including the important one of farm-tied cottages. Though the statutory minimum was only 25s., the Agricultural Wages Board could raise this minimum to any sum they thought necessary. On this Agricultural Wages Board and on the District Wages Committees it is obligatory that the labourers should have representatives of the same number as the farmers; and added to these are a certain number of "appointed members."

Norfolk was the first county to fix a minimum rate. This was fixed at 30s. on May 20th, 1917.

The creation of the Agricultural Wages Board immediately effected a revolution in the minds not only of labourers, but also in the minds of the farmers. Here was the Government practically ordering all farmers to join a trade union, as well as all labourers to join a trade union, so that each side should be adequately represented on the Agricultural Wages Board and the District Committees. The National Union of Farmers, like the agricultural labourers' unions, had been weak in numbers; now the Farmers possess a membership of 100,000. The organisers on both sides seized the opportunity to get all the members of their craft into their respective trade unions.

The labourer who only saw in trade unions an essentially urban weapon which reacted against him in making the cost of coal, or of oil, or of boots greater, now saw in trade unionism a chance to increase his purchasing powers and to shorten his hours of labour.

One of the amazing things about the growth of trade unionism in the country districts was the way in which the middle-aged and even the elderly men joined, for most of the younger and more ardent spirits had enlisted. The difficulty, though, was to find labourers who could state their case on Committees consisting of farmers, labourers, and country gentry.

For the most part the talking on the men's side was done by the county organisers, but gradually the ploughman, the cowman, and the field labourer are becoming vocal. I sit upon one of these Wages Committees and watch with great interest the growing boldness and power of expression in the labourer. This came home to me very forcibly when, after a series of meetings, a toil-smitten ploughman with rings in his ears rose to speak.

We were trying to fix the wages of boys, and a farmer had been saying that boys were no good nowadays and could not plough. Then the silent labourer spoke. "Looke here, Guv'nor!" he said, "I have four sons fightin' for our country. Before the war a boy of mine, aged sixteen, who was ploughin',

said to me : ' Dad, this country ain't good enough for me. I'm goin' to chuck it and emigrate to Australia.' He went to Australia, and in 1914 he came back, with £200 in his pocket, to volunteer for the country that refused to give him a livin' wage."

He sat down, and for a moment an intense silence fell upon the farmers.

It must be remembered that labourers have never been accustomed to meet their masters face to face round the table, for the farmers until 1915 refused to meet them. These Wages Committees have not only been an education for the employees, but also for their employers.

Month by month I mark a change in the mental attitude of the labourer. He is acquiring more self-confidence, greater moral courage. Although one of the Board of Agriculture's investigators reports that "the old Sussex labourer attired in a smock frock who touches his hat to a stranger merely because he thinks him 'a gentleman' is growing very rare," and that a farmer said to him, "we are afraid of our men now ; we dare not say anything to them," in rural areas where the labourers live in farm-tied cottages which belong to one man there is still the haunting fear of being turned out on to the roadside. The terrible shortage in cottages everywhere makes the fear a more tangible thing than it might otherwise appear to be. Even as late as a year ago I attended a meeting in such a village where nearly all the cottages are farm-tied, and the bailiff of the large landowner's farms sat near to me. When the organiser asked those who wished to join the union to hold up their hands not a single hand went up. Shortly after this, at another meeting at which the bailiff was not present, a branch of the union was formed, and the majority of the men in the village became members.

It was said by experts that when once the Agricultural Wages Board fixed the legal minimum wage for all counties labourers would cease to subscribe to their trade unions, seeing that there was no further necessity to do so ; but this prophecy has been falsified. I have before me a letter from the National Agricultural Labourers' Union which informs me that, whilst the total membership of the union in August, 1914, was only 10,000, to-day it has a membership of 200,000. The story of the Workers' Union is no less dramatic. In August, 1914, I doubt if it had 3,000 agricultural members, but to-day the union has 100,000 rural workers. By trade union pressure a year after the fixing of the minimum wage at 30s., the minimum was raised to 36s. 6d.

In Ireland the economic battle so long delayed through political affinities between farmer and labour is now being waged. The landless Irish labourer is now organising with his fellows and

putting up a fight against the new race of peasant proprietors or farmers, who undoubtedly have been making money.

Scotland has a very powerful organisation called the "Scottish Farm Servants' Union," which to-day has a membership of 35,000. Scotland has been better organised than England; and, indeed, so strong was this union in 1917 that it was found useless to apply a minimum of 25s. a week to Scotland, and under the provision of the Act it was found more practicable to legalise the decisions come to between farmers and men equally represented on District Committees working under a Central Committee. The Forfar ploughman now earns a sum equivalent to £190 per annum.

The attitude of the farmer is rapidly changing. He has seen the value of organisation for himself, for his union now has a network of branches all over England and Scotland, and he sees that the strikes could be prevented and a great deal of time saved by meeting responsible leaders of the men round the table. Moreover, the attitude of many of our large landowners who belong to the aristocracy, and that of the clergy, has considerably changed since the days of Joseph Arch. Several vicars, men known to me personally, have not only allied themselves to agricultural labourers' unions, but have taken office as secretary or treasurer. There are Countesses like those of Warwick and De la Warr; landowners like the Earl of Selborne, Lord Bledisloe, the Earl of Kimberley, besides others of the type of Mr. Christopher Turnor, who have, I believe, far more sympathy with the labourer than they have with the farmer. It might, indeed, have been possible at the beginning of this war for Disraeli's dream to become true of the landed aristocracy becoming the natural leaders of the rural democracy. But they failed to make good. The trade union leader came forward instead and led the men to a position which they had never been able to achieve before.

The men have not been contented with trade union effort only; they have used their trade union branches as political centres, and have gained many a striking victory on Parish Councils, Rural District Councils, and even County Councils. At the last general election there were quite a number of purely agricultural constituencies fought by Labour candidates, some of these candidates being agricultural labourers or ex-agricultural labourers. In spite of the overwhelming Coalition victory, Labour candidates in these rural constituencies polled remarkably well, especially in view of the fact that no Labour candidate had ever stood before in these constituencies, which had always been considered safe Tory seats.

In 1919, for the first time in their history, English and Scotch

labourers had representatives sitting on a Royal Commission on Agriculture.

Men, instead of working indefinitely for undefined hours, often with no extra pay, have their hours strictly defined; the Saturday half-holiday has been won, and overtime is paid for on weekdays at time and a quarter, and on Sundays at time and a half. There are special hay and corn harvest rates; and no farmer is allowed to deduct more than 3s. for a farm-tied cottage.

It should be mentioned that there are "permits" granted for the employment of old men or others who through physical infirmity are unable to put in a full day's work. Farmers are allowed to employ such men at a lower rate. To illustrate the feudal feeling still lingering in some parts of the country, I might mention that four men—not old men, but quite physically fit to do an average day's work—signed their application to be allowed to work at a lower than the minimum rate, on the ground that their master "could not afford to pay a higher wage." The master on his side signed his application to employ his men at a lower rate on the ground that the price of corn "did not permit him to pay higher wages"; and yet he was getting 75s. a quarter for wheat! Of course, these permits were not allowed.

The minimum for England and Wales is now shortly to be fixed at 42s., and I may safely prophesy that all hours worked above forty-eight hours per week will be paid at overtime rates. In many counties the minimum will be higher than 42s., but I am afraid that the extra cost of bread will render the 4s. increase nugatory, and the minimum of 50s. demanded by the men will have to be granted, especially in view of the fact that the farmers are to have an increase of 20s. a quarter on their wheat for 1920 and of 25s. for 1921.

Hodge's political vision has, it should be remembered, no wide horizon with a glorious dawn. He sees for the most part no farther afield than a cottage of his own with perhaps a plot of land. Very little literature comes his way; and it is amazing, considering his lack of opportunities, the strides he has recently made. Possibly the far-flung battle-line has provided him with a debating society in which he has gleaned ideas from the man from the town where always "the battle urges," as Meredith said.

Many of the younger agricultural labourers are still in the Army, and when these return to the land, especially if granted a cottage with an acre or two attached, it may be that the silent race of English labourers will become still more vocal than it has become since the passing of the Corn Production Act of 1917—the Act which has revolutionised rural England.

F. E. GREEN.

THE MORALITY OF SEA-POWER

WE are confronted by German and other hostile "propagandists" with the accusation that "British Navalism" is a force similar in all respects to the "Prussian Militarism" which brought about the Great War and the collapse of the German Empire. Will "navalism" lead some day to our own collapse?

It seems desirable that I should supplement my article on "Militarism and Morality," published in this REVIEW in April, by an investigation into the Morality of Sea-Power, as it was recently applied by Great Britain. Both forces, "militarism" and sea-power, were used as a means of breaking down the opposition of a civilian population. Militarism used the methods of indiscriminate slaughter regardless of age or sex, burning down dwellings, loot, enslavement, violation of women, torture, and other methods of terror conducted deliberately against the civilian population in order to gain the objects of war; sea-power used the method of slow starvation. Let us recall the facts.

It is important to pay special attention to dates in connection with the charge that the U-boat atrocities were employed as the only means of loosening the stranglehold of the British sea-blockade. Before the war the British policy was to put faith in international obligations, and for many years we opposed proposals for food to be made contraband of war, either conditionally or otherwise. Immediately after the outbreak of war in August, 1914, the Germans introduced a new factor, forbidden by international agreement, into sea warfare. They laid mines secretly, outside territorial waters, in highways of sea traffic. We retaliated, but, for the sake of neutrals, we advertised to the whole world the positions of the minefields which we laid (October, 1914). The Germans continued to lay more mines, and on November 3rd, 1914, we retaliated. We published an announcement describing the whole of the North Sea as a "military area" on the plea that mine-laying under a neutral flag and other similar measures were the ordinary German methods of conducting sea warfare. After explaining the dangers to merchant shipping "from mines which it has been necessary to lay, and from warships searching vigilantly by night and day for suspicious craft," the Admiralty (not the Government) announced in the Press that "from November 5th onwards, . . . all ships passing a line drawn from the northern point of the Hebrides through the Faroe Islands to Iceland do so at their

peril. Ships of all countries wishing to trade to and from Norway, the Baltic, Denmark, and Holland are advised (*sic*) to come, if inward bound, by the English Channel and the Straits of Dover. There they will be given sailing directions which will pass them safely, so far at least as Great Britain is concerned, up the East Coast of England to Farn Island, whence a safe route will, if possible, be given to Lindenaes Lighthouse."

Admiral Scheer describes this as a declaration made by the British Government, and adds that "free trading of neutral merchant vessels on the North Sea was made impossible when that was declared to be in the 'war zone,' because every ship that did not follow the instructions of this declaration was exposed to the risk of destruction." We have seen that the first risk of destruction to such vessels was from German mines laid in the fair-way of shipping, and that the Admiralty declaration of a military area provided help to neutral vessels to avoid such dangers, and risks from the counter-measures applied by Great Britain. Up to the time when the German Government commandeered all imported food supplies, so that the inference was that they were destined for the Army, neutral vessels could carry food to the German civilian population; the Admiralty announcement even reduced the risks to such vessels from the minefields. On the plea that the Germans had shown a disregard for all international obligations and agreements in their conduct of the war on land, a large section of public opinion in England was indignant with the Government, or rather with the Foreign Office, for "not giving the Navy a free hand," meaning thereby not at once reversing the policy we had adopted as a neutral in previous wars.

The next step was taken by Germany. In February, 1915, all the seas surrounding Great Britain were declared to be a "war zone." As early as November, 1914, Admiral von Pohl, commanding the High Seas Fleet, had represented to the Chief of the Naval Staff that "as England (*sic*) completely disregards international law in her actions, there is not the least reason why we should exercise any restraint in our conduct of the war," and he recommended ruthless U-boat warfare: "A U-boat cannot spare the crews of steamers, but must send them to the bottom with their ships." Certain moral considerations—called by Admiral Scheer "almost entirely a question of politics"—were overcome, and on February 4th, 1915, von Pohl, who by that time had been made Chief of the Naval Staff, issued a notice in the Imperial Gazette (*Reichsanzeiger*) establishing round Great Britain a "war zone," of a very different nature from the military area proclaimed by the British Admiralty:—

"The waters round Great Britain and Ireland, including the whole of the English Channel, are herewith declared to be in the War Zone. From February 18th, 1915, onward, every merchant ship met with in this War Zone will be destroyed, nor will it always be possible to obviate the danger with which the crews and passengers are thereby threatened."

We know, from information since supplied by Admiral Scheer, what von Pohl meant by being "threatened with danger" (see extract from his memorandum of November, 1914, quoted above). Von Pohl's notice was issued with the consent of the German Government, which sent a memorandum to the neutral and belligerent Powers affected.

This lengthy introduction has been necessary. The German case, repeated *ad nauseam*, is that the U-boat brutalities were the logical reply to our strict blockade, which brought German women and children to the brink of starvation. The first unrestricted U-boat campaign was publicly decreed, as we have seen, on February 4th, 1915. It was not until March 11th in that year that we took the first step towards making the blockade really effective, and we undertook that measure *as a reprisal*. Until the Germans had issued deliberate instructions which amounted to an order to the U-boats to drown the crews and passengers in merchant ships, our Government had abstained from straining the international agreements which put a brake upon the full effect of sea-power. After the issue of von Pohl's note of February 4th there could be no further hesitation. You cannot fight in gloves against an opponent using his bare fists.

The Order in Council, issued by the British Government on March 11th, 1915, prevented merchant ships from sailing to German ports, from carrying goods destined for Germany to ports in other countries, from carrying goods from German ports, and from carrying goods of German origin from ports in other countries. That was the first step in establishing an effective blockade, though not called by that name. The Germans at the time had not enough U-boats to make their threats effective. They also, as a matter of policy rather than morality, made certain concessions to neutrals when they found that incidents, such as the murder of the *Lusitania's* passengers, were likely to raise up new enemies against them. But, two years later, on February 1st, 1917, they threw off all restraints and again proclaimed unrestricted U-boat warfare, this time with greater resources for its conduct. We know now that this policy, which brought America into the war and sounded the death-knell of the German Empire, was again initiated by a Chief of the Naval Staff (von Holtzendorff) in a memorandum dated December 22nd, 1916, in order to "break England's back," whereby "the war will be decided at

once in our favour. England's mainstay is her shipping, which brings to the British Isles the necessary supplies of food and materials for war industries, and ensures their solvency abroad."

We can look back upon a sea war to the death between ourselves and the Germans, in which each nation ultimately tried to choke the life out of the other. At first, in spite of the violation of all international agreements and moral obligations by Germany on land, we tried to conduct the war at sea in accordance with precedents and conventions. Germany laid mines in the highways of sea traffic. We retaliated, and at the same time volunteered a safe conduct to neutral shipping willing to conform to certain conditions. Germany proclaimed unrestricted U-boat warfare (February 4th, 1915). We retaliated by our Order in Council of March 11th, 1915 (see above). Germany again proclaimed unrestricted U-boat warfare (February 1st, 1917). We retaliated (February 16th, 1917) with another Order in Council, first describing the latest German proclamation as being "in flagrant contradiction with the rules of international law, the dictates of humanity, and the treaty obligations of the enemy," and then assuming that all ships met with at sea on their way to or from a country affording means of access to Germany were carrying goods destined for the enemy, or of enemy origin.

There is no need to go into detail about the methods employed to make the blockade of Germany really effective, such as the control of jute, the only material from which strong enough bags can be made to stand the rough handling of certain classes of merchandise on wharves and quays. The control of bunker coal. The control of voyages and destination of merchant shipping. The establishment of "black lists" of individual trading firms. "Rationing" certain neutral countries to prevent the export of surplus imported stocks to Germany; and so on. The point is that, in our reprisals, we went beyond the former conception of "blockade," which contemplated no restrictions being imposed upon an enemy's trade through neutral countries, excepting in contraband of war. This policy was justified, not as being in accordance with international morality, but solely as a reprisal.

The inference is that the morality of sea-power cannot be codified. Either the laws are not absolute, but relative, or we broke the laws in order to conduct reprisals. In plain language, we reduced the civilian population of Germany to the verge of starvation as a reprisal for the German violation of Belgian neutrality, treatment of the civil population of Belgium and France, and murder of the crews and passengers of merchant ships. But the statement maintained in Germany, that the U-boat horrors were reprisals for our contravention of inter-

national conventions, cannot be maintained. This is confessed by Admiral Scheer in the following words describing our blockade: "Anyone who wished to defend himself by means of remonstrances or protests in law was foredoomed to defeat owing to this *brutal policy of might*; but, unfortunately, this was the form our own [German] policy had taken."

There can, I take it, be no comparison between the morality of sea-power, which puts slow pressure upon a nation, giving the option of surrender at any time before that pressure becomes intolerable, and the morality of a "militarism" which first defies all international covenants ("transactions which consist merely of words . . . these, which are very inexpensive, are chiefly the means with which the wily one takes in those he practises upon," as Clausewitz puts it), and then slaughters civilians indiscriminately as a means of gaining an object in war.

A national war is an unpleasant business at the best. Such wars are likely to become more and more unpleasant. It is held by some authorities that the effect of developing industries, and crowding the bulk of industrial nations into densely populated areas drawing supplies of food from elsewhere, will enormously increase the effect of sea-power in time of war. Some authorities hold that our sea blockade was the main factor in bringing about the defeat of Germany. Personally I do not agree with that view. I believe that the main factor was the overwhelming man-power and industrial output in war material, which sea-power conducted in safety to France and Flanders. The credulous German people would, I believe, have faced even greater hardships in supporting their "militarist" rulers, if the German armies had triumphed in the field; we cannot generalise upon the effect of the pressure of sea-power upon Continental nations with access by land to neutral, or possibly friendly, countries. We know that our own collapse would be certain if our sea communications were seriously interrupted; Admiral Scheer was quite right about that. While not putting the "blockade" first amongst the factors bringing about the defeat of Germany, we can put it very high. I should put it third, the moral impetus on the Entente side, and the victories of the Entente armies, coming before it; always remembering that, apart from the blockade, sea-power enabled the man-power to be applied in the field.

Whether, in the application of sea-power against civilian populations in future wars, it will be possible to avoid transgressing the letter of international covenants (we never transgressed against their spirit), will depend upon whether a super-national authority can be established, capable of enforcing obedience to its decrees. If so, it may be unnecessary for any strong sea-Power

to adopt a policy of reprisals, or to cut off food really destined for the civilian population. The force of sea-power is tremendous. It increases yearly in strength as civilised nations develop their industrial activities. Its application without moral sanction would raise up world forces determined to bring about its downfall. In spite of the activities of subtle propagandists, whose fallacies it has been my object in this article to set forth, we secured that moral sanction and the support of all right-minded peoples in the Great War. We are differently placed from all other nations in this respect. We are obliged to be strong at sea, because a few weeks of effective blockade would with us bring about intolerable distress which a similar blockade would not produce in as many years in any other nation, with the possible exception of the Japanese. Sea-power, established for our own defence, gives us a strong force to throw into the balance against the domination of "militarism," of the Prussian type, over other countries. We shall doubtless, in due course, adopt a standard of sea-power, and my personal hope is that it will be a two-Power standard, regardless of flag, but disregarding the United States of America. Besides the interests of the United Kingdom, the British Navy has to secure the safety of the sea communication for five self-governing nations, widely distributed about the world, for the Indian Empire, and for various Protectorates and Colonies. It would probably be conceded by the great bulk of foreign nations, having regard to the use to which British sea-power was put in the Great War, that such a standard would be reasonable, and the bare minimum required for our security. The possession of machinery of such influence in world politics carries with it, naturally, a tremendous responsibility. It is unnecessary to issue a warning to those concerned with policy, that if our influence—perhaps even our existence—is to endure, it is essential to study not also the force, but also the morality of sea-power.

GEORGE ASTON.

"THE THREE SISTERS" AND "THE HIGHER COURT."

Ideals—however much we try to hide our faith in them from the world—rule our lives. The man with no vision to guide him is scarcely a man at all. However much we scoff outwardly at dreamers, the most unyielding keeps, apart in his soul, some dear dream of perfection to lend enchantment at unexpected moments to the day's actions and touch them with glow.

Acts of faith come to fruition in the secret places of men's souls.

But the true test of an ideal's worth is its workaday value in our lives. *Dreaming is not enough. We must live true to the faith that holds us. Vague hopes, too sterile to produce even a sickly blossom, give life neither perfume nor beauty. We come upon this tragedy of inactivity and listlessness, of mental anæmia, in Tchekov's Three Sisters. No single personage in the play has the real courage of his convictions. Not one with any flickering consciousness of purpose is able to carry his purpose through. The catch-phrase of "I'm tired" echoes throughout like a monotonous refrain. Tired! Who is not tired who dwells upon his tiredness?*

What the three sisters want, what their friends and companions want too, are real things in their way, but their own shifting glances fail even to focus what is material. Work—Moscow—love—are tangible, but the sisters, with vague instincts which never crystallise in resolution, do not achieve even a train journey. . . Life, fluid, drips through their open fingers just as water from a mountain stream filters through the hands of those who will not hold them cup-wise.

One critic called the play a tragedy of "stuffy and stagnant inaction." "Spiritual dry-rot" follows inevitably in the wake of "sickly lack of motive and direction." Leaving the theatre, some such sense of impotent despair comes on us as we feel when leaving the Lock Hospital. "How long, O Lord, how long?" The Lock Hospital suffers unjustly in comparison. A gallant fight is being put up there. The gloom in one's heart comes through the initial ill which makes such places necessary. All the same, we crave for the tang of clean wind sweeping over mountain heights, for space to stretch the soul in, as after the last tremulous whispers at the close of the *Three Sisters*. "We remain alone . . ." "It's all the same! It's all the same!" . . . "If only we could know! If only we could know!"

Tchekov's three sisters are left clinging to each other because they have nothing else to cling to. There is something cankerous and stifling about a play like this.

And yet, withal, Tchekov has the supreme art of making his nerveless creatures live, does undoubtedly possess that power "of

magical selection of minute and significant touches," which Miss Young has in common with him—touches which haunt us, which are even beautiful, which move us even in our worst impatience at what, if it were merely pose, would be intolerable. He throws a dozen stage conventions to the winds. His characters talk naturally, follow their own currents of thought as we do in real life, so that, while our confidante is deploring the ills which have befallen her, we answer in terms indicative of our own remembrance of past wrongs. Olga, Masha, Irina, Chebutikin, and the others in Tchekov's play are real in the trend of their ramblings, even though it be the reality of egotism. This quality gives distinction to the play. We are thankful for small mercies in modern drama when comparing it with classic art. What tragedy of the past fifty years has any claim upon the interest of an unborn generation? How many plays have phrases that go home, that deserve to live? We have almost lost the art of writing "for all time" in these negligent days. The written word in nine out of ten cases has no more permanency than the paper it is typed upon.

The modern dramatist's sense of vocation is lost in his alarming consciousness of what the public pays to see.

Miss Young's play,¹ simple, poignant, depends for its success on that rarest of all qualities, its startling and uncompromising definition of Truth. Now Truth, as we know, frightens most of us. It is so seldom met with face to face that it makes us shrink. The merest handful "serve the Truth because it's true," and for no other motive.

§

The Higher Court is a drama of sincerity set in conventional middle-class surroundings. It possesses the essential of real drama in its conflict between great issues. In the problem play as we usually know it, in ordinary drama, the supernatural element either does not enter at all or is so camouflaged with the trappings of what is currently known as mysticism—an artificial thing more far apart from real mysticism than clay from flesh—that it merely appeals to our love of sensation. Or if "religion" is brought in as a weapon with which to combat some existing wrong, it is, in nine cases out of ten, dressed up in pantomimic garments intended to rouse laughter. Take the reasonable views of the husband in the crisis of that delightfully amusing play of *Mr. Pim Passes By*, for instance. The audience rocked with laughter when he diffidently suggested that he couldn't go on living with a woman whom he had believed to be a widow when once he had learned that her husband wasn't dead, and that they weren't married at all. . . . Respect of the

(1) Produced by the Pioneer Players at the Strand Theatre, April 11th, 1920.

ordinary decent usages of society—to take the question from the lowest standpoint—seemed to the audience mad and indefensible.

Miss Young, in *The Higher Court*, presents, starkly, the Catholic view of divorce. The play opens in humdrum surroundings—Mr. Pryce-Green's shabby West Kensington flat. The family lives on next to nothing with a certain air, mainly through the cleverness of Idalia, the "commonplace" daughter with the romantic name which everyone agrees doesn't at all suit her. Polly, her sister, is romantic. Polly, occupier of the best room and owner of the only "new" suit the sisters can buy, is just starting off to Paris to study art, having borrowed the money from the one solvent member of the family, a ship-steward brother. Mr. Pryce-Green's small salary in a business firm scarcely pays the way. His remaining son's frankly doesn't pay his. If it were not for Idalia's scraping and saving, her happy knack of making galantine from oddments, to give an example—"If you only KNEW what she makes it out of," say the family, pressing it on an unwilling guest—there would be nothing at all left in the rent envelope at the end of the quarter.

An aunt who became a nun in a convent was the means of Idalia's getting her education free and becoming a Catholic in childhood. The family suffer this quite patiently. But Polly openly rebels when, on this wet morning, it having been rapidly decided she is to leave for France by the morning boat, she finds Idalia has gone to Mass as usual. . . .

But "it was some good after all, Idalia going to Mass," for on her way she meets the young doctor Polly is in love with, and tells him of the hastened departure, and he blurts out the truth when she asks him aloofly what he has come for.

DR. FOSTER (*explosively*). You, Polly—you!

POLLY (*facing him, kettle and teapot in either hand*). Oh, Fred!

DR. FOSTER (*making such advances as he can to a lady thus occupied*). I—I haven't a penny in the world. Don't say anything! I don't want anything! Only to tell you once, right out, before you're off to Paris till nobody knows when. Only to say that—if ever I could keep a wife, Polly—if ever I could—!

Fred Foster, with his knack of telling rich hypochondriacs there is nothing wrong with them, and sitting up all night to nurse a patient without a penny, is no matrimonial catch. Unworldly as he is, Mr. Pryce-Jones has regretfully to forbid him the house. Idalia, coming in fresh and rosy into the tense atmosphere, gives the keynote of her character in a phrase.

IDALIA. How I used to howl when I had to start for school! . . . All the same, once I got there! . . . Paris will be just like that. You'll see!

POLLY. Like the Convent! *Paris!*

IDALIA (*comfortably*). Like anything you're frightened of—but you're all right, when you get there!

Explanations follow. And Idalia, exuberant, breaks out.

IDALIA. What does anything matter? . . . Oh! . . . Oh! Give me some of that ham!

ETHELBERT (*darkly*). The girl who can eat that dry old ham—!

Strange noises are heard outside—tramping of feet. All listen. The heavy steps go first upstairs to Dr. Foster's flat, and then down again, to pause at the Pryce-Greens' door. Idalia opens it upon a stretcher borne by policemen, bearing a man who looks at the point of death, if not already dead.

A stranger has been knocked down in the street—an obviously shabby stranger who was run over by a motor-car hard by. Picked up, he gave quite clearly the unusual name of these flats. The policeman has tried every door before coming to the Pryce-Green's, and nobody will take him in:

He is a "stranger." . . . The eyes of father and daughter meet. Fussy, overworked little Mr. Pryce-Green has his ideals too.

Idalia. Papa! The best room! Polly's!

MR. PRYCE-GREEN. Bring him in, constable.

Dr. Foster comes hurrying up with a nursing sister, a nun, whom he has collected *en route*. Idalia wrenches herself free from thought and equips Polly with a luncheon-basket that will mean "going without" for the rest of the family for days. . . . The man in the next room is dead by now, perhaps. She prays.

Foster pokes his head round round the door.

"He's coming round!"

The curtain falls upon the practical Idalia making her list of what "the patient" will need.

§

Macmanus, the multi-millionaire financier and newspaper proprietor of the *Meteor*, has been working himself to a shred. And, surrounded on the one hand by sycophants and on the other by men to whose advantage it would be were he quietly "got out of the way," he at last distrusts even the decision of the expert he has consulted about his health, who orders him a trip in his yacht "on the coast of Spain." A man such as he is can wear anything he pleases; he has no one to account to for his actions, and nothing resembling a home, though he lives in a mansion in Park Lane. One morning early, near the Fulham Road, he leaves his car and goes to call at the house of a hard-worked general practitioner called Weston, who, judging him by his "half-starved condition" and seedy garments, gives him a "complete over-hauling," orders "an hour's run daily before breakfast," and, feeling diffident about accepting a half-crown fee, offers him the loan of his own old sweater and shorts.

Macmanus, with an eye to character, sees Weston's honesty. Against the grain, next morning he gets up and slips out of the house. No one misses him at first. With interests in every quarter of the globe, he takes mysterious journeys frequently. Rounding the corner of the North End Road, he is aware of a sudden flash of pain, and then knows no more till he awakes to see Sister Gertrude's hood dark against the light of the little window, and presently the glow of Idalia's "morning" face. He is quite unaware that, in a

moment's consciousness, the odd name of some flats mentioned in the *Meteor* of the previous night leaps to his lips, and accounts for his presence there.

Here at last is amazing, unforeseen "charity." Bringing nothing into this world but borrowed clothes, he is wholly, blissfully dependent upon a family of complete strangers for board, lodging, nursing, and all. No self-seeking here. These amazing Pryce-Greens give what they have without stint, and everything centres round Idalia. Sister Gertrude nurses him back physically, Dr. Foster superintends the work scrupulously, but Idalia's youth and gaiety, her transparent soul, and its strange workings are the revelation.

He tells them to call him "the Stowaway," saying that, though he remembers his name and where he lives perfectly, he is deliberately withholding it. They don't believe him. A man at the point of death, with nobody near and dear to inquire for him!—and wanting nobody! . . . Why, it's incredible. The Stowaway is, of course, ashamed to admit his mind isn't clear yet.

Meantime, Foster, coming in and out daily, anxiously sees the growing strain on the household resources. There is no money left in the rent envelope, and March quarter-day, "the worst quarter for coals and light," at hand. Ethelbert, the brother, has to walk into business daily because Idalia can't raise the price of his fare. Something must be done. The stranger's smashed leg can't be moved with safety yet. But he is an educated man; there is work he could do, there in the flat, to pay for some of the long list of delicacies he has had, Dr. Foster thinks.

Idalia, talking to the stranger, solemnly enters up anything which can give a clue to his identity in her little book. Reasonable things, not absurdities, as when he tells her, with a twinkle, that he is a "*millionaire in hiding who has run away from his job, and come to a haven where he can lie at anchor, and nobody send him yachting to the coast of Spain.*"

Spain, for Idalia, means "all the wonderful people—St. Dominic, St. Teresa, St. Ignatius."

MACMANUS. Ignatius Loyola? . . . You think Jesuits sound nice and sensational? No? . . . What's your idea, then?

IDALIA (*puzzled*). I haven't an idea. . . . I *know* Jesuits. Heaps of them. I generally go to confession to Jesuits. . . .

MACMANUS. Good Lord! . . . Do you mean to say you're a Roman Catholic? . . . You! . . . The one out-and-out transparent person I have ever come across? . . .

If much in the household bewilders Macmanus, one thing is clear: Dr. Foster and Idalia are in love with each other. Polly—whom he has never seen—is a remote abstraction. The one thing in the world he wants, Idalia, his money can't buy. She so obviously is another person's property! But he lacks the courage to leave her, all the same . . . and the lame leg is a lucky excuse. . . .

Foster comes in upon them in high glee. He sends Idalia off and makes Macmanus aware at last in the plainest terms that the family he is living on is crudely poor, that it is up to him "to turn to as soon as possible and pay a little of his debt." Here is the chance. He can explain this part with Idalia in the room. The papers are full of the Macmanus mystery. He gives the details to Macmanus. And Foster has a clue which could be worked up into a good newspaper story.

When the seedy clerk went to call upon Dr. Foster's friend Weston in the Fulham Road, he left on the table a gold cigarette case. The cigarette case is engraved with the Macmanus crest. It has never been reclaimed, nor the lent clothes returned. Foster's theory is, "Find that man, and you'll hear something of Macmanus." Here is the very cigarette case. He begins to read the description of the millionaire as seen through the eyes of the *Meteor* employés. A tattoo mark—

(MACMANUS hastily draws down his sleeve. IDALIA takes the paper away.)

IDALIA. We don't want all that, really!

The chief story-writer of the *Meteor*, known to Foster, is ill. But he'd willingly give a guinea to a man who would draft out the case. Will The Stowaway take on the job? There's writing paper and pen and ink handy, and the cigarette case—Where is the cigarette case, by the by?

IDALIA (*half-impatient, half-pitying, to MACMANUS*). Oh, dear! You've put it in your pocket, of course.

It is the beginning of the end. Next morning a detective appears with the constable who brought the injured man to the Pryce-Green's flat, and an unwilling Dr. Weston to identify him. They believe he has murdered Macmanus. There is nothing for it but for him to disclose his identity and make preparations to go "home" that afternoon.

He and Idalia are left alone.

MACMANUS. So you found me out last night? . . . Didn't you think I was a pretty mean case? . . . Obtaining charity on false pretences?

IDALIA. I didn't think it was false pretences.

MACMANUS. What did you think?

IDALIA. That you were hard up, somehow. . . . It took so little to please you. . . .

MACMANUS. Is this to go on all the time? . . . Giving on your part, and your father's part, and your brother's; and taking—and taking—and taking on mine? . . .

IDALIA. Oh!—Must I? . . . I must. . . . (*With difficulty*.) I want you to give me the money for a bill, please. . . . I'll make it out. . . . For some things you had. . . .

It has never occurred to her that he could mistake her friendship for Foster, and wounded, but acquiescent, she takes his decision that from to-day they must never meet. Later, by chance, she mentions Polly and Foster's "understanding."

MACMANUS. My God! It's true! You're free! And you'll marry me!

IDALIA (*breathless*). Marry! . . . You! (*Drops her face in her hands.*)

MACMANUS. Give me a minute, dear, and I'll talk sense. . . . Oh, my God! You do see, don't you, that two minutes ago I was never going to set eyes on you again in this world? . . .

IDALIA (*the past anguish in her tone*). You said that. Why? . . .

MACMANUS. Will anybody tell me what I've done to have such a—to have a woman like—to have you care for me?

They are like children in their happiness. Macmanus rushes on, planning, scheming. Why can't they be married that morning? It could be done. He's so lonely. They'll wait months then, if she prefers. Since he met her he has begun to believe in—(she looks up hopefully)—men and women. Her face falls.

Words don't mean the same to him as to her. Take "money," for instance.

MACMANUS. There come into your mind all sorts of comfortable, gentle things. Little reliefs of mind, and kindnesses, and attentions. Or—valiant things—like asking for that bill! . . . A person says "money" to you. And the thing you hear is "Love." Well—(*his voice hardens*)—they said "Love" to me. And they meant money. . . . My wife did that.

IDALIA (*startled to understand him a widower*). Your wife?

MACMANUS. Yes. That's all over, thank God!

IDALIA (*wincing*). Oh—don't!

She must have time to think—to consider. There is that question of the "mixed marriage" to talk out with the priest. But before that, in this supreme joy, as in each other action of her life or any purpose, she wants, quite naturally, to tell Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament about it first.

She leaves him, vaguely apprehensive. . . . She is going to church. What for? If that Church of hers attempts to separate them——!

He comes next morning at the appointed hour. Meantime, Polly, with the account of the Macmanus mystery in the *Paris Meteor* at hand, has read between the lines, and caught the early train back to use her influence with Idalia. A new Idalia meets her. One look at her face is enough for a fellow-lover. It is all settled. The family has just been told. Ethelbert guessed it because there was such a "gorgeous spread at breakfast" that Idalia had actually dared run into debt to get. . . .

Macmanus hardly dares to face her. He is scared, like a school-boy. If these priests of hers have put any obstacles in the way! He can hardly believe that the vision he sees is real. He had never dreamed of love like this, of mating such as this will be. And every unconscious word she says breaks down the habit of a lifetime.

IDALIA. If it's a laugh you want, just you wait till you see Father Burke's face when you go up and tell him about your enormous richness.

MACMANUS. Our enormous richness.

IDALIA. My enormous richness, I meant! . . . You see, he had only just got to asking me whether you could keep a roof over my head when——

MACMANUS. What! You have seen your priest, then?

He detests the thought of his affairs being talked out with a stranger. Father Burke has climbed down, though, it seems, though Idalia will put things so oddly.

MACMANUS. You *think* that Father Burke didn't *know* my name?

IDALIA. I know he didn't. . . .

Relieved and happy, he gives her an amazing cheque for twelve hundred pounds to wipe off the debt on the church schools. The years drop from them both in their happiness. And Idalia, looking on into the future, sees visions and dreams dreams.

IDALIA (*flushed with wonder*). I bought this for you in the church porch before breakfast. . . . The Penny Catechism. (*She laughs.*) Price twelve hundred pounds to you.

He turns to the "marriage" part and reads it. "No human power can dissolve the bond of marriage, because Christ has said, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

MACMANUS. Human power is dissolving marriage every day! (*His words fall like separate blows.*)

IDALIA (*with quiet certainty*). No. It can't do that.

MACMANUS (*roughly*). It does. What's divorce?

IDALIA. Nothing. That's what the answer tells. There is no divorce.

MACMANUS (*roughly*). No divorce! I'm divorced. . . .

IDALIA.—Your wife is living?

MACMANUS. She's not my wife! Do you mean you didn't know? . . . (*Silence.* Then) Good Lord! (*He tries to see it.* Then) But it was all in the Meteor! In plain words! (*Silence.*) Foster read it to you. (*Silence.* He remembers.) No. He didn't. But he told you! . . . (*Silence.* Then he remembers.) He didn't. I stopped him. . . .

Follows inevitably, when once and finally she understands, the Catholic's decision. No appeal against it. A delicate girl grown adamant. No more to be said. Nothing to be done. All the tears, all the reproaches, useless. All the foreshadowed human charitable acts less than nothing in the scale. God's Will—God's Words—Who, with a due sense of proportion, can even contemplate balancing against their finality, the little sum of even the fiercest or most glowing human love?

Yet, being human, how the knife turns in our heart when we choose! . . .

Polly and Fred come in radiant, when Macmanus has gone. Fancy Idalia being sensible, in spite of all . . . They see her face and understand what has happened. The cheque has been burned. All is over.

POLLY (*roughly buttoning her into her coat.*) Here. . . . You go to church. . . .

IDALIA. I'd like to. . . .

(*The front door closes.*)

POLLY (*turns, sobbing, to her lover*). She cared so! I'm frightened! I'm frightened! . . .

FOSTER. She—*isn't*. . . .

Miss Young's play is the more gallant in that she has given us an extremely hard case from the human view. Macmanus has always had a "rotten time," as Idalia said; his wife was in the wrong. He is generous and grateful. Idalia had already broken down many of his prejudices against her faith; she would in time have probably helped to make him see things still obscure in a clearer light could they have been together.

But to the Catholic the marriage of divorced persons is no marriage at all.

§

A fanatical creed? A heaven of brass against which poor bruised humanity hurtles its prayers in vain? Who that has made such a choice, and abided by it, through long years, thinks so?

He may not pick nor choose his steps who takes the Way of the Cross. We cannot accept the nailing of our hands and feet and avoid the scourging and the mockery and the thirst and the desolation. God's words are final and unalterable for all the ruling and the compromise of all the Churches that seek to modernise them and bring them—like the music-hall revue whose book is no longer topical—up to date.

Out of humiliation may dawn glory, and a light never yet on land or sea. . . . "He that believeth God *taketh heed* to the commandments; and he that trusteth in Him shall fare never the worse." . . .

MAY BATEMAN.

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NOVISSIMA VERBA.—(VI.).

LET us face the facts. The relations between the Three Great Powers and the League of Nations are not only anomalous and confusing, but they show the impotence of the Covenant for all effective purposes. The Powers *refer* a mandate to the League—which naturally refuses it, as having neither authority, nor arms, nor means. The Three and the League are really the same body under different names; but they act as if they were rival and even unfriendly Powers. The Three have great armies in the field and great nations in their hands. The League has nothing but costly officials, commissions, and resolutions. To protect a small State it has no more real power than the Society for Protection of Women and Children. It is now certain that America will never work out in Europe the Wilsonian Covenant. Without America the League is bankrupt—"a dud." Let us face facts, and cease to chase a Utopian mirage. Our three Allied nations must do the best they can to clear up the urgent problems which threaten us all with ruin.

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It is not for us to judge the political problems and parties within the Republic. There is much to justify both sides in the deadlock between President and Senate—Democrat and Republican. It is entirely for them to settle things in their own way in their own home. But see the result of the deadlock on the world around! It is plain that the Covenant and the Fourteen Points were the American condition on which the Republic brought its enormous weight, its wealth, its inexhaustible armies and material resources, into the war. But for that Covenant, Britain, France, and Italy would have made a quick, plain, direct Peace with their enemies in some form. But the terms of American intervention had entirely transformed the whole situation. The civilised nations had been banded into a moral Alliance. Their potential force, as well as their material force, as such an Alliance, was overwhelming. The Peace had been bound up with

the American Utopia. And fifty races in Europe and in Asia were fired with the passion of self-assertion at the call of the biggest of the Entente Powers. Then the domestic quarrel in the Republic broke out. It withdrew both in action and in council. It left its deserted comrades in war to deal with the confusion of Europe and to pacify the furious hopes and hates of races.

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The Republic withdrew in action: it did not withdraw in words. Refusing to meet in Council, refusing men, money, or goods to its own creation, the League of Nations, it does not cease to criticise, to complain, and to interfere, both officially and unofficially, in the doings of its late Allies, and in the execution of its own Treaty. It will not ratify its own Treaty, yet it condemns the Allies who have ratified theirs. The President will do nothing, meet no one, discuss nothing; yet he claims to dictate to us his wishes or his censures from his sick-room. Senators, mayors, the Press, bark and growl about British attempts to settle convulsions in the world—which the Republic will not touch, inasmuch as “it passes by on the other side.” And the journals and even important public men, use Ireland, Egypt, India, and the sea, as counters in their own party game. We well know the supreme necessity of a good understanding between our peoples—the awful consequences of a rupture. And our public men and our Press bear insults and injuries in silence. But a man, wholly independent of any party or place, a man who has for a lifetime honoured the greatness and destinies of the Republic, may fairly ask—in this terrible hour when civilisation is in sore straits—is it an honourable part of so glorious a nation to jeer at the Good Samaritan whilst it prefers to “pass by on the other side”?

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That the League of Nations formally declines the mandate to protect and save Armenia, is a cruel blow to the hopes and promises which for years have buoyed up that piteous people. After all that has been said and done by Britons and Americans from the time of Gladstone and Salisbury, it looks like weakness or bad faith to surrender these remnants of an ancient race to their oppressors, or rather to their assassins. Yet it cannot be weakness or bad faith. It is Fate. Who can undertake such a distant and impracticable task, if the League of Nations declares that it has no power for such an undertaking? What a mockery is this League which in its consolidated might of the Great Powers was to protect the small weak States. What could have been done at the end of 1918 is impossible now. Where are the

armies that can save this ancient, Christian, civilised, half-massacred race, surrounded by savage enemies in far-off Asia, whom our own Musulman fellow-citizens will not permit us to crush or curb, as it would be disrespectful to the successor of their Prophet?

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Surely the awful prospect of the final extermination of a Christian nation must appeal to the great American people who for generations have worked so hard and promised so much to help the oppressed races in Turkey. American missionaries and philanthropists have done more for Armenians than any others in Europe. It was the American President and American representatives who, during the war and the Conferences, most passionately pleaded for a League of Nations to protect the weak peoples in the East. The belief of the world was that, whatever other task the Republic undertook, the mandate to save Armenia would be their obvious duty. And now an internal dispute seems to reject that and every European cause until after March, 1921, at earliest. The League of Nations which Europe accepted at the urgent insistence of U.S.A. is powerless in the absence of her vast resources in energy, in wealth, in men. And the strident appeal to self-determination, which the President fired as a subterranean mine below the heaving crust of European nationalities, has roused such storms of hope, ambition, and strife that the victorious Powers are over-strained in efforts to satisfy or control them.

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These promises to weak peoples, these potential mandates, seem about to breed endless trouble and strife. I view with anxiety our proffers to Serbia, Greece, Syria, and Mesopotamia, as well as that to Armenians. One of the worst imbroglios is that of Palestine. I fear that Mr. Balfour's promise to the Jews was even more dangerous than his treaty with Italy. By all means let as many Jewish patriots as desire it, go to Palestine, purchase estates or farms, and settle there. But, as the country is now occupied by its ancient people, Musulmans, Christians, and others, with a very small Jewish minority, the idea of creating in it a new Jewish Nation is nonsense. The Allies and the Jews themselves are puzzled and divided about what Zionism means. There has been some ridiculous "hot air"—which we might call Zangwillism—which talks about dispossessing the Arab and non-Jewish population, even by force, and of constituting a Maccabean kingdom according to the "Jewish Peril." But even the more modest Zionism of bringing many Jews to Palestine is a fanciful Sinn Fein kind of dream. And I hope that our

Government will give no more encouragement to the nonsense of creating any sort of Jewish nation.

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I am invited by the Zionist Central body to sign and support their Appeal to have Palestine made the Jewish National Home. Of all the mischievous and absurd cries about Races, this is the worst. Jews may be a *race*, or a *sect*: they are not a *nation*. They have a religion of their own, and inherit physical, moral, and intellectual qualities. But that does not make a nation; much less does it give a right to turn other races out of their own homes. Catholics do not pretend to be a nation, nor do they claim to turn all inhabitants out of the Papal States of the Church. Gypsies are not a nation: nor do they claim to return and drive the Fellaheen out of Egypt. All people with red hair or long noses, or all the Smiths and Joneses in the Empire or America, might as well pretend to be a "nation"; or the Danes claim to return to their ancestral homes in East Anglia. Jews not only are not a nation; but they have been for 2,000 years citizens of almost every nation on the earth. They have been active members of countless political nationalities for ages—especially of British, American, French, Italian, and German. They are no more a nation than Buddhists or Quakers.

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And what right have they to Palestine? More than 1,000 years before Christ they savagely overran that land and massacred its native peoples. If *race* is decisive, it belongs to the remnants of the Hittites, Amorites, Canaanites, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites. History records no more ruthless extermination than the story in Holy Writ how they destroyed man and woman, young and old, ox, sheep, and ass—all except their friend, Rahab, the harlot. Nothing more horrible is recorded of Attila and his Huns, or of Wilhelm and his "Huns." A few centuries later they were carried off as slaves; and, except for short intervals, they never recovered the country as a nation, but lived in it as scattered exiles. In Greek and Roman times they were only refugees, who had no national or territorial rights. In the Gospel age the inhabitants of all Syria were largely Greek or Roman in race, in allegiance, in language, and in civilisation. And now, because of this original massacre and because they crucified the Founder of Christianity, this Arab tribe, which has been wandering about the world for two thousand years and has lost all sense of common language, or political unity, or agricultural habits, summons the Supreme Council to place it as "a nation," and imitate Joshua in turning out the lawful inhabitants. Many

rash promises were made in the stress of war, and we have too many mandates as it is.

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I cannot pass over the Centenary of Herbert Spencer without a word to express my honour to the most important English philosopher of the nineteenth century. I knew him well for more than forty years; I worked with him in many a public cause; I carried on controversies with him, which happily ended in personal sympathies; and I have published in more than one book, and especially in my Oxford *Herbert Spencer Lecture*, 1905, my own estimate of his system of philosophy. I am well aware that the twentieth century turns, with a perhaps inevitable reaction, from those whom the nineteenth century honoured. But the mature judgment of the future will do justice to the profound powers of mind and the inexhaustible industry which Spencer brought to his task in a long life of devotion to intellectual and moral progress. His signal achievement was to have been the only English thinker, since the crude attempt of Bacon, who had systematically worked out a *Synthesis* of general knowledge.

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This is so vast, so rare, and yet so dominant an achievement that, even if later knowledge reveals its errors and its incompleteness, it takes a place of its own in the history of human thought. In a new book Professor Bury has shown how a synthetic theory of civilisation reacts on moral, political, and religious ideas from age to age; and he very justly groups together as the founders of our law of Progress Condorcet, Comte, and Spencer. It is Spencer, in fact, who alone in the English-speaking world has developed the philosophy which on the Continent arose after the convulsion that closed the eighteenth century. Our great English men of physical science and of moral and social science have worked more or less on specialist and limited fields, where conclusive accepted results are possible. Spencer is still "our one synthetic philosopher." The attempt to frame a real concatenation of scientific and moral ideas has effects so pervading and constructive that it retains its permanent power over subsequent thought, although in many parts its solutions are not accepted as final. Thus Spencer will rank with Bacon, Locke, Hume, Adam Smith, and Darwin.

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I am much interested in the very timely book just published by Mr. Hartley Withers.¹ He is an economist of great experience and of signal independence of judgment; and he has written a

(1) *The Case for Capitalism* (Eveleigh Nash Co.), pp. 255.

lucid and balanced estimate of the current schemes of industrial reform. It is a manual of the case for Capitalism, which should be invaluable were it taken to heart both by employers and employed, for it is by no means a partisan defence of Capital, of which it frankly states the evils and the defects under present conditions. For its evils and its defects he proposes social, moral, and practical remedies; but after a close examination of various forms of Communism, State Socialism, Bureaucratic, and Guild Socialism, he shows the solid advantages of a recognised system of Capitalism over all the tyranny, monopoly, and chaos which must result from any of the familiar schemes of eliminating Capital by a vast social and economic revolution.

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He opens his study with a chapter on the "Weakness and Strength of Capitalism"; and in this he states fully the ordinary attacks made on it, and then the gain to freedom and general utility which it confers on the mass of the citizens in a normal democracy. There is another chapter on the "Achievements of Capitalism" in conferring on the public the enormous improvements in human life in recent times, as compared with the oppression and sufferings of former generations—and this in spite of all that rhetoric can declaim as to still unremedied abuses. In the incalculable multiplicity of modern life the demagogue can find a ready text. The true reformer in politics or in economics must patiently survey the entire field and set off local and partial evils against the widespread ruin that yawns in the darkness of an unknown abyss of social upheaval. We can all see how a crazy social gospel of new industry converts a magnificent and populous city into the dying wilderness of Leningrad.

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With inexorable logic Mr. Withers exposes the mendacious sophists who tell excitable workmen that the "capitalist is a thief"; and the card-sharper trick of Karl Marx that Capital robs Labour of the "surplus value." This is the poison seed that has grown up as Bolshevism. Every sane economist knows that "profit" earned over the wages paid out usually has to be devoted (1) to the debts due for rent, plant, materials, and capital lent for user, (2) to reserve and fresh industrial undertakings, and (3) in a very minor degree, often very moderate, to the personal use of the capitalist. Without No. (1) there would have been no work produced and no wages at all paid; without No. (2) there would be constant stagnation and no increase of business or wider employment. And yet Labour leaders allow ignorant workmen to be gulled into fancying that the entire "surplus

profit" is (a) their own product and property, and (b) is plundered by the capitalist. Labour will never be fit to form a Government until it has induced the working masses to put aside this silly falsehood of Marx.

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After showing the radical antagonism between State Socialism and Guild Socialism, and the repudiation of State bureaucracy by both, Mr. Withers ends with an admirable chapter on "Capitalism and Freedom." Though Capitalism has its own defects, it protects citizens against the oppressive bondage inevitable in every known form of Communism, Socialism, or Guilds. Guilds could only live by enforcing rigid monopolies. Socialism cannot wriggle itself out of bureaucratic despotism. Socialists and Guildists regard the general public as mere "fodder" for their fads. The "consumers" mean the whole commonwealth except themselves, and are to be their bond-slaves, to buy what they tell them, do what they are ordered to do, and pay the prices that they fix. Socialism and Guildism are Sinn Fein in working clothes. Ireland and Russia to-day are the Paradise of the "top-dog." As to workmen showing rare zeal for the State, Mr. Withers tells us how the Tommies in camp laughed when he asked if they found "fatigue work" so stimulating. Altogether Mr. Withers' book is a wholesome manual of rational industry. The only part of the case for Capitalism which he omits is that of the moral value and the moral duty of Capitalism, so powerfully enforced by Auguste Comte in his *Polity* as the Social ideal of a regenerated Humanity.

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The last—alas! the posthumous—tale of Mrs. Humphry Ward (*Harvest*, Collins and Co.) will be widely read by all who love her books, but also as a record of her splendid activity to the last breath of life during these cruel days of war and toil. I know not if it will add to her literary reputation. For myself, as an old friend, I value it for telling us so much of herself. No woman in all these six years of stress and strain worked so hard, saw so much, studied so deeply the problems in France, Belgium, and America, appealed so vividly to the hearts of men and of women, in the cause of a better world for those who are to come. Years hence this little book will be found a living chronicle to explain how women took to the land and to men's work and ways and clothes, how the villages took their part, and pensioners of both sexes, parsons, and squires, Canadians and Americans, fell into rank in the old country. Mrs. Ward was to the last one of the most strenuous opponents of Votes for Women. This book will show that she rejoiced in seeing all that

women could do—and only wished them to hold fast to what women can do best.

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Although the young mockers cease not to call out "Go up" to the bald-headed Victorian prophets, it is curious how persistently the Georgians seem busy with records of Victorian work. The poets, priests, writers, and politicians of the nineteenth century have been studied in abundant biographies and criticisms; and a brilliant satirist has portrayed four Eminent Victorians in pungent vignettes, which look too much like snap-shots in a picture-paper. Happily now truer portraits of seven eminent Victorians have been given us by a sympathetic and serious student of modern thought. Mrs. W. L. Courtney's portraits¹ have every quality that Mr. Lytton Strachey's want. They are based on careful study of the originals: they are singularly truthful: and they judge the character and the work of each subject with an impartial but kindly mind. I have been myself in close touch with Frederick Denison Maurice, Matthew Arnold, Charles Bradlaugh, Thomas Huxley, and Leslie Stephen; and I have myself written estimates of Miss Martineau and of Charles Kingsley. And I am amazed to find how faithfully a Georgian lady from books has made my friends live again.

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The four "Eminent Victorians" were good subjects to be analysed—but they were not typical leaders of nineteenth-century thought and progress. The seven leaders of thought, chosen as types of Victorian opinion, differ widely both in character and in creed; but they were all stout asserters of liberty of judgment and pioneers of new phases of belief. "Free-thinkers" does not mean sceptics: it means those who burst obsolete bonds of tradition. Two of the seven were earnest parish priests: Arnold was a reformer of the Church: Huxley, Stephen, and perhaps Miss Martineau, were Agnostics: Bradlaugh was the only real Iconoclast. The seven Victorians have perhaps hardly any common mark except Honesty, Courage, Conviction. To my memory all seven are set forth in this book in the living form as I knew them—and withal are judged with a genial independence of mind. Mrs. Courtney is neither advocate nor satirist; she gives us the facts, and does not range herself under anyone. I am myself personally much interested in her story of Maurice's life and family, as of all the seven I had chiefly moral sympathy with him, albeit the least intellectual agreement. In creed I am far more with Huxley and Stephen: and in sympathy and in

(1) *Freethinkers of the Nineteenth Century*, by Janet E. Courtney, O.B.E. Chapman and Hall, 1920.

belief, least of all the seven with Bradlaugh. If Maurice and Stephen could be amalgamated in one religious eirenicon, it would go far to realise a Positivist ideal.

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Of the seven biographies—suggestive and sound as they all are—the central and dominant names are those of Huxley and of Stephen (the only one who survived Queen Victoria). These two studies I would specially recommend young readers to mark, if they care to understand what we Mid-Victorians were thinking. They are also the only studies which Mrs. Courtney seems to have made from personal knowledge. Of Maurice, Arnold, Huxley, and Kingsley I have written so much in various books of my own, that I will only now say how entirely I am in general agreement with Mrs. Courtney's portraits. Both her Huxley and her Stephen are most faithful and interesting estimates. Stephen of them all was most near to me in age, in social and intellectual fellowship; and I find in these pages a fine record of a noble life. I worked with him in many a stiff road that he trod so stoutly: and I grieved to find that he would not join me when I trod paths of my own. Mrs. Courtney has told most vividly and faithfully her story of some who in the last century fought and died in the long battle which, for more than fifty years, was waged to secure intellectual freedom for our children.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

JOURNALISM, A BRANCH OF COMMERCE.

No one knows exactly what Job meant when he expressed the wish that "mine adversary had written a book," but I could desire for a friend no pleasanter accomplishment. It reveals human nature from a new and agreeable angle and discovers to the author unexpected sympathies. As the ways of the world are so crowded, it is impossible to move in any direction to-day without treading accidentally on someone's toes. So an author to his surprise may suddenly find an angry man hopping round him on one foot, uttering strange cries, while nursing in his hand a bruised pet corn. This may be amusing, but the most entertaining part of the achievement is to learn what apparent annoyance can be caused by stating in cold type a fact so self-evident that were it brought forward at a luncheon-table it would not even provoke a discussion.

I repeated in *Fleet Street and Downing Street* a conversation I had had with Viscount Morley of Blackburn some years previously, when I remarked that I had helped to make popular daily journalism a branch of commerce. Had I asserted that journalism through me had become a branch of murder, a modern system of assassination, the slow poisoning of the public mind, I could hardly have been rebuked more roundly in Fleet Street for giving publicity to what I have been assured is "the most contemptible view of journalism that has yet been given to the world." The entertaining part is that, wherever I turn, I find the same truth repeated. The *Times* last autumn published an article on the French Press, in which it wrote:—

In recent years there has been a marked tendency in the (French) Press, notably in Paris, to adopt some of the features of English and American journalism. This has resulted in a process of industrial realisation and in the evolution of those Paris papers which are known as the "Grande Presse." The "Grande Presse" is, as a rule, much more concerned with its circulation than with its politics, although it, too, in times of political commotion is mobilised on one side or the other. . . The "Grande Presse" comprises the *Petit Parisien*, *Le Matin*, *Le Petit Journal*, *Le Journal*, and *L'Echo de Paris*. All of these papers are very large business concerns.

So far as I am aware, no French journalist regarded his honour tarnished by this plain statement of fact; certainly no letters of protest appeared in the *Times*. Yet it does not go beyond anything I have said. And, as if this were not sufficient proof of the

truth of my thesis, we have Lord Rothermere, the founder of the *Sunday Pictorial*, to my mind one of the most marvellous illustrations of the successful commercialism of popular journalism—Mr. Bottomley's *John Bull* is another—openly stating, when applying for half a million pounds sterling of public money: "There are few sounder businesses than a newspaper that has once thoroughly established itself in the favour of the public."

The *Evening News* was bought for £25,000 in 1894; in 1896 the *Daily Mail* was founded with a capital outlay of £13,000; a few years later the *Weekly Dispatch*, a Sunday newspaper, was acquired for £25,000. These three papers were subsequently formed into a public company, Associated Newspapers, Limited, with a capital of £1,600,000. The shares of Associated Newspapers are quoted almost daily in the *Times*' financial columns under the heading "Commercial, Industrial, etc." The *Times*, after having been a family property for over one hundred and twenty years was converted in 1908 into a limited liability company, with a capital of three-quarters of a million. In face of these facts and figures, it is difficult to see how else you can speak of these dailies than as "a branch of commerce" (my phrase) or "large business concerns" (the *Times*' phrase). The instances I have cited are not isolated; for it is the exception nowadays to find a daily paper which is still a private property. The *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph* are the two most notable instances.

The term "newspaper proprietor" which one sees and hears so frequently is usually a misnomer and leads to confusion of thought. It is a mistake into which I admit I have fallen. In Fleet Street to-day, as a rule, men control newspapers; they do not own them. This is a significant distinction. Lord Northcliffe, for example, is not the proprietor of either the *Times* or the *Daily Mail*; he controls both journals. Control of a public company is legally secured by holding or having the command of at least 51 per cent. of its voting power. Notwithstanding this, control can rightly be disputed, and under certain conditions actually imperilled, if the company fails to be a commercial success. But let the success be not only assured, but brilliant, and the controller is permitted to exercise the fullest powers without the slightest restraint. It is truer at the present time than at any other period in the history of the daily paper, that the policy and general conduct of the daily Press turns on commercial success.

The explanation of the offence I appear to have caused in Fleet Street is probably that we do not take the same view of commerce. I have always thought that the British Empire was

largely built up by British merchants, and that in normal times international friendship was based on international commerce. But, as the very word implies, a profit is anticipated on commercial enterprises. Is it degrading that newspaper companies with capitals of from half a million sterling upwards must be so conducted that they yield profits? When I am told that in order to do this the controller must trim his sails to catch every popular breeze, I can only smile. This criticism obviously overlooks that these are the days of steam, when everyone works under the high pressure of competition and quick living.

My assertion that I and my associates had converted daily journalism into a branch of commerce was, like all generalities, only partially true; the process had begun forty years before my time. The first man who discovered the potentialities of a daily paper conducted on commercial principles was that very shrewd journalist, Mr. Joseph Levy, who, directly taxes on advertisements and news-sheets were removed and before the paper duty was abolished, produced in 1855 the penny *Daily Telegraph*. He not only put all his money into the business, but, according to the *D.N.B.*, induced other members of his family to do the same. His foresight was fully justified by results. From the very first the penny *Daily Telegraph* has been conducted on sound commercial principles. But this did not imply sixty years ago, any more than it implies to-day, that its editorial pronouncements lacked humanity, sincerity, and character, or that the editor was forced constantly to play to the gallery or to keep his ear to the ground. There is no great London daily which has run a straighter course, adhered more closely to the principles on which it began, been more loyal both to its readers and to its staff, than the *Daily Telegraph*, and yet there has been none whose prosperity has been more constant. The only possible explanation is that it has always been conducted on sound commercial principles.

It may be well to outline one or two of the principles which, in my opinion, form the foundation of a successful daily paper. I omit any reference to distribution, for I have dealt fully with that in my book. In the first place, the news must be wide and varied; it must be presented brightly and so arranged as to be quickly assimilated. It must be recognised that the advertisement columns have a news value and a selling power equally with the editorial columns. News interest must never be allowed to slacken.

I speak from memory, but I believe I am right in saying it was the *Daily Telegraph* which originated the "silly season" correspondence. Here is an excellent instance of shrewd com-

mercialism at a time when public interest was almost monopolised by politics. Parliament had risen; politics for the moment were dead. It was holiday time, but a daily paper, run on commercial principles, could not risk loss of interest in its columns. A "silly season" topic was started, something light and trivial to keep on the tongues of holiday-makers the name of the paper and to maintain popular interest in its columns.

The *Times* under present management has been a distinct commercial success. Analyse that success. I leave opinion out of the question, as I shall come to that presently. The general news of the *Times*, in comparison with the London Press as a whole, is little better now than at any time during the last hundred years, but it is presented better, it is arranged more skilfully. The *Times* is a blind man's paper—that is to say, a man who has lost his sight may ask anyone to read the paper out to him, and he, though sightless, can tell the reader to which page to turn for the special news he wants, *e.g.* :—

"The *Times*, you tell me, is to-day twenty-eight pages. Look at page 17 and read out the headlines of the leaders. Now turn over to page 19 and read out the social paragraphs. Afterwards go back to the opening pages and tell me about sport." And so on, and so on.

This careful arrangement of news is nowadays a vital commercial principle, and it needs not only considerable technical skill on the part of those who "make up" the paper, but also the full recognition by whoever is at the head of the administration that a careful arrangement of news and a close adherence day by day to the same positions is a primary essential in the success of a newspaper.

Just one other illustration of these principles—short advertisements. The news value of short advertisements was recognised by Daniel Stuart of the *Morning Post* at the end of the eighteenth century. It has never altered. The short advertisements of the *Daily Telegraph* are an impregnable defence. The *Times* has been working them up and with considerable success. It began with its "agony" column—*i.e.*, the column next "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" on the front page, where personal announcements are published. This column has been devoted to this class of advertising for certainly well over eighty years. It has been long known that an "agony" advertisement may contain a secret code. During the war I was called to serve on Parliamentary Committees which had to examine, among other matters, this very question. It was then openly stated, what for a long time had been common knowledge in Fleet Street, that many of these "agonies" are written within the office. The writers need

a certain knack, but, having it, they will turn out day after day surprising examples of genuine thrills. And these personal advertisements, assumed to conceal tragedies, mysteries, and romances, are not only widely read by the readers of the paper, but they are copied into other journals and thus actually advertise the columns in which they originally appear. This is good advertising, sound business.

The *Times* has lately made a clever move to assure that its short advertisements should be read. It is to women that they are intended especially to appeal. So a fashion plate by a fashion artist of high repute is printed daily among these advertisements, and attention is drawn to it by a headed paragraph on a prominent news page. It cannot surely be urged that either in arrangement of news or development of advertising there is anything derogatory to the standard of journalism. Yet these are the commercial principles to which, in these days of severe competition and high cost of production, I maintain a daily paper must conform.

As regards leading articles—that is to say, the expression of views and opinions—commercially speaking, they carry little weight. It was not so in mid-Victorian times, and the *Daily Telegraph*, to confine myself to the one example already quoted, fully established that a daily paper that relied on its views to any extent for its sales, had only to display consistent humanity, sincerity, and character in order to win readers. The commercial value of opinion was already waning when I entered journalism. The people had begun to learn to think for themselves and were displaying a disinclination to have ready-made views thrust upon them. A dozen years later, when I found myself occupying a responsible position in Fleet Street, this disinclination had become more marked, and I and those associated with me realised we must look to news to sell our papers and to attract advertisers. We worked accordingly. There was nothing original in our methods. We followed the natural trend of development, and, as I have pointed out, the men in whose footsteps we most closely trod were W. T. Stead and George Newnes.

Nor can I see any reason to modify my belief that any change has occurred in the relative value of views as compared with news since I left journalism. I admit readily that there is a small percentage of thoughtful people who do select their daily paper for the honesty of its opinions and its literary worth, but this percentage is so small that it does not suffice to secure financial stability. I have not failed to notice what is apparent to anyone who makes a study of the diurnal Press that the one great London daily which in recent months has advertised for

new readers is the very paper whose leading articles are not only distinguished for their honesty, fearlessness, and independence, but also for a peculiarly high literary merit, which is admitted on all sides.

Since I declared daily journalism to be a branch of commerce, all kinds of faults and offences have been imputed to this cause. For instance, I have been told that the suppression of the facts concerning the anarchy in the south and west of Ireland is due to commercialism. When a schoolgirl of eighteen, with the melodramatic name of Leonora, ran away with a boy lover without telling her parents, and instead of being left to her mother to be properly spanked was converted into the heroine of the hour by the popular Press, this also was attributed to the newspaper being now regarded "as wholly an article of commerce." The same cause is assigned for the skilful selection and presentation of news in order to advance political or private purposes, although one reviewer, who disagreed with my views on every other point, did agree with me that "this distrust of the columns of the Press synchronises with the period in which the use of the word 'official' has become a commonplace in presenting the fare of the day."

These faults or defects, call them which you will, have been inherent in the daily Press for at least two hundred years. There is no difficulty in putting the finger on their counterpart at almost any time during this period. All that has happened is that "the industrial realisation" of the daily paper, to adopt the *Times'* phrase, has put a different gloss on them and given to them a new significance.

Never for an instant did I dream that because I asserted daily journalism to be a branch of commerce and doubted whether journalism was a profession I could be charged with placing journalists on the same level as hucksters, thimble-riggers, and three-card-tricksters. Yet I am told I have done this. Surely commercialism is not a term that applies to these gentry, and in the field of commerce, though men work primarily for profit, they are animated by a high sense of integrity and patriotism. The best of them give of their best; which is equally true in journalism. Commerce also employs others beside commercial men, scientists for example; and journalism, a branch of commerce, employs other than journalists, for example, men belonging to the profession of letters. There is no occasion to labour this point. One of my oldest journalistic colleagues has pointed out in a private letter that you can never get two men in Fleet Street to agree on the philosophy of journalism. Since my book was published, I have read an article by that delightful

writer, Mr. E. B. Osborn of the *Morning Post*, in which he accuses Thackeray, of all men, of 'guying journalism and journalists. If Thackeray with his grand conception of "the great engine" cannot escape this charge, who am I to complain?

I have been amused to read almost in the same hour an accusation of taking an ignoble view of daily journalism and a private letter from a man of letters, an old friend, who for twenty years was a regular contributor to a daily paper with which I was at one time closely associated, in which he reminds me that his invariable view of daily journalism has been that it is a sausage machine. There is a good deal to be said for his point of view, but I tremble at the consequences had I dared to put it forward. Because I gave the public what it wanted, I have seen it stated this implies that I must have pandered to their lowest tastes, notwithstanding I have said distinctly that in my opinion popular taste is too often misjudged, and the people have to accept the worse because the better is withheld from them. The Old Vic bears evidence to this truth to this day where public entertainments are concerned; the immediate success of *Tit-Bits* and afterwards of the *Daily Mail* was proof of it in popular journalism.

While every reviewer has commented on my view of daily journalism as a branch of commerce, and most of them have discussed it in a full and friendly spirit, it is to me a rather remarkable fact that not one, not even the rare malignants, have put their finger on what to my mind is a possible danger that may arise from this development.

I have alluded to the few traditions that flourish in Fleet Street. They are strongest in newspaper offices where a single family has ruled for several generations. I have already referred to the *Daily Telegraph*. Lord Burnham, as his father before him, makes it abundantly plain that in his eyes the position of a newspaper proprietor involves duties and responsibilities not only to his staff but to the public, not only as a private citizen, but as a publicist.

Exactly the same spirit is manifest in the *Morning Post* office under Lady Bathurst. It is now nearly fifty years since her father, the late Lord Glenesk, then Mr. Algernon Borthwick, ceased to be his own editor. In this half-century, though there have been changes by death and voluntary retirement, only once has the editorial chair become vacant through disagreement with the proprietor. There are posts in that office which descend from father to son. It is now nine years since my friend, Mr. H. A. Gwynne, was appointed editor, and the editorial columns during that period testify that the traditions of the

Morning Post, in regard to the duty and responsibility it owes to the public, are as stoutly maintained as ever.

With the industrial realisation of the daily paper a new element was introduced by the proprietor giving place to the controller. Here I would make one point quite clear. This realisation followed on the success of the popular daily; the commercial success of the daily was not due to it. In the middle nineties it was unimaginable that a halfpenny morning daily and a halfpenny evening daily combined with a penny Sunday paper could employ profitably capital of over one and a half millions sterling.

So long as the controller is a journalist or, failing to be one, is content to leave the editorial management in the hands of journalists, the custom of Fleet Street will be more or less adhered to. But for a moment assume that the control of a wealthy corporation owning one or more dailies passes into the hands of an exceedingly clever tradesman with a genius for commercial organisation, and a thirst for power, but with no sense of duty or responsibility to other than his own interests. What happens then? Human nature is the same all the world over, and the same tyranny can be anticipated which followed on the industrial realisation of the necessities of life in the United States, and led to the Anti-Trust laws. There would be "accusations of the vague kind by which despotisms of all sects love to clothe their vengeance against individuals who have incurred the hatred of the despots or who have awakened their fear." Thus the *Times*, in describing the other day the bullying of the Bolshevik Government in Moscow, defined the bullying of all despotisms. And this danger is not impossible in Fleet Street.

I think it can be safely left to the young men who throng and will continue to throng the Street of Adventure. I may be right or I may be wrong in regarding them as merchant adventurers, but of this I am certain, that no valiant knights of old in the brightest hour of chivalry will be quicker or bolder than they to defend the right and to protect the wronged should ever occasion arise.

KENNEDY JONES.

(Author of *Fleet Street and Downing Street*.)

FROM SAN REMO TO SPA.

FROM San Remo the scene shifts to Spa. The final acts of the drama of peace-making have seen many changes of *décor*. Paris and Versailles long remained the background of the action; and then we have gone from England to Italy, back again to England, and then to Belgium. What passes at Spa was prepared at San Remo and Hythe. San Remo was where the plot of capitulation (as it is called by many people) was secretly woven. Spa is the *dénouement*.

On the Italian Riviera a month ago I watched the statesmen at work. One came into constant contact with them: one saw the play and interplay of ideas; the clash of interests; the search for the common denominator. To say that the Lloyd George thesis has triumphed, or to declare that the Millerand conception has prevailed, would be to express the matter wrongly. Everybody sincerely desired to find the solution of the problem which the impracticability of the 1919 Treaty had set up. There were no ready-made answers. The answer was elaborated by the statesmen together. Naturally there were leanings in this direction or in that; but in the result there was an agreement on principles: the Allies put themselves, as they should do, in accord before meeting the German delegation at Spa. Much more was done under the blue sky of Italy than was revealed. It would have been folly to come into direct touch with the Germans for the first time without at least a tacit and provisional understanding on the two questions of disarmament and reparations. When two partners go into conference with a third party it would argue incompetence if they did not both know beforehand what aim they had in the negotiations. Spa was arranged in more senses than one on the sunny shore of the Mediterranean. That there was a tug-of-war, a reluctant abandonment of certain preconceived notions, goes without saying. Spa is a revolution. It is a complete reversal of the international policy hitherto pursued. It is, whether we like it or not, 1920 confronting 1919. 1920 does not necessarily condemn 1919. The two dates demand different methods; what was right then may be wrong now; what is right now may have been wrong then. To change the focus of our minds is not easy; and there are doubtless politicians who would adopt an attitude identical with that of last year, five years, ten years, hence. Yet practical persons who take stock of the world from time to time will realise that the factors of the sum have changed.

How? Signor Nitti expressed it well when he reminded us that we were at peace and not at war, and that it was therefore wrong to preserve the war spirit. We have to cultivate the peace spirit. That does not, of course, mean that we are to forget the grievous sins of Germany, or condone her present deplorable demonstrations of bad faith. Far from it. But the British Prime Minister, whatever language he may employ, lets it be clearly understood in every speech that the salient fact in European relationships at this moment is the need of an industrial renaissance, of a general economic co-operation. When we get down to realities the reconstruction of Europe as a whole is more important than political quarrels and phrase-mongering. Without adopting the conclusions of Mr. Maynard Keynes, without the smallest desire to spare Germany the just chastisement that has fallen upon her, or to save her from her infrangible obligations towards France, the time has come to ascertain how and what she can pay, in what conditions she can acquit herself of her debt, and how France, England, Germany herself, and other countries may benefit. They will benefit from a solvent Germany. They cannot prolong the grave risk of having an insolvent Germany. What will it profit France, the chief creditor, to have huge vague sums owing but never paid? France as a sensible nation began to reason logically that the only way of obtaining reparations of any kind was to come to terms with Germany—to make a composition. The fixed-sum suggestion of San Remo, though at first shocking to French sentiment, was soon seen to be inevitable.

Let it not be forgotten that the fixed sum is foreseen in the Treaty. I have criticised the Treaty as much as most political writers, but I think it is grossly unfair to imagine that all that is being done is in contradiction with the Treaty. The Treaty ought to be re-read. It contains much. On this particular point it should be recalled that the Reparations Commission in any event is obliged to present the total bill to Germany not later than a year hence. Germany herself may make an offer. True, she has not done so: and that must be counted against her, though it may be difficult to ascertain what can be paid, and, as Mr. Lloyd George points out, the present German rulers are in any case muddlers whose mediocrity is patent. The Spa Conference may, however, raise an important issue with the Reparations Commission. That body is the sole authority which has a right to settle this question; and the Supreme Council, though doubtless it possesses sovereign power and is master of its own acts and the acts of subordinate authorities, is certainly engaged in straggling its own infant in the cradle. The Reparations

Commission has certain members who may not be content to be strangled. In case of a conflict, open or covert, the respective Governments can doubtless deal as they please with their representatives; but it would, nevertheless, be a pity if all financial proposals do not go through the proper channel.

A fixed sum, or a lump sum? The phrase "lump sum" was much used at San Remo, when what was meant was an amount definitely laid down, but presumably payable in instalments over the period of thirty years provided by the Peace Treaty. But, of course, there is no reason why, the amount once known, Germany should not acquit herself if she can of her debt at an earlier date. My own view is that she will repeat the feat of France, who speedily paid off the indemnity imposed in 1871, to the surprise and regret of Germany. There is something stimulating in the knowledge that it is possible to rid ourselves by supreme efforts of a burden; and Germany is capable of these supreme efforts. That is a reason, it will be urged, for putting the figure as high as possible. It may be so. It is at any rate a most excellent reason for not waiting even until May, 1921, before which date the Reparations Commission need not draw up the total list of claims, to make known to Germany precisely what is demanded of her. Everybody who is acquainted with the conditions of the Continent knows that the chief curse is this brooding sense of uncertainty. It is not only in Germany that there is an apathy born of sheer inability to envisage the future. France suffers from it. What is worth while? What is the use of labour when no one knows what to-morrow will bring forth? Will there be a radical transformation of society? Does bankruptcy await the world? These are the killing questions that destroy all enterprise, that crush all energy. France labours under a feeling of disillusion. Germany would pay, the Allies would help, peace would bring prosperity: alas! the painful reality is that economically and financially she is worse off than ever, and we are still all in a state of expectation, waiting for we know not what to turn up. This disillusion, as M. Isaac, the Minister of Commerce, clearly sees, is largely responsible for the prodigality, the indifference, the unrest. A healthy dose of realism would do us all good. Instead of indulging in grandiloquent hopes, or relapsing into blank despair, the fixation of an amount of reparations which might be seriously reckoned upon would act as a tonic upon France. Something tangible enough to put down in the national balance-sheet is worth much more than a nebulous promise in which nobody believes.

I speak of France because, although only 55 per cent. of the reparations obtained were, according to the agreement reached

in Paris last year between the statesmen, to go to France, there may be in view of the special advantages of other countries—notably England—a readjustment of this percentage; and in any case France is certainly by far the most interested nation in this question of reparations. It is only fair that her views should carry additional weight. It would be comparatively easy for England, who does not look to anybody for anything (though the task is difficult and England cannot really afford to make great sacrifices), to adopt a generous attitude, to wave a magnanimous hand, to wipe out or to reduce the debt of Germany. But she has no right to do so, even though she desired to make such a *beau geste*. She has to listen to France, who has a predominant right to speak; it is her duty to back up France, to enable France to obtain reparations from Germany or—to give them to France herself! That being said, it still remains true that France had to consider which was the wiser course—to take the bird in the hand or to choose two birds in the bush; to reach after the shadow and drop the substance, or to give her debtor a chance to pay something in the pound.

At San Remo, after the first rather shocked remonstrances which were provoked by a misunderstanding—a singular belief that England was backing Germany for commercial reasons and letting down France—M. Millerand and his advisers were, I found, intrigued by the proposal that Germany should at the earliest possible moment learn the full extent of her liabilities, and France *du même coup* learn the full extent of her assets. To wait a year longer—well, many things may happen in a year if stability is not earnestly striven for. This problem could not be tackled too soon. Therefore, while France is in this matter the party chiefly interested, it is not wise of France to place obstacles in the way of a financial arrangement. Would she get more by holding out, by trying to drive a harder bargain? It may be doubted. It may be properly contended that she is almost sure to lose by such a policy. If Germany went up in flames, if nothing were left but ruins, the fact that France had large credits on paper would be of little importance. She has too much money locked up in Turkey, in Russia, for her not to see the common sense of saving what she can in Germany.

On Germany the effect of a fixation of her indebtedness would be magical. An unknown sum, or an impossible sum, simply puts a premium on idleness. If the harder she works during the coming months (and remember the second anniversary of the Armistice is in sight, and little has been done to build up wrecked Europe) the more she is to be mulcted, then the natural consequence will be that she will not put her heart into her work.

Another year of drift may be fatal. It is obviously wrong in the present circumstances to give any country an interest, or a supposed interest, in remaining poor, in remaining in a potentially anarchical state. That the fate of Europe will be one, that the breaking-up process cannot possibly be confined to Germany, are statements which are no less true because they have become hackneyed commonplaces. Germany, to produce and to pay, must see daylight—a mere glimmer of daylight, if you like, at the end of a long, black tunnel—but still daylight. That is the case for telling Germany the worst at once, and of giving her every opportunity of making good. You cannot discourage Germany and expect her to pay: you cannot deny her the means, moral and material, of her resurrection if you want something from her. It would not be surprising to find some vindictive feelings in France—it would be surprising not to find them—but M. Millerand particularly impresses me in private even more than in public life as logical and essentially reasonable; and at San Remo he did not hesitate long in rallying to the British point of view.

What everybody is afraid of is the word "revision." How we start at shadows! It is not ideas that appal us so much as terminology. If modification, adjustment, or some other phrase which in this connection means exactly the same thing, is used, nobody is alarmed. But that cursed word "revision" gives us all pause. Personally I see no honest reason why the Versailles Treaty should not be revised if the need is shown. There would be no confession of failure in that. There would be no humiliation. There would be no surrender. There is nothing immutable in such a document. It is merely a vehicle by which to convey the will of the Allies. If circumstances changed, the Allies would surely not permit themselves to become prisoners tied to the wheel of the chariot. The Treaty is a convenient conventional form in which is expressed a diplomatic purpose. It is possible to conceive the purpose changing—that would be grave; but it is possible to conceive an unchanged purpose expressing itself in a more appropriate manner. At any rate, it is certain that in playing with words we lose sight of facts; our principal political blunders all arise out of our self-constituted slavery to images of our own creation. There would be nothing in itself appalling in the revision of the Treaty, which is certainly badly botched in some respects, if by revision we brought it more into conformity with our intentions. The outcry against any action, whether sensible or not, on the ground that it implies revision, is surely unwise. At San Remo this fear hampered M. Millerand. Mr. Lloyd George was obliged to affirm emphatically that he did not propose any sort of revision—and immediately to suggest that

Germany might be allowed to keep twice as many men as the Treaty permitted, and that we should try to come to an arrangement about payment in direct conversations between German delegates and the peace-makers instead of through the Reparations Commission! He was obliged to put some perfectly conventional phrases in the joint declaration about the strict fulfilment of the Treaty before going on to promise that the Treaty might serve as a starting-point for discussion. Surely it would be better to be entirely frank. Diplomats understand well enough the bit that is put in for the public and the bit that is intended seriously for them; but there is something too contemptuous in this division of recent manifestoes into two distinct parts. M. Millerand, he it noted, in principle agreed both to a larger Army and an early fixation of indemnities; but his ostensible policy is guided by considerations of domestic politics. How eagerly he seized upon the German demand for conversations respecting economic relations the moment he returned to Paris. He knows that commerce between the two countries is a necessity. What has held him back is fear of popular indignation. There is also the hostile attitude of M. Poincaré and M. Tardieu, who are implacable and may become formidable political opponents.

Perhaps the most complete change of attitude is in the throwing over of the method of note-writing. Last year M. Clemenceau would not hear of any meeting with the Germans. The epistolary style which he cultivated sufficed for the regulation of all questions. He insisted that everything should be done by letter. There is something to be said for this, but it also has its inconveniences. Now the Allies expressly state that problems can be resolved more easily by an exchange of views between the heads of the various Governments than by a constant stream of notes. Hitherto we have said: "Write to us, but do not speak to us." Now we say: "Speak to us and do not trouble us with notes." The story of the Silent Wife and the Silent Husband, which was told at length in a Sunday newspaper, is no longer found amusing when translated into the diplomatic sphere.

Both the British and the French Prime Minister found the question of the size of the German Army perfectly simple in itself. It is only complicated by the necessity of avoiding all appearance of giving way to the exigencies of Germany. What are the facts? They are for the experts to ascertain. If in the present troubled state of Germany 200,000 men or 150,000 are required, that should be the figure, whatever the Treaty happens to say. For a point of punctilio to allow Bolshevism or anarchy to reign in Germany is pure folly. On the other hand, if 100,000

men are enough, then it would be wrong to play into the hands of the militarists by granting Germany a bigger Army. Now it happens that, whether judging by the standard of other countries or by direct calculations in Germany, every military man is of the opinion that considerably more than 100,000 men are needed. But there must be no camouflaged troops. In giving a bigger Army to Germany there should be guarantees that bogus gymnastic schools and civic guards and other devices are to be abandoned. As a fact, all British military reports from Germany demonstrate quite clearly that she is absolutely incapable of any military effort now or for some time to come. Morally and materially, she is down and out. That is, however, not a reason for neglecting to take precautions, and if French fears sometimes seem unreasonable, it is better to be over-fearful than over-confident. There has been a violent campaign in the French Press for the disarmament of Germany, and M. Clemenceau was bitterly attacked for not disarming her. Precisely what these publicists and Parliamentarians mean it would be difficult to say. Surely they cannot conceive a Germany entirely without troops. In the ultimate resort all Governmental authority reposes on force. Surely 100,000 is the minimum for the policing of a country of 60,000,000 inhabitants. Universal opinion, including that of Marshal Foch, is that the number is too small. When the troops are scattered in little packets about the whole territory there can in ordinary circumstances be hardly more than a battalion in any place. Concentration is out of the question.

The real question which has blocked the way to European restoration is not military (that ought to be settled by soldiers), but financial (and that is for politicians rather than for economists). It would be inopportune for me to go into figures, since a sum may, when this article is published, have already been decided upon. But it is permissible to reveal that at San Remo the sum was placed, in spite of the Treaty, as low as sixty milliards of marks; while the French preliminary conversations in Paris between the Premier and M. Poincaré, the President of the Reparations Commission, who does not intend that this body should be robbed of its functions, suggested to me that nothing less than 150 milliards of marks could be accepted—a figure which will be found in the American proposition of March, 1919. A minimum amount, needless to say, will become the maximum. As I write, the French member of the Reparations Commission is throwing his influence in favour of a scheme of thirty annual payments on an ascending scale which operates as Germany recovers her prosperity. It is satisfactory to note that there is, except for some of those who actually helped to frame the Treaty,

general agreement that nothing more could be expected by delaying the fixation for twelve months. "Pertinax," the much-quoted French publicist, puts the case well when he says :—

As time passes it becomes more difficult for us to obtain credits in other countries; it becomes clearer that we cannot operate the machinery of international credit, thrown out of gear by the war, without being able to show precisely the figures on our balance-sheet. We cannot compel Germany to fulfil her pecuniary engagements to us until after we have realised, in face of her, the union of all the interests of British and Americans, the interests of neutrals who have large commercial credits, the interests of other Allies who demand large war indemnities. And this union cannot exist unless there now is a definitive fixation of the claims of each for the purpose of a vast financial operation.

In other words, nobody will help either France or Germany any longer, until there is a general agreement between Allies, Germans, and neutral countries—and the neutral countries who are creditors of Germany are extremely important—as to the debts of Germany; and the methods, the extent, and the priority of their reclamation. When once the wheels of high finance begin to work they may turn against France and in favour of Germany, or at least in favour of other Powers. It is dangerous to delay. The conception of an Anglo-German or an Americo-German commercial alliance cannot be dismissed; and such a combination would not act to the benefit of France. Once there is accord on the main question, once the interests of France are secured, she could only, from the financial point of view, rejoice in any aid that came to Germany, since that aid indirectly would be to her. But on what basis can money be lent or credits given now to a Germany which does not know what it has to pay?

What is surprising, but extremely significant, is that, even in actual circumstances, America especially seems anxious to place her money in Germany. The extraordinary story has been repeated at San Remo, at Paris, at London, that once the debt of Germany is fixed a great *consortium* of American financiers will take it up, satisfy all the creditors, and remain the sole creditors of Germany, which they hope to exploit. Such fantastic rumours show at least which way the wind is blowing. It is true that Germany is endeavouring to strike a bargain with American bankers and merchants. Towns such as Darmstadt have succeeded in placing loans on the American market. Ten million marks may not be much, but it is a beginning. Even last year Coblentz secretly placed part of her loan in the States, and this year the town may openly ask for fifty million marks. Credits are being sought by the German manufacturers for raw materials, and they are likely to be granted. In Silesia cotton spinners offer privileges to an American group in return for cotton on credit.

The Chicago packers have run up a big bill for deliveries of meat and fat; and with the rise in the value of the mark they are renewing their confidence. There is no doubt that there will be much foreign capital presently dependent upon the economic *relèvement* of Germany. The *Times* has called attention to the negotiations and the agreements in respect of the *personnel* of the merchant marine. England offered to employ various installations and staffs, useless to Germany now that she has lost her ships; but Germany chose to put these establishments at the service of America, which is comparatively inexperienced. What is really happening is that Germano-American *consortia* are being created; and there is fear in France, as, I believe, in England, that the part of Germany may become preponderant. Obviously there are various ways of looking at such transactions; but the point to make is that it is time that we all—France, England, Italy, and neutral countries, besides America—knew exactly where we were, came to definite decisions upon reparations, commerce, and all other economic questions; and then went ahead to build up Europe.

San Remo was the first move towards a real peace which must be based on economic accord—on economic rivalry if you will—in any case on the economic terrain. It is to be hoped that Spa has proved, or will prove, to be the second.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

WITH A RUSSIAN BOLCHEVIST IN BERLIN.

My long motor-journey of two months across Central Europe to Warsaw and back to Paris was coming to an end. I had seen neutral Switzerland at the height of her prosperity; Baden, Württemberg, Bavaria, through no fault of theirs, reduced to penury with not an ox, a pig, or a sheep left on which to feed the native population; the territory of Salzburg with a rural population not outwardly suffering; Vienna dying of starvation; Czecho-Slovakia chaotic, but struggling manfully to solve the quadrature of the circle; Galicia wondering at what had happened and not quite sure that the change was good; Poland in the throes of financial problems which had reached the high-water mark of the many for which the long duration of the war is responsible; Posnania still dissatisfied; East Prussia orderly, clean, and making the best quietly of a bad job; and now at Berlin I had seen many old friends and made the acquaintance of most of the new leaders.

I had conversed with practically all the men whose names loom large on the political horizon of all Central Europe, and my only regret was not to have been able to push forward to Moscow and see Lenin and Trotzky and the other men so much discussed of Eastern Europe. As I could not, I did the next best thing, which was to meet one of Lenin's chief lieutenants.

"Polish discontents are largely responsible for the Bolchevist movement. I know most of them," observed a Polish friend.

"Are you a Bolchevist?"

"No, but I'm not fool enough to call Bolchevism bad names without knowing what it is, or think I have extinguished Radek by calling him Kradek."¹

"Are the Poles in the movement Jews?"

"No, not all. Piotr Dzierzyuski, who is the most powerful man in the party after Lenin himself, is not a Jew. He is the anti-Counter-Revolution Commissary, and has charge of the repression of speculation. Nor is Kozlowski, one of the Foreign Relations Commissaries. The others mostly are. Sachs, the Financial Commissary; Warshawski, the Commercial Commissary; and Umschlicht, the Commissary who has charge of all matters relating to prisoners and fugitives; and Radek are Jews. Joseph Umschlicht is one of the noblest figures in the movement, in

(1) Kradek, it seems, means in Russian a swindler.

which there are many men of antique virtue. Umschlicht, when barely out of his teens, was exiled to Siberia, and he grew up with a sense of the terrible dishonesty, corruption, and injustice of the then existing system, and the determination to devote his life to the cult of political and social integrity."

"Are the leaders not all *intègres*?"

"I think they all are now. But some of them have gone through terrible temptations—temptations of want and starvation, but their offences have not been those of greed or avarice, and men like Lenin and Umschlicht would go to the scaffold rather than do a thing they regarded as contrary to the public or general interest."

"And Radek?"

"Karol Radek-Sobelsohn is one of the most cultured and most brilliant thinkers among the party, but he may not have always had the moral fortitude to resist temptation, and accusations have been brought against him. However, he has never been tried by independent judges. Though still a man of only thirty-eight years of age, he has had an immense experience, and no one is equal to him in knowledge of the Balkans. He studied chiefly at Cracow and Brussels, and belonged to Pilsudski's party, the P.P.S. (*Polish Socialist Party*).¹ Radek is a Galician Jew, hailing from near Cracow."

"Can I meet him?"

"I don't know if he is in Berlin. If you wish to meet a real Russian Bolchevist leader, I can arrange a *rendez-vous*."

To meet an authentic friend and supporter of Lenin in Berlin—a genuine believer in his theories—a real Russian Bolchevist—was not banal. Nor was it an easy task, Russian Bolchevists being exposed to expulsion. My friend, however, managed it for me, and we met where he was not likely to be discovered—in a fashionable café.

He was interested, on his side, my friend told me, to meet an unprejudiced observer like myself, who had just come from Poland.

This Bolchevist, like my introducer, was an intellectual—like practically all the advanced political leaders in Central Europe. He was introduced to me by a Christian name. Let me call him Serge.²

"We are represented," he said, "as carrying on a crusade—as trying by force of arms to implant our social theories among our neighbours, and Poland is supposed to be holding us back.

(1) Rosa Luxemburg also was a Pole.

(2) He may have been Radek or Victor Kopp—or both! I was not to ask or mention names.

All this is the absolute contrary of fact. We are defending ourselves on all sides against a crusade for our extermination. The Poles are merely playing the same game as Denikin and Koltchak. We want peace above everything, peace to work at the problems with which the Russian people on the threshold of their liberty are faced."

"But Lenin's methods are violent. He has imposed himself, by getting hold of the handle of the Government machine, on a people which has not chosen him."

"And by what right do you suppose Koltchak, or Denikin, or any other military leader claims to dispossess Lenin and take his place? Have they a mandate from the Russian people?"

"But they have promised to obtain one."

Serge shrugged his shoulders and smiled, and I did not feel my convictions or arguments strong enough to press the point.

"Do you know the Russian people?" he asked.

"No."

"I do. Can you imagine a people of whom only 15 per cent. can read or write?"

"Is it not 20 per cent?"

"May be—who really knows? One would say from practical experience not 5 per cent. Can you imagine with your Western notions how such a people, inaccessible to elementary knowledge, without any national ideal—an inarticulate nation—can possibly express itself? You talk of the Russian nation as if it were being defrauded of something it never has had. What has Lenin done? What is he doing? He is making Russia articulate by education. That is the first step in the conquest of freedom."

"But he has confiscated private property, which is the most precious of freedom's achievements."

"You are mistaken: he has equalised it. Everyone is now an owner of something."

I must have looked aghast, for he went on:—

"You know not only nothing about Russia, but you know nothing about Lenin or his work, and yet you—Oh, I don't mean you personally—you have the impertinence to judge it as if you did. Has it ever occurred to you that Parliamentary government presupposes certain conditions? It presupposes that men are able to understand what is said to them, to read newspapers, party professions, and are accessible to all the other methods by which a nation distinguishes between rival candidates, is able to choose between suggested reforms and ideas. Can us an oligarchy, an autocracy, anything you like, but you must admit that ours is a less pernicious political system than that we have displaced. We have begun the work of making a free people, of ensuring

its true emancipation—emancipation from ignorance and illiteracy. We may or we may not succeed in maintaining a system of socialisation which will give every man his due, but at any rate we shall have given the Russian people the means of judging for itself."

"But Bolchevism has been accompanied by wholesale assassination and pillage."

"Is there any birth without pain? I can neither deny nor agree to what you say. I have as little right as you to judge without evidence."

To that I had nothing to reply, for, in fact, I have only heard *ex parte* statements.

Serge went on: "The Allies have been guilty of many crimes." . . .

"Do you mean the Versailles Council?"

"Yes, I mean it, but I have not heard loud protests of indignation against their infamous work. They are helping two military adventurers." . . .

"Not exactly."

"Well, two generals at the head of mercenary armies." . . .

"Are you sure they are mercenary?"

"Well, they are helping two Russian armies to destroy a third Russian army. Have they thought that every advance of one or the other means ruin and misery to the native population? Have they thought that, if Koltchak or Denikin were victorious, it would mean wholesale slaughter, that they are abetting the most terrible of wars—civil war? Are they so blinded by terror lest the Russian people should become conscious of its own destiny that they seek to plunge it once more into the darkness of the age from which we are helping it to emerge? The men who are guilty of this hideous crime have earned the curse, not only of the Russian people, but of the whole world."

I could not reply. I seemed to be once more hearing the song of the Volga, the poetry of Lermontoff—the stories of Tolstoy—the inexorable fate that tortures Russia—of the demon, whose kiss of love is death. I had just been reading my young relative, Robert Burness', translation of Lermontoff's *Demon*, the Demon from the West who seems to pursue Russia with attentions which have always been fatal to her, who is now feverishly arming Slav against Slav, as if in a last wild effort at extermination.

"Yes," he went on, "you are committing a terrible crime against the Russian people, a crime the Russian people will find it hard to forget or forgive—in assisting with money, ammunition, even tanks and blinding gasses, to slaughter and maim

men who only want to be at peace with you. Why are you doing this terrible thing?"

"You know the reasons given: overthrow Lenin, Trotsky, and the other leaders, and hold an election, and you will have peace at once."

"Are you serious?"

"Don't ask me personally. You asked me why the British and French Governments are fighting against you on the side of Kolitchak and Denikin. I suppose my answer is correct."

"Then the crime is all the greater—because they ask for an impossible thing as the only ground on which they will stop their murder of the Russian people. That is not war. War has a possible purpose. Do your friends mean that they expect the men and women who have found salvation in Lenin and Trotsky to seize them and hand them over to their enemies? Or to murder them in cold blood, and surrender to the massacres which Kolitchak and Denikin would carry out if we yielded to them?"

"But would they massacre?"

"Massacre—you don't know Russia. Massacre is habitual in Russia. Even we, who are humanitarians, cannot prevent a tendency to kill. It has been the only weapon against our tyrants for centuries. Life and liberty have been of little account too long to warrant any hope that these men will be different from the class to which they belong. We hoped for other things from the French. They had been friends of the Russians, though out of ignorance they had lent the Russian Government money to help our oppressors to oppress us more. That in our trouble they should rend us is strange. That aristocratic England should wish to restore the reactionaries to power does not surprise us. And yet we feel that England is not willingly supporting our enemies. Englishmen—I know them well—are too fair-minded, too human (*menschlich*), and too experienced not to know what is in store for Russia, if our enemies prevail. See what this civil war means. We need our men to work at the regeneration of Russia. You must have seen our schemes for giving Russia electric power, railways, canals, and roads for her economic development. I have already mentioned schools and industrial training."

"But you know people say they are only paper schemes."

"They lie. Does not the word, the λόγος, the intent, always precede the deed? We are doing what we can. Our workmen have to be dragged from their work to fight the men you are arming to destroy us, our locomotives from economic traffic to convey soldiers to the various fronts on which you are helping to attack us. Our food supply—and God knows how small it is—

has to be whittled down more and more to feed our men who are fighting instead of labouring as they ought to be—and yet we are working out our programme of *betterment*, in spite of you. Go to Russia. See for yourself. See the holy fire of the men who are struggling against these terrific odds to make their country a better country to live in and compare them with those they have supplanted! Russia will take her place among the happiest nations in the world. The spirit of justice, the revolt against injustice, is "biting" deeper and deeper into the long-suffering Russian soul. Proud of their redeemers who share the tribulations of the people, the people feel and know these redeemers are honestly trying to lift the pall of sadness which weighs upon Russia, and you—what are you doing?"

"What right," I asked, "have you, however, a minority, to dictate to the majority?"

"Assuming that we were a minority, what right," retorted he, "has a parent to dictate to his inexperienced young children? What right has he to educate them, to look after their well-being, and make them capable and self-governing citizens? Are these Russian peasants not just children? Under the old *régime*, were they educated? Were they trained to be capable, self-governing citizens?"

There was truth in what he said, and I could not, on the spur of the moment, think of a good argument to the contrary. I am not sure that there is a good argument to the contrary. But the theory is a double-edged one which might be used by all tyrants to justify the imposition of their will on a dissenting people.

THOMAS BARCLAY.

SHALL WE SUFFER ECLIPSE BY SEA? AMERICAN PROGRESS.

IN competition for sea-power, whether interpreted in terms of men-of-war or merchant ships, lie the seeds of misunderstanding and grave trouble between this country and the United States; while, on the other hand, the future of civilisation throughout the world depends mainly on the preservation of that intimate relationship between the two nations which existed during the last eighteen months of the Great War.

It would be the height of folly to shut our eyes to the attempt of certain sections of the population in the United States, in particular those of German and Irish sympathies, to utilise the maritime rivalry of the two countries, in itself not unhealthy if marked by goodwill, for fanning into flame the instinctive national jealousies of the two nations. They are more or less avowedly scheming to make mischief by exciting the American Eagle, on the one hand, and twisting the British Lion's tail, on the other. Their ambition is by word and act to bring the two nations into an attitude of undisguised opposition the one to the other. We may hope that those who have at heart only the welfare of humanity, whether studied through British or American spectacles, will determine to defeat this campaign, realising that its success must arrest the co-operation of the British and American peoples, which offers the brightest promise that the Great War will prove not to have been fought in vain. But, if we are to avoid this trap, it is essential that we should keep ourselves informed of the movement of events, lest we be taken by surprise some day and in our haste rush to conclusions which would bode ill for peace and concord in the world. Any idiot can make trouble, but, once made, it is the difficult work of the wisest statesmen to compose it.

There is a tendency on this side of the Atlantic to conclude that our supremacy on the seas is an inalienable heritage, and that America can never again be a serious rival, as it was in the early years of last century when its tonnage almost equalled that of this country. Much the same attitude was assumed towards Germany when that Power was expanding its Navy, developing its maritime resources, and promoting its foreign trade with all the assistance which the German Government could render. Twenty years ago there was a consensus of opinion that the Germans were not seamen and that

they did not understand foreign trading. Time was to prove that those theories rested on slender foundations. The closely-knit policy of German manufacturers, merchants, and shipowners, supported by the State, had already achieved a large measure of success when the military party in Berlin was seized with madness, and brought down in ruins the structure to which so much effort had been successfully applied. The United States, like Germany, is a Protectionist country, which means that the tariff can be employed in the promotion of mercantile and maritime policy, and the Americans possess the commercial instinct, as well as the sea instinct, possibly more markedly than the Germans. If we are not to have a rude awakening, we should do well to brush aside the suggestion that the United States can never compete with us on the seas, and concentrate our attention without ill-feeling, much less animosity, on the inevitable contest which is now opening.

When Mr. Josephus Daniels, the Secretary for the United States Navy, told the members of Congress that the American Navy "must be second to none in the world," he was indulging in no empty and boastful phrase. *If naval power is to be judged by the number of most efficient capital ships possessed by any country, then within three, or at most four, years, the American Fleet will have outdistanced the British Fleet.* This is not a matter of idle prophecy, but is a statement which rests upon events which cannot now be annulled and on work which is in steady progress in the American shipyards.

In the first place, when the Armistice was signed the Admiralty, urged to a course of economy in view of our financial situation and the prospect which the League of Nations opened to view, cancelled the greater proportion of the contracts for men-of-war, and has since refrained from laying down the keel of a single ship—battleship, battle-cruiser, light cruiser, destroyer, or submarine. Since November, 1918, no man-of-war of any kind has been begun in this country. It is also true that naval construction has not been renewed by any other European Power since the war ended. The task of strengthening the French and Italian Fleets was arrested for a period of over four years by hostilities which caused both countries to devote all their attention to the making of army equipment and munitions, with the result that those two navies have practically ceased to count in any evaluation of sea-power based upon the theories which produced the super-Dreadnought type. France has to-day, and will have to the limit of vision, no battleships of the first class—that is, mounting 15-inch or 16-inch guns; but she will possess eight vessels of the second class, carrying 13·4-inch guns. Italy is in

even worse plight. Like France, she has not a single battle-cruiser, and all her battleships will, three or four years hence, be classified as third class, corresponding to types which by that time will have entirely disappeared from the British Fleet.

Germany and Austria-Hungary having ceased to be sea-Powers, the British Fleet has attained a superiority in European waters greater than at any period during the last hundred years. It is the only first-class Fleet of the Old World which remains in this post-war period. All the old standards of strength round which controversy raged in the past have become meaningless. They applied only to the navies of the Powers of the Old World, since we studiously avoided in our estimates, as a matter of good policy, as well as good sense, to take account of the progress of naval construction in the United States, and the Japanese Fleet never attained proportions to excite a tinge of jealousy, Japan becoming, moreover, in accordance with the wise direction of British and Japanese policy, this country's ally. As a direct consequence of the war, our position in European waters as a naval Power is now so assured that for the first time for several centuries we can banish all the old fears, though financial stringency, in association with a desire to discourage any tendency by the European Powers to embark upon a fresh competition in armaments, has led us to refrain from laying down any new ships of war. The most careful investigation of our naval records would certainly prove that the existing situation has no parallel since the reign of Henry VIII. During intervening centuries capital ships were always on the stocks, while now, as has been stated, their construction in this country ceased when H.M.S. *Hood* was completed a few months ago.

If we glance further afield the situation which is now rapidly developing is one which is calculated to wound our national pride, for in first-class capital ships the United States will have out-distanced this country by 1924. When the Armistice was signed the American Navy Department, far from arresting the work of naval construction, redoubled its energies with the full concurrence of Congress. It was determined to push on with battle-ships which had not yet been laid down, and to re-design battle-cruisers, the characteristics of which were unsatisfactory in view of the lessons enforced by the war. Little or no difference of opinion was revealed during the discussions in the House of Representatives and the Senate, and American naval officers of standing, in agreement with the Secretary of the Navy Department, did not conceal their ambition that the United States Navy should out-rival that of this country. On all hands a determination was expressed to place the American Fleet, judged by ships

of the first-class, ahead of all other fleets, not even excluding our own. As a consequence of the activity which is now being exhibited in the United States and the inactivity which has been deliberately enforced upon British shipyards, engineering establishments and ordnance works, the United States will rank ahead of this country, at latest, by 1924 in capital ships of the largest, most powerful, and most recently built classes, as the following figures reveal :—

RELATIVE NAVAL STRENGTH—1924.

		British. (15 in. guns.)	American (16 in. guns.)
First-Class Battleships :			
	Class.	Class.	
Royal Sovereign	...	Indiana	...
Queen Elizabeth	...	Washington	...
	10		10
Second-Class Battleships :			
	(13.5 in. guns).		(14 in. guns)
Iron Duke	...	California	...
King George V.	...	New Mexico	...
Orion	...	Pennsylvania	...
Erip	...	Oklahoma	...
Canada	...	New York	...
	13		11
First-Class Battle Cruisers :			
	(15 in. guns).		(16 in. guns).
Hood	...	Lexington	...
Renown	...	-	...
	3		6
Second-Class Battle Cruisers :			
	(13.5 in. guns).		
Tiger	...	-	...
Lion	...	-	...
	3		-
		British.	American.
First-Class Capital Ships	...	13	16
Second-Class Capital Ships	...	16	11

In this connection, a member of Congress, Mr. Britten, of Illinois, has recently made a pronouncement which reveals that informed Americans are not unconscious of the significance of the movement now in progress. His information, as he has explained, was obtained from the Bureau of Naval Intelligence at Washington, and he forecasts the position in 1923. He has assumed that when the United States has thirty-three capital

ships of all classes—for he includes certain vessels of the third-class, which will probably be in reserve by that time—the British Navy will possess thirty-five of comparative dates. On this basis he has remarked¹ :—

It will be noted that the American ships have a total tonnage of 1,118,650 tons against the British 884,100 tons, showing a superiority of 234,550 tons, or an advantage of 8,638 tons per ship. In average speed of all vessels we are practically the same, showing a fraction less than 23·7 knots average per ship. In main batteries we have 340 guns to 314 for the British, with an average of 10·8 big guns per ship, to the British 8·97 guns per ship, while our guns will average 14½ inches against the British 13½ inches, and this would appear to give us a tremendous advantage in weight of steel thrown by one broadside, when we will hurl 548,400 pounds against 452,000 pounds by all British big guns.

In secondary batteries, Mr. Britten claims that the American fleet will have a greater advantage :—

Our 494 guns in this class average 5·4 inch calibre against the British 526 guns with an average of 4·9 inches, showing our guns to average larger in calibre and power, throwing 40,158 pounds projectiles against 32,080 for the British secondary battery, which means that our ships will average 1,216½ pounds against 916½ pounds for the British, or more than thirty-three per cent. to our Navy's advantage.

Great Britain has 350 destroyers built and building, while we have 322, but ours are larger, faster and more modern, and it is not unreasonable to assume our superiority in destroyers is even greater than in first line battleships and cruisers. In submarines England has 150 built or building, and we have 150 built or building.

Concluding his examination of these statistics, based on official information which was issued undoubtedly for a purpose, this member of Congress remarked :—

Great Britain has but one super-dreadnought of the Hood type, of 41,200 tons displacement, with a thirty-one knot speed, carrying eight 15-inch guns; which is in no direction the equal of our Indiana type of super-dreadnought of 43,200 tons, twenty-three-knot speed, carrying twelve 16-inch guns. During the past twelve months Great Britain has destroyed the form works and keel of at least one sister ship of the Hood class² in the interest of economy, and I maintain that until she can pay interest on her bonded indebtedness, at least to her foreign creditors, she would not be justified in going ahead with a costly competitive battleship programme, and particularly so not with us, when she realises fully that we have no designs upon anything she may have.

While the pride of England may be hurt by her slide into second place among the naval powers, she certainly cannot hope to successfully compete against us if we are really determined to take the place we are entitled to on the seas as the world's foremost nation, and where American commerce can receive the protection it failed to get prior to our entrance into the World War.

(1) *Army and Navy Journal*, (Washington) April 17, 1920.

(2) Three vessels were, in fact, destroyed.

The phrase, "the freedom of the seas," will mean just exactly what it says, and our supremacy thereon will never justify the control and regulation of the commerce of all nations merely because we have the power to do so; as England has done in the past, much to our disappointment, and, at times, humiliation.

Whether the battleships and battle-cruisers, to the number of eighteen, which the United States Navy Department is now building, will rank as first-class eight or nine years hence, is a matter upon which it would be unwise to dogmatise. Statements by the First Lord of the Admiralty and by British naval officers of high standing and wide experience of the war suggest that, though the capital ship is not dead, the type may undergo somewhat radical changes. The lessons of the war, which American naval officers are apparently satisfied that they have completely digested, are still being studied by the War Staff of the Admiralty. Rear-Admiral Sir Alfred Chatfield, Assistant Chief of the Naval Staff, recently stated—while, indeed, H.M.S. *Hood* was undergoing her trials—that, if the naval authorities were engaged in designing a capital ship to-day, they would not embody in that vessel the characteristics of the *Hood*. That statement, in association with the absence from the Navy Estimates for 1920-1 of any provision for new construction, and the silence of the First Lord of the Admiralty as to a desire at present to build any large capital ships, suggests that possibly experience will show that the American naval authorities are exhibiting something less than the highest wisdom in pressing forward the ships which are now in hand. It is an open secret, for instance, that the six battle-cruisers of the *Lexington* type, which have recently been laid down in American yards, closely resemble the *Hood*, which, as Sir Alfred Chatfield has suggested, is regarded by the Admiralty as embodying a design which will be obsolescent in a few years' time. But these considerations apart, and bearing in mind that no addition will be made to the British Fleet during the next three or four years, the American Navy will rank above the Navy of this country in 1923 or 1924 in ships which are now regarded as first-class. There will then be only three major navies in the world—the American Fleet with sixteen first-class capital ships, the British with thirteen, and the Japanese with two. If we ignore this meticulous classification and take account of all ships of the line mounting 13·5-inch guns and upwards, the standing of these three fleets will be: first, the British Navy with twenty-nine units; second, the United States Navy with twenty-seven; and, third, the Japanese Navy with eleven.

So much for the outlook judged from the point of view of the

fighting navies. If we turn to merchant shipping, we are confronted with a situation which is at once interesting and disquieting. We may hope that in our time we shall not engage in a war of violence on the seas with any other country, and least of all with the United States; but not only will the economic contest—the struggle for trade—continue, but it will undoubtedly become increasingly keen. During the war the United States, prompted by an appreciation of the danger confronting the Allies, developed to the utmost its resources for building merchant ships. The war closed before any considerable proportion of those vessels had been completed. In the meantime, the enthusiasm of no mean section of the American people had been fired. They asked themselves the not unnatural question, "Why should we continue to be dependent on foreign, and particularly British, merchant ships for carrying the exports and imports, and especially the former, of the United States?"¹ On the eve of the war, the steamships under the United States flag, which were registered as engaged in the foreign trade, amounted to only 1,304,667 tons. During the progress of the war, not only were new shipyards laid out and thousands of shipyard workers trained, but under the impulse of the munition movement the Americans developed their manufacturing resources to such an extent as to suggest that the output of goods would far exceed the consumption of the country, leaving a large surplus for export. In these circumstances, those who were associated with the shipbuilding movement urged that it was desirable to extend the railway system of the United States to every port in the world by means of ships, so as to obtain direct access to foreign markets. By the end of last year they were able to claim that the American sea-going fleet, apart from vessels on the Great Lakes, had attained the second place among the merchant fleets of the world. The tonnage had been increased by 382·1 per cent. since the outbreak of the Great War. At that time a large number of ships were still under construction. By the end of this year American sea-going vessels, as a result of the varied activities of the shipyards, which are continuing without pause, will amount to about 13,800,000 gross tons. Whether the ships built on account of the Government will continue to be State owned or whether they will pass into private ownership, it is certain that the United States Government, particularly as the Presidential Election is on the horizon, intends to take no small part in encouraging and consolidating

(1) Of the total foreign trade conducted in vessels in 1914 only 9·7 per cent. in value was carried in vessels belonging to the United States. The proportion in 1850 was 72·5 per cent.

the movement for re-establishing the American mercantile flag at sea and promoting foreign trade, as the formation of trade banks abroad and other incidents indicate.

A significant report, reflecting the opinion of an influential section of Americans, was recently made by the Commerce Committee of the United States Senate¹:—

Nations that have been doing the ocean-carrying trade during the last fifty years are not going to give it up without a fierce struggle. They are not willing for us to have a fair part. They know the business. They have experience and business facilities and connections throughout the world which gives them a great advantage. Governmental aid and power will be co-ordinated with private energy and initiative to maintain their position, and must be met in the same way.

Nations are not free which depend upon foreign fleets to carry their products and bring to them their supplies. The peace of the world is not secure so long as one nation wholly dominates the carrying trade. But we do seek to do a just and proper part of it, and especially of our own. If we cannot attain this end now we can never do it.

No halting, hesitating, doubting policy will succeed. We must take risks. We must encourage our capital and energy to go into this contest, and assure them we are behind them to build up and sustain, rather than to tear down. We have a large tonnage now. This, however, does not make a permanent Marine. Steamship lines must be established, and a regular, certain, and permanent service be secured.

In a material sense the United States has emerged from the Great War as the victor among the victors. A prophecy which Grand Admiral von Tirpitz embodied in the memorandum which accompanied the German Navy Act of 1900 has been fulfilled, although not, perhaps, in the sense that he anticipated. He foresaw the possibility of the German Fleet being defeated in battle by superior forces, and he consoled himself with the reflection that the battle would so substantially weaken "the greatest sea Power" that, in spite of the victory, "its own position in the world would no longer be secured by an adequate fleet." The hope of Germany—and it was on that hope that their propaganda in the United States during the war was based—was that if she herself were defeated the United States would gain in influence and power—particularly on the seas—and that thus Germany, represented in the American population by millions of men and women of Teutonic origin, would be revenged. Germany's agents believed that the prospect of gaining solid advantages from neutrality would prevent the American people from intervening in the war. That anticipation was not fulfilled, but when we recall the impetus which participation in the war gave to merchant shipbuilding and the enthusiasm for a predominant place in the world's commerce which was aroused, it may be

(1) Washington correspondent of the *Morning Post*, May 5, 1920.

doubted whether the course which events took, contrary to Germany's sinister policy, has not tended to emphasise the significance of the prophecy of 1900. In first-class capital ships the United States will soon hold first place, and in merchant tonnage she is creeping up to this country's aggregate, for while American yards are building almost exclusively for the American flag, one-third of the tonnage in hand in British establishments will, in accordance with post-war arrangements made with France, Italy, and Norway, pass to the registers of those countries. In effect, what has happened is that the United States, so far as sea-power is concerned, has stepped into the position which Germany occupied six years ago; but while the Germans, with their tongues in their cheeks, protested that they had no intention of out-rivalling this country, some American Ministers and others make no secret of their ambition to oust this country from the place on the seas which it has held for several centuries.

The issue of the contest in sea-power, whether expressed in terms of men-of-war or commercial vessels, does not depend entirely or even mainly on the volume of shipping, naval or mercantile, possessed by the respective countries, but on inter-dependent industrial and economic conditions. It is sometimes stated that if the Americans, with more than twice the population of this country, and vast financial resources, determine to be supreme on the world's seas, there is nothing which can hinder them. Extent of territory, size of population, and financial resources are not, however, the deciding factors. They may appear for a time to exercise a great influence, but their permanent effect is less considerable than is frequently suggested. We speak of "holding the trident," but that emblem of sea-power must prove a costly, and indeed a ruinous, possession if it falls into the hands of a country to which it is merely a weapon of power rather than an instrument which reflects geographical conditions, inherited instincts, and national necessities.

In every essential respect the United States and the United Kingdom differ. The former is a great land-power with an area of nearly 3,000,000 square miles, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It possesses a population of about 100,000,000 people, who are served by a network of, approximately, a quarter of a million miles of railway. The United States is largely independent of outside sources for raw materials; it is almost entirely independent also of outside resources in manufactures, and, above all, it produces a surplus, though a decreasing one, of food. Except at times of inevitable depression, the supply of workers fails to keep pace with the demand. That is the condition at present, for during the war emigration practically

ceased, with the result that, whereas in the Old World there is a surplus of workers, throughout America a large shortage exists, and there is no sufficient motive among a population without the sea instinct widely diffused, and in the main out of touch with the sea, to furnish crews either for a supreme navy or a large mercantile marine. Evidence of the crisis which is developing in the sea services of the United States is supplied by the recent experience of the American Navy, from which desertions have been going on in increasing numbers since the end of the war. As the number of ships of war and ships of commerce increase, so, in spite of the most strenuous efforts on the part of the Government Departments specially concerned, the body of seamen available to man them shrinks, owing to the lure of the high wages and comfort of shore life. Since the Armistice was signed the decline in the *personnel* of the Navy has exceeded all expectations, and the present shortage of men in the United States Fleet amounts to about 50 per cent.

We are tempted to think of naval *personnel* in terms of "seamen," but a modern Navy must have a large number of highly-trained men of various qualifications. In the British Fleet, for instance, the following, among other ranks and ratings, are essential, and the American Fleet has the same needs:—

RANKS AND RATINGS.

1.	2.
<i>Seamen.</i>	<i>Engine Room.</i>
General service.	Stokers.
Gunnery and torpedo ratings, including, amongst others:—	Boilermakers.
Range-takers.	Fitters.
Sight-setters.	Enginesmiths.
Gun-layers.	Coppersmiths.
Instructors.	Pettern-makers.
Transmitter men.	Moulders.
Signalmen.	Bricklayers.
Helmomen.	Turners.
3.	4.
<i>Artisans.</i>	<i>Various.</i>
Shipwrights.	Police branch.
Joiners.	Bootmakers.
Plumbers.	Tailors.
Blacksmiths.	Cooks.
Coopers.	Stewards.
Painters.	Writers.
Electricians.	Victuallers.
Wiremen.	Telegraphists.
Armourers.	Wireless operators.
Ordnance artificers.	

5.

Medical.

Nurses.

Masseuses.

Dental mechanics.

Zymotic specialists.

6.

Royal Marines, who also supply
gunners.

In every Navy there are "skilled" ratings, and what may be called "unskilled," and it is in the former respect that the American Navy is being depleted:—

This shortage of men on sea-going ships is not of deck-hands, but of skilled men, mechanics trained to their work, without whose services the successful and efficient operation of the ships is next to impossible.

The attempts of the department to recruit the needed trained forces from civilian life has been an almost complete failure. The only men who will enlist are those who have made so great a failure in their civilian work that they are glad to get a chance under the Government. The employment of such workmen is neither satisfactory nor economical, and every one of them that is hired reduces the efficiency of the organisation as a whole.

How greatly the navy is hampered by lack of men is shown by the fact that of 104 destroyers that should be ready for use, seventy-three are tied up at docks because there are no men to operate them, and of the thirty-one which are in operation, nearly all are running with a reduced force of men. In the submarine flotilla each skilled man whose enlistment expires before next October was asked to make a statement as to his intentions for re-enlistment. Only seven men reported that they would continue in service after their present term expired.¹

Congress by increasing the pay of the Navy may endeavour to make the Service more attractive; whatever steps in this direction may be taken will almost inevitably react on the commercial fleet, increasing the cost of running the ships under the American flag.

In contrast with the United States, the United Kingdom is entirely dependent upon the sea. "Upwards of 40 per cent. of the total population of the United Kingdom lives within fifteen miles of a port, and a further 20 per cent. on canals which are served by ports. There is no considerable centre of population in any part of the United Kingdom dependent on overseas trade which is more than fifty miles from a port. These ports range from the big ports which are able to accommodate ships of all sizes, down to those which can only handle the small coaster of 100 tons, and in great measure the number of people to be served already determines the capacity of the port."² Out of those conditions of sea dependence, we emerged after centuries of development as the greatest sea-Power. Before the invention

(1) *Evening Journal* of New York.

(2) Annual Report of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association, Dec. 31.

of the steam engine, which gave us the railway locomotive, our inland communications were of the most exiguous character; the transport of goods in our internal trade was necessarily made by sea. Our coasting trade was the school of our sailors and the foundation upon which our foreign trade was built up; and so, since we can only trade with other countries by using ships, we gradually created a powerful mercantile marine. We have never experienced much difficulty in manning our ships of war or ships of commerce, because we have always possessed a surplus of population and we have the salt of the sea in our veins. It is to employ no empty phrase to say that we live by the sea. Four out of every five loaves, as well as most of the raw materials used in our manufactures, come to us in ships.

If by any chance, whether foreign competition or Government interference with what is essentially an individualistic institution, our mercantile marine seriously declined, it is probable that at least half our working population would be thrown out of employment. It is a significant fact that at the beginning of the nineteenth century we supported a population of rather less than 16,400,000, whereas to-day we maintain on a far higher standard of living no fewer than 47,000,000, the population of Ireland in the meantime having declined by upwards of 1,000,000. It is apparent that our sea-power is an expression of national necessity. Unfortunately, the leaders of the Trade Unions throughout the country are still unconscious of the extent to which their members are dependent for work on the external trade which has been built up by the initiative, courage, and resource of the great pioneers of British industry. We do not live in an economic vacuum, as their statements suggest; our prosperity depends on our ability to hold our place in foreign markets and to maintain our supremacy on the seas, our merchant ships serving us as the railways serve the United States.

The movement of Labour opinion indicates that the lessons of the disastrous Government control during the war have been lost upon no small portion of the people of this country, for the Labour Party is committed to the nationalisation of shipping. Little has been heard of this leap in the dark, because the attack on the coal industry represents, as the Miners' Federation realises, an assault upon the outworks of the shipping industry. Not only are our ships dependent to a great extent upon coal for their motive power, but 76 per cent. of the volume of the outward cargoes from this country consist of coal. The argument is: "Let us first secure the nationalisation of coal, and the nationalisation of the mercantile marine will soon follow. We must get in the thin end of the wedge, and then we can

drive it home." The conception of the British mercantile marine, worked by a central organisation, is one which is calculated to make experienced shipowners, as well as manufacturers and merchants, despair of the sanity of many of their fellow-countrymen. It would have to control the movement of upwards of 8,000 steamships, apart from several thousand sailing vessels, barges, tenders, and the other miscellaneous craft which serve the larger ships; and of those steamships no mean proportion trade between foreign ports carrying at times exclusively foreign goods.

We can only hope to hold our position on the seas if the British mercantile marine is able to offer efficient service. It was efficient service which enabled us to attain the position of carriers of half the ocean-borne commerce in the world. Because Government control all the world over is necessarily inefficient, the organisation reacting only slowly to changing conditions, American shipowners and merchants have been led to demand that Government-built vessels shall be transferred to private ownership, the State merely assisting to encourage shipping by the reservation of the coasting trade of the United States and its dependencies (including the Philippines), by the dexterous manipulation of the tariff, by legislation favouring American shipowners at the expense of rivals, or by other measures, such as Germany adopted with a considerable measure of success. If, in opposition to the tendencies of the American policy, this country were to nationalise its shipping, not only would the mercantile marine shrink under costly and wasteful administrative methods, but its decline would affect adversely every trade and industry in this country, reducing the volume of employment. In particular, the shipbuilding and engineering industries would be injured, for our maritime supremacy supports tens of thousands of workers who will in future have their most serious rivals on the other side of the Atlantic. The American shipyard worker is not unconscious of the struggle which lies ahead. Only about 20 per cent. of the wage-earners in the United States are organised on trade-union lines,¹ and in American shipyards, in contrast with the shipyards of this country, not only is labour-saving machinery welcomed, but the workers utilise it to the utmost advantage. An illustration of the efficiency which is being attained by American shipyard workers is afforded by the experience of the American International Corporation, which laid out the great establishment at Hog Island for the construction of fabricated vessels. The workers had not merely to be collected, but they had to be trained for their tasks, and already,

(1) *Times*, Saturday, May 8, 1920.

as the recent report of the President of the Corporation reveals, remarkable results have been achieved :—

For the first six months of 1919 there were launched 27 ships, and there were delivered 25. This gave a weekly record of almost one ship per week delivered and rather better than one per week launched. In the second six months of the year there were launched 39 ships and 39 were delivered—being an average of one and one-half launchings and one and one-half deliveries every week.

The records of riveting are particularly interesting. When shipbuilding began in earnest at the yard in the summer of 1918, the average number of rivets driven per gang per hour was about 20. For the first six months of 1919 the average was about 26, but in the last half-year a marked gain was shown. In July the rate was 27, in August 32·7, in September 36, in October 35·9, in November 36·2, and in December 37. In January, 1920, the average rate was 39·6; for the first two weeks of February it was over 43, and has been as high as 45 for several days consecutively.

These figures show that we were able to develop at Hog Island a highly competent force of shipbuilders. Such results, moreover, would not have been possible without co-operation and team work of the first class on the part of all engaged on the work. As illustrating the possibilities of quantity production and what can be accomplished by training men for work of this sort, it is interesting to note that the first ship, the *Quistconck*, built on way No. 1, required 1,160,000 man-hours, the second ship built on the same way and identical with it required 601,000 man-hours, and the third ship on the same way and identical in all respects required only 400,000 man-hours.

We shall be living in a fool's paradise if we imagine that now that Germany has for a time been banished from the seas, we have little serious competition to fear. We are confronted with a movement in the United States, which is supported not merely by large sections of the manufacturing and trading classes, but by no mean portion of the workers. And there are other mercantile marines besides that of the United States. The competition of Japan, as well as of the countries of Northern Europe, in the sea-carrying trade, will be more severe in the future than it was before the war. These shipowners have built up large reserves, and they are to a great extent immune from many restrictions which are imposed upon British shipowners by Parliament, besides being subject to far less onerous taxation.

Apart from questions of efficiency, the overwhelming argument against nationalisation of shipping which must appeal to all who desire to promote friendly relations between this country and the United States, in particular, is that State control might bring the two countries into positions of definite antagonism. Sir Kenneth Anderson put this point lucidly and succinctly in a recent speech. Reminding us of the experience of past centuries, he remarked :—

For the most part wars in the past have had their origin in two causes, religion and trade, or the possessions conferred by trade, the latter tending more and more to be the underlying motive even where superficially dynastic or military ambition has appeared to be the predominant cause. This is peculiarly true of maritime wars, because the sea is the highway of World Trade, and its mastery is the key to world-wide possessions. Thus it was for trade, or the possessions acquired by trade, that the Greeks fought and conquered the Phœnicians; that the Rhodians fought the Greeks; that Rome fought Carthage; and so down through the series of Merchant Empires of Genoa, Venice, the Hanseatic League, Portugal, Spain, and the Netherlands, until, in her turn, Great Britain displaced the Dutch from their supremacy at sea, and, in fact, though perhaps with less conscious and deliberate purpose, from early in the 18th century to the end of the Napoleonic Wars, contended with France for what is now the British Empire.

We are face to face in the demand for nationalisation with a menace to the peace of the world, and especially the peace of the English-speaking peoples. It would involve the respective Governments in disputes, the consequences of which would be far more serious than the differences of opinion which occur from time to time between individual traders. As Sir Kenneth Anderson has suggested, individual traders when they have a dispute can either refer it to a court of law or compromise. They may even fight it out, but the fight is one in which only guineas are spilt and only themselves are involved. "With Governments as parties to disputes the point of national honour would preclude compromise, and there would be no court of appeal save the appeal of arms."

We in this insular country cannot recognise too soon that in the immediate future we, as the foremost sea-carriers of the world, shall be confronted with keen competition on the part of the American and other mercantile marines. So long as that competition is conducted with justice and equity, we shall have no cause of complaint; and, even if American shipping is subsidised or otherwise favoured by State policy, it will behove us to watch the course of events without feelings of bitterness or animosity. We possess no inalienable right to the position of the sea-carriers of the world, and if we are to regain our primacy we must do so by offering, as we offered in 1914 and earlier years, the most efficient service, and, for the rest, place our reliance on the sea instinct and sea aptitudes which we have inherited.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

HENRY JAMES AND HIS LETTERS.

"*The faculty of attention*," said Henry James in a letter¹ to Mr. W. D. Howells (1902), "has utterly vanished from the general Anglo-Saxon mind." And, writing in 1905 to Mr. H. G. Wells, he indicates as one of the right conditions of novel-reading "rapt surrender of attention." This question of attention he brought up again in a conversation I had with him not long before his death, when he maintained that an author had a right to the full measure of attention required of his work. He spoke with emphasis, for it was a sore point with him. He was an author who demanded more of the reader's attention than nine out of ten readers are disposed to give. It is idle to say that this is a vulgar economic question and that an author's "sales" have nothing to do with his position as an artist. For novels are made to be read. It may be true that the essence of art is expression; but an expression that is not communicated to the outer world is *chimaera bombinans in vacuo*. The unread novelist is driven in upon himself, abounds in his own difficulty, becomes more and more doggedly esoteric. Henry James was led, by his own admission, to "over-treatment"—to which also a merely mechanical cause perhaps contributed, that fatal temptation to prolixity, dictation to a typist. Writing (1904) to his literary agent about *The Golden Bowl*, he says: "I can work only in my own way—a deucedly good one by the same token!—and am producing the best book, I seem to conceive, that I have ever done. I have really done it fast, for what it is, and for the way I do it—the way I seemed condemned to; which is to *over-treat* my subject by developments and amplifications that have, in large part, eventually to be greatly compressed, but to the prior operation of which the thing afterwards owes what is most durable in its quality. I have written, in perfection, 200,000 words of the *G. B.*—with the rarest perfection!—and you can imagine how much of that, which has taken time, has had to come out. It is not, assuredly, an economical way of work in the short run, but it is, for me, in the long; and at any rate one can proceed but in one's own manner." Well, beautiful work as *The Golden Bowl* is, does it not still retain too many traces of over-treatment? Those interminable con-

(1) *The Letters of Henry James* selected and edited by Percy Lubbock, (Macmillans, 1920).

variations of the Assinghams, upstairs and downstairs and in the lady's chamber; are they not over-treated?

And in another letter (1908) to Mr. Howells you catch an even more intimate glimpse of the artist as *heautontimoroumenos*, the author setting himself "stumpers": "I find our art, all the while, more difficult of practice, and want, with that, to do it in a more and more difficult way; it being really, at bottom, only difficulty that interests me. Which is a most accursed way to be constituted." Assuredly, the author whom only difficulty interests will be apt to find himself the only person interested. In one of the last letters (August, 1915) you find a passage sadly testifying to this. "I am past all praying for anywhere; I remain at my age (which you know) and after my long career, utterly, insurmountably, unsaleable."

Thus the unpopular novelist is driven in upon himself. Nor is that all. The select minority who do succeed in mastering a "difficult" author somewhat ostentatiously reject Dick Swiveller's advice to the Marchioness; they will on no account moderate their transports. They pride themselves on being "the happy few, the band of brothers." They do their author the ill-service of making him the idol of a mysterious cult. France has had its Stendhaliens. We have had our Peacockians, and now we have our modern Jacobites. The hieratic solemnity of the "initiated" causes the ungodly to blaspheme. Many of them are of the more impressionable sex. I remember the devotion with which a British matron, espying him quietly seated at luncheon at a "mixed" club, approached and saluted him with a fervent "Oh, Master, Master!" The Master himself was rather staggered. Like an earlier "psychological" novelist, Samuel Richardson, he had many literary sultanas, but, unlike Richardson, he never let them turn his head. The "dearests" of many of the letters to ladies must not be misinterpreted; he applied this superlative to nearly all his correspondents, of whatever sex. When he was asked, as of course he occasionally was by Curious Impertinents, whether his heart had never been touched, he would reply, with a smile, that he had now and then been "menaced." Writing as an old man to a young one about "lying," he drops a significant remark: "I think I don't regret a single 'excess' of my responsive youth—I only regret, in my chilled age, certain occasions and possibilities I didn't embrace." Readers of Flaubert will be reminded of Frédéric and Mme. Arnoux. But this faint hint is the only allusion in the correspondence to Henry James's *éducation sentimentale*. I doubt if any of the letters which Mr. Percy Lubbock has not published—some thousands, I believe—can have been withheld on this

particular ground. It is right to say that the editor on the whole has done his elucidatory work very well. He must have had before him what Henry James himself said about another published correspondence: "The meanness and poorness of editing—the absence of any attempt to project the Image (of character, temper, quantity and quality of mind, general size and sort of personality) that such a subject cries aloud for; to the shame of our published criticism. For such a Vividness to go a-begging! . . . When one thinks of what Vividness would in France, in such a case, have leaped to its feet in commemoration and critical response!" If Mr. Lubbock's projection of *his* Image is not exactly vivid, it is solid, rich in detail, informative. If any fault is to be found, it is a natural one in a young man dealing with a grave and reverend senior—a certain timidity of approach. Henry James was perhaps more "human," more of a "character," more given to little oddities and weaknesses, which he was himself always ready to laugh good-humouredly about—in a word, more lovable—than those who only know him in Mr. Lubbock's pages will suppose.

I will instance only one trait, his ingrained love of mystery. The gratuitous mystery-making in his books may have seemed to many people a mere literary artifice, a part of his stock-in-trade. How fond he is in his dialogue of making each of his interlocutors utter ambiguities, leaving the other to guess the meaning! What was the mysterious article of manufacture from which Chad's people in *The Ambassadors* derived their wealth? Questions are asked about it, curiosity is excited, but no one is ever told—not even the reader, in confidence. Then there is the Figure in the Carpet, the secret which the novelist (an obvious projection of Henry James himself) said it was the business of the critics to find out for themselves—but which they never did. What happened precisely when Densher paid his last visit to Milly at her Venetian palace in *The Wings of a Dove*? A puzzled reader, I have been told, put this question to the author himself, who replied oracularly, "Oh, everything." One is reminded of the Mulligan in Thackeray's story who, when asked for his address, said with a comprehensive wave of his stick over the West End of London, "I live there." That Henry James deliberately adopted mystery as an artistic device is shown in a letter (1899) to Mrs. Humphry Ward: "I think your material suffers a little from the fact that the reader feels you approach your subject too immediately, show him its elements, the cards in your hand, too bang off from the first page—so that a wait to begin to guess *what and whom the thing is going to be about* doesn't impose itself, the antechamber or 'two and the crooked

corridor before he is already in the Presence." But the truth is, the author here only reflected the man. He was temperamentally vague. If a lady took him out into the country for an afternoon trip in her car (and he liked nothing better), she was never told who had taken him out the day before—it was always "another charming lady." This was not mere observance of the ordinary *usage du monde* which refrains from needlessly naming names to third parties: he was "festively engaged" that evening or "going to the play"—though his intended companions were intimate friends, as he well knew, of the person he was addressing. Always the little air of mystery.

It is interesting to note that Boswell records the very same trait in Dr. Johnson. "We stopped first (Tuesday, April 28th, 1778) at the bottom of Hedge Lane, into which he went to leave a letter, 'with good news for a poor man in distress,' as he told me. I did not question him particularly as to this. He himself often resembled Lady Bolingbroke's lively description of Pope; that 'he was *un politique aux choux et aux raves*.' He would say, 'I dine to-day in Grosvenor Square'; this might be with a Duke: or, perhaps, 'I dine to-day at the other end of the town': or, 'A gentleman of great eminence called on me yesterday.' He loved thus to keep things floating in conjecture: *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*. I believe I ventured to dissipate the cloud, to unveil the mystery, more freely and frequently than any of his friends."

But Mr. Lubbock is far too dignified to play the Boswell, and his blest discretion cannot but irritate many old friends of Henry James, whose instinctive cry is: Give us every little bit of the lovable man! Not even the letters themselves, self-revealing as they are, quite do that. For his influence, his appeal, I think, were largely personal. Not to have met him was to have missed his crowning charm—the suave, indulgent, avuncular benignity of manner. Indeed, not a few people loved him who confessed that they "stuck" at his books, not being able to compass the necessary attention.

Attention! One inevitably comes back to that. It is all very well to say, as the Croceans do, that the artist who has expressed himself, if only to himself, has done his work. At one time Henry James appears to have consoled himself with this view, which he discovered for himself long before it became promoted to a philosophic theory. "One must go one's way," he writes (1890) to his brother William, "and know what one's about and have a general plan and a private religion—in short, have made up one's mind as to *ce qui en est* with a public the dragging after which simply leads one in the gutter. One has always a 'public'

enough if one has an audible vibration—even if it should only come from one's self." Had Robinson Crusoe been a novelist he might have consoled himself thus. But a novelist who lives, not on a desert island, but among his fellow-men, yearns to communicate with them, and for that he must pay the price, contrive to have the "vibrations" that they are willing to hear. Henry James's vibrations were too fine and too strange to gain the attention of the "general" ear. It was not merely a question of a "difficult" style—all alembication, involution, and convolution. It was the unusualness of the thought behind the style, the utter unimportance of the facts narrated compared with the reverberation of these facts in the minds of the interested parties. To those who would give the necessary attention this peculiar "psychological" process yielded the rarest, the most exquisite, of literary delights. But for the world in general the preliminary effort was too formidable; they could not enjoy because they would not attend.

What is involved in the attention we pay to a work of art in order to enjoy it? Is it not a process of self-abnegation and surrender? We take on momentarily the artist's self, put ourselves in his place and at his point of view, and reproduce his work within ourselves. The more unlike to us the artist is, the greater our sacrifice of self. Well, the natural, egoistic man simply declines to make it. He prefers to take what costs him no effort, no surrender of his personality. Let others "swot" over Dante and Beethoven; he will stick to Offenbach and the *Bab Ballads*. This natural egoism of man, I may hint in passing, is one of the reasons why there is so much bad criticism. Sturdy, positive, dogged men are unwilling to surrender themselves. Who is this precious author, pray, that they should transfer themselves to *his* point of view?

But there is another class of recalcitrants, whose failure in self-surrender to the artist must be ascribed to something else than ordinary human egoism. These are the other artists. The very force within them, which gives the impulse to creation, binds them fast to their own artistic *ego*, and is fatal to catholicity of taste. Every critical preference a "creative" artist expresses is apt to be a veiled justification of himself. As Stendhal said, every eulogy between *confrère* and *confrère* is a certificate of resemblance. There is an amusing illustration in Aubrey de Vere's *Reminiscences of Tennyson*: "'Read the exquisite songs of Burns,' Tennyson exclaimed. 'In shape, each of them has the perfection of the berry; in light, the radiance of the dew-drop; you forget for its sake those stupid things, his serious pieces.' The same day I met Wordsworth and named Burns to

him. Wordsworth praised him even more vehemently than Tennyson had done; he added, 'Of course, I refer to his serious efforts; those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to forget.' I told the tale to Henry Taylor the same evening, and his answer was: 'Burns's exquisite songs and Burns's serious efforts are to me alike tedious and disagreeable reading.'"

Such are the criticisms of authors, unable to surrender their own artistic self in favour of the author they criticise. Will it be believed that Henry James, notoriously the victim of the ordinary reader's inability to make this surrender, exhibited the same inability himself? Oh, irony! Yet over and over again in his letters he makes it plain that the attention he couldn't gain he couldn't himself give—but only a sort of inverted attention. When reading a novel, instead of putting himself at his author's point of view, he dragged the author over to *his* point of view, and mentally re-wrote the novel as a James novel. Not once, but half-a-dozen times does he make this curious admission. "I *can* read nothing, if I read it at all, save in the light of how one would *one's self* proceed in tackling the same *data*!" he writes (1899) to Mrs. Humphry Ward; and in continuation, "I'm a wretched person to *read* a novel—I begin so quickly and concomitantly, for *myself*, to write it rather—even before I know clearly what it's about! The novel I can *only* read, I can't read at all!" Again (1902) to Mrs. Cadwallader Jones: "If a work of imagination, of fiction, interests me at all (and very few, alas, do!) I always want to write it over in my own way, handle the subject from my own sense of it." Again (1903) to Mr. Howard Sturgis: "I am a bad person, really, to expose 'fictitious work' to—I, as a battered producer and 'technician' myself, have long since inevitably ceased to read with *naïveté*; I can only read critically, constructively, *re-constructively*, writing the thing over (if I can swallow it at all) *my* way, and looking at it, so to speak, from within." Once more (1912) to Mrs. W. K. Clifford: "My only way of reading is to imagine myself *writing* the thing before me, treating the subject—and thereby often differing from the author and his—or *her*—way." Finally (1913) to Mr. H. G. Wells: "To read a novel at all I perform afresh, to my sense, the act of writing it—that is, of re-handling the subject according to my own lights and overscoring the author's form and pressure with my own vision and understanding of *the* way—this, of course, I mean when I see a subject in what he has done and feel its appeal to me as one: which I fear I very often don't. This produces reflections and reserves—it's the very measure of my attention and my interest."

Did ever author "give away" his critical character with such

iteration and such zest? The very measure of his attention to a novel was the degree in which it allowed him to pay attention to an improvised novel of his own! The great question for him was, not what the author had set out to express and how far he had succeeded in expressing it in his own way, but how it might have been expressed had the author not been himself but Henry James. After this one turns to the criticisms of other novelists, scattered through the correspondence, with fear and trembling—or, rather, with a dismal conviction of the sort of judgment one is doomed to find. There can be no “certificate of resemblance,” because no other novelist happens to write like Henry James. But “if you can’t be like us,” as they used to sing in *The Belle of New York*, “be as like us as you can.” There was M. Paul Bourget, a brother “psychologist,” and one, therefore, with whom something might be done—if he would only be so obliging as to write a Bourget novel as a James novel. “No two men in the world,” his correspondent blandly begins, “have the same idea, image, and measure of presentation.” (Precisely! then why go on?) “All the same I must some day read one of your books with you, so interesting would it be to me—if not to *you*!—to put, from page to page and chapter to chapter, your finger on certain places, showing you just where and why (*selon moi*!) you are too prophetic, too exposedly constructive, too disposed yourself to swim in the thick reflective element in which you set your figures afloat. . . . Your love of intellectual daylight, absolutely your pursuit of complexities, is an injury to the patches of ambiguity and the abysses of shadow which really are the clothing—or much of it—of the effects that constitute the material of our trade.” The “patches of ambiguity”—yes, we know how thick the inveterate mystery-monger would have laid *them* on! Then there was George Meredith, with his “unspeakable *Lord Ormont*, which I have been reading at the maximum rate of ten pages—ten insufferable and unprofitable pages—a day. It fills me with a critical rage, an artistic fury, utterly blighting in me the artistic principle of *respect*. . . . Not a difficulty met, not a figure presented, not a scene constituted—not a dim shadow condensing once either into audible or into visible reality—making you hear for an instant the tap of its feet on the earth. Of course there are pretty things, but for what they are they come so much too dear, and so many of the profundities and tortuosities prove when thrashed out to be only pretentious statements of the very simplest propositions.” Set a “difficult” author to catch another “difficult” author! How so very un-Jameslike an author as Mr. Kipling will fare one can see with half an eye. “My view of his prose future has much shrunken in the light of one’s

increasingly observing how little of life he can make use of. . . . Almost nothing of the complicated soul or of the female form or of any question of *shades*—which latter constitute, to my sense, the real formative literary discipline." *Enfoncé*, Kipling! As for poor Mr. Hardy, the process of re-writing him in the James manner is obviously hopeless, so have at him! "I grant you" (R. L. S., who had been having *his* little whack—oh, these authors!) "Hardy with all my heart . . . I am meek and ashamed when the public clamour is deafening—so I bowed my head and let *Tess of the D's* pass. But oh, yes, dear Louis, she is vile. The pretence of 'sexuality' is only equalled by the absence of it, and the abomination of the language by the author's reputation for style." Mr. Hardy, for that matter, was an old *bête noire* of his. Twenty years earlier, reviewing *Far from the Madding Crowd* in the *New York Nation*, he had declared that "it has a fatal lack of magic. . . . Everything human in the book strikes us as factitious and unsubstantial; the only things we believe in are the sheep and the dogs." But enough of these strange performances! They will have served their purpose in sufficiently showing the very same failure in Henry James as in the public that "couldn't read" him—failure to comply with the condition precedent to all right reading, the self-surrender of the reader. Thus was he hoist with his own petard.

It is odd that a man of this self-contained, unaccommodating temper should ever have fixed his hopes on success in the theatre. For the general playgoer is even less disposed than the general reader to go out to meet his author. He won't budge an inch. He requires his story to be brought to his door, thrust under his nose, and realised for him in flesh and blood, physical action and human voice. Here we get back to our old question of attention. The playgoer is, temperamentally, self-attentive. Further, he is one of a crowd, and a crowd cannot but find itself an interesting spectacle, which means that the "house" takes some of the attention which should be given to the stage. The mountain won't go to Mahomet, so Mahomet must go to the mountain. What a quandary for an author of the kind requiring, in Henry James's own phrase, a "rapt surrender of attention"! And then there is that outstanding peculiarity of Henry James's work which I have called his interest in the "reverberations" of his facts, rather than in the facts themselves. Where was there room for that in the theatre, which is all facts—facts of deed or facts of speech? This was no question of theatrical "technique" (which, he wrote to his brother, he had "made absolutely his own, put into his pocket"), but of the quintessential quality of the man's art itself.

Pathetic enough, then, are the letters showing how as a young man and well on in the middle years he was obsessed with the theatre. As far back as 1878 he told his brother: "It has long been my most earnest and definite intention to commence at play-writing as soon as I can. This will be soon, and then I shall astound the world! My inspection of the French theatre will fructify. I have thoroughly mastered Dumas, Augier, and Sardou, and I know all they know and a great deal more besides. Seriously speaking, I have a great many ideas on this subject. . . ." And to Mr. Howells (1880): "Happy man to be going, like that, to see your plays acted. It is a sensation I am dying (though not as yet trying) to cultivate." He dramatised *Daisy Miller*, but it remained unacted. "Drop a tear," he writes to Mrs. J. L. Gardner (1882), "upon the fact that my drama is not after all to be brought out in New York. . . . It is possible it may see the light here. I am to read it to the people of the St. James's Theatre next week." In 1891 *The American* was produced by Edward Compton at Southport, and Henry James writes to his brother: "Now that I have tasted blood, *c'est une rage* (of determination to do, and triumph, on my part), for I feel at last as if I had found my *real* form, which I am capable of carrying far, and for which the pale little art of fiction, as I have practised it, has been, for me, but a limited and restricted substitute. The strange thing is that I always, universally, knew *this* was my more characteristic form. . . . As for the form *itself*, its honour and inspiration are (*à défaut d'autres*) in its difficulty. If it were easy to write a good play I couldn't and wouldn't think of it; but it is, in fact, damnably hard (to this truth the paucity of the article—in the English-speaking world—testifies), and that constitutes a solid respectability—guarantees one's *intellectual* self-respect." His real, his characteristic form! Was ever man so self-deceived?

Then came the crushing disaster of *Guy Domville* (1895). Even before its production he wrote to his brother in a mood of discouragement: "The whole odiousness of the thing lies in the connection between the drama and the theatre. The one is admirable in its interest and difficulty, the other loathsome in its conditions"; and, to another correspondent, "I may have been meant for the Drama—God knows!—but I certainly wasn't meant for the Theatre." *Guy Domville* was, in fact, a charming thing to read—George Alexander lent me a "prompt" copy (it has never been published)—but, as might have been expected, lacked theatrical "punch." I shall never forget the first night. "The delicate, picturesque, extremely human and extremely artistic little play," writes the author to his brother, "was taken pro-

fanely by a brutal and ill-disposed gallery which had shown signs of malice prepense from the first, and which, held in hand till the end, kicked up an infernal row at the fall of the curtain. There followed an abominable quarter of an hour, during which all the forces of civilisation in the house waged a battle of most gallant, prolonged, and sustained applause with the hoots and jeers and catcalls of the roughs, whose *roars* (like those of a cage of beasts at some infernal 'zoo') where only exacerbated (as it were) by the conflict." More than a dozen years elapsed before he ventured again to approach the theatre—or rather, as he significantly put it, "of all things in the world, let himself be drawn into a theatrical adventure." This was with *The High Bid*, a dramatisation of *Covering End*, pleasantly played by the Forbes-Robertsons, but gaining nothing more than a success "of esteem." Two of his plays have been tried after his death, showing, both of them, that he had "put" the theatrical technique "in his pocket"—indeed, that the pocket rather bulged—though by no means showing that he was meant for the drama. But, as he was fond of saying, *basta, basta!*

I have been picking out, with the aid of the letters, a few aspects of Henry James the literary artist. Their rich record of Henry James the man—his warm family affections, his faithful friendships, his social adventures, his Continental tours, his gradual estrangement from his native country and his love growing into devotion for the country of his adoption, his splendid response to the call of the war—I must leave untouched. But always they are the letters of a man of the rarest type—the man who lives absolutely, dedicatedly, for literature. They give precisely what, he complained, the letters of George Meredith failed to give—"the sense of his living in the world of art—in that whole divine pre-occupation, that whole intimate restlessness of projection and perception." Indeed, since the Goncourt diary, I can call to mind no book that gives so fascinating a vision of the literary *quaisine* as these two volumes of Henry James's letters. Not that he himself would have accepted anything so humble as the culinary metaphor for questions of literary creation. "These," he proudly wrote to Mrs. Humphry Ward, "are the noblest speculations that can engage the human mind."

A. B. WALKLEY.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA AFTER THE WAR.

It is already a truism to say that the war has affected profoundly every nation in the world. Notably : Russia lies in social ruins ; Germany is reduced to zero in power, and across her nothingness anarchy rages ; Great Britain is befogged, and under cover of the fog her industrial masses march aggressively forward. But America ? America surely must be an exception—the great creditor nation, the nation that drank deep of the glory of victory though not too deep of the cup of pain. No, with America it is as with the rest, the War and the Peace have struck her a strange blow and perverted her life also. He who sat upon the throne said : “Behold, I make all things new.” Behold, He is making them new. In the current politico-economic jargon : “The anti-synthesis of pre-war society must be achieved before the new synthesis can be obtained” ; the new synthesis being that new state of society which the visionary sees on the other side of Bolshevism and chaos.

Whether that new state of society of which men dream can be obtained we do not know. Modern civilised man abhors in mind the idea of chaos. He must excuse it as a “transition stage.” He pulls down, *in order to rebuild*. He makes a desert and calls it peace, as the saying is. But, except however in our pathetic human hope, there is no guarantee that chaos once attained will not be permanent. Thus to-day American civilisation, which was not one-third developed in 1917, has stopped short in its process of organic assimilation, turned about, and faced that from which it rose to corporate life. Whilst the old nations of Europe in their post-maturity might conceivably die in the course of Nature, there is something terrifying in the prospect of the failure and collapse of a young nation like America. To fall away—

“ in her first age's Spring

Whilst yet her leafe was greene and fresh her rinde.”

It does not seem like dying in order to have new life. It just seems like dying—

Seven years ago America was the most promising nation of the West. She counterbalanced with her progressive materialism the static idealism of Russia in the East. America led like a great ship on the sea, with all the tide of the Atlantic following her. She was the working man's dream country—the El Dorado

of every proletarian of Europe. The young poet Bynner on the threshold of his life could write:—

" As immigrants come toward America
On their continual ships out of the past
So on my ship America, have I, by birth
Come forth at last
From all the bitter corners of the earth."

You went to America *pour reprendre la foi*. When America declared war in 1917, how natural it was for all of us to say that the New World had been called in to redress the balance of the Old.

America presented the spectacle of the choir-dance of the races, the mingling of every ethnological element in mazes of life and colour; human beings danced as the molecules and atoms may be imagined to dance in the mystery of chemical change. Her faith was that *all* could be absorbed and that *One* could be found—an eventual new unity, more fit for life, more glorious to God.

The Germans in those days were the "most readily assimilated, the best type"; the persistently separate Jew rolled into America as into Zangwill's "Melting Pot"; Mary Antin hailed America for her Polish-Jewish compatriots as *The Promised Land*, which was as much as to call Europe Egypt and to give up Zion. The Swedes in the Middle West were greeted with the reverend words "O Pioneers." The Irish then were not "For themselves Alone," and had no republic other than the republic of the United States. Into the great open arms of the Hudson every discontented Radical and agitator or unhappy wage-slave or seeker of new life came happily, as it were, to the very bosom of the statue of Liberty. Happy days then in America, when all went well, and in every street they were singing the sweetest of sentimental popular songs.

The change began in August, 1914, when the first bugles of war challenged America. Belgium was overrun, and did America sleep? Germany was making her great bid for world-empire, and was it nought to America? It was the hour of evil chance as in a fairy tale. Trans-Atlantic civilisation reposed on the assumption that no European quarrels were its quarrels. It tacitly inferred the corollary of the Monroe Doctrine, and allowed to its conscience that "Hands off America" meant also "Hands off Europe" as far as America was concerned. America, however, soon realised that, though she might officially hold herself aloof from the European quarrel, yet her constituent races must of necessity be violently affected both in imagination and in sentiment. A partisanship at once sprang up which was far from

discreet, and it was by no means in keeping with the pleasant theory of neutrality. Against all probability the "reliable" German-Americans forgot that they had renounced the Fatherland and espoused America; they forgot that they had fled from Prussian militarism and conscription; forgot all their grievances against the old country and threw money and life and energy into the pro-German cause. That many in their passion for Germany were disloyal to America needs no demonstration now. America was greatly embarrassed by her Germans. Their defection was the beginning of disruption.

The sinking of the *Lusitania* then raised a turbulent "pro-Ally" faction. But the Irish sedition saw independent Ireland begin to raise her head higher than it had ever been before and Sinn Fein was born. The Russophobe crowd, the Irish, and the Germans were at issue with the pro-Ally Anglo-Saxondom of America and the partisans of France and Italy. The former were possibly the stronger until the Russian Revolution detached a great number of Russians. President Wilson sought his second term of office as a pacifist, the man who had kept America out of the war, kept her from joining Britain and France and Russia. There was never, indeed, any question of America's coming in on the German side. Most of those who were against the Allies voted for Wilson and they brought him in. It was the Russian Revolution, coupled with the continued insolence of Germany and her diplomatic falsity, that made it possible for America to declare war at last.

But when war was made, then all the partisans of Germany became America's enemies and were involved in bitter and widespread persecution, which did not make them into better and more loyal Americans. For the most part they effaced themselves. The pliable affected patriotism and subscribed to war charities. The stubborn were hushed by sympathetic friends or subterraneanised their activities. The young men were drafted. "Pro-Ally" enthusiasm, on the other hand, knew no bounds; it engulfed all other moods. There was enough of it to hide all disunity. It roared in the Press and roared from the platform. It sounded to the world as exclusively for the Allies and for the Allies' cause. But it contained also a great expression of partisan hatred for all American dissenters. One hundred per cent. Americanism was the cry, hundred per cent. loyalty, hundred per cent. unanimity, and the American mob at home proceeded to make America of one mind *by force*. The chief test of Americanism was made by dollar-drives and rallying everyone to subscribe to Liberty Loan.

Committees were formed to inquire as to the means of citizens,

and if the latter were thought not to have contributed sufficiently they were sharply informed of the fact. This was not confined to the rich and commercial, but was applied also to the less representative and more humble classes of the community. A Negro minister in a church near Vicksburg was thought to have taken too few bonds, but he said he could not afford more. Behold, whilst he is giving his sermon next Sunday morning a little white boy comes through the coloured congregation along the aisle and up the pulpit steps, and he hands the Negro a piece of paper on which is written: "You have half an hour to leave this town"; and he knows that he must quit there and then to be safe from the mob. On the town hall steps those lacking in patriotism were exhibited, having been first steeped in hot pitch and rolled in feathers. A milder way, if you had not subscribed to Liberty Loan, was to find your house painted green overnight. This was specially in vogue in the Middle West for Swedes and Germans and those of the Mennonite persuasion. There also the committees went so far as to seize cattle and make compulsory sales to invest in the Loan. A hundred per cent. Americanism must be proved everywhere—even in big shops and department stores whole staffs were practically forced to subscribe and the amounts deducted in instalments from wages—so that the hundred per cent. flag could be displayed.

The money-collecting rampage was the chief outward evidence of American unanimity. It was whipped up and speeded to frenzy by the "four minute men," a vast army of spouters enrolled to make patriotic speeches. Under cover of the din dissension was hushed, and America herself felt that as never before she was One, she was a grand unity, a great tide of all the peoples of the world moving as one man. It became a platitude to say that America had been unified by the war and that the process of assimilation had been speeded up as by miracle. The heart of the genuine American was gladdened by the illusion, and many are the regrets to-day that the joy of the pulse of the war moment has gone. "We are all one in the war," they say, "but now that there is peace every man is against every other." The fact is, however, it was only a seeming unity caused by the effervescent high tide of "pro-Ally" America. The very violence of that tide was itself making for more disunity and a shore strewn with ruin when the tide went out.

The reaction from intolerance is severe and universal, and it is complicated with all manner of new-born affinities for Europe. The war, and not the intolerance, is, however, the prime cause of disaffection. The quarrel searched the hearts of Americans and showed them where their true allegiance lay. The Peace

Treaty and the general development of European politics have strengthened the new allegiances.

Thus the Poles of America, who only believed in the resurrection of Poland as one believes in the immortality of the soul, could hardly have expected that in their lifetime they would receive again a Fatherland. Yet, having received it, what is more natural but that they should relate themselves to Poland rather than to America?

The Czechs and the Slovaks could hardly have expected the re-birth of Bohemia, but now they are all agog with Czech newspapers and dreams of the new State of Czecho-Slovakia.

The Slovenes and the Croats have been related to the new State of Jugo-Slavia.

The Russian Jews see arising a new State of Russia immune from Jewish persecution, and, indeed, largely governed by Jewish intellectuals and traders. The political exiles of Russia, to whom America in the past has afforded such unqualified protection, are no longer dead to their native land, but regard it with astonishing enthusiasm. Indeed, they have transferred most of their political hatred to the institutions and government of the United States, which they freely compare with those of Tsardom. At their meetings they stand to sing the Russian revolutionary anthem and cheer it with the utmost zest, but they only sing "The Star-spangled Banner" in the most perfunctory way. There is more antagonism between the old Americans and their Russian millions than between any other races. "Deport the lot," is the common cry. "Send them all back to Russia." But it is not generally realised that that is what a great number of the Russians would like. They look forward to a return home whenever a favourable opportunity occurs. Meanwhile most of them are proud of Lenin and Trotsky, and are fomenting revolution in the industrial circles to which they belong.

Then the Irish have used the opportunity of the "small nation" cry to agitate their cause with a new vigour. They have raised the idea of a separate Ireland to a great height. All Catholic Irish now think it realisable. The streets of New York and Boston are placarded with maps of Ireland and an appeal to Americans to help Ireland win that independence which America won in 1783. "President" Valera is given the freedom of New York. An Irish reservation to the Peace Treaty is scheduled. The exchequer of the Irish Republic is filled with the money, not only of the Irish, but of thousands of those anti-Ally Americans who hate England and think that it was her cunning that contrived America's entry into the war and their consequent persecution. Irish Liberty Loan has been readily subscribed,

and it is a war chest for fighting America's greatest potential friend—Great Britain.

It may often be overlooked that Irish separatism means not only separateness of Ireland from Britain, but the separateness of Irish immigrants from America. Such patriotism as that of the Irish in America is obviously not compatible with being "good Americans." It means that the Irish are not devoting themselves to America's affairs; and the spectacle of the Irish schism is as appalling a discord as that of the disaffected Russians and Russian Jews.

It goes without saying that the Germans are not particularly in love with the American ideal, and that, though perforce they must lie low and be quiet just now, they are not ethnologically at one with the American nation. Other peoples, such as the Italians, have not been particularly happy in America. Prohibition has affected them considerably, and they reckon that there is not much on which the labourer can pleasurably spend his wages. Then, as if these disaffections were not sufficient, there looms up another perhaps more menacing and troublesome than all the rest, and that is the ferment of the Negroes. There are said to be some fifteen millions of coloured people in the United States—the ex-slaves and their children. The war has affected these black masses in a profound way. America does not advertise her Negro populations and her Negro problem; she has kept the Negro in the background of her composite national life. And the Negro has felt himself to be in the background. He has not been in vital touch with Europe as the white man has been. It was therefore a dumbfounding moment when the United States began to take the Negro young men and drill them and draft them into its vast new conscript army. It would not have been so strange but that the Negro in the South is deprived socially of the status of man, and for the Southerner ranks with the animals. He is denied his legal rights at every turn, and languishes in a state of peonage which in some respects is every whit as bad as the slavery from which he escaped in 1863. The lynching and burning of Negroes has not disappeared, but has become a sport, beginning generally with a man-hunt with bloodhounds. When the Negro was told that he had to go to Germany and stop the Germans committing atrocities he was surprised, and, well, his native humour came to the rescue of his mind, and he chuckled, and said to his neighbour in the ranks: "Brother, we's going to make the world safe for democracy," which he seemed to regard as one of the greatest of jokes.

The Southern white man had two points of view about the Negro in the army; one was that he ought not to be taken at all,

as he was not worthy of dying for his country; the other was that it was a good thing to send the Negro to France, as a large number would then be killed, and it would be a blessing to be rid of them. The story of the consequent treatment of the Negro units is too large to be described detailedly. Suffice it that it was very unworthy. The Negroes proved themselves excellent soldiers and won the unqualified admiration of the French, who know more about the merits of a fighting force than does America. But their sacrifice to duty and their heroism in the field did not make the Negroes immune from disgusting outrages in America. Riots and lynchings increased, and there were most terrible examples of burning Negroes over slow fires—"making 'em die slow" before thousands of white spectators. And there was the terrible affair at Berlin, Georgia, where a Negro woman was burned, and her child, born whilst she was burning, was kicked among the crowd for sport. Race-rioting broke out in the North, at Chicago, even at Washington. The Negroes fought the white mob at Chicago, and, indeed, fought the riot till it ceased. The coloured people have been forced to organise themselves to resist intolerance. The legend of the love of the Southerner for the Negro and of the Negro for the Southerner has at last been dissipated. Mothers now teach their children that the white man is their enemy. Afro-American racial pride is fostered at every Negro school and by every Negro society; but the idea of the merging of the two races in one has been stopped, the blacks have accepted the impossibility of a general blending, and now demand the means of equal *parallel and distinct* development.

E pluribus unum is the motto of America, but the aspiration has never seemed less likely of fulfilment than now. There remains as the one solid and loyal body of Americans—the descendants of the original colonists augmented by British emigrants and a sprinkling of loyal foreigners. It now appears that those who dissent, the nonconformists to the American national ideal, are as numerous as those who are loyal and true. How vital a matter that is may be judged in the light of the truism that the future of America is dependent upon her power to assimilate her constituent races.

The old America was a protest against John Bull; the new has been founded on a sort of official contempt of European nationhood. America was always *better*. Hence the lack of enthusiasm for the League of Nations. There is more desire for a league of the English-speaking nations of the world than for the League of Nations. The Anglophilism of the loyal half of America is the greatest positive characteristic of the America of to-day. True,

it is faced by the greatest Anglophobia that America has ever manifested, the most noisy and troublesome Anglophobia, but the quiet, fervid love and trust of England on the part of the other people is not less strong.

What stands most in the way of Anglo-American friendship is the political power of that part of the electorate which is against it. No political idealist in America dare at present proclaim that friendship as an object. This is pitifully noticeable in the preliminary fight for the next Presidency—each candidate publicly disavowing Anglophilism. *Is not the dominant Republican party practically mortgaged to the Irish vote? Not that most Republicans are anti-British! Far from that! But officially Republicanism dare not pronounce for a close and intimate British friendship in the future.

The second thing that stands in the way of friendship is rivalry on the sea. America, having signed away the great German liners, tried to withhold some of them when the time came. The sordid quarrel over the *Imperator* was one of the first public signs of this rivalry. It was a real rivalry and then it was fomented and exaggerated by what is called the Hearst Press. It linked with the determination of the American Government to build a greater navy than that of Britain. It was not improved by Admiral Sims' disclosure that it had been said to him that America would as soon fight Britain as Germany. Feeling was no doubt stirred by the repeated assertion in the Press that Britain was bankrupt and could not pay her debt to the United States. According to the man in the street Britain had fallen behind and taken a second place and America must not be fooled out of her rights. She must lead on the sea and Britain must be hustled out of the way.

The Empire as such is unpopular in America, and the most is made of its difficulties in India and Egypt. The story of General Dyer made an adverse impression and has been widely used among the Radicals as an example of British rule. It is vaguely thought that now the Russian and German empires have fallen the British Empire is an anachronism. The greatness of the far-flung British unity is also appalling to some who would fain see it disintegrated into petty states. Even among the Negroes, propaganda against the Empire is to be found, though the lot of coloured people under the Union Jack is one of which British government can legitimately be proud. South Africa forms the one exception, and it is stories of the ill-treatment of the Kaffirs that are being circulated to British discredit. Imperial rule of all kind is said to be bad—though with all the local responsibility of the British self-governing colonies it is difficult to see where Imperial rule

comes in. Yet "Big Jim" Larkin, who is being kept pitifully waiting week after week and month after month with a charge of criminal anarchy over his head,¹ can say: "To Hell with the British Empire, to hell with the American Empire, to hell with all empires" and win much approval from his followers, though it reminds an Englishman of that injurious and discrediting utterance he made in Dublin years ago: "To hell with contracts." Yes, the idea of empire will have to go. It is just a little more than a name, and perhaps the name is passing. It is spoken of freely now as the British Commonwealth—the British group of nations. As such it could be the largest and most humane fact in the world, and of no offence to any Democrat.

The vast numbers of semi-official propagandists sent to America have done harm. It is commonly said in a random way that Britain has spent billions of dollars in propaganda in America. The suspicion that a man is a propagandist is often enough to damn him, and several celebrated English men of letters have suffered somewhat from the suspicion. The curious thing about the British propagandists is that they nearly always have to face fashionable audiences which are entirely Anglophile, and they wonder where the Anglophobia is. The propagandist is seldom introduced to poor or Radical or foreign or even Irish audiences: the enemies of Britain will not pay to come in and hear him.

Yet certainly America is tamer under the propagandist than the Briton. Witness the rude reception of "Pussyfoot" Johnson in London. There is very little room for American Prohibition propagandists in Great Britain.

"Prohibition" is a remarkable phenomenon. It seems to have become absolute during these last six months, and public opinion has hardened in its favour. It alone carries the characteristic spirit of America, as manifested before the war, a step onward toward complete realisation. Strangely enough, the experiment was made in Russia first, during the war, but it is more out of keeping with the Russian character than with the American. It is a fruit of Western progress. It will be interesting to observe how it affects the general character of the people. Anti-smoking has made some progress. Woman suffrage seems coming pretty surely, though a few backward states have obstinately barred the way to this Western conception of woman's responsibilities which Great Britain has already accepted. In the domain of what is called religion in America there has been no revival. The Reverend William Sunday has saved innumerable souls, but one does not notice them. He, for his part, is not so much to the fore, repeats the jokes and the hits that have won in the past, and is not

(1) Now sentenced to five years imprisonment in Sing-Sing.

now in demand. The rise in the cost of living and of the general upkeep of churches has fluttered the professional side of organised religion, and every denomination is trying, on the one hand, to raise funds and, on the other, to cut expenses. The Baptists have been greatly to the fore in dollar drives; the Methodists also. But appeals for money Sunday after Sunday are without spiritual edification. The fact that America feels wound up to a high degree of moral excellence through Prohibition and other reforms leaves the churches without much scope. For there is very little of praise or sacrifice in American churches. Difficulty is found in making religious service vital. Dr. Percy Grant very courageously opened his church to a public discussion of the merits of Bolshevism and other political topics, but he got into a great deal of trouble when he compared the "Soviet Ark" carrying deported Russians back to Europe to the *Mayflower* bringing the ancestral pride of America from intolerant England. Grant certainly keeps his church full, and it is possible at evensong to hear upon occasion Vachel Lindsay chant his poems, and that is better than most sermons. At a church in the Bowery they frankly sing "Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag" and the "Long, long trail a-winding" instead of hymns. The curate sways the audience to the communal singing of "Jingle Bells" and "The bull-frog on the bank and the bull-frog in the pool"—there is a striking ritual of making the church dark and then lighting a great flame on the altar. Thus an Anglican church takes to itself an innocent token of fire-worship. There is also a "concert" performance. Here again the church is full and everyone seems to be happy. Whether it has much to do with religion is another matter. Real religion seems somehow to have lost itself in most communities of the United States—an exception might be made in respect of Boston, where "spiritual healing" and, to a certain extent, "Christian Science" may be said to be supplying something. What the Church is losing the theatre is gaining. The theatre seems to be full of life. John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* is a greater success at the Cort Theatre than even at the Lyric. It does not strike an Englishman as being so well acted, but then Americans know their own types. Lincoln is supposed to be so true to life that old folk who knew the great President break into tears and exclaim that it is the old man right enough. *John Ferguson* was discovered and made also a great success in New York. Many delightful American comedies, such as *Lightnin'*, are to be seen on Broadway—one's only regret on viewing the theatre as a whole is the absence of any play of Shakespeare or of anything classical. The cost of living and of upkeep has hit the libraries

badly. They have been excellent in the past but they can buy but few books now. Carnegie generally presented a building on condition that the town or city provided annual funds to the extent of ten per cent. of the original cost of the establishment. Thus a thirty-thousand-dollar building has to be kept up on three thousand dollars, i.e. £750, a year. This is extremely difficult now. So much goes for cleaning and attendance that there is little enough to keep the librarian, far less keep the library up to date. This shows the danger of the pauperisation of public institutions by the rich. The people obtain the idea that they need not pay for their libraries themselves. Doubtless, however, if the national spirit of America were again on the crest of the wave, instead of in the hollow, she would look after churches and libraries and schools and all those institutions whose upkeep has been so affected.

Economically the most interesting phenomenon in America is the slowing down of the rapidity of success. It is less and less easy to make a sudden headway in business or to advance one's position in life. A more feudal or static state of business has set in. America is more like England in this respect. Men begin to be in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. It was not so before. The immigrant on Ellis Island could look forward to swift transition from poverty to riches. Now, although wages rise, it is not easy to change one's job. The reason for this is that the great flood of immigration has ceased. The new-come immigrant naturally took the worst and the dirtiest jobs, and in doing so relieved a number of other men who had been just a little longer in the country, and they could go higher and do better. The flow of cheap labour was constant, and it set up a current of success, a sort of moving staircase for the whole population, which made the life of America wholly different from that of any State of Europe. It was sought for a while to keep the movement by importing into the industrial North masses of Negro labourers from the South. But then the cotton fields suffered and the planters were vociferous. Organised Labour, strange to say, seems to be against the resumption of that unentrammelled and abundant immigration which supplied America before the war. It is thought that the immigrant by his cheap and politically unorganised toil brings down the scale of wages. Labour does not realise that it is just because of the absence of the immigrant that labour as a whole is stagnant. The rich and cultured are also opposed to the flood of immigration, but for an entirely different reason. They think America has enough foreigners, and must absorb what she has, or she will endanger her whole individuality and her national security. *

Still, no one wants to do the hard and the unpleasant work in America. No one, indeed, wants to work at all—and there lies another problem.

The innumerable new troubles and perplexities are discussed daily in small paragraphs and on narrow platforms. As Mr. Charles R. Crane said to me, "No voice carries more than a hundred yards. America will not live for business. She must have ideals and leadership." Wanted, a Leader—that is America's inward sense of the situation. It is only a great personal leader that can take her out of the back-paths where she is lost and make her One.

President Wilson came in by the votes of the pacifists and then waged war, and he promulgated his idealistic conception of peace, and strove for his fourteen points (against his Republican Senate) and then at Paris was constrained to abandon them. He gave the world the armistice and an end of slaughter, but he lost his large following of idealists, and he lost his hold on the imagination of the people as a whole. It was a fatal matter when physically he broke down. For America is no place for a sick man, and has no sympathy even for a great man when stricken. The most deplorable stories were told about the "patient of the White House," and perhaps President Wilson would have done better to resign.

Still Wilson was the best America had to show, and his failure looks like the failure of the highest hopes of the country. Hence the hurly-burly of 1920.

But it may be urged that America is rich and prosperous and that the dollar rises in value whilst the money currency of all other countries falls. It looks as though America might gain the whole world's business through finance. It does look that way sometimes. But America's personal equation diminishes, as the co-efficient of her wealth increases. The war broke President Wilson as it broke Imperial Russia and Germany, and as it has broken the America of 1914. It is the fashion in Europe to envy America for her wealth, but I fancy that America would give all her present prosperity to regain the steady pulse and the calm and the spirit and the radiant faith which were hers seven years ago.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

THE HEROINES OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

ROSEMARY for remembrance is the right of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Yet before she was laid in her grave the jarring note of premature criticism sounded harshly. The obvious defects of her qualities have been underlined, the equally obvious merits undervalued, for of her it surely might be said: "She nothing common did or mean." It was saddening to note the rarity of generous recognition of her substantial services to her country and to its literature. If few dared blame her once, few apparently dared praise her now. It is true she never possessed the magic of personal charm. It is true she braved contempt by leading the forlorn hope of the anti-suffrage cause.

Yet these are trifles compared with the achievement of a laborious life. Like Sir Walter Besant, whose dream of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* built the People's Palace, the visions of Robert Elsmere became concrete in the useful Passmore Edwards settlement. That thousands of little joyless children learnt to play because of the beautiful compassion of Mrs. Humphry Ward is enough to make her name "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." Then, when war changed the world, she made "England's effort" her own, and toiled "towards the goal" to "fields of victory." These brief, strong books, with their noble tribute to France, their accuracy, sense, and glowing patriotism, did their propagandist work well, notably in America where Mrs. Ward won and maintains a high position. No woman novelist of that first class, in which it is far too soon to prophesy whether she will be included, has such a record. Even the life of George Eliot looks self-centred beside this lavished personal service, and the laughter of the slum babies makes merrier music than the ponderous sermons of Theophrastus Such. Of which other of the writers of her sex can it be said that if her writings were forgotten her work would remain?

Bare mention of this fact is essential in fair estimate of a group of the heroines of the long series of novels ending in *Harrest*. In one respect Mrs. Humphry Ward had unique opportunity. Not to Fanny Burney, to Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, or Susan Ferrier, not to the passion-wracked Brontës or to George Eliot herself was given such scope for portraiture of women in such infinite variety. She watched barrier after barrier fall. The moving prayer in *Shirley* that the despised old maid should be conceded her right to obey the Church Catechism, and

learn and labour truly to get her own living, was granted beyond the wildest imaginings of Charlotte Brontë before Mrs. Ward laid down her pen. If she was convinced the extension of the franchise had been better denied or delayed, the vocations and the prominence of her heroines prove her a genuine feminist. More than half her steady sequence of novels bear their names—*Miss Bretherton*, *Marcella*, *Daphne*, *Eleanor*, *Diana Mallory*, *Delia Blanchflower*, *Lady Connie*, *The Making of Lydia*, *The Story of Bessie Costrell*. In others they played the lead, even if the frequently unsatisfactory hero usurped the title.

Mrs. Humphry Ward was profoundly interested in her own sex, and loyal to her unquestionable faith in its development in the spacious new field. Such satires as those of Colette Yver upon *Princesses de Science* or *Dames du Palais*, are not to be found in her reflex of her own changeable times, where the worker is invariably treated with sympathetic respect. It was a blow to a number of distinguished men at Oxford deeply impressed with the scholarship of Mrs. Humphry Ward when she forsook erudite research to produce *Miss Bretherton* in 1886. She began with the story of an actress vindicating the honour of her profession; she ended with the apotheosis of the land-girl reaping the sunny cornfields she had gone forth to sow at the call of England. She was never surprised by these surprises of the wonderful years, as was Cousin Philip when Helena Pitstone flung off her fashionable finery to don her uniform, and drive a car to the rescue in masterly wise. Nay, more; she spent almost too much time in enforcing her optimistic creed that beauty, capacity, and intellect often go hand in hand. Beauty, indeed, made a potent appeal to her, not always kept in due check by artistic reticence. It has been justly alleged that she could draw a petty-natured woman to perfection, as in the case of poor Lucy, wife to David Grieve. Yet she was not cruel, and has no parallel to that merciless feat of vivisection, Rosamond Vincy, whose husband called her his basil plant, or that modern instance, the horrible Alicia of *Legend*. George Eliot sometimes wrote as if jealous of the good looks with which she had herself endowed her characters, Mrs. Ward as if readers would never visualise hers as good-looking enough without perpetual reminders.

How far they were creations and not drawn from life is a moot question still unanswered, for in the recent welcome fragment of autobiography no confidences were made as to method of composition. If, as is constantly maintained, Mrs. Ward was deficient in creative power, then the daughters of our day, as reflected in her pages, show a predominance of sound minds in bodies of physical perfection, auspicious for the future of the race.

Her want of humour in her dealings with her formidable regiment of women is, of course, the scorn and byword of her detractors. Without the least gratitude to her for recognition of her own limitations, and merciful avoidance of forced effort to sparkle, they ask with some show of justice when literary immortality has been attained by woman without the golden gift? If *Wuthering Heights* towers solitary in the mind, its sombre presence makes it logical to echo the opinion of Mr. Stephen Gwynn that "Mrs. Ward will go down to posterity as the writer who has known how to dramatise in interesting fashion, not so much the life as the intellectual tendencies of her generation." If Michael Angelo had not been wrong in his faith that genius was eternal patience, then Mrs. Humphry Ward might have claimed the crown she did not win.

For, although prolific in production, she was never slovenly nor over-hasty. Her descriptive passages were often touched with the light that really is on sea or land, if never with that faëry light that never was. If she has an irrepressible love of the great country houses with their former ordered luxury, now for the most part empty shells dolefully awaiting the tap of the hammer of the auctioneer, she shared the weakness—if weakness it be—with Meredith. If she dwelt with rather too meticulous delight upon furniture, who quarrels with Balzac for cataloguing tables and chairs as if he were an adept in trade? Mr. Gwynn rightly considers it "advantageous that Mrs. Ward has been able to be popular with the unintellectual," for surely, when her average level is contrasted with that of the average best-seller, the comparison is all in her favour. Her women being far superior to her men in actuality and artistry, there is reason for pausing over certain of the more arresting. "Miss Bretherton," the phenomenally lovely person who took London by storm in a play concerning the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns then *à la mode*, is amateurish and uncertain of outline. To believe that one scolding from an Oxford high-brow could make a star of a stick is only possible to those young ladies of the 'eighties, ready to be Juliets in a week. The unpretentious tale made no mark. Critics who had excusably dismissed it lightly were amazed when, only two years later, *Robert Elsmere* agitated Bishops and set Cabinet Ministers at variance. The chorus of praise silenced the lament of Freeman. "I have been reading *Robert Elsmere*. What a fool he was; and for this kind of thing the West Gothic Kings are left untouched." He should have been thankful Mrs. Ward never tried to convert them into fiction or put on the "cap of lead" worn for the making of *Romola*.

This book was one of those complete successes somewhat in-

comprehensible after cool, unprejudiced re-reading. To take up the thick tome, founder of a short-lived school of inferior disciples eager to pander to the odd fancy for technical theology in novels, is to find ourselves wearied by the soul-searchings of Robert and bored by the Machiavellian squire. Of the wit and brilliancy of the latter we hear too much, though Mrs. Ward—for once wiser than Meredith with Diana—avoids samples. All the vitality is centred upon the two heroines. Catherine and Rose Leyburn live in the memory, even if the former belongs to a type there are now "none to praise, and very few to love." They are flesh and blood, and the double tragedy of Catherine touches the heart if her "delicate austerity" is little to modern taste.

For Catherine's was one of those unhappy, exalted spirits never realising that life, when rounded to completeness, holds laughter as well as tears. That awful, mistaken line, "Thy Saviour sentenced joy," was her watchword. She consecrates existence to mother and sisters by a solemn vow beside the death-bed of her father. When she has renounced her lover, and gloried in renouncement despite her anguish, she finds this perfectly natural mother fascinated by the prospect of a good match for her first-born, and secretly revelling in visions of a "white, soft morsel"—her grandchild. The sister she strives to train in the way she has no wish to go, breaks out into protest when she discovers saintly Catherine has learnt to love. "'Of course, it's our salvation in this world and the next,' thought Rose. . . . 'I wish to goodness Catherine wouldn't think so much of mine, at any rate. I hate,' added this incorrigible young person, 'I hate being the third part of a moral obstacle against my will. I declare I don't believe we should any of us go to perdition if Catherine did marry.'" Rose is readily forgiven for her remark when Catherine yields. "We are abandoned, and we are free!"

Poor Catherine! The devotion of her husband never quite cured the pang of that first disillusion. And when Robert failed her she knew a second time the depth of bitterness of the loss of cherished ideals. Her pain, her piteous bewilderment, her ache of longing for her home in the clean, rain-washed hills—all this is poignantly conveyed. It was an anachronous critic who said of some dull hero, "He was dreary enough to marry the widow Elsmere." For Catherine was of the stuff making Florence Nightingales or Edith Cavells. She would have found herself in 1914.

Rose, with her passion for the violin she plays superbly after the due training Catherine dreads as a moral danger, stands equally clearly before our eyes. She is born to the frequent goodly heritage of a Humphry Ward heroine, wedding the right

rich eligible after just enough engaging hesitation. Well might Mrs. Thorburn say : "Girls get so frightfully particular nowadays. . . . Why, when William fell in love with me, I fell in love with him at once because he did. And if it hadn't been William, but someone else, it would have been the same." Her husband, the Honourable Hugh Flaxman, is a mere lay figure. The complex yet typical Oxford don to whom all unwillingly she gives her first love is far more interesting. The surrender of this bright being—who has made liberty her idol is strikingly told. "The old sense of capture, of helplessness, as of some lassoed, -trailing creature, descended upon her. She lay sobbing there, trying to recall what she had been a week before; the whirl of her London visit, the ambitions with which it had filled her, the bewildering many-coloured lights it had thrown on life, the intoxicating sense of artistic power. In vain. . . . She felt herself bereft, despoiled. And yet through it all, as she lay weeping, there came flooding a strange contradictory sense of growth, of enrichment. In such moments of pain does a woman first begin to live."

It is curious to observe that *David Grieve* attracted two Dutch translators, despite its dialect. It is a thing of shreds and patches, of velvet and flimsy, unsatisfactory as a whole. Mrs. Ward wished us to believe her terribly at ease in the *Café des Rats* and in the usual Paris of the novelist. Careful reading of *Murger et Cie.* was inadequate. She should have remained in Westmoreland, where the earliest scenes are laid, or at least in Manchester. It may not have been sound technique to give the inherently vicious sister of David Grieve such a commanding position. His spiritual *Sturm und Drang*—the thesis of his biography—was quite detached from the sense of responsibility he flung to the four winds when he made his stereotyped flight with Elise, whom we have met too often before nor cared to meet again. Louie justifies her prominence by her vivid reality among skilfully constructed wax-works. From her naughty, admirably drawn childhood, her lurid figure compels attention. Did Mrs. Ward elaborate her to try and prove that churches—Anglican or Roman—have no hold over such souls insurgent? If it were thus, she half relented in her silver-point of Dora—lovable, despite her narrowness, finding surcease from care as she kneels at St. Darcian's, or stitches exquisitely and reverently at her altar frontals. Mrs. Ward agrees with Mrs. Browning : "Get leave to work. In this world 'tis the best you'll get at all." Dora can endure her misprized love, comforted by her supremacy in her serene art. Something of "the lovely self-forgetfulness" applies to her, though Mrs. Ward remarked it in another.

Helbeck of Bannisdale is surely the masterpiece, Laura Foun-

tain her most arresting heroine. Is it because it is the converse of *Robert Elsmere* that it is superior? Here the woman doubts, the man believes, and Laura is far more human than Robert. What she regarded as the "spiritual intrusiveness" of the Catholic religion was repugnant to her, and her transparent honesty could not conceal it. The mutual passion of two fine natures is crystal pure. From the dawn of the child who "had the most surprising gift for happiness" to her dark night, interest in Laura is unfailing. Her struggle for faith has keen pathos. "I seem to have nothing to do with half your life; there is a shut door between me and it." Longing to grant her lover his one desire, her conversion, she gives him an instant of rapture. "Dear, the Church will draw you so tenderly," he promises. Then conscience tortures her afresh, and she seeks death to spare Helbeck one more pang.

The inevitably tragic story is set on a lofty plane. It causes regret that changing fashion tempted Mrs. Ward to cease doing what she did best. Politics usurped the place of problems. Great ladies, busy wire-pulling, trailed sumptuous skirts through marble halls. Vast wardrobes could be filled with their frocks. Clara Middleton and Peggy Lovell were not better dressed by the eminent man-milliner, Meredith; Dickens was not more insistent upon the allurements of dainty shoes and slim, silk-stockinged ankles. They were usually beyond such sordid considerations as bills. "Marcella," if she began in genteel poverty, ended with her adoring Lord Maxwell, thirty thousand a year, and Sir George Tressady, to "*Vouloir ce que vous voulez, quand vous ne voulez pas ce qu'on veut.*"

In dealing with the school-days of Marcella at the second-rate Cliff House, Mrs. Ward again showed her sympathy with what are expressively termed difficult children. Marcella in bed in the chilly dormitory can forget even senna-tea in an under-world where she is the friend of a radiant princess, and always wears white muslin with cherry-coloured ribbons. She is quite a dear—much more attractive than as a "venturist" prig, or when teaching poor Sir George to know his place. Her flight from home, after jilting the patient man she finally married, made a good district nurse of her. Mrs. Ward welcomes this chance of showing her respect for the calling, laying stress upon the missionary value of the nurse. Nursing is but one of Marcella's many phases, yet it improves her. The scenes in her district are well done, and if her earlier ardent championship of a condemned poacher is too prolonged, it is winning in its quixotic unselfishness.

Mme. Villard, in *Her Femme Anglaise du Dix-neuvième Siècle*,

pays a high tribute to *Marcelle*, "qui eut du moins pour indéniable résultat de fixer, de développer et de généraliser le type de la femme qui s'intéresse à la cause sociale. Nous n'en voulons d'autre preuve que le témoignage donné en 1911 par le critique le plus pénétrant de la société anglaise, H. G. Wells" and this remark applies forcibly to other of these heroines.

Mrs. Ward is a devout believer in youth. She knows that *si jeunesse serait* it would be a sad world. She knows our need of the "Chevaliers d'Avril"; "Leurs yeux encore brillants de n'avoir point pleuré." In her books youth and beauty carry all before them with an inevitability making for chastened melancholy. *Eleanor* is the climax. It proves the futility of cultivated charm, distinction, and rare gifts in a woman barely thirty, when "sweet and twenty" came to rob her of her hope. The Italian setting of this intimate revelation delights. Southern sunshine warms the pages, compensating for their minute, painful analysis. It is hard to believe the subtle incense *Eleanor* burnt before her fetish was ineffectual. Why she and New England *Lucy* loved *Manisty* is not clear. It never will be, though such things happen every day. *Manisty* was a selfish bore, at times belying birth and breeding by sheer want of courtesy. Like that of Squire Wendover, his invisible brilliancy is the subject of much admiration. Yet Mrs. Ward was aware it is "just such select women as *Eleanor* who drape wooden effigies with their ideals, after the fashion of painters flinging gorgeous brocades over bare lay figures.

When *Eleanor* courted disaster as a play, failure was a foregone conclusion. No actor could make *Manisty* what he was meant to be. In the glare of the footlights *Eleanor* rushing away with *Lucy* that he should not win her hovered dangerously near the absurd. In the book, however, *Eleanor* is always dignified. "Gradually there had sprung up in her that inner sweetness, that gentle, restoring flame that comes from the life of ideas, the life of knowledge." Wholesome, bonnie *Lucy* somehow misses success, despite care. Mrs. Ward's far-fetched simile, "Her nature seemed at once stiff and rich, like some heavy church stuff shot with gold," is not illuminating. Both she and *Eleanor* were veritable *Réciteurs* to *Manisty*. Yet the cardinal virtue to a vain man proved vain till *Lucy* was the listener. She was shy, and only blossomed out into a beauty when *Eleanor*, poor soul, had done her hair and magnanimously kept her from wearing a hideous gown of check. *Eleanor* died, as Mrs. Humphry Ward's characters often die, at the right moment. "For peace her soul was yearning"; and it is easier to imagine her attaining it than to be sure that *Lucy* was happy. *Manisty* would have been troublesome to have and to hold.

If space lacks for dwelling upon many of this crowd of heroines, it is imperative for the trio of books in which Mrs. Ward confessedly took famous people, gave them new names, even different nationalities; and almost achieved the impossible in justifying the strange experiment to which she may have been lured by the critical clamour for "more story." There is no analogy with sequels such as those of Sir Harry Johnston to *Dombey and Son* or *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. Mrs. Ward sought to transform, not fiction, but life, *Fenwick's Career* was a revised version of the legend linking Romney to Lady Hamilton. It did not greatly please, though it offered scope for proving sound knowledge of painters and painting. *The Marriage of William Ashe* was, however, highly praised. Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb are here re-created. Cliffe, the poet, is a very pale reflex. The robust Byron of Mr. Maurice Hewlett rings truer. But Lady Kitty, hovering near her dreadful dawn of insanity, withering in her flower from consumption instead, is an engaging personality. The fantastic magic is not mere hearsay. It is felt. With her abundant share of "female errors," the reason of her power of attraction is plain, and, as she says: "People don't laugh when it's death." It is superfluous to consider whether Kitty is Lady Caroline Lamb; it is enough that she lives, and moves, and has her being.

Here Mrs. Ward was untrammelled by an obstacle marring *Lady Rose's Daughter*, for all its popularity. The tragi-comedy of Madame du Desland, and that elusive being, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, was the subject. It was easy to shift the scenery of the drama to London, and the drawing-rooms of Lady Henry were congenial to her prototype. The chapter where she descends from her sick-bed to find her companion triumphantly usurping her throne, is highly effective. But to turn a de Lespinasse into even half an Englishwoman was not to be done. As well hope to convert Dorothy Osborne into a Parisienne. The familiar love-letters are a fatal bar. Their poetry keeps their fires ardent. Only a French *grande amoureuse* could have written them. They are a world away from English points of view. Mrs. Ward expends no mean skill without producing the desired result. Miss le Breton is, at best, a de Lespinasse in an unbecoming masquerade array. Her duplicity towards Lady Henry seems more calculated, and when her devoted duke that is to be rescues her from moral shipwreck there is a sense of aggrievement that she should get all that better folks desire in vain. She deserved sharper punishment than the discovery, when she opened a salon in a shabby house with a cup of tea, that her conceit had played her false. She needed more than freedom to eclipse Lady Henry

as a social sovereign. If the situation in Paris recalls the memorable journey of Redworth to compel Diana back to duty and friendship, it is to the disadvantage of *Lady Rose's Daughter*. She is no Diana, and the reason of the infatuation she inspired with her own sex is more mysterious than her capture of Duke Jacob--name to handicap romance.

Mrs. Ward was at her best in a roomy novel. The power to indicate a picture in a line, a portrait in a dozen words, was not hers. She left no short stories to approach the first Indian sketches of Mrs. Steel, with their atmosphere of spicy perfume. The pitiable suicide, Bessie Costrell, is not impressive. She should have been handled by George Eliot. Her tale of love is drab, needing a Mrs. Hackitt, a Mrs. Poyser, to lighten the gloom. Humour is never more needed than amid rural surroundings. The ancient men of Hardy, the group round the hearth at the "Rainbow," these would have given choric savour and salt by their comment.

Quite recently Mrs. Humphry Ward daringly labelled an equally brief tale *A Great Success*. This, though entertaining, it is too slight to be. For once the young heroine is amusing and "not quite pretty." She illustrates books to help pay the bills, she never grumbles, and she believes in her husband. His "La Bruyère-like" lectures make him the comet of a season, and wonderful prices promised for reprints tempt him to extravagance. Society makes a pet of him. To his credit he does not wish to go where his wife is not asked, though he is obtuse in perceiving her unhappiness when week-ending with a hostess beside whom Lady Catherine De Bourgh was civil. Whisking off the chosen to a ducal castle, she leaves Doris without her tea. There is at least no record of the Collins party being deprived of a meal even when d'Arcy was at Rosings. When Doris gets her chance of avenging studied slights, she shows real generosity with a smile and without heroics. She rescues the heir from a *mésalliance*, and we enjoy the humiliation of his odious mother in having to be grateful. Her husband soon gets tired of "too much cleverality." He wearies of endeavour to scintillate all day, and of soul affinities who wish to collaborate and to improve his work. He wisely finds out that Doris is, as Dr. Johnson said of Kitty Clive: "Clive, Sir, is a good thing to sit by, she understands what you say."

As much can hardly be said of Lady Connie, the central figure of a rather unhappy attempt to re-create the Oxford of the 'eighties thoroughly, as Mrs. Ward understood it. It has been called snobbish because all the University ran after a titled beauty: yet the earlier chapters were attractive to those who were there

once upon a time. Recalling the notorious triumphs of a certain American Venus Victrix in Oxford then, those of Lady Connie seem scarcely exaggerated. Her naïve amazement when one captive breaks his chains and marries a girl worth a dozen of her is genuinely funny. He is fortunate in becoming a sensible husband instead of remaining an invertebrate philanderer.

The steady industry of Mrs. Ward is manifest by a sequence of what we loosely define as war novels. These appeared regularly, despite the fact that arduous patriotic labour "for the love of God and the service of man" was being done by a woman no longer young. Any ignoramus can pick holes in them under the delusion that dies hardest—that fault-finding needs ability. Have our other novelists, then, given us masterpieces? Have they succeeded in "dipping their brush in chaos" and painting with such genius that the whole picture flames complete before our eyes? Mrs. Ward was too astute to strive to be the Tolstoy we still await. Her humbler aspiration was to set forth, if but in part, some record of the attitude of woman in the Great War.

It is especially praiseworthy that, belonging to a past generation, she held out cordial hands to the all-daring newcomers. She dwelt upon the nobler aspect of their effort, and was eager to seek to invest it with glamour. Her victory over prejudice is no trifling matter. There is no harking back to those of her own youth as superior. *Cousin Philip* is intellectually far from the level of *David Grecco*; yet in Helena the evanescent mood of a moment of transition is caught with an unfailing touch. Her love affairs do not matter. It is when she is driving the car and obeys her order to wait instead of whirling into the midst of the strike riots her attitude has meaning. For this spoilt child has learnt the priceless lesson of discipline, and serves as a hopeful object-lesson for the future.

Missing is easily forgotten, save for its moving sketch of the marriage of a boy on short leave, and of a hospital in France; *Elizabeth and the War* was also a disappointment.

Then by a pathetic coincidence of title came *Harvest*, with its song of praise for the daughters of the plough. "The good we are hidden to speak of the dead must be free from the insult of flattery." This book, with its exciting plot, cannot vie in execution with the handling of the earlier novels with their fine shades. Yet it is strangely impressive, this plain record of a strong woman paying for one weakness to the uttermost farthing. In spite of period and staging, *Harvest* is old-fashioned. For here Mrs. Ward, not for the first time, proves the stern text, "The wages of sin is death," to be an integral part of her creed. To half the moderns the wages of sin is—whitewash. Extenuating

circumstances for sore tempted Rachel Henderson did not deliver her. Her passion for the lover, Canadian born, glows with a clear heat, freeing Mrs. Ward from the reproach that passion was to her a sealed book. Rachel confessed and repented. Her reward was an instant of rapture, and then what was for her a happy ending in the arms of one great-hearted enough to forgive. Her friend and good angel, Janet, who runs the prosperous farm with her, is equally alive after her more tranquil fashion. Mrs. Humphry Ward is out to tell us the land-girl is no mere Rosalind in Arden. The graceful orator in her becoming uniform, eloquent beside the flag in the market-place, is no doll. One of the hewers of wood and drawers of water of her own sex speculates if such a wonder ever had to clean pigsties, only to be assured she had done it often and done it thoroughly.

Rachel Henderson is the last to enter into the garden of girls where Mrs. Humphry Ward stands with a maternal smile, a maternal readiness to make allowances. Learning, education, experience, intimacy with Nature and art, knowledge of the world, equipped her bravely for her task as novelist. Her most stubborn enemies admit this; yet her tenderness to her heroines is often forgotten, the tenderness akin to that for the children "spilt like blots about the city," proving it not to have been imaginary. "But the women—oughtn't they to be in the shrine tending the mystic fire? What if the fire goes out, and the heart of the nation dies?" This is Mrs. Humphry Ward's wistful question. It is still unanswered.

ROWLAND GREY.

NATIONAL FINANCE: THE BUDGET OF 1920.

"Finance is not mere arithmetic; finance is a great policy. Without sound finance no sound Government is possible."—WILSON.

"Good finance consists more in the spending than in the collecting of revenue."—GLADSTONE.

THE aphorisms quoted at the head of this article were never more pertinent than they are to-day. The office of Chancellor of the Exchequer is incomparably the most important in the Government, and were the amount of aggregate revenue the test of financial greatness Mr. Chamberlain would be, beyond dispute, the greatest financier whom this or perhaps any other country has ever produced. No one anticipated that we should, in the current year, get back to normality in respect either of expenditure or of revenue; still less, however, did they expect that in the second year after the formal cessation of hostilities, the country would be called upon to raise a revenue of over £1,400,000,000. Assuming an entire absence of untoward incidents, assuming also (a most extravagant assumption) that supplementary estimates do not exceed £20,000,000, there will, on March 31st, 1921, be a balance of £234,000,000 available for the reduction of debt; but, even so, and apart from this, we are asked to provide for a total expenditure of £1,184,000,000. Of this, the Civil Service are responsible for over £500,000,000; the National Debt Service for £345,000,000, and the Fighting Service for £230,000,000: the third and least substantially exceeding the total pre-war revenue.

Of the total revenue of £1,400,000,000, the taxes are estimated to produce over £1,000,000,000; of the balance more than £300,000,000 is to be raised by the sale of surplus war stores—assets which, having been purchased out of borrowed money, ought indubitably to be severely allocated to the redemption of debt. Of the tax revenue, Customs and Excise are to yield, in round figures, £350,000, while from Inland Revenue we are to look for no less than £682,000,000. Towards this latter total, Estate, etc., Duties are to contribute £45,000,000, Stamps £25,000,000, Excess Profits Duty—levied at the rate of 60 per cent.—£220,000,000, and Income Tax (including Super-Tax) £385,000,000.

Such, in barest outline, are the Budget proposals for the current year. I propose, in the first place, to offer some observations upon the Revenue side of the account. The proposed ex-

penditure may be not merely defensible, but inevitable—a question to which I shall return, but the broad fact remains that never in the history of this country have the taxpayers been asked to provide, in a single twelvemonth, over £1,000,000,000. The Budget estimate for 1919-20 came dangerously near (£940,000,000) this portentous figure. The actual receipts (£998,960,000) came nearer still. Nevertheless, the Budget of this year marks a further stage in the rake's progress, and it is not a pleasant one to contemplate. For all taxation, let it be remembered, is *per se* an evil. I am aware that in enunciating this truism I risk the imputation of mediævalism, or what would seem to be even more antiquated, that of "mid-Victorianism." None the less, I believe Ricardo to have been perfectly right when he said :—

"The great evil of taxation is to be found not so much in any selection of its objects as in the general amount of its effects taken collectively."

What Ricardo would have said could he have foreseen the day when the aggregate taxation in this country should exceed one thousand millions, may be imagined. Taxation, though an evil, is a necessary evil, but it can be justified only on the hypothesis that there are some services which can be more effectively performed by the community than by individuals or by the voluntary association of individuals. In the complex life of the modern State, that goes without saying; none the less, it was never more essential than it is to-day to insist upon the unpopular truth that every new function thrust upon the State, every fresh responsibility accepted by it, needs to be justified on its merits. In a backward community ruled by the representatives of a more advanced civilisation the State may perhaps be trusted to make better use of money extracted from the pockets of the taxpayer than the individual citizens; but this is an argument which can hardly be accepted in the case of an educated democracy. Even there the State may perhaps be more enlightened than the aggregate of its citizens; what is certain is that it will be far more extravagant. Another point less frequently emphasised: the efficiency of State administration is almost certain to be in inverse ratio to its extension. The philosophers predicted this: experience has proved it. The new Departments are notoriously less efficient and far more extravagant than the old ones. Taxation was deemed to be an evil by our fathers because it took out of the pockets of the individual citizen wealth which would fructify—to the benefit, in the long run, not merely of the individual, but of the community—more rapidly and more effectively in his pockets than in those of the State. If the argument were valid then, it is still more important now. Apart, then, from all ques-

tions as to the equity or the economy of this tax or that, we may assent to Ricardo's aphorism, that the great evil of taxation is to be found "in the general amount of its effects taken collectively."

We may now pass to the specific methods by which the huge aggregate revenue is, during the present financial year, to be raised.

Among these, the Income Tax stands out pre-eminent. In view of the recent history of National Finance, it is curious to recall the opposition offered by the Liberal Party to this "odious impost" when Sir Robert Peel revived it in 1842. On that occasion the debate on the Income Tax resolution lasted for eight nights; and so late as 1853 Mr. Gladstone, while admitting that the tax was "an engine of gigantic power for great national purposes," declared with emphasis that there were "circumstances attending its operation which make it difficult, perhaps impossible, or at any rate not desirable, to maintain it as a portion of the permanent and ordinary finance of the country." Mr. Gladstone was convinced that we should never revert "to the old spirit of economy so long as we had the Income Tax." "There," he said, "or hard by, lie deep practical questions of moment." Nor was he the man to cherish a conviction without making a practical attempt to translate principles into action. In his first Budget—that of 1853—Mr. Gladstone propounded, and indeed carried, a scheme for the early abandonment of the "odious impost." The tax was reimposed, but only for a definite term of seven years: for the first two it was to be at the rate of 7d.; for a further two at 6d.; for three more at 5d.; and it was finally to disappear as from April 5th, 1860. The Tsar Nicholas and the Emperor Napoleon combined to upset Mr. Gladstone's apple-cart. Hardly were the words out of Mr. Gladstone's mouth before the European sky became overcast, and the Crimean War dissipated his dream. But only for the moment. More than 50 per cent. (thirty-eight millions as against thirty-two millions added to the debt) of the war expenditure was met out of revenue. The Crimean War was only the opening of a period of turmoil and unrest: the Persian War, the Indian Mutiny, two Chinese wars, the Italian War, the Civil War in America. But Mr. Gladstone was not to be turned from his purpose. By 1865 he had got the income tax down to 4d., by 1873 to 3d., and in his famous election address of 1874 he held out the hope, nay, he made a definite promise, that if he were returned to power the country should "enjoy the advantage and relief of the total repeal of the Income Tax." Disraeli could offer no less, though he offered it in more general terms, so that on January 26th, 1874, the *Times* could

say: "It is now evident that, whoever is Chancellor of the Exchequer when the Budget is produced the Income Tax will be abolished." Mr. Gladstone was heavily defeated at the polls, and the hopes he had held out never materialised, though in 1874 Sir Stafford Northcote, one of Mr. Gladstone's most faithful disciples in finance, reduced the Income Tax to 2d. At that rate it produced £4,306,000.

Quantum mutatus ab illo. How far we have travelled from Gladstonian principles and practice may be judged from the fact that in the last year of peace (ending April 5th, 1914) the "odious impost" yielded no less than £47,000,000, a sum which already seems insignificant as compared with the gigantic total of to-day.

In view of the new record established by the proposals of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, it is plainly of the utmost importance that the assessment and collection of the Income Tax should be in the strictest sense equitable as between individual citizens and economical and productive as regards the State. In short, the largest possible revenue should be obtained with the least possible friction to individuals, and with the smallest possible dislocation to trade. It is from these points of view that the Report of the Income Tax Commissioners and the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer founded thereon must be closely scrutinised. Many of the recommendations made by the Commissioners will be generally accepted without controversy: the relief from "double income tax" within the Empire; the relief granted in respect of family responsibilities; allowance for wasting assets; and so forth. Nor is the new scheme of graduation likely to raise any obstinate questioning. The present system is admittedly arbitrary and unscientific. The proposed changes are, in effect, though not in appearance, at once simpler and more equitable. The graduation is to proceed by increments of 2d. or 3d. from an effective rate of 1½d. in the £ on an "investment" income of £140 a year up to 11s. 8d. on an income of £150,000. This result is achieved by an ingenious combination of devices which in the aggregate secure something as near to equity as can be reasonably looked for in fiscal matters. Hitherto we have had varying rates of tax for various grades of income. Henceforward there will be a "standard rate," while the rate for small incomes will be half the standard rate. For the current year this reduced rate will apply to all cases in which the "taxable income" does not exceed £225, while, in the case of taxable incomes exceeding £225, the first £225 will be charged at half the standard rate, and the excess over £225 at the full standard rate (Finance Bill, § 22). The term "taxable income" involves a new and valuable definition, viz., the "assessable income" (which is the actual invest-

ment income or the earned income reduced by one-tenth) less the allowance for the taxpayer—his wife, children, dependent relatives, etc. Thus no wholly-earned income will be charged at more than half the standard rate if it does not exceed £400 in the case of a bachelor ; £500 in the case of a married couple without children ; £600 in that of a married couple with three children. In the case of wholly invested income the corresponding figures are £360, £450, and £540.

It will be noted that from earned incomes there will be allowed a deduction of one-tenth of the amount of the assessable income, provided that the deduction does not, in any individual case, exceed £200. In other words, the allowance will not operate on any portion of an earned income which exceeds £2,000. This is the device—a very simple one—to secure some degree of differentiation in favour of earned incomes. In respect of the smaller incomes, that differentiation has hitherto been unduly favourable to earnings. It is, indeed, open to serious question whether the principle of differentiation should be admitted at all. If it be deemed equitable and expedient to lay special burdens upon inherited wealth, the appropriate method is by means of estate duties. Apart from inherited wealth, "unearned income" must be the result of industry and thrift ; it arises from the deliberate postponement of the satisfaction of desires, but it is as much "earned" as the income to which that invidious term is at present applied. Many of the straiter sect of economists (among whom I should seek inclusion) would have been glad to see the misleading and unfair distinction between "earned" and "unearned" incomes—a distinction which, in a legislative sense, dates only from Mr. Asquith's Budget of 1907—swept away altogether. And for a very simple reason. If we are to have a real recovery in trade—as distinguished from an artificial inflation of values—if we are to secure increased production and so to bring about that general reduction in prices which of all social reforms is by far the most insistent, one thing, though not one only, is essential : cheap and abundant capital. Even the most extreme Socialist admits that capital is essential to production, even though capitalists be an economic excrescence. Will Mr. Chamberlain and his departmental advisers inform us how capital is to be increased and cheapened except by the old-fashioned device of simultaneously increasing production and diminishing immediate consumption ; in a word, by saving ? If, however, thrift is to be encouraged, can it be the part of prudence or of common sense to offer every discouragement to those who are willing to practise this homely but indispensable virtue ? But what encouragement is to be found in the Budget proposals for the current year ? An Income Tax mounting

to 12s. in the £; Excess Profits Duty at 60 per cent.; a new Corporation Profits Tax which will militate against "Reserves," accumulated for trading development purposes by limited liability companies—could anything be devised more likely in the aggregate to encourage personal and corporate extravagance and to exaggerate all the inconveniences—and worse—which arise from the scarcity and consequent dearth of capital?

To return to the Income Tax. The Commissioners have satisfied themselves that "to do away with the advantage which since 1907 has been granted (within certain limits) to incomes earned by personal exertion would be a distinctly retrograde step, and would ignore the deeply-rooted conviction which undoubtedly exists in the public mind that there is a real difference in taxable ability between the two classes of income in question." Whether that "deeply-rooted conviction" is founded upon reason or upon prejudice is a question to which I will not revert; enough to say that the Commissioners, while respecting the principle, have nevertheless come to the conclusion that "the present differentiation against small unearned incomes is too great," and also that "there is good reason for diminishing the present differentiation in the case of larger incomes, though not to so great an extent as in the case of the smaller incomes." To these conclusions practical effect has, as we have seen, been given in the Budget.

A more difficult problem remains. Of all the questions considered by the Income Tax Commissioners, it was at once the most controversial and, from a purely income-tax standpoint, the least important. I refer to the taxation of co-operative societies. The matter has generated a vast amount of heat on both sides, and it has been the subject of much debate on the Finance Bill. On the one hand, it is urged (chiefly by or on behalf of private traders) that co-operative societies are unduly and unfairly favoured by the existing law; on the other, that when "a group of persons club together for a joint undertaking, any payments that they make among themselves are in the nature of transfers or contributions to a common pool, and cannot, therefore, give rise to any profit," and consequently cannot properly be subject to income tax. This latter contention rests upon a theory technically known as the "principle of mutuality." The impartial observer is bound to consider the matter less from the point of view of rival traders, and alternative systems of trading, than from that of the interests of the national Exchequer, on the one hand, and, on the other, the social life of the people.

On its distributive side the co-operative movement has achieved an amazing measure of success; it has not only inculcated the virtues of thrift, but has taught millions of people how to prac-

tise them; it has revealed to thousands something of the intricacy of trade, and has given them a practical training in the conduct of commerce; it did much at one time for working-class education; it has helped small men to purchase houses, and to accumulate capital; in fine, it has made a real contribution to the improvement of the social condition of the people. But its very success has raised fiscal problems of considerable magnitude. Societies which do a trade of £250,000,000, which embrace a membership of some 4,000,000 people, with "profits" in the neighbourhood of £20,000,000, can hardly advance a claim to legislative indulgence such as was willingly conceded to the movement in earlier days.

Does it, as a fact, enjoy such indulgence? The income of a co-operative society is at present disposed of as follows: (1) interest (limited to 5 per cent.) on shares paid to individual members; (2) deposit interest paid to individuals who have placed money on deposit with the society; (3) appropriation to reserves; and (4) payments (a) to members, (b) to non-members, of dividends on purchases calculated on the basis of their individual purchases. On (1) and (2) no question arises. Individuals, liable to income tax, must return interest so received, just as they must return interest on bank deposits. If interest is not deducted (as in the case of a limited company) "at the source," it is for purposes of public economy, because most of the shareholders are not liable, and would therefore be eligible to recover; but I understand that the practice is to furnish the local Surveyor of Taxes with the names of shareholders, so that any failure to return may be readily detected. As regards (3), there is at present a differentiation in favour of co-operative societies for which it seems difficult to discover any warrant in equity. A limited company, even a statutory company, has at present to pay income tax (though not super tax) on income appropriated to reserves, and co-operative societies ought, surely, in this respect to be placed on the same footing. Nor, in equity, can there be any controversy as to "dividends" paid to non-members. Much obscurity would be avoided and much prejudice removed if the term "dividend" were abandoned, and the sums—amounting in the aggregate to many millions—thus paid out were described by their true name—deferred discounts. These dividends are not strictly "profits." They are, as a minority of the Commissioners somewhat naïvely remark, "a refund for an overcharge." That "overcharge" might be refunded as a discount for ready money over the counter; or it might not be made; in neither case could it be claimed as "profit" for income-tax purposes. As a fact, it is an essential feature of the co-operative system to retain such discounts for a

period of three or six months, and to encourage members to invest them as capital with the societies. That this is an advantage to the community cannot be denied. Were an attempt made to tax these "deferred discounts," the societies could easily defeat it; if private traders choose to imitate the practice, there would appear to be nothing to prevent them.

Apart, however, from the question of law, there is a larger question of equity, or perhaps of common sense. The principle of "mutuality" was defensible so long as co-operative societies consisted of small groups of persons genuinely co-operating for certain purposes; it is stretching a sound principle too far to apply it to a movement which embraces nearly four million persons. Moreover, as Mr. Pretyman pointed out in his reservation, there is undoubtedly a tendency for co-operative societies "to absorb business previously carried on by trading organisations whose liability to income tax is unquestionable." What would happen to the Exchequer or to income tax-payers were this process indefinitely extended? The triumph of the co-operative system would result in a fiscal *reductio ad absurdum*.

Partly, no doubt, with a view to providing a way of escape from this dilemma, Mr. Chamberlain proposes to employ a new fiscal instrument, a Corporation Profits Tax, which is to be levied upon the profits of all companies "carrying on any trade or business, or any undertaking of a similar character." Deductions are to be allowed for interest paid on permanent loans, debentures, and (generally) preference shares, with a special proviso exempting—in the case of mutual trading concerns—any sums paid "by way of bonus, discount, or dividend on purchases." The minority of the Commissioners—including the Labour members and the special representative of the co-operative societies—would appear to have approved by anticipation of this device, for they state in their memorandum: "If there were in the United Kingdom, as there is in the United States of America, a corporation tax, levied specially on corporations as such, it would, no doubt, be proper that a co-operative society should, as a separate legal entity, be made liable to that tax." With that conclusion most reasonable people will agree. How the new tax will work out it is, as yet, difficult to say, but there is one class of investor upon whom, unless amended, the impost will fall with merciless severity. Upon holders of deferred shares in companies which possess sub-divided ordinary capital, the tax, at the rates prescribed in the Finance Act, may mean an additional income tax of several shillings in the £. It is hoped that for ordinary shareholders in statutory companies—railways, gas and electric lighting companies, and the like—some relief may be forthcoming. Un-

like industrial companies, they cannot, speaking generally, hand on the burden to the consumer, and their lot, therefore, will be a singularly unhappy one.

As a revenue-producer the new tax will not, at present, compare with the Excess Profits Duty. It was confidently expected by the business community that from this duty—avowedly imposed for war purposes—they would henceforth be free. The words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer a year ago certainly encouraged the confident expectation. Not at all. Instead of remission, there is to be an additional 20 per cent., bringing it up to 60 per cent. in all. Small wonder that this item in the Budget proposals has been received with a howl of disappointment and indignation. The E.P.D. (to use a formula becoming painfully familiar) possesses, by general admission, almost every fault a tax can have : it is grossly unequal in its incidence ; it is fatally deterrent to enterprise ; it encourages extravagance and puts a premium upon dishonesty. It has only one virtue : it brings in money. But at whose expense ? The opposition to this tax has come—for obvious reasons—mainly from the employing class. Were its incidence correctly apprehended, it would have come from the consumers. Of most taxes it is true that they fall ultimately upon the general body of consumers ; it is particularly and palpably true of E.P.D. Such an impost must further accentuate the intensely difficult problem of high prices and thus give another impetus to the vicious circle already revolving with ever increasing velocity : higher cost of production ; higher prices ; higher wages—*da capo*.

But Mr. Chamberlain offers a way of escape. "Give me a levy on 'war wealth,' and you shall have your 20 per cent. remitted at once : nay, you may hope for total remission in the near future. The alternative offered has one indubitable advantage : if it yielded a sum equal to expectation (£500,000,000), it would mean a *pro tanto* reduction of debt, borrowed and repaid in the same depreciated currency. That is no mean advantage ; nevertheless, I agree with those who hold that the price to be paid for it is too high, and that the duty on excess profits, objectionable though it be, is on the whole preferable to any sort of levy on capital. Even if such a levy proved to be practicable—a point on which I am still sceptical—its imposition would, in my judgment, deal a blow at the whole structure of credit under which it would reel for generations to come. I say nothing of the charge of bad faith, though it would be far from easy for those who have preached the duty of subscribing liberally to war loans to face the wrath of the subscribers when a substantial portion of their subscriptions is demanded back on the plea of a levy on war wealth. Fiscally and economic-

ally, the question is one of expediency. A differentiated income tax is bad enough; death duties are perhaps worse, but if the Treasury once makes an inroad upon the capital of the living, the saving classes will begin to think that they might as well be living under the rule of the Grand Turk; all sense of financial stability will be fatally undermined.

All such arguments are appreciated at least as keenly at the Treasury as in the City, but their answer is the tyrant's perpetual plea—necessity: "We must have the money." That is precisely the point in dispute. Is it really "necessary" to raise, by taxes, a revenue of over £1,000,000,000? I cannot, in the present article, claim the necessary space to discuss in detail the problem of Public Expenditure. I hope to return to it in a subsequent article. For the moment I will content myself with saying that much of the criticism commonly directed against "Governmental extravagance," is aimed at forms of expenditure which are relatively insignificant. If the country is in earnest in demanding large reductions in public expenditure, it will have, on the one hand, to revise drastically the outlay upon armaments, and, on the other, to abandon the whole system of subsidies, direct and indirect, as well as postpone the operation of many forms of "public social service" which, however desirable in themselves, are indubitably costly. To cry for social reform, and to grudge the necessary expenditure, is merely childish. The country must make up its mind on which horn of the dilemma it prefers to be impaled. Meanwhile, I would again emphasise Mr. Gladstone's aphorism that "Good finance consists more in the spending than in the collecting of revenue."

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

AN "AMENDE HONORABLE."

(From the *Reminiscences of a Retired Diplomat.*)

A YEAR had already elapsed since the Berlin Congress—which I attended as a junior member of the Greek Delegation—had sanctioned the cession of Epirus and Thessaly to Greece; but Turkey continued temporising, in spite of the pressure of French diplomacy and the activities of the "Greek Committee."

That great Philhellenic organisation originated at a private meeting, in my chambers in Pall Mall, of Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Shaw Lefevre (now Lord Eversley), and Mr. Arthur Arnold. The movement soon gained strength by the accession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Bath, Lord Arthur Russell, Professor (now Viscount) Bryce, G. O. Trevelyan, W. E. Baxter, and many other prominent men in letters and politics, under the presidency of Lord Rosebery.

The London season of 1879 was marked by the company of the Comédie Française acting, for the first time of its existence, outside France, and by the presence in London of some of the most eminent French men of letters, who had come as members of an international literary congress.

One of these was M. Edmund About, the author of those two political lampoons against the Greece of King Otho, *La Grèce Contemporaine* (1854) and *Le Roi des Montagnes* (1857), which, although meant to picture a past generation, were steadily quoted against us whenever the claims of the enslaved Greeks were being urged. It thus seemed self-contradictory for French policy to press those claims, while the squibs of one of the most brilliant of French publicists were recorded to our disadvantage.

M. About I had known in my very early days; I still remembered him as a friendly foreigner in Athens. I therefore resolved to meet him again, and I requested my dear friend Dilke to invite us both to a small and intimate dinner party. Our meeting proved reciprocally congenial, so that on leaving 76 Sloane Street I accompanied M. About to the hotel he had put up at, somewhere near Covent Garden.

During our leisurely walk, on one of those London summer nights that are often brighter than the days, we talked of old times in Athens, and it was not long before I induced him to admit that his strictures, even if taken as pleasantries, were unfairly severe and damaging. I reminded him that when a member of the French Archaeological School he was hospitably received by everyone in Athens—by my own father, also whose

literary evenings he often attended. He knew we were all warm friends and admirers of France: that we were unforgettably grateful to those noble French Philhellenes whom our struggle for independence had called together. I expressed the conviction that he had not intended his two books on Greece to be used to our detriment, and that he could hardly desire to be quoted now as in opposition to the generous policy of his own Government. I appealed to him to devise some means for undoing the harm already done.

The youthful fervour with which the fate of Epirus—the cradle of my paternal family—inspired me; the earnestness and directness of my appeal, the justice of the cause I was pleading, seemed to move him deeply. And with a warm shake of the hand, with the frankness of a gallant Frenchman, he promised me to make an *amende honorable*. Three days later, on June 19th, 1879, the following letter appeared in the *Times*. It produced an excellent impression and benefited our cause. I hastened to telegraph its contents to my Government, with feelings of intense gratification and relief. And, at a time when the fate of millions of my countrymen is being decided, that memorable letter, couched in an elegance of diction which only the best of French *littérateurs* can command, may be reproduced with advantage and instruction.

J. GENNADIUS.

THE "TIMES," JUNE 17TH, 1879.¹

M. Edmond About on his Visit to England.

We have received the following letter:—

Monsieur mon confrère,—*Le Times* est trop anglais pour n'être pas hospitalier. Il permettra sans doute qu'un étranger accoutumé à suivre en lui, comme dans un vieux miroir de Venise, tous les reflets de l'opinion, confie à sa vaste publicité pour un cordial et reconnaissant adieu. Les Anglais, qui ont fait acte de courtoisie envers mes compatriotes et moi, sont trop nombreux pour que nous puissions les remercier séparément; et d'ailleurs il faudrait remercier ainsi vos musées, qui nous ont montré tant de chefs-d'œuvres, vos promenades, où nous avons admiré les plus belles personnes qui soient au monde; vos parcs, qui ont fleuri comme pour nous; votre soleil, qui nous a favorisés de trois beaux jours en une semaine; et ce joli printemps anglais qui, dans sa fraîcheur et sa grâce capricieuses, rappelle un peu *L'Amour mouillé* d'Anacréon.

Le Congrès Littéraire de Londres outre les résultats que nous avions le droit d'en attendre, a produit des effets inespérés. Il n'a pas seulement rapproché les hommes qui composent le quatrième pouvoir chez deux peuples faits pour s'entendre; il a rapproché les pays, il a resserré le détroit, et je ne doute pas que ma traversée de ce matin ne soit plus courte que la dernière. Encore quelques visites des écrivains anglais en France, ou des auteurs français en Angleterre, et nous n'aurons plus besoin du tunnel.

L'accueil que vous nous avez fait et la sympathie si honorable dont vous entourez nos artistes au Théâtre de la Gaîté, réchaufferont bien des cœurs sur la terre de France. Je vous promets que mes concitoyens n'apprendront

(1) This letter is reproduced with the consent of the Editor of the *Times*.—[Ed. F.R.]

pas sans une sérieuse émotion que samedi soir, au banquet du Savage Club, le noble et spirituel lord qui présidait la fête était assis entre M. Gladstone, le plus grand orateur de l'Angleterre, et mon vieil ami Got, notre plus grand artiste dramatique. C'est que la Comédie Française a plus fait en quinze jours pour l'union des esprits et des cœurs que toute la diplomatie n'aurait su faire en six mois. Rien de tel que le souffle des grands génies, comme Molière ou Victor Hugo, pour dissiper les petite nuages.

Le mal-entendu passager qui avait, sinon troublé, du moins refroidi l'amitié réciproque de nos deux nations n'était pas des plus graves, et ne pouvait en aucun cas déchaîner les tempêtes. Il s'agissait d'un petit peuple que la France et l'Angleterre savent logé trop à l'étroit, et à qui vous souhaitez, comme nous, une frontière moins étouffante. Personne moins que moi n'a flatté les Grecs, et quoiqu'ils me soient chers depuis longtemps, je leur ai peut-être appliqué trop rudement dans ma jeunesse le vieux dicton : *Qui bene amat, bene castigat*. J'ai donc un peu le droit d'être écouté lorsque je dis : ce peuple est plein d'esprit, il est actif, il est brave, il appartient sans contest à l'aristocratie du genre humain. Depuis quelques années il a fait des progrès en tout, et particulièrement en sagesse. Il mérite donc de vivre, et pourtant la diplomatie ne l'a pas créé viable. Le territoire étroit sur lequel on l'a confiné manque presque partout de terre végétale, et ressemble à un os rongé. Ce n'est pas la paresse des habitants actuels, mais l'incurie des anciens maîtres, qui a réduit ce beau pays à une condition misérable et économiquement impossible. La plupart des défauts que l'on reproche aux Grecs—la rage des carrières libérales, l'invasion des emplois publics, l'agitation, l'instabilité, l'esprit de conquête—s'expliquent et s'excusent par l'impossibilité de vivre en paix dans la cage où l'Europe les a enfermés. Celui qui emprisonne un écureuil dans un cylindre de fil de fer aurait mauvaise grâce de maudire ce petit animal qui ne se tient jamais tranquille.

L'Angleterre qui est juste et généreuse souvent, a fait un acte de haute moralité politique lorsqu'elle a renoncé spontanément au protectorat des Iles Ioniennes et ajouté cette jolie province à la Grèce. Il lui répugne, et nous le comprenons, de faire une nouvelle largesse du bien d'autrui. On ne peut plus étendre la Grèce sans réduire la Turquie, et vous avez entrepris de sauver ce qui reste de l'Empire Ottoman. Voilà pourquoi vous n'êtes pas tombés d'accord avec nous sur l'interprétation d'un vœu du Congrès à Berlin. Nous voudrions qu'on donnât un peu plus, vous voulez donner un peu moins; c'est une question de mesure. Mais la France a trop de raison pour vous demander l'impossible, et vous avez trop d'humanité pour nous refuser le possible. D'ailleurs, il s'agit de savoir si l'intérêt des Turcs eux-mêmes n'est pas de contenter les Grecs et de les occuper pour cinquante ans. Supposez-les en possession de Janina, cette ville aussi grecque qu'Athènes, et dites si l'organisation du nouveau territoire, les routes à créer, les chemins de fer à construire, les forêts et les mines à exploiter, le sol à défricher, ne représentent pas un demi-siècle de travail honnête, utile, et calmant!

Enfin, je serais bien surpris si la sage et prévoyante Angleterre ne sentait pas combien il importe d'opposer au Panslavisme, notre danger commun, l'énergie et la brillante vitalité de l'Hellénisme.

Mais pardon! J'ai failli oublier, Monsieur, que je n'ai pas l'honneur d'appartenir à votre rédaction politique. Excusez la liberté que j'ai prise, et n'y voyez qu'un sincère et profond désir d'écarter ce qui nous sépare en insistant sur ce qui nous unit.

Je suis, Monsieur mon confrère, bien cordialement à vous,

EDMOND ABOUT.

•
Londres, 16 Juin.

A FOOTNOTE TO COLERIDGE:

COLERIDGE is one of our great men who require many footnotes, for there are characteristics of his which need all the extenuation they can get. How comes it, for instance, that he could write, and not only write but publish, in the same decade, and sometimes in the same year, poetry which is of our very best, and some which for frozen inanity it would be hard to equal anywhere? How could a thinker of his power of brain cover leagues of letter-paper with windy nonsense and mawkish insincerity? And finally, of what quality was the talk of one whose social life was entirely monologue? To the first of these questions Wordsworth perhaps helps with an analogy, but not very far: for it is certain that Wordsworth's opinion of the importance of his own verses was inflexible, whereas Coleridge, having another medium of expression, was by no means so insistent upon publishing. Upon the second, it may be observed that when a philosopher is at the same time a poet, and therefore his own phrase instructive, it is probable that he will charm the understanding of many, and certainly that he will bewitch his own. The certainty is clinched when the rhapsodist is without the humorous sense. It was the possession of that which enabled Charles Lamb, who loved him, to see him "Archangel, a little damaged," and even in one dreadful moment of his life to reprove him for a too oleaginous sympathy. Lamb, in fact, was always able to view his friend with clear eyes. In a letter to Manning, enclosing "all Coleridge's letters" to himself, he says that in them Manning will find "a good deal of amusement, to see genuine talent struggling against a pompous display of it." No criticism could be sounder. But Coleridge never wavered from the belief that he was in no phase of his being an ordinary man. If his thoughts were not ordinary thoughts, his imaginings not ordinary imaginings, then his stomach-aches were not ordinary stomach-aches, but strokes of calamity so grievous as to demand from him copious commentary and appeals for more sympathy than is ordinarily given to ordinary men. And, strange to say, he received it. There was that in the "noticeable man with large gray eyes" which drew the love of his friends and the regard of acquaintance. His talk had the quality of his *Ancient Mariner's*; one could not choose but hear. The accounts which we have of that, however, are mainly sympathetic; it is not so certain how it affected hearers who were not predisposed.

Lately a book has been published, or rather re-published, which illustrates Coleridge's relations with a world outside his own. *A House of Letters* (Jarrolds—N.D.), containing a selection of the memoirs and correspondence of Miss Mary Matilda Betham, includes a good many letters from Coleridge, and some few from Charles Lamb which have not so far been recorded elsewhere. Miss Betham, who was born in 1776, was a miniature-painter by profession, and so far as can be judged by reproductions a good one. She was a poetess, too, and the compiler of a Biographical Dictionary of Celebrated Women. In 1797 she published a volume of *Elegies*, which, in 1802, was sent to Coleridge by his friend Lady Broughton, and of which a short piece, "On a Cloud," transported him. He addressed immediately a blank-verse exhortation "To Matilda Betham, from a Stranger," dated it "Keswick, September 9th, 1802," signed it "S. T. C.," and sent it off.

"Matilda! I have heard a sweet tune play'd
On a sweet instrument—thy Poésie,"

it began; and went on to hope

"That our own Britain, our dear mother Isle,
May boast one Maid, a poetess indeed,
Great as th' impassioned Lesbian, in sweet song,
And O! of holier mind, and happier fate."

That was what he called twining her vernal wreath around the brows of patriot Hope. He concluded with some cautionary lines whose epithets are irresistibly comic:—

"Be bold, meek Woman! but be wisely bold!
Fly, ostrich-like, firm land beneath thy foot."

And for her ultimate reward,

"What nobler need, Matilda! canst thou win
Than tears of gladness in a Broughton's eyes,
And exultation even in strangers' hearts?"

It is a wonderful thing indeed that, having composed *The Ancient Mariner* (1797), *Lore* (1799), *Christabel* (1797-1800), and *Kubla Khan* (1798), he should slip back into this eighteenth-century flatulence—but Coleridge could do such things and not turn a hair.

Nevertheless, to a young poetess, a bad poem is still a poem, and means a reader. An acquaintance invited in such terms will thrive; and that of Miss Betham and the Stranger ripened into a friendship. She went to stay at Grays Hall, painted portraits of Mrs. Coleridge and Sara, and of some of the Southkeys too. Through them she became acquainted with the Lambs, and if

never one of their inner circle, was a familiar correspondent, and had relations with George Dyer, the Morgans, the Thelwalls, Montagues, Holcrofts and others. Altogether Lady Boughton's bow at a venture brought down a goodly quarry for Miss Betham, but many waters were to flow under the restless philosopher before he could swim into her ken again.

It was in 1808, in fact, when he was living in London (at the *Courier* office, 348 Strand), and in the midst of his second course of lectures, that the intercourse was renewed—or rather it is there that *A House of Letters* enables us to pick it up. We find him then writing in this kind of strain to Matilda:—

"What joy would it not be to you, or to me, Miss Betham, to meet a Milton in a future state, and with that reverence due to a superior, pour forth our deep thanks for the noble feelings he had aroused in us, for the impossibility of many mean and vulgar feelings and objects which his writings had secured us!"

The Americans call that sort of thing poppycock, which seems a useful phrase. No doubt there was more of it, though it is precisely there, without subscription or signature, that the Editor of *A House of Letters* thinks fit to conclude. He has much to learn of the duties of editorship, among other things, as we shall have to note before long, reasonable care in recording and printing his originals. Upon that letter, at any rate, *post* if not *propter*, Miss Betham proposed to the philosopher that he should sit to her, and that, with some demur, he promised to do. An appointment was made to that end, and punctually broken. Then came this letter of excuse, which should have been worth many a miniature, being indeed a full-length portrait done by a master-hand:—

"DEAR MISS BETHAM,—Not my will,* but accident and necessity, made me a truant from my promise. I was to have left Merton, in Surrey, at half-past eight on Tuesday morning with a Mr. Hall, who would have driven me in his chaise to town by ten; but having walked an unusual distance on the Monday, and talked and exerted myself in spirits that have been long unknown to me, on my return to my friend's house, being thirsty, I drank at least a quart of lemonade; the consequence was that all Tuesday morning, till indeed two o'clock in the afternoon, I was in exceeding pain, and incapable of quitting my room; or dismissing the hot flannels applied to my body. &c. &c." This was no ordinary philosopher; but the chapter is not yet full.

He left Merton, he says, at five, walked stoutly on, was detained an hour and a half on Clapham Common "in an act of mere humanity," and finally reached Vauxhall.

"At Vauxhall I took a boat for Somerset House; two mere

children were my Charons; however, though against tide, we sailed safely to the landing-place, when, as I was getting out, one of the little ones (God bless him!) moved the boat. On turning half-way round to reprove him, he moved it again, and I fell back on the landing-place. By my exertions I should have saved myself but for a large stone which I struck against just under my crown and unfortunately in the very same place which had been contused at Melton (*sic*) when I fell backward after learning suddenly and most abruptly of Captain Wordsworth's fate in the *Abergavenny*, a most dear friend of mine. Since that time any great agitation has occasioned a feeling of, as it were, a *shuttle* moving from that part of the back of my head horizontally to my forehead, with some pain but more confusion." The unction of that blessing called down upon his persecutor is truly Coleridgian. "Melton" is the Editor's reading of Malta, where Coleridge was when he heard of John Wordsworth's drowning in 1805. He had kept his bed for a fortnight, or so he told Mrs. Coleridge.

Apparently no meeting took place, as yet another letter, dated May 7th, relates how instead of going to New Cavendish Street, where Miss Betham lived, he went to Old Cavendish Street, where she did not. "I knocked at every door in Old Cavendish Street, not unrecompensed for the present pain by the remembrances of the different characters of voice and countenance with which my question was answered in all gradations, from gentle and hospitable kindness to downright brutality." Further promises and assurances are given, and in July, as we learn from a letter of Southey's, the good Matilda was still high in hopes that her sitter would eventually sit. Her hopes could not have come from Southey, who had none. "You would have found him the most wonderful man living in conversation, but the most impracticable one for a painter, and had you begun the picture it is ten thousand to one that you must have finished it from memory." He was right. When his lectures were over, in June, Coleridge went to Bury St. Edmunds, and by September the 9th he was in Cumberland. "Coleridge has arrived at last, about half as big as the house," Southey writes to his brother on that day. There he cogitated and there began *The Friend*, and there the separation from his wife was finally made.

After the separation, very characteristically, he was less separated from Mrs. Coleridge than he had been for many years. In 1810 he was still in the Lakes, in the summer of which year his wife gives news of him to the postess. "Coleridge has been with me for some time past, in good health, spirits and humour, but the *Friend* for some unaccountable reason, or for no reason

at all, is utterly silent. This, you will easily believe, is matter of perpetual grief to me, but I am not only obliged to be silent on the subject, although ever uppermost in my thoughts, but I am obliged to bear about a cheerful countenance, knowing as I do by sad experience that to expostulate, or even to hazard one anxious look, would soon drive him hence." Then comes a sidelight on the Wordsworths. "Coleridge sends you his best thanks for the elegant little book; I shall not, however, let it be carried over to Grasmere, for *there* it would soon be soiled, for the Wordsworths are woeful destroyers of good books, as our poor library will witness."

But all this was too good to last, and, as everybody knows, it did not. In October Coleridge left the Lakes with the Montagues, and almost immediately after that the rupture with the Wordsworths occurred, which involved also the family at Keswick. Southey's letter to Miss Betham, giving her an account of the affair, has been published by Mr. Dykes Campbell, and is misplaced in *A House of Letters*. The unfortunate philosopher set up his rest with the Morgans, friends of the Lambs, at Hammersmith; and there he was in February, 1811, when Miss Betham conceived her project of getting him as a lion at the party of her friend Lady Jerningham.

Lady Jerningham, blue mother of a bluer daughter (Lady Bedingfeld), was a friend of Miss Betham's of old standing. Several letters of hers are in *A House of Letters*, but many more of her daughter's. Whether it was her ladyship's or Miss Betham's proposal there's no telling now; but Miss Betham, at any rate, did not feel equal to the job, and called in Charles and Mary Lamb to help her. Mary, in the first instance, sounded the philosopher, and with success. I quote from Mr. Lucas's edition of the Lamb letters, as the editor of Miss Betham's misreads and misprints his original. "Coleridge," she writes, "has given me a very cheerful promise that he will wait on Lady Jerningham any day you will be pleased to appoint. He offered to write to you, but I found it was to be done *to-morrow*, and as I am pretty well acquainted with his to-morrows, I thought good to let you know his determination to-day. He is in town to-day, but as he is often going to Hammersmith for a night or two, you had better perhaps send the invitation through me, and I will manage it for you as well as I can. You had better let him have four or five days' previous notice, and you had better send the invitation as soon as you can; for he seems tolerably well just now. I mention all these betters, because I wish to do the best I can for you, perceiving, as I do, it is a thing you have set your heart on."

Charles was next brought in. Mr. Lucas gives his letter (I, 429) to John Morgan, which says, "There—don't read any further, because the letter is not intended for you, but for Coleridge, who might perhaps not have opened it, directed to him *suo nomine*. It is to invite C. to Lady Jerminham's on Sunday."

Finally, Coleridge went to the party, and apparently in company, though it is not clear in whose company. This is what Lady Jerminham thought about it:—

"MY DEAR MISS BETHAM,—I have been pleased with your friends, tho' (which is not singular) they sometimes fly higher than my imagination can follow. I think the author ought to mix more, I will not say with Fools, but with People of Common Comprehension. His own intellect would be as bright, and what emanated from it more clear. This is perhaps a very impertinent Remark for me to venture at making, but your indulgence invited sincerity."

That letter, I think, whose capitals are particularly graphic, throws the whole party up in a dry light. One can see the rhapsodist talking interminably, involving himself ever deeper in a web of his own spinning; the great lady gazing in wonder. It is one of the very few impartial witnesses we have to his conversational feats. Nearly all the evidence is tainted either by predisposition in his favour or the reverse. Hazlitt, however, a mainly hostile witness, says that he talked well on every subject; Godwin on none. One suspects antithesis there. He reports Holcroft as saying that "he thought Mr. C. a very clever man, with a great command of language, but that he feared he did not always affix very precise ideas to the words he used." Then we have Byron, who wrote for effect, and whose aim was scorn. "Coleridge is lecturing. 'Many an old fool,' said Hannibal to some such lecturer, 'but such as this, never.'" Tom Moore, who met Coleridge at Monkhouse's famous poets' dinner-party, goes no further than to allow that "Coleridge told some tolerable things": but what Tom wanted was anecdote. Directly Coleridge began upon theory Moore was bored. He shuts him down with a "This is absurd." Rogers was present at that party, but we don't know what he thought about it. He admits that Coleridge was a marvellous talker, however. "One morning when Hookham Frere also breakfasted with me, Coleridge talked for three hours without intermission about poetry, and so admirably that I wish every word he uttered had been written down." But it was not always so well. He says elsewhere that he and Wordsworth once called upon him. Coleridge "talked uninterruptedly for about two hours, during which Wordsworth

listened with profound attention, every now and then nodding his head. On quitting the lodging, I said to Wordsworth, 'Well, for my own part, I could not make head or tail of Coleridge's oration : pray, did you understand it?' 'Not one syllable of it,' was Wordsworth's reply."

Keats' account is capital. He met the Sage between Highgate and Hampstead, he says, and "walked with him, at his alderman-after-dinner pace, for near two miles, I suppose. In those two miles he broached a thousand things. Let me see if I can give you a list—nightingales—poetry—on poetical sensation—metaphysics—different genera and species of dreams—nightmare—a dream accompanied with a sense of touch—single and double touch—a dream related—first and second consciousness—the difference explained between will and volition—so say metaphysicians from a want of smoking the second consciousness—monsters—the Kraken mermaids—Southey believes in them—Southey's belief too much diluted—a ghost story—Good morning—I heard his voice as he came towards me—I heard it as he moved away—I had heard it all the interval—if it may be called so."

Charles Lamb's is even better. On his way to the city he met Coleridge, and "in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the door of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and closing his eyes commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently, as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking of a church-clock recalled me to a sense of duty." Charles cut himself free with a pen-knife, he says, and went off to his office. "Five hours afterwards, in passing the garden on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice, and on looking in, there he was, with closed eyes—the button in his fingers—his right hand gracefully waving." A good story, at least. This was no company for Lady Jerminham, who demanded clarity, and probably had a good deal to do.

Lastly, we have Coleridge's own confession to Miss Betham that "Bacchus ever sleek and young," as at this time Lamb called him, "pouring down," he went on to say, "goblet after goblet," must have outdone his usual outdoings. Here is the best he can say for himself :—

"True history will be my sufficient apology. After my return from Lady J.'s on Monday night, or rather morning, I awoke from my first short sleep unusually indisposed, and was at last forced to call up the good daughter of the house at an early hour to get me hot water and procure me medicine. I could not leave

my bed till past six Monday evening, when I crawled out in order to see Charles Lamb, and to afford him such poor comfort as my society might perhaps do in the present dejection of his spirits and loneliness."

There is much more to the same effect; and surely it is not often that a philosopher, or even a poet, will treat his post-prandial dumps (to call them so) as a stroke of adverse fortune. Coleridge takes it as an Act of God. "This, my dear Miss Betham, waiving all connexion of sentences, is the history of my breach of engagement, of its cause, and of the occasion of that cause." There is much of Mr. Micawber here.

And here, so far as *A House of Letters* can help us, Coleridge's correspondence with Matilda Betham ends. It may well have been the end indeed. From that date onwards the wreck of the thinker and poet slid swiftly down the slope appointed, until he came up, after many bumps, in the hospitable Highgate back-water where he was to end his days. It was a wonderful London which within the same twenty years could harbour three men, like Blake, Coleridge and Shelley, in whom the incondite spirit which we call genius dwelt so near the surface of conscious being, and had such freedom to range. With Blake and Shelley, however, once over the threshold, it was untrammelled—and with Blake at least entirely innocuous to society, except to one drunken soldier who richly deserved what he got. But with Coleridge, throughout his career, one sees it struggling like a fly glued in treacle, pausing often to cleanse its wings. The fly, you adjudge, walked into the treacle. But Coleridge always thought that it was the treacle which had walked over him.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

JOSEPH FELS.¹

I.

I HAD never heard of Joseph Fels until a shining-eyed little man walked into my office unannounced and unheralded, and offered me a hundred thousand dollars. It was in Essex Street, where Dr. Johnson had once presided over Sam's Club, that this miracle occurred. In this old-world by-way off the Thames, in an atmosphere of solicitors and sporting papers, the Jewish Territorial Organisation (yclept for short, I.T.O.) had raised the standard of the Jewish State, and the visitor's offer was meant as a contribution to the sinews of war. Unfortunately, it is not only the propositions of Satan that have strings to them. Even angels, whose visits are so few and far between, hedge their gifts with conditions, and what Mr. Fels wanted was that the State to be brought into being should be established on a single-tax basis.

Sympathetically disposed as I was towards land-nationalisation, and still more towards I.T.O. capitalisation, I was unable to pledge the organisation to the Henry Georgian principle, because it was impossible to foresee the circumstances and conditions under which the desired tract of territory would become attainable—if, indeed, it would become attainable at all in a world ruled by unreason and the sword. In the motto of the old Flemish painter, "not as I would, but as I can." Our first business was to obtain a territory. For Fels the first business was to single-tax it. One could not know him for a day without discovering that to him Henry George was Moses, and "single-tax" all the law and the prophets. "A Calvinistic preacher," says Hazlitt, "would not relinquish a single point of faith to be the Pope of Rome." Fels would not sanction private property in land to be the President of the United States; taxation of land values was the medicine for all human ills, though when I once bantered him upon his persuasion that it was a panacea, he replied with a humour as characteristic as his fervour, "I don't say it will cure in-growing toe-nails." It was this humour that made him bearable even to the heathen who swore not by St. George, nor held the single-tax sacred. He spoke the American language with a fund of rich and racy locutions that recalled the pungent vitality of the early Mark Twain. They added—if anything could—to the

radiation he gave of absolute sincerity, and were the joy of his audiences, public or private. "I love a fanatic," said Oscar Straus to me after an hour of Joseph Fels, with whom he disagreed profoundly. But Joseph Fels was loved in despite of his fanaticism as well as on account of it.

II.

Nor did his fanaticism prevent his co-operation in other causes, though it prevented his absorption in them. He was interested in the Woman Question, and played a useful part in bailing out suffragettes, male or female. He was of similar service in the Tchaikowsky and other troubles in Russia—indeed, in an age when money is so rarely forthcoming at the call of the spirit, though it can be had in sacksful for causes of recognised respectability, Fels filled a rôle in which it is not easy to replace him. He was the universal provider, the financier of the unprofitable, the philanthropic publicist, the handy-man of the social revolution, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Bohemia. He advertised his soap, Fels-Naptha, in papers chosen not for their circulation but for their lack of it; sweet are the uses of advertisement. He commissioned a single-tax play; sculptures were dumped in his drawing-room. I once calculated with him the annual income necessary for rescuing from the toils of poverty all the unrecognised geniuses of the day—the toll was not alarming. The people who count are easily counted. The prophets, poets, and painters, the thinkers and teachers of the world, could be supported by the State at the annual cost of one shell sent on its mission of destruction from a seventeen-inch gun. It is a splendid opening for a small capitalist. Fels actually did subsidise geniuses of various sorts, much as Wedgwood subsidised Coleridge: possibly also charlatans. I had the sense of his being surrounded by wild-cat schemes and schemers, as well as by men splendidly devoted to himself and the common cause. Less directly he subsidised scribes, especially of the single-tax species. A book on the creed, or in its spirit, he would buy up and circulate by the hundred. It is an example that as an author I warmly commend. Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* he of course distributed by the bushel as a missionary distributes Bibles. In my own capacity as a heathen savage I received two copies inscribed, "It is to learn." I never got a letter from him but was surcharged with tracts, mottoes, and verses. He was my bulkiest correspondent: no doubt others too received this tuition by correspondence. As he appraised men by their soundness on the single-tax and despised some of my most admired friends, his patience towards

me must have been the missionary's hope of his prey. Unless it was that his interest in the Jewish question was far deeper than he admitted even to himself.

III.

He would have called the I.T.O. one of his side-shows, but he never wilfully missed a committee meeting or a public gathering, and his speeches upon our platform were not infrequent. But though he never neglected the opportunity to propagate the single-tax, he could not have entertained more than a shadowy prospect of propagating it practically through a Jewish State, and if his purse was the first to open to our necessities and the last to close, it could only have been because of his increasing perception of the Jewish tragedy. He contributed liberally to the expenses of our investigation of Cyrenaica under Professor Gregory, and in his eagerness to hear the results he accompanied me to Folkestone to meet the returning expedition, and keen was his disappointment to learn that that vaunted land was a dangerous desert (as the Italian Imperialists who burked our report have since found to their cost). And when it looked as if Portugal in her fear of German grabbing would concede Angola, or a stretch of it, for Jewish Colonisation, the new expedition would not have been able to set out at all had Fels not generously advanced half the initial outlay. Nor was he by any means a passive committee-man. More than once he tried to hustle a world that is not to be hustled, to poke up Colonial statesmen, to interview business men. His greatest feat on our behalf was his journey to Mexico to obtain a concession of territory from President Diaz. That great if not good man was more than willing to facilitate a large immigration of Jewish industrial and commercial workers, but did not welcome the idea of a special territory upon an agricultural basis. It has just transpired that thirty years ago Diaz himself sought to attract a large Jewish colonisation, and that he was even willing to pay the expenses of a scientific commission to investigate his offer. Our Organisation was not then in existence to educate the Jews on the necessity of a national home if they wished to survive, and this, like many another chance in Canada and Australasia, was let slip. History does not go back on itself, and the I.T.O., like Germany, began to feel it had come too late.

At one time Fels thought that a tract in Paraguay, which he had secured for the purpose of obtaining an ingredient of his Fels-Naptha soap, might afford the nucleus of the desired development while the extracting of this ingredient would afford employment

to pioneer immigrants, and help the early stages of colonisation. It was a scheme that would have made both of his ends meet. I remember a long council-meeting at his house with his Paraguay agents, when we worked out the details, but Paraguay, already the scene of so many fantastic and socialistic experiments, has hitherto remained immune from ours. Latterly, Fels became enthusiastic for a Mesopotamian scheme, which I had publicly broached, but his zeal for which owed perhaps more to Zionism, and most to his wife's intuition in its favour, an intuition, he told me proudly, that had never been at fault.

IV.

So far, indeed, was he beguiled into side-excursions from the high road of the single-tax that he joined the department of the I.T.O. founded to regulate emigration in view of needs that could not await the foundation of a State. The gravitation of the Jewish masses to New York and the Eastern cities of America had produced an unhealthy congestion, and to avoid the slums and competition of these self-made Ghettos our Emigration Regulation Department set about educating the Russian masses, in the words of Horace Greeley, to "go West." They were to enter by Galveston—a port utterly unknown in the Pale—and thence to be distributed over the immense region west of the Mississippi. Of the London Committee constituted to supervise this deflection of the human current, Joseph Fels was an original member. The Committee sat in the historic building of the Rothschilds in St. Swithin's Lane, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild acted as Honorary Treasurer. To Fels this alliance with the high priesthood of capitalism was something like a pill, but he swallowed it bravely in view of the importance of the work. When by an unconstitutional caprice of the immigration authorities at Washington, a large batch of brawny emigrants was rejected at Galveston on the plea of "poor physique," and I travelled across the North Sea to meet the unhappy victims deported from Ellis Island, men who had sold off their homes in Russia and were now thrown back upon Europe, penniless, Fels accompanied me to Bremen and worked many hours with me at the task of mending all this superfluous man-made misery. He also hunted up a photographer to prove how many muscular giants the party contained, and as the emigration building—*Stadt Warsaw*—held likewise numerous other transmigrants, including half a hundred children, Fels had all the little ones photographed in a group—splendid population-stuff for the States they looked—and he bought up all the sweets in the establishment for them. But then

children were always a weakness of his. "If I had a boy like yours," he said, rebuking my paternal stoicism, "I should want to have him by me all the time."

V.

Fels would not have been Fels if he had not taken advantage of the contiguity with the late Lord Rothschild to seek an interview with the uncrowned King of Jewry; not, needless to say, in any courtier spirit, but in the spirit of Catherine of Siena bearding the Pope at Avignon, or an early Quaker lady setting out to convert the Grand Turk. Whether the vices of capitalism or the virtues of the single-tax formed the main object of this mission I never quite understood. But, knowing both my men, I had no felicitous augury of the result. For Lord Rothschild was brusque, deaf, and despotic, and Fels cheery and irrepressible. The meeting was, I gathered, brief. Lord Rothschild generally secured the last word by leaving the room abruptly, and it is unlikely that he failed to apply his skilful dialectical method on this occasion. What is certain is that Fels's opinion of peers, never very tropical, fell below freezing point. There was hardly anybody he could not call comrade or brother, but I suspect that his sense of camaraderie stopped thenceforward at Lord Rothschild.

VI.

His notion of true manhood had been formed at the feet of his neighbour, Walt Whitman, and it was "the good gray poet" who inspired the general enthusiasm for humanity, for which Henry George provided the special conduit. The reading of *Progress and Poverty* was the turning-point in his life. It was a conversion, a finding of salvation, in the fullest meaning of these terms. Thenceforth he had a creed by which to live and die. For, of course, he did not see the single-tax like a Chancellor of the Exchequer hailing a fruitful fiscal expedient, but like Abou ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!), who loved his fellow-men, and like Don Quixote out to charge against a monstrous wrong. Henry George had in fact more to give than a dry, economic device, he was a dynamic emotional impulse against evil, a prophet even in the minor sense of predicting. Nor was his intellectual contribution to political economy at all negligible. It was concrete and business-like, or it would not have carried away a keen business man like Fels, who had his Sancho-Panza side and when another business man tried to beat him felt the original sin in him leap like a tiger to the fray, much as the hero of

Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires bristled for business-combat even over the body of his only son: The creator of Fels-Naptha was the last man in the world to be carried away by soft soap. Land really is—how can one deny it?—man's indispensable standing-ground; no nebulous but a very solid basis for an economic philosophy. That this national necessity should be in private hands is clearly discordant with our communal thinking. (Even Stonehenge has been sold, as if so historic a stone mystery could be subject to the whim of a proprietor—in Italy or any civilised country it would be a "national monument.") That land should be taxed peculiarly—or even taxed away without compensation—is a proposition not altogether indefensible. But Fels went much further. He had so convinced himself that private land-ownership was the sin against the Holy Ghost, and the taxation of land and all the values inherent and involved in it took on so many aspects to his imagination, that he beheld all life enriched and ameliorated by the unflinching application of his golden rule. Avenues and perspectives innumerable opened up to his vision, and with almost perverted ingenuity he would trace every social evil to its root in the monopolisation of land values. Possibly that impassioned passage misled him in which the Master cries out: "It is this that turns the blessings of material progress into a curse. It is this that crowds human beings into noisome cellars and squalid tenement houses; that fills prisons and brothels; that goads men with want and consumes them with greed; that robs women of grace and beauty of perfect womanhood; that takes from little children the joy and innocence of life's morning."

VII.

The single-tax is after all only a fiscal expedient which would lessen the financial burdens of the poor, and even if it increased production and thus diminished Poverty, positively as well as negatively, Poverty is, alas! only one of the many roots of human misery, and were all the prisons, brothels, ugly women and blighted children due to it eliminated, I can imagine them all co-existing—if in smaller numbers—with comparative Comfort. It was not poverty that Sodom and Gomorrah suffered from. Still Poverty is such a Giant Despair that to despatch him at a stroke would be an achievement so massive that the single-taxers need hardly put their claim higher. But their cause suffers from understatement as well as over-statement, for "land-values" is an unfortunate term which to the vulgar connotes mostly rent or price per acre, whereas to the true single-taxer it means likewise rent or price for tramway, railway, lighting, cable, or other concessions.

and the automatic tapping by the community of these and whatsoever other potentialities of profit are created less by the initiative of the individual than by the accretion of the population, no unit of which has earned the increment arising from the aggregation. It is a concept not easily distinguishable—in this enlarged form—from Socialism proper. But Fels drew the line at Socialism, though he shared its spirit. In view of the redemptive efficiency of the single-tax, he thought it superfluous. In the words of the Master: "All that is necessary to social regeneration is included in the motto of those Russian patriots, sometimes called Nihilists—'Land and Liberty'!"

VIII.

If I occasionally rallied him on his formula-of-all-work, I was none the less aware that it is only the one-eyed who accomplish anything in the world of action, and that Argus with his hundred eyes proved hopelessly inefficient at his one job of watching. If the epithet "one-eyed" displeases, let it be replaced by "single-eyed," which carries the meaning with more dignity. Fels had no eye, for example, for the sentimental side of land, the emotional value of a meadow or an orchard to a family; to such artistic beauties as inhere in the feudal system of great estates he was blind. Burke, according to Hazlitt, thought it as absurd to reduce all mankind to the same insipid level as to destroy the inequalities of surface in a country for the benefit of agriculture and commerce. Fels thought inequalities that diminished agriculture and commerce, not picturesque, but criminal. The great landed aristocracy of England was anathema. The English ideal of isolation was antipathetic to his American passion for social life. The more people enjoying and subdividing a piece of land, the merrier. What right had you to cling to an old family garden, if labourers lacked land for their cottages or the villagers plots for their potatoes? That there were imponderable land-values, by which society benefited, even though immaterially and indirectly—as through the poems and pictures and thoughts they inspired—he would not admit. There was something of an inverted Gradgrind in this remorseless pursuit of happiness for the million.

Nor did he allow sufficiently for the fact that the gospel of Henry George arose in a late and sophisticated period of civilisation, when the first efforts to break in an intractable earth had already been made, and land had ceased to have its original relation with pioneer labour. It so happened that the Jewish Territorial Organisation brought him into contact with the phase

of the problem that Henry George had overlooked. But even the fact that the I.T.O. did not consider Cyrenaica worth the cost of cultivation or irrigation did not alter his sense that its land-values should be taxed. In the pioneering stage of land-development the increment is by no means unearned: it is hard-earned by danger, initiative, and capital. That at a later stage the landlord, especially in growing cities, receives a fat and disproportionate increment is a separate question, but once land has been treated as private property, transferable like any other form, society can only gradually undo what it has done.

Fels learnt no lesson either from the failure of his Essex experiment, "Maylands," which struck me, when I visited it, as a melancholy and expensive refutation of his theories of the small cultivator and the converted townsman. Farming is, in fact, an expert occupation, and the value of land *qua* land is absolutely *nil*. In Canada you may still have 160 acres for nothing or, rather, in exchange for your pioneer labour.

On the other hand, Fels did splendidly practical and successful work by his Society for the Cultivation of Waste Spaces—of which I was an otiose and absent-bodied member. That is an enterprise which, started long before the war, found imitation in more than one of the belligerent countries, anxious about the food-supply. And, of course, in estimating his practical achievements one must not forget that Fels-naptha has lightened washing-day in a million homes.

IX.

If Fels owed much to Walt Whitman, and more to Henry George, he had his own spiritual power welling up from his own racial founts. For was he not of the race whose prophet taught land-nationalisation three thousand years before Henry George, and whose teachers had risen—even before Jesus—from the brotherhood of Israel to the thought of the brotherhood of the nations? It is not without significance that Christians pronounced him the best Christian they had ever known. He and I had a good chuckle together over the correspondent who wrote to the papers to ask what was the good of Mr. Joseph Fels trying to bring the land to the people, when alien Jews were battenning upon Britain? He himself knew no blank page between the Old and New Testaments, regarding the spiritual tradition as continuous, and doubtless at the bottom of his soul he believed it was a single-taxer that drove the money changers out of the Temple. And, in truth, did not Jesus say he was come to fulfil the law of Moses, not to destroy it? We know as a fact that the jubilee provision of the Mosaic land-laws had always been

evaded. But Fels had none of the other-worldliness which often adulterates earthly goodness. He had no wish to "lay up treasure in heaven." He had no conception of future reward—even future life had been left by Henry George as a mere hope—but he wanted to see heaven here below. He wanted to see with his own eyes the Kingdom coming nearer. Post-mortem philanthropy was his abhorrence. His money must be spent here and now; indeed, it was only his in the sense that he had the responsibility of its spending. To denounce himself as a capitalist, fattening on the labours of his fellow-men, was no rhetorical figure or sensational trick. While not unconscious of the humour of his situation and even with a certain whimsical enjoyment of the disconcertment of other members of his firm, he had a genuine conviction of sin, which could be cancelled only by restoring his business profits to the world's service. He was stained with the crime of capitalism—he was grubby with earth privately owned—why should he not use his soap to wash himself clean? Hence it was that he reduced his personal expenditure to a minimum, eschewing, for example, Pullman carriages and motor-cars, and riding third class or in omnibuses. True, he was far less rich than the rumour of him, but then his donations were so large, his feat in financing the single-tax movement in so many countries so unique, that people, never guessing he was giving to his utmost, thought his gifts mere crumbs from the millionaire's table. They more nearly represented the millionaire's meal. The millionaire, in fact, was a myth, and even a bit of a fraud. "The more I give, the more they think I've got," he said to me once with a droll twinkle. The more he gave the less he had, and he would quite cheerfully have gone to the workhouse to ensure that the land it stood on should revert to the people.

But if his was not the charity that gives away what it does not want, neither was it the charity of cheques. "You cannot give money and not yourself," he said. What he gave in time and work, in self-consuming zeal, was even more than he gave in money. No journey was too great to make for his ideal. He would have travelled to Tibet to educate the Grand Lama, or unflinchingly addressed Icelandic audiences in Americanese. Nor was his the charity that breeds charity. He hated subscriptions to perpetual palliatives, donations that pauperised and not redeemed. Even the propping up of art and artists began to appeal less to him when he realised that his money scarcely sufficed for his central mission. The Apostle became jealous of the Mæcenas, and the only time I ever saw him fly into a passion was against himself. The thought that he was letting his pockets be plucked at from every side threw him into a

sudden rage. One had to support ideas, not individuals. The ideas would ultimately support the individuals. A distich conveying this moral was one of his favourite enclosures.

X.

Nevertheless, Joe Fels was no lover of abstractions. He was always surrounded by individuals, not all of whom clung to him for support, though he rendered friendly services to them all, from *prime donne* to professors, from musicians to Labour Members or *masscurs*. Guests of every nationality, especially the Bohemian, and embracing equally poets and lady laundresses, millenarian meat-packers, and vegetarians, you would always find at his house in Regent's Park—indeed, he never seemed to “live unto himself alone.” And with his erratic habit of dragging one home to eat or sleep, he must have had in Mrs. Fels a house-keeper, as well as a hostess, of genius. But all his motley guests were made into one happy family, and there was always more than enough to eat, if not always enough to sleep on. All the men were his brothers and all the women his sisters, and the atmosphere of an early Christian agapemone pervaded these meals, eaten as if in communion.

These guests of his included some of the most distinguished persons of our time, and it is no small tribute to his fascination that with only a moderate equipment of education, with no graces of breeding, and the handicap of a soap-business, he was able to attract so many diverse personalities. It was the moral core of the man, the passion of faith, which raised him to equality with them, nay, that made them his inferiors, and sometimes his conscious inferiors. Members of Parliament acknowledged his force and leadership. He had confabulations with Cabinet Ministers. He inspired a band of workers in a dozen countries. He was received in Spain with the honours of a prophet, nor was he without honour even in his native America. Persons who spend huge sums to uplift themselves socially may note with envy at how small a money-price it is possible to become a world-figure, if advertisement is the last thing you are thinking of. “To how few of those who sow the seed,” writes Henry George wistfully, “is it given to see it grow, or even with certainty know that it will grow.” Joseph Fels was one of the fortunate few. His death was sadly premature, but in his comparatively brief span he set in motion historic influences, and he saw them begin to modify history. And he enjoyed his success. “I am having the time of my life,” he told me, when the movement began to hum and his partners to be wroth. Wherein the devotees of en-

joyment may read another lesson. But Mill has already pointed out the paradox that happiness comes not to the wilful hunter, if, indeed, it had not been pointed out long before in Galilee.

Of his domestic happiness it is not for an outsider to speak. But it may be recorded without indiscretion that he once said to me: "I saw my wife first when she was a very young girl, and I made up my mind there and then that I would marry nobody else." The two were cousins, but it is curious that they should have found each other so unerringly, for, though equally rare souls, they were supplementary rather than similar. I remember a period at which Mrs. Fels was not unreservedly a devotee of the single-tax—Female Suffrage, I imagine, ranked higher. But I remember no time at which Mr. Fels was not unreservedly a devotee of Mrs. Fels. When he parted with her in Piccadilly—to meet two hours later in Regent's Park—he took farewell as if her omnibus were a liner bearing her across the seas. It was an inspiring instance of his delicate instinct to make her the sole and unconditioned beneficiary of his estate.

That he died when he did, in the flush of his hope and his happiness, and did not live to see all the dreams of the ages mocked by a senseless and ineffably ghastly war, is no tragedy, so far as he was concerned. We may even rejoice that he was spared to see the sinister fulfilment of the prophecy of the Master: "The civilised world is trembling on the verge of a great movement. Either it must be a leap upwards, which will open the way to advances yet undreamed of, or it must be a plunge downward, which will carry us back toward barbarism." To live to see the grimmer alternative would have been agony to this man of fellow-feeling. But for the world it is tragic to be bereft of him at a moment when it needs every glimmer of optimism and aspiration. And for his friends life would have been a little less dark, had we still the sustainment of his sunny camaraderie, his indomitable idealism, his breezy pugnacity, his lovable laughter. By what strange prescience was it that Henry George prefixed to the concluding chapter of his Gospel a stanza that might have been written for the passing of his chief disciple?

"The days of the nations bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—
The age is weary with work and gold
And high hopes wither, and memories wane;
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;
But that brave faith has not lived in vain—
And thus is all that our watcher said."

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"THE JOVIAL BATCHELLOR,"

'BETWIXT THE MAIDEN AND THE DEEP SEA.

THE present serious shortage in husbands has had to be taken energetically in hand. The cry of the spinsters has attracted the notice and enlisted the professional sympathy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the bachelors are to be encouraged to the altar with income-tax papers. In France the result of a similar appeal has startled no one more than the petitioners themselves, for the Solomon who administers the Ministère des Finances has powers to mete out equal justice, and the sly bachelor and clamant spinster are accorded equal taxation.

The fact is that the pendulum of History, after a three hundred years' swing, is back more or less where it was. About the middle of the 17th century a husband-famine afflicted the land—but mainly the metropolis—and so continued to its end. But the attention of Parliament was too concentrated on the maintenance of its own liberties and on the solution of the tremendous problems which were at the root of the country's internecine strife to lend an ear to the pathetic succession of women's "petitions" and "appeals." These dropped from the Press in what was the most convenient form of pamphlets, broadsides, and sometimes books. But the maids' agitation for forcing young men to pass beneath the marriage-yoke, failing to gain the attention of the authorities, fell flat. Wherefore in due course the youth of London—now about two hundred and fifty years ago—celebrated their liberty in song, and "I am a Jovial Batchellor!" enjoyed a great vogue.

The deplorable condition of the marriage-market could not have been, as was claimed, a result of war's slaughter, as is unhappily in so great a measure the case to-day. It was rather the outcome of what must be regarded as the most virulent and most sustained Sex-War in our history—an extraordinary phenomenon. It must be admitted that if the men shirked what plainly was in theory their duty, they do not appear in the main to have been actuated by monetary considerations, whether as to simple outlay in the support of wife and family, or in the way of tax imposition. Probably a less subtle Chancellor in Stewart and Cromwellian times would have considered the taxation of a bachelor as likely, in effect, to discourage marriage through confiscation or appropri-

tion of savings thriftily set by to that end, and would have refrained from transferring matrimony from the list of Vital Necessaries to that of Luxuries. Later on, we find that the crude question of cost did come to be regarded as a prime consideration, and towards the end of the century-long altercation—in 1720, or thereabouts—appeared such tracts as "None but Fools Marry," reducing the argument to a matter of mere cash, and "The Batchelers Estimate of the Expenses of a Married Life": a view which may be called sordid, but which was obviously imposed by prudence. While ways and means were to the men a *factum* of primary importance, the maids were moved by them little, if at all; they wanted men or they wanted vengeance, and an Act of Parliament was the obvious engine of compulsion, with its satisfactory alternative penalty. It all points to the too slow abatement in that strange hatred of women, and incidentally of marriage, which for nearly a couple of centuries infected a not inconsiderable, yet certainly a very articulate, section of the educated public. It is easy to make too much of the agitation, but that it existed the following pages are witness. To this point we shall return in a moment. It is the insistent virgin wail for husbands, resounding throughout the age, that strikes the ear and claims first attention.

What first stung women and their male champions into recourse to publicity, and to seek in the printing-press—in part the instrument of their undoing—a remedy for their trouble, was the urgent necessity for making reply not only to books and the like, but to plays that acted as hideous danger-signals to young men, warning them of the appalling dangers that awaited them in matrimony. But that was nothing new. From its beginning literature for the populace at large—I am discussing here nothing but middle-class writings for middle-class people—had drawn a frightening picture of feminine turpitude and of the superlative risk of contamination or misery from friendship or commerce with women. Most of it, no doubt, was not very seriously meant or seriously taken; but not a few publications of the time were aflame with malignancy. Even at so early a period as the Wakefield Miracle plays (say about the year 1425)—in one of the most popular and humorous numbers of the Cycle—*The Shepherds' Play*—we have the Second Shepherd sadly declaring, "We silly wed-men dree mickle woe"—or, as modern youth would express it—"We silly husbands have a rotten time!"

Wherever we look our chance glance is apt to fall upon some phase of the general attack. Thus in *Faire Em* (c. 1580), a comedy as popular in print as on the stage, William the Conqueror, tricked by Mariana, who has sought to serve the Princess Blanch in her love for the English King, bursts out—as he

indignantly rejects the King of Denmark's offer of his daughter's hand—

"A proper conjunction! as who should say,
Lately come out of the fire,
I would go thrust myself into the flame . . .
Utterly I do abhor their sex.
They are all disloyal, unconstant, all unjust;
Who tries as I have tried, and finds as I have found
Will say there's no such creatures on the ground."

Again, the miserly humbug Hoard, in Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (1607), about to marry a disreputable person whom he believes to be an heiress, pharassically observes—

"Who would not wed? The most delicious life!
No joys are like the comfort of a wife."

To which his friend Lamprey caustically replies—

"So we bachelors think, that are not troubled with them."

Ludovico Sforza, the virtuous admonisher of the conscience-stricken Bellafront in the Second Part of *The Honest Whore* (1630) flings open the flood-gates of his proverbial philosophy: "Women are like medlars," he exclaims, "no sooner ripe than rotten"; "Woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked!"—and so on with interminable rebuke, until he wearies us with his misogynisms and reduces the peccant girl to repentance and remorseful tears. These few examples may be taken as showing how drama, literature, ballad and broadside—the last two constituting the real voice of the people—were joined in a conspiracy to produce and inflame mistrust of women; wherefore the "Woman-hater" became a common object among the types of the period. It may be allowed that much of the responsibility and the blame for the situation in the 16th century and onwards is to be laid to the charge of women's conduct and to the general deplorable state of public morals even more than to their ignorance and folly. It says much for the good temper of women that on the whole they bore with much moderation the coarse abuse and unmeasured invective profusely showered upon them—as a sex at large—through half a century; and if at last they burst out and turned upon their persecutors, who shall blame them?

• That half-century was devoted mainly to an attempt to melt the hearts of selfish men, who, however, merely spurned the marriage offer, with the cold retort, "Husbands? You may goe looke!" At the opening of the 17th century Dekker—than whom no one knew better the foul and seamy side of life, or was more moved by it—issued what might be called the Induction to the *tragi-comedy* which was to be played out throughout the

years, well-nigh two centuries, that were to follow. This was his attack on woman called "The Batchelers Banquet" (1608), which title reappeared in 1631 and 1660. The object of the Feminist appeals seems to have been to remonstrate with the men and draw them on—failing which to secure the help of legislation. They began with pamphlets and tracts the text of which often belied the sweet reasonableness of their title-pages. The situation was pathetic. Marriage, in certain quarters and classes, was unpopular; the innocent were suffering, with the guilty; while men rejoiced greatly in their freedom, girls lifted up their voices and wept, and reminded the young men of "the fyftene joyes of maryage" (which, by the way, Wynkyn de Worde had printed "at the sygne of the Sonne in fletestrete" in 1509).

In spite of the re-issue of "The Batchelers Banquet" in 1631, little reply was made by women for ten years; but then the series began, all directing attention to the "unkindness of men." Here is a representative selection of them, in most cases with their titles abbreviated for the saving of space, and arranged chronologically:—

1641.—The Petition of the Weamen of Middlesex . . .

1642.—The Humble Petition of many hundreds of distressed Women . . .

1642.—The Virgins Complaint for the losse of their Sweet Hearts, by these present Wars, And their owne long solitude and keeping their Virginitie against their wills. Presented in the names and on behalfe of all the Damsels both Country and City, January 29, by sundry Virgins of the City of London. 1642.

To the second issue, which was put forth only four days later—"is added a mournful Dittie written by some of the wittiest wenches among them." What "the present wars" may have been, I know not; the rout of Newburn had taken place two years before; the appalling massacre of Protestants in Ireland in 1641 could scarce have touched the London maids, and as for the Civil War, Charles did not raise his standard until August—seven months after the publication of the Petition. There was a similar Petition from the "Pren-tices and Yong-men" dated 1642, but not issued till 1643. It referred to the war—not a word about the damsels.

1643.—The Humble Petition of many Thousands of Wives. . . .

1647.—The Maids Petition: Printed for A., L. in the Yeer of Englands freedom and Liberty.

1647.—The Humble Petition of the Wel-Affected Young Men. . . .

1660.—The Batchelers Banquet (third appearance).

1675.—The Maids Complaint against the Batchelers.

1675.—The Batchellors Answer.

1680.—The Maidens reply to the Young mans Resolution.

1688.—The Petition of the Ladies of London and Westminster. . . .

Printed by Mary Want-man, the Fore-maid of the Petitioners. . . .

1688.—The Petition of the Widows in and about London and Westminster.

1688.—An Humble Remonstrance of the Batchelors to the Honourable House.

Printed and sold by the Bookselling Batchelors in St. Paul's Church Yard—[a queer instance—if genuine—of a body of booksellers, or of any other trade, entering into a confraternity of defence against a

movement entirely unconnected with their business: unless, indeed, the "bachelors" here referred to are the class, so-called, below that of Liverymen in the City Companies, who sometimes dined with the Lord Mayor—sometimes 100 or so, but as many as 300 in 1660].

These publications, which I have come across, are probably but a fraction of the whole; but they suffice to throw a lurid light on the relations of the sexes, among the middle and lower middle classes, and the wrong which, between them, was done to the State. It was not only that girls were in want of husbands; they feared, many of them, being damned into "leading apes in Hell"—which according to the accepted superstition was the punishment meted out to her who died an old maid. As for the men, they contented themselves with the conviction that it was the maidens' behaviour—looseness in conduct and presumption in manner—that had summoned up the spirits of hostility and retribution:—

"Corrupt they are in bodie and in minde,
Yet the sluts weepe and saie, wee are unkinde."

It is a fairly safe rule, if you would test the historian's statement, or even the contention of the contemporary controversialist, as to the popular verdict on any given subject, or would inform yourself as to what the people really thought of it, that you should ascertain what they sang about it. Until the introduction and popular support of newspapers, ballads and broadsides were bought, sung, and read all the country over, and were a great feature in every fairing, as Autolycus has so vividly set before us. (*The Winter's Tale*, 1611.) We find a cluster of such ballads which corroborate, and, as it were, underline, the condition of affairs between man and maid as revealed in the series of "Petitions." They started early. We need go no further back than 1535, the year about which Richard Copland, illustrating the dangers of ill-timed matrimony—too soon or too late—suggested to the hesitator that the safest plan was not to marry at all. Such was the moral of his poems, translated out of the French, "The Complaynte of them that ben to late maryed," and its counterpart, "A Complaynte of them that be to soone maryed"—(written in 8-line stanzas), Henry VIII., in whose reign they appeared, must have read them with a grim smile, for he had a "short way" with him to set such troubles right. There had been one of the usual attacks, in verse—if not actually a ballad, it was in rhyming ballad metre—which was replied to by Edward More in 1560, also in ballad form, in "A Lytle and bryefe treatyse, called the defence of women, and especially of Englyshe women; made agaynst the Schole-howse of women."

The genuine ballads and broadsides lend themselves to being

grouped—female and male; lamentation and exultation. Here is a specimen series of them, mostly of the Restoration period, typical in their kind, as in their support of the two sides of the controversy. The piteous refrain there finds expression in "The Sorrowfull Damselfs Lamentation for the Want of a Husband" (to the tune of which "The Batchelours Guide and the Married mans Comfort" was appointed to be sung); "The Country Lawyers Maid Joan, Containing her Languishing Lamentation for want of a Man"; "Virginitie grown troublesome: or the Younger Sisters Lamentation for want of a Husband"; and "The Virgins complaint against Young Men's Unkindness"—callously directed to be sung to the tune of the joyous ballad "Cupids Courtesie."

These pitiful outpourings made not a rap of difference to the "mere man"—(an expression, by the way, which I have not met with earlier than 1619—then from the mouth of Belleur in Fletcher's *The Wild-goose Chase*, IV., ii.). They were simply met—as in the case of the tracts—with provoking expressions of contentment with things as they were: "The Batchelors Delight, being a pleasant new Song, shewing the happiness of a single life"; "The Young Man's advice to his fellow Batchelors"; and that jubilant misogynous psalm—"I am a Jovial Batchellor!"

These affronts, rather from their implied contumely than from any expression of abuse, forced the girls into the retort courteous, through the pens of sympathising poets (husbands, perhaps), who were at their purses' service. "The Maids Answer to the Batchelours Ballad: or, Love without a Remedy," was the first of the gentle answers; "The Maidens reply to the Young Mans Resolution" (in the terms of the tract); and then a more hopeful note: "The Credulous Virgins complaint: or Lovers made happy at last" and "The Batchelours Guide" (already mentioned)—to the accompaniment, however, of a significant and timely warning: "A Caution for Scolds: or a True Way of taming a Shrew." Petruchio's "true way," expressed in his own words, was "to kill a wife with kindness" (c. 1595)—the hint which was taken by Thomas Heywood for his tragedy, *A Woman Kilde with Kindnesse* (before 1603), wherein Mrs. Francford, having too lightly accepted Wendoll's advances and fallen into dishonour, dies in a passion of remorse and gratitude awakened by the gentle pardon and affection of her husband—a very poignant and beautiful picture of overwhelming sorrow exacting full and final toll.

It scarcely concerns us whether it was the licentiousness of Elizabeth's Court setting an example which was widely followed in the land, or the general laxity in morals, demeanour, and language, which distinguished the succeeding age, that inspired

the denunciations uttered in the pulpit and promulgated by the printing-press—invective that waxed bitterer as the Puritan party gained force, and drowned the sober protests of temperate and more convincing censors. It matters not whether the reaction caused by the Restoration and the relief from the Commonwealth encouraged a situation that filled quiet people, the backbone of the country, with sorrow. We can but take note of the frequent passion in statement, amounting to execration of one-half of the human race by a small but noisy and persistent section of the other half, explicable only on the ground of the crudest fanaticism or religious mania. Of course, John Knox's "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women" (1558) had thrown the weight of the great Calvinist's authority into the balance against the equality of the female whom he maintained to be unfit for government—even though the two ladies at whom he aimed his dart bore the names of Mary and Elizabeth of England. Some there were who were relatively moderate in tone, while impertinent in manner, like William Goddard, who, about the year 1615, fired off his sneering "Satyricall Dialogve or a Sharplye-invective Conference, betweene Alexander the great, and that truelye woman-hater Diogynes. Imprinted in the Low-countrys [the meanness of the insult!] for all such gentlewomen as are not altogeather Idle nor yet well Ocypyed." It was published a couple of years after the poisoning by the guilty and murderous pair—Robert Carr and the Countess of Essex—of Sir Thomas Overbury, whose admired didactic poem, "A Wife, now a Widowe," had just appeared. Manners showed little sign of improvement; in due course a reckless satirist, maintaining the strict anonymity of a poltroon, dragged out by name certain well-known ladies of high birth, about whom rumour had been busy, attacking them with ruthless candour and setting them up in his professedly facetious pillory, in "Newes from the New Exchange, or the Commonwealth of Ladies Drawn to the Life," with the appropriate imprint, *Printed in the Year of Women without grace*, 1650. It was by no means an exceptional case: the notorious "Love given Over; or a Satyr against the Pride, Lust, and Inconstancy of Woman." (1687) reached nearly to the high-water mark of scurrility—three "Ladies" of the time, Lady Bewley, Lady Creswel, and Lady Stratford, being all exposed to the scorn of a public so appreciative of the scandal that three more editions were called for up to 1710. (Mr. P. J. Dobell, I believe, has copies of them all.) There were spirited replies, no doubt. "Sylvia's Revenge, or a Satyr against Man," was one of them; but what can be the effect of a woman's *tu quoque* against man when the rest of her sex are burning to marry him?

If proof were needed that the insidious sport of woman-baiting had infected people not in any way prone to misogyny, we may find it in the fact that the grave and judicious Camden—most delightful and lovable of antiquaries—must needs have his fling too, though his missile is soft and sugar-coated. In his "Remains concerning Britain" (1606) he cannot refrain from quoting the "wise speech of Eubulus, a Scoffing Comical Greek Poet," who, invoking a curse upon himself if ever he opened his lips against women (a practice not unknown even among the Greeks), rapturously declared, as a zealous champion defending the wronged sex, that had women had their counterparts in good; for example—if Medea were wicked, yet Penelope was peerless; if Clytemnestra were worthless, Alcestis was "passing good"; and if Phædra were damnable—well, some other woman *must* have been praiseworthy. And then—"Here I am at a stand; of good women I find not one more, but of the wicked I remember thousands."

The most resounding literary attack upon women, and incidentally upon marriage, seems to have been that made by Joseph Swetnam, who in 1615 issued his outrageous and cowardly libel: "The Arraignement of Lewde, idle, froward, and unconstant Women; or the idle Vanitie, choose you whether. With a commendation of wise, vertuous, and honest Women (1615; and 1619, 1628, 1634, 1690, etc.)." It was met by a powerful but belated reply in Rachel Speght's retort—delay increasing the energy of its pent-up anger—entitled: "A MOVZELL [i.e., muzzle] for Melastomus, the Cynicall Bayter of, and foule mouthed barker against Evah's sex, or an apologetically answer to that irreligious illiterate pamphlet made by Jo. Sw." (1617). And this was immediately supported by the snappish little supplementary publication, yet a cry of satisfaction—"Ester hath hang'd Haman; by Ester Sowerman—[a feminine effort at wit in antithesis: *Sour-nam—Sweet-nam!*]" Other pamphlets followed. But the real smashing of the reviler came from the anonymous comedy, printed some little time after its production: *Swetnam, The Woman-hater, Arraigned by Women. A new Comedie, acted at the Red Bull, by the late Queenes Seruants, 1620* [i.e., of Queen Anne (of Denmark), who had died in the previous year¹]. In this play two plots run alongside, yet are

(1) There can, I think, be little doubt that the chief characters of the piece, except Swetnam himself were intended to represent the Royal family. The wise, over-just King Atticus is James I.; Queen Aurelia is his Queen Anne; their virtuous eldest son who died young, Lucippus, is Prince Henry; the promising younger son Lorenzo is Charles, afterwards King. Leonida, their only daughter is the Princess Elizabeth; and Lisandro, Prince of Naples, is Frederick, Elector Palatine whom she married—as in the play. The parallel seems complete.

cleverly made to touch, in the one Swetnam, opposed in argument by the unrecognised Prince in woman's clothes (a sort of *Portia en contrepartie*), wins his case in his denunciation of woman, and secures the Princess's condemnation; in the other, dragged by women before their own court, presided over by the "Lady Chief Justice," and refused a hearing (a taste of woman's justice) he is beaten and bullied into recantation. He is called Mysogenos, until he is unmasked, and Melastomus—supposedly after the South African plant the fruit of which blackens the mouth, whence "foule mouthed." He expresses the belief that his "thundering Book will be more terrible in women's ears Than ever yet in Misogenysts hath been." "A woman!" he cries:—

"She's an Angel at ten, a Saint at fifteen,
A Devil at forty, and a Witch at fourscore."

"If all the world were paper; the sea, ink; trees and plants, pens; and every man clerks, scribes, and notaries; yet would all that paper be scribbled over, the ink wasted, pens worn to the stumps, and all the scribes weary, before they could describe the hundredth part of a woman's wickedness." Thus is his book quoted against the wretched defendant and his reference to good women ignored. The charge here presented is but a mild introduction to the invective and abuse that follow. Of course, he is condemned and is to be persecuted out of the land.

What, in fact, *did* become of the real Swetnam? Likely enough, owing to his notoriety and to the anger of women, his native town of Bristol, and London too, became too hot for him, and he emigrated. The play was produced in 1620; in that year the Pilgrim Fathers sailed and arrived in Virginia—in which State we find, near Fairfax and on the same river, the town of Swetnam—the only instance, probably, of the name upon the map. If the conjecture be true—the man cannot conceivably be the contemporary Swetnam of the Society of Jesus—we can but smile at the irony of Fate which brought him to the State and perpetuated his name in it, which, beyond all others, personifies that purity in woman which Swetnam so foully denied.

Women had been criticised in plays often enough before, but that was rather banter than virulent attack. Yet when, in 1610, Nathaniel Field produced a skit so mild as *Women a Weathercock—dedicated to any woman who has not been a weathercock*—which sufficiently gained the approval of George Chapman for him to write laudatory verses for it—the outcry of women who were wounded by the truth, caused the author to compose "A Second Part," to our thinking hardly less affronting: *Amends for Ladies; With the merry pranks* [a euphemism for reckless

criminality] of *Moll Cutpurse: Or, the humours of roaring, a Comedy full of honest mirth and wit* (1618). *Moll Cutpurse*, of all people!--the notorious Mary Frith, whom Middleton and Dekker so delightfully whitewashed and even rendered sympathetic in their capital comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, in the same year as Field's former play.

Halfway through the reign of Charles II. the sex-war was resumed in earnest. Chivalry was wholly forgotten by the pamphleteers, and calumny was a weapon which they used with a certain savage skill, Richard Head's paltry--and anonymous--attack: "The 'Miss' displayed with all her wheedling arts and circumventions" (1675) and its successor, "Madame Wheadle" (1678), are noteworthy only in having drawn forth a reply which, so far as I know, is the first serious claim by women to the equality of the sexes. (To this point I return in a moment.) The incident has its importance because the "batchelor" became more alarmed than ever. It was enough that woman should be cried down as "the very moral of human turpitude"; but that she should proclaim equality and equal rights, and in due time, no doubt, assert her superiority, was that little more--and how much it was!--whereby the rate of exchange from the Celibate Order to that of the Hymenist was further depressed. In 1683 "The Woman's Advocate, By a person of quality of the Female Sex," showed the way to Miss Sarah Fyge Egerton, who in 1686 published "The Female Advocate, written by a Lady in vindication of her Sex," to the second edition in the following year appending a reply to the unconscionable attack, "Love given Over," already mentioned. In 1690 "Gallantry Unmask'd" professed to show "women in their proper colours," and, in the following year, came the curious "poem" issued as "A New Satyr against Women: occasioned by an Infant who was the cause of the Death of my friend." John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester--the wild and worthless son of the man who, in 1668, had written those beautiful verses, "My Dear Mistress has a Heart"! wrote, as a *mauvais sujet* might, "A Satyr against Marriage." This was in 1697, and it was followed a few months later by Robert Gould's variations on the theme: "A Satyr against Women" and "A Satyr against Wooing: with a view of the ill consequences that attend it."

In this way the woman-hater was "willing to bury the hatchet--in the side of his enemy, and leave it there," as Whistler was fond of quoting. He would not let the matter rest. He published "A bride-woman's counsellor" which brought from Lady Mary Chudleigh, in 1709, by way of answer, "The Ladies Defence--a Poem," cleverly introducing well-known, objection-

able characters from the masculine drama—Sir John Brute, Sir William Lovall, and others—likely to turn confusion into the male camp. Then Mary Astell came to the rescue with her "Essay in defence of the Female Sex" and had the satisfaction of seeing a fourth edition called for in 1721. But the attack was so persistent that a female champion lost patience and published "Woman's Advocate, or the Ba—dy Batchelor out in his Calculation," which so shocked neutrals and combatants alike that "The Moderator between the Married Men and the Batchelors" (1729) sought to act the conciliator, and, as was natural, was duly ignored. I pass over other incidents in the feud; for still abuse flowed on—even the ballad "As Colen drove his hogs along" was deliberately reprinted, with variations in the title and in the lines, as "Cullen with his flock of Misses." And in due course John Wilkes capped all that had gone before with his disgraceful "Essay upon Woman."

Is it to be wondered at, in the circumstances, if women, failing to get husbands of their own, had to content themselves with those of other women, and if rampant libertinage rendered nugatory the effect of all the propagandist "petitions" and "appeals" advanced by the unfortunate maidens, most of whom, by this time, must have been "leading apes in Hell"?

Woman's claim to Equality, already referred to, was one of the first fruits of Restoration morals and of the freedom in feminine manners. It was the conscience of women awakening to their position in the world. The qualities of humility, gentle obedience, and strict propriety, at that time considered, along with chastity, the most admirable of wifely virtues, were now about to be dismissed with scorn. No longer was a girl to accept with modesty a husband chosen for her by her guardian, as pictured in Wager's *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London* (1590) when Lady Conscience replies to the grave, Chorus-like Nemo, who bids her select one of the Lords for her spouse:—

"The modestie that dooth our sex beseeome
Forbids my tongue therein to tell my thoughts."

No longer was pretty humility to spell self-humiliation, as in *How a man may chuse a Good Wife from a Bad* (1609), when the young villain of the piece is reproached by his friend for hating his beautiful and peerless wife—as dutiful and loving as Patient Grissil, or as Luce (in *The London Prodigall*, 1605)—with the words:—

"You'did admire her beautie, praise her face,
Were proud to have her follow at your heeles
Through the broad streets"

—even, as, it is said, wives in Germany are content to do to-day.

But now woman was coming into her own, and into man's as well. The trumpet call—"Woman as Good as the Man, or The Equality of the Sexes," was the first real blast, and was blown in 1676. In 1739 came a revival, and the feeble protest "Man Superior to Woman, by a Gentleman"—was clearly a mere draw, a red cloak waved, matador fashion; before the cow—successful in bringing in the following year a spirited but not very original retort from Sophia: "Woman not Inferior to Man," with, immediately afterwards, the brilliant "second part"—"Woman's Superior Excellence over Man." Praise, says the Princess to Boyet in *Love's Labour's Lost*—"Praise we may afford To any lady that subdues a lord." So in "The Passionate Pilgrim"—women still think they can equal or lead men; and we chuckle at Mrs. Centlivre's sally in *The Wonder! a woman Keeps a Secret* (1713), when Don Felix declares to Violante:—

"No more let us thy sex's conduct blame,
 Since thou'rt a proof of their eternal fame
 That man has no advantage but the name!"

But the wonderful series of bad women who gave life to the seventeenth-century stage helped to put its ban on marriage. It is probable that the twentieth-century cinematograph theatre with its films which put forward as truth that woman, naturally as bad as man, given the opportunity, is more reckless, more vile than the word, does not make for respect for woman, nor for respect for marriage in the younger minds that revel in these scenes—if we may judge by the applause at feminine crime and resourceful villainy. Mr. Chamberlain, preaching patriotism, may stand at the cinema door, pocketing with one hand the entertainment-tax derived from the degrading spectacle, with an income-tax paper in the other hand to enforce his point, and demand from the bachelor, "Your money or your liberty!" But it may be expected that the scared young "batchellor" of any spirit—bearing aloft the banner of his patron-saint, St. Cuthbert the Misogonist—will pay his tax, and remain as "jovial" as he may on the residue.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE MASQUE IN *THE TEMPEST* 005

It is surprising that nobody has ever thought of laying decently to rest the troubled ghost of an old insistent theory, which still occasionally reseek the pale glimpses of the moon under the spells of idle necromancers, by resorting to some very simple hocus pocus. This theory, originally Tieck's, runs to the effect that Shakespeare wrote *The Tempest* to order in due celebration of distinguished nuptials. To burst that pretty bubble one has only to lay emphasis on the painful unsuitability of the intercalated masque for such a purpose. How anybody can ever have taken it as an epilogue to wedding bells passes comprehension. So far from being a nuptial masque, it is that much rarer thing—rarer, that is, both on the stage and off—a betrothal masque. There is absolutely no ambiguity on this point: the fact could be clearly deduced even if nothing but the masque remained. Iris's reference to the vows

". . . that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted,"

can never have been penned to be spoken for the first time in the presence of a bride and bridegroom.

Absurd and all, however, as is Tieck's proposition, I am personally willing to admit that, in child-play phrase, he was at least "warm." This concession is due to the circumstance that I have hopes of establishing a theory, which, if viewed with general acceptance, would materially break the old German commentator's fall. My belief is that the masque was not part of the original texture of the play, that it was written by Shakespeare in association with the coming nuptials of the Elector Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth, that in consonance with the action of the play it had to be a betrothal, rather than a wedding, masque, and that consequently, not only because of its direct allusiveness but for a more potent reason presently to be unfolded, the King's Players found it necessary to present the amended play at court immediately after the ceremony of affiancing. This theory bases on the fact that *The Tempest*, having already been acted before the King on November 1, 1611, was at that period a well-known play. It owes nothing to Fleay's theory, as set forward in his *Life and Work of Shakespeare*, that the masque was an interpolation of Beaumont's on the occasion of the Palsgrave's marriage. The idea of interpolation has arisen

from time to time independently in several minds principally owing to the sporadic crudity of the verse and the clumsiness of the dovetailing, blenishes which point inevitably to the conclusion that Shakespeare wrote the masque under conditions of considerable haste. But that the work was done at the very close of his career he would doubtless, indefatigable improver as he was, have taken occasion to smooth out the asperities later. The use of the word "foison,"¹ as has been pointed out by Mr. Morton Luce, both in the masque and in Act II., sc. 2, l. 163, not to speak of other indications, proves that the whole section was written by the one hand. Fleay's claim for Beaumont may be confidently brushed aside. One feels assured that the accidental resemblance in characterisation between the masque in *The Tempest* and Beaumont's *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*, given at Whitehall in February, 1613, almost a week after the wedding, would have been avoided by Beaumont had he been responsible for both. The clash was in part due to the circumstance that naiades had been in the air ever since Daniel introduced them at court in *Tethys' Festival* in 1610, and in part to the happening that river nymphs came to be looked upon as fitting accessories of a marriage which united the Thames and the Rhine.

There are reasonable grounds for suspecting that in the fourth act, Ferdinand and Miranda were originally treated to a far different kind of entertainment to that which has come down to us. As it now stands, Ariel's flippant reply to Prospero when bidden to incite "the rabble" of spirits to "quick motion," sounds incongruous:

" Each one tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow."

Reading this for the first time, no one would suspect that it was designed to herald a masque of sweet gravity and delicate charm. The mind instinctively reverts to the magic-banquet scene where the spirits have already danced "with mocks and mows." There is, indeed, some significance in the iteration of the phrasing which the masque itself only obscures.

(1) In his later period Shakespeare shows a partiality for this uncommon word, using it five times in four plays. Put by him in *The Tempest* into the mouth of Ceres, it is remarkable that it should occur again in association with a reference to Ceres in the splendid invocation to Mars in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, v., 1. As I have already shown in *The Athenæum* of November 21, 1910 (p. 1235, art. "The Date of *The Duchess of Malfi*," footnote), this play of much-disputed origin was produced by the King's Men at the Blackfriars in the autumn of 1613. Assuredly, the hand that wrote the masque in the one play was engaged much about the same time in writing the invocation in the other.

That the masque had at first been arranged for performance on a temporary and not fully equipped stage and the action afterwards altered for representation at Blackfriars and the Globe is readily deducible from the text and stage directions. Juno's mystifying double entry, before which all the commentators stand aghast, can be accounted for only in this way. In the Folio, our sole authority for the play, Juno is indicated as making descent in her car at line 72, but thirty lines later, Ceres remarks her approach on foot, recognising her by her gait, and the text is immediately confirmed by the direction, "Enter Juno." Now, we have got to ask ourselves, at what particular kind of performance would Juno have walked on? Not certainly in a public theatre, where deities, as in the substantive court masques on the special masque-stage, invariably made their appearance *ex machina*, and where the requisite apparatus was permanently provided. We are accordingly left to assume that Juno walked on at some private performance where the stage was of a temporary order and not fully equipped in the matter of mechanism. As it happens, records clearly show that the first court performance given before the Palgrave immediately after his arrival took place in the royal Cockpit, then and for twenty years after only a makeshift playhouse.¹ It would have been an easy matter to convert the building into a small permanent theatre, as was, indeed, eventually done in 1634, but the first of the Stuarts was too devoted to cockfighting to contemplate with equanimity the necessary alterations. In the circumstances the best that could be done was to fit up a temporary stage as occasion demanded, and on such a stage the flights of the gods would hardly be attempted.

Experts in early stage history will naturally say that to concede on the score of its elaborateness that the masque in *The Tempest* was essentially of court origin is, by a parity of reasoning, to demand for the masque in *The Maid's Tragedy* a like origin. Of the two, the latter certainly called for the more care and supervision in the performance. It had a visualised background which in the other is lacking. To this ruling I cheerfully acquiesce. The cases are not alone analogous, but, in admitting of proof, the one helps to establish the other. As it happens both plays were given at court before the Palgrave and the Princess Elizabeth some time immediately before or after their marriage. They are enumerated in the Treasurer of the Chambers' Accounts

(1) See Nichol's *Progresses of James I.*, II., 548 ff. for a full account of the Palgrave's visit. Other important details in this article have been derived from the transcripts of the Treasurer of the Chambers' Accounts given by Cunningham, *Bonds Accounts*, pp. xlii-xliii, in *The Shakespeare Society Papers*, 1845, II, p. 123, and in *The New Shakespeare Society Transactions*, 1875-6, pt. II, p. 418.

in the list of fourteen plays acted at Whitehall in their presence by the King's Players. Although *The Maid's Tragedy* was then a comparatively old play and an intercalated first-act masque must have been an integral feature from the beginning, there is a topical allusion in the masque as it has come down to us which proves that either the original masque had been amplified or (what is more feasible) a new masque substituted. In this connection it is important to note that the play was not printed until 1619. What is the particular appositeness in the passage delivered by Cinthia :

" You shall have many floods and higher
Than you have wished for; and no ebb shall dare
To let the day see where your dwellings are " ?

Fleay is undeniably right in his contention that we have here an allusion to the great floods of October-December, 1612. The lines are absolutely pointless unless one can take that reading. Do they not therefore yield a clear indication of the period when the masque was written or amended ?

One remarkable feature of the masque in *The Tempest*, which has somehow escaped all observation, goes to show that not alone was it written for private performance but for the adroit conveyance of a direct compliment to a betrothed couple. There was in the Stuart masques a common practice, derived from earlier times, of " going up to the State " to sound the praises of the King and Queen in speech or song. Towards the close of the entertainment the characters generally descended from the stage by means of that invariable concomitant, the front steps, and proceeded across the dancing place to indulge in strophes of conventional hyperbole right under the royal canopy. We find an example of this in the last of the Caroline masques, Davenant's *Salmaeida Spolia* where the chorus go up to the State and sing a congratulatory ode to the Queen-Mother. Nor were compliments of the sort wholly confined to masques. When the quaint morality-play, *Liberality and Prodigality*, was acted by the Chapel Children before Queen Elizabeth on February 28, 1601, the boy-actor of Virtue went up to the State at the close to deliver the epilogue. Now and again the devoir paid consisted of something more satisfying than the mere utterance of a courtly formula. Costly gifts were presented. One recalls the memorable instance associated with the performance of *Solomon's Temple*, and the *Coming of the Queen of Sheba*, at Theobald's on July 24, 1606, in honour of the King of Denmark, when, as Sir John Harrington tells us, " the lady who played the Queen's part carried precious gifts to both their Majesties, but forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset

the caskets into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, or rather into his face." In the first masque James ever saw after coming to the English throne, *The Magician of China*, given at Hampton Court on New Year's Night, 1604, the first masquer to approach the State, according to Dudley Carleton, presented to the King divers things, and among them "a jewell of 40,000 Crowns valew which the King is to buy of Peter van Lore, but that is more than every man knew, and it made a faire shew to the French ambassador's, etc., whose master would have been well pleased with such a masker's present, but not at that prise." After this, it is not surprising to learn that sundry modern Queens of Song thoughtfully provided their own bouquets. They had excellent precedent. As a rule, however, gifts of this sort were of a genuine enough order: no suspicion attaches itself, for example, to the jewelled sword presented to Prince Henry in *Tethys' Festival*, that truly noble masque given in 1610 after his installation as Prince of Wales.

Armed with this knowledge, we turn again to the masque in *The Tempest*, and what do we find? Something little short of surprising. Replying to Ceres' inquiry as to why she had been summoned, Iris says:

"A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers."

Hitherto it has been popularly supposed that the "donation" was simply Juno's and Ceres' good wishes as expressed in by no means impeccable verse. But there are indications that it took a less evanescent form. Before the two proceed to sing their benedictions, Juno says:

"How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue."

Why "go with me"? At first sight this request seems superfluous, seeing that Ferdinand and Miranda are seated quite close to the masquers. Moreover, we know that in episodical theatre masques the "going up to the State" was one of the features never imitated, incapable of imitation, indeed, because of the wholly different situation of the mimic audience. If then, Juno's request has any meaning—and, much as he was given to expatiation, Shakespeare was no waster of words—it implies that the two descended to the State and presented the Palegrave and his fiancée with some gift. From whom it came is immaterial: it was assuredly not from the players. On this showing *The Tempest*

must have been given at Whitehall on December 27, 1612, the night of the betrothal.

It is necessary to recall that there was much play-acting and masque-acting during the Palsgrave's sojourn. Between his arrival in London on October 18, 1612, and his departure to Cambridge early in the following March all the more important theatrical companies had appeared at court, and something like twenty-five or thirty plays, besides three notable masques, had been given. Dance speaks a universal language in a very agreeable tongue, and dance in drama would have been a grateful auxiliary to the imposing array of one hundred and forty retainers the Palsgrave brought in its train, most of whom knew no English. It was not without forethought, therefore, that the players largely chose for court performance at this juncture plays like *The Widow's Tears* presenting incidental masques, or like *A Winter's Tale* presenting a sort of primitive ballet.

Little time was lost in commencing the festivities. On Tuesday, October 20, the Princess invited her prospective husband to a play in the Royal Cockpit given by the players who bore her name. On November 2 she again invited him there, possibly to see the same company. In the interim there may have been other performances, but one can only treat of those definitely on record. Four days later, after a short illness, Prince Henry, the pride and hope of the nation, died. A month elapsed before his burial, and it hardly seems likely there was much, if any, play-acting at court again until Christmas, the period of the betrothal ceremony. The Prince's untimely taking off seriously upset all arrangements. The marriage did not take place until St. Valentine's Day, 1613, in all likelihood a month later than it would have done, had no such misfortune happened. Possibly Shakespeare, in writing the masque, reckoned upon an earlier date, and, as Mr. D. Wilson conjectures, at first fashioned lines 114-5 to read:—

"Offspring come to you at farthest
In the very end of harvest."

The delay consequent on Prince Henry's death would have warned him of the inappropriateness of the sentiment, and occasioned alteration to the limp and hobbling

"Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest."

W. J. LAWRENCE.

THE CASE FOR STATE PURCHASE AND CONTROL OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

A QUESTION FOR WOMEN.

THE question of drink reform is one that has always interested women, and the reason is not far to seek. It is the women and children of the country who have suffered mainly from the low standard of living caused by the excessive drinking of the wage-earner. Behind the question of puny bodies and feeble constitutions lies the question of food, warm clothing, and good housing. It is not the fashion to say this just now, but it is none the less true.

The startling number of men graded at C 3 during the war revealed our national weakness, and we must see to it that wage-reform, housing-reform, and all the reforms of which we hear so much, go hand in hand with a drastic and permanent reform of the liquor trade. The drink bill for 1918 was £259,000,000; for 1919 it is in the region of £400,000,000. That such large sums should be spent on liquor at a time when the need for economy is so pressing that our very existence as an industrial nation depends on it, is a national disgrace, and gives cause for the profoundest humiliation. Truly the fruits of peace will turn to ashes in our mouths unless the women of this country bestir themselves and make the reform of the liquor trade one of the first causes to which they devote their well-earned rights of citizenship. In the past, reform of any lasting or permanent nature has been practically impossible, not only because of the organised strength of the trade, which is not to be over-rated, but because of the apathy and self-indulgence of the people. Women, the mothers and protectors of the race, have inherently a greater capacity for self-sacrifice than men, and if ever they realise that sacrifice of any sort is demanded of them in the matter, it will be given without hesitation. Women are also less prejudiced than men on the subject; they have no preconceived theories; they have not yet committed themselves for, or against, State purchase, neither have they pledged themselves to the party system. Also, I think it may be said that they have had little to do with the policy of the United Kingdom Alliance, or with the Trade Defence Association—two bodies that have done more to hinder legislative reform than all the men in the street. The man in the street, however, is a formidable

opponent; one has only to watch him when the subject is discussed, and at once it is obvious that he wants no interference, as he would call it. Things as they are are good enough for him. It is as hard to fight against this solid lump of immovability and prejudice as it is to convince our most active opponents. In dealing with the subject of State purchase and control, it may be well to remind ourselves that at one time, a little over two hundred years ago, beer was sold as freely as bread. No charge was made for the privilege of selling it, and only when the ale-houses became, in the fifteenth century, a centre for "unlawful games" were any restrictions imposed. These restrictions were purely for the purpose of facilitating police supervision. Hence we note that at an early date ale-houses necessitated State regulations, and we note further that, simultaneously with restriction, summary powers of suppression were given to the Justices of the Peace. In 1710 the first licence duty of 1s. was imposed on the licensed 'victuallers' annual ale licence, and, in course of the century, it was increased by subsequent additions to two guineas, these stamp duties being imposed for revenue purposes. Early in the following century the stamp duty was abolished, and an excise duty not exceeding four guineas per annum, later reduced to three guineas per annum, was made.

During the nineteenth century the value of the trade increased by leaps and bounds; again and again various public bodies called the attention of the Government of the day to the fact that, in view of the great increase in the value of public-houses, the existing taxation was entirely inadequate. The Select Committee on Public Houses in 1853 showed that the grant of a spirit licence was frequently equivalent to a gift of hundreds, if not of thousands, of pounds. In 1871 Mr. Bruce, later Lord Aberdare, made an effort to secure to the State some of the profits of what had already become a very wealthy monopoly; his Bill, however, shared the fate of numberless measures on the same subject, and it was eventually withdrawn. The licensing system as it obtains to-day dates from 1880, when Mr. Gladstone created the present full publican's licence under which the licensee is entitled to sell any kind of alcoholic liquor for "on" and "off" consumption, thus doing away with the separate ale, wine, and spirit licences. The licence charge varies according to the rateable value of the licensed premises, and ranges from £4 10s. to £60 per annum. Since that date no addition has been made in the charge for licences, and the slow process of restriction during the last forty years, coupled with the yearly increasing sum of money spent on drink, has enormously enhanced the value of existing public-houses. In comparing the years 1881 with 1908, we gain some

idea as to one of the results of restriction. In the year ending March, 1881, the year succeeding Mr. Gladstone's revision of the license duties, 96,727 licences were granted in the United Kingdom. In 1908, twenty-seven years later, 89,493 were granted, showing a decrease of 7,234 during that time. The drink bill, however, for the respective years increased by £21,478,200. This large additional sum passing through the coffers of the existing public-houses naturally increased their value very considerably. In spite of this, however, the basis of taxation remains the same as in 1880. From 1880 to 1900 the Trade prospered and strengthened its position. Early in the 'nineties many of the private breweries were turned into companies which bought up the large majority of public-houses in England and Wales. The brewers thus became their own distributing agents and the license-holders their servants, whose interest it was to push the sale of their goods. From a business point of view this was a very astute piece of policy. The sum of two-hundred million pounds was invested in the trade, thus enabling it to extend its business and at the same time to broaden the basis of self-interest. Mr. Balfour's Bill of 1904, in which the annual licence was practically made a continuous property, strengthened the position of the Trade still further. Side by side, however, with the growth and power of the liquor traffic there sprang up from the middle of the last century societies of all kinds determined to struggle against what was now recognised as a gigantic evil. Rumours of Prohibition in America fanned the flame of enthusiasm, and a large number of the temperance societies limited their activities to procuring pledges of total abstinence in the hope that by this means the country would eventually become teetotal. That day is still awaited. Thousands, nay millions, of pledges have been signed, and the drink bill to-day stands in the neighbourhood of four hundred million pounds annually. The temperance societies have done a great work by what we may call preventive methods and in calling the attention of the public unceasingly to the far-reaching results of excessive drinking. They have, however, during the sixty to seventy odd years of their existence never produced and carried through any sound piece of legislative reform. The opportunity of remedying this comes to them to-day. It took a European War to galvanise our Government into effective activity with regard to the licensing laws of the country, but, when it did so, startling and perhaps unexpected results attended its effort. In view of our war experiences, it can no longer be said that the law cannot make a man sober. It can and did. Within a week of the outbreak of the war the Navy and Army authorities claimed and obtained new powers over the

liquor traffic in naval and military areas. Before a month had passed the licensing justices were given additional powers in regulating the sale of drink. In February, 1915, Mr. Lloyd George, in his famous speech at Bangor, referred to the "lure of the drink" as being the chief cause for the delay and hold-up of munitions. He told us also that drink was a greater peril to our country than the German submarine. In war on such a colossal scale everyone must work at the highest point of efficiency, and efficiency was breaking down because of drink. When a man drinks in time of peace his wife and family suffer, and the wastage of labour is his own concern. During the war it was discovered that no man's concern was his own; it was the concern of the State, and wastage of labour was a serious loss to the nation. In 1915 and 1916 drink retarded and hampered the output of munitions, it hampered and hindered the transport of troops, it delayed the repairing and building of battleships, orders that should have been on the rail by a certain date were not there. At last the nation awoke. It was indeed time for the State to control the liquor traffic. What was to be done? A section of the public, backed by the *Spectator*, urged prohibition; those, however, who were in close and intimate contact with the workshops of the country deemed this impracticable. It is an open secret that Mr. Lloyd George urged Mr. Asquith's Cabinet in 1915 to bring in a Bill for State Purchase and Control of the Trade. The Cabinet rejected the proposal, but the principle of the elimination of private interest in the sale of liquor lived on in the Liquor Control Board established in May, 1915. The Board was given far-reaching powers. It was enabled to control the sale of liquor in any area, defined by an Order in Council, upon evidence being supplied that "it is expedient for the purpose of the successful prosecution of the present war that the sale and supply of intoxicating liquor . . . should be controlled by the State." It was enabled also to suppress entirely the sale of liquor in a defined area if evidence justified the step, and it was enabled to purchase "any licensed or other premises or business in the area, or any interest therein." It is the experiment undertaken under this last clause with which we are mainly concerned. When once the sale of liquor is in the hands of the State, the inducement of the private individual to sell as much drink as possible is gone. It was this elimination of private interest in the sale of drink that worked the Carlisle miracle.

The sole purpose of the Liquor Control Board was to conduct the sale of liquor to the best interests of the public. It at once set to work on a bold policy of restriction. Among other reforms the hours for the sale of liquor were reduced from nineteen and a

half (pre-war hours in the Metropolitan area) to five and a half hours, for consumption on the premises. Treating was prohibited, spirits were diluted, and the hawking of liquor forbidden. But in many overcrowded areas it was practically impossible to see that restrictions were observed. To expect ready acquiescence on the part of a trade whose business it is at all costs to sell, and obedience on the part of a thirsty public waiting to buy, was to expect too much of human nature. At every point restriction was checked by the interests and supposed rights of the license-holder. The effort to lessen consumption of liquor, and the desire on the part of the license-holder to sell as much as possible, produces, and always will produce, a condition of perpetual antagonism. In Carlisle and the district restriction entirely failed. At the call of the Ministry of Munitions, ten to twelve thousand workers poured into Carlisle, preceded by ten to twelve thousand navvies, who were engaged in building a large munition factory in the neighbourhood. The housing problem at once became acute, every room being used as a bedroom and the occupants turned out into the street until bed-time. No wonder the streets of the quiet little town of Carlisle became a bedlam. A writer tells us that all the places of entertainment were packed and overcrowded every night. "Men fought like beasts; fierce fights raged round the doors of the public-houses. The diminished police force were unable to cope with the situation. Almost every alley was littered with drunken men." It was time for drastic action. In June, 1916, the Liquor Control Board decided to take the traffic into its own hands, for the policy of restriction under private ownership had broken down. Early in the year licensed premises had already been taken over by the Board in one or two of the surrounding villages. In July of the same year the State purchase area was extended and Carlisle included. The following year the breweries and licensed premises of five hundred square miles, with a war-time population of one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, came under the State purchase and control scheme. With what results? State purchase is of itself no panacea for the evils of excessive drinking. But State purchase, acting in the best interests of the public, has proved itself the one remedy for a condition of affairs which was rapidly sapping the virility of our nation. The Board immediately appointed managers of the public-houses who were paid fixed salaries; in the majority of cases these managers were the former license-holders, most of whom loyally supported the aims of the Board. Up to the end of 1918, of the total of two hundred and twenty-seven "off" and "on" licences in the State purchase area, a hundred and four had been suppressed as redundant or undesir-

able. I will call the attention of those who place their faith in Mr. Balfour's Bill of 1904 for the reduction of public-houses to the fact that it took ten years—from 1905 to 1915—to reduce the public-houses in Carlisle by eighteen. All advertisements were abolished; no spirits were sold to young people under eighteen. No spirits were sold on Saturdays. Sunday closing was enforced, and many other sweeping reforms established, for which we have worked in the past in vain. Many structural improvements were made, and the public-houses became decently conducted places of refreshment. Almost at once there was a marked improvement in public order. State purchase and control began in July, 1916, and a steady drop in the number of convictions for drunkenness began. The following table gives the monthly figures of convictions for drunkenness at the Carlisle City Police Court for six years:—

	1913	1914	1915 ¹	1916	1917	1918
January ...	21	23	12	51	53	11
February...	19	19	13	73	63	18
March ...	13	20	13	89	48	7
April ...	13	16	12	98	31	9
May ...	22	31	12	114	20	5
June ...	24	29	10	139	14	3
July ...	20	27	9	91	14	0
August ...	18	26	11	46	20	3
September ...	22	28	15	62	14	4
October ...	13	22	35	87	16	4
November ...	20	14	59	55	15	4
December ...	23	20	76	78	12	12
	337	275	277	963	320	80

On February 2nd, 1920, the Chief Constable of Carlisle reported to the licensing sessions that he attributed the continuance of sobriety in the local area almost entirely to the system under which intoxicants are sold in connection with the schemes of the Liquor Control Board. It is noticeable that the number of convictions for drunkenness are very much lower for the years 1918 and 1919 than for the pre-war years, though, in considering these figures, allowance must be made for the shortage of beer and spirits. The activities of the Liquor Control Board cease in June, 1920, and already under pressure from the trade unions and the Trade the spiritless week-end and Sunday closing have been revoked, and all over the country the loosening of restrictions has resulted in increased drunkenness. We cannot let the

(1) For the first nine months in 1915 the figures show a marked reduction owing doubtless to the exodus of men from the city and the restrictions of the Liquor Control Board. With the influx of munition workers in the autumn of 1915 the restrictions broke down.

resulting wastage of life and labour continue. What has been done in Carlisle can be done throughout the United Kingdom. There will be many objections. It will be said that we cannot afford to buy out the trade. The Advisory Committee which was constituted in 1915 to inquire into the financial aspects of State purchase reported unanimously that State purchase was not only practicable, but simple of achievement. Later, in 1917, when this scheme was considered by the War Cabinet, three other expert Committees, one for each division of the United Kingdom, were appointed to inquire into and report upon the terms on which the trade could be bought by the State. All three Committees reported the financial practicability of State purchase, and estimated that it will cost two hundred million pounds to buy the Trade in England and Wales, and in the neighbourhood of four hundred million for the whole of the United Kingdom. There are many who will say that these large sums cannot be produced. The Committee, however, point out that no large sum of money will be needed. It is proposed that the price be paid in Government stock, the interest on which will be provided from the profits of the trade, the stock being redeemable in from thirty to forty years. There are others who oppose State purchase on the ground that to drink alcoholic liquor is in itself sin. This view obtains very generally in Nonconformist circles, and to my personal knowledge is practically universal in Welsh Nonconformist circles. To those who object conscientiously on this score there would appear to be no answer. They go, in my judgment, far beyond any teaching to be found in the New Testament; but for the man who holds this point of view there is nothing more to be said: He is an Abolitionist, and cannot make any effort to reform what is in itself sin. There are others, again, who, while not holding such strong views, are anxious lest the nation should be involved in the traffic. But the nation is already involved. The State obtains between sixty to a hundred million annually in revenue from the trade, and no one can avoid participating in the purposes to which this sum is applied.

Of one thing we may be quite certain: we cannot afford to see the drink bill of the country mounting up to yet more millions; we cannot afford the wastage of labour, of child-life, of enfeebled bodies, that we have so long ignored. We cannot, in short, afford to leave the sale of liquor in the hands of those who are encouraged to push the sale by a trade that is obliged to make as large a profit out of it as possible. The scheme for State purchase has the support of the Labour Party; and in November of last year two hundred delegates of Trade Union and Labour organisations in the Carlisle area passed a resolution urging "all Labour

Parties and Trade Councils to press for the extension of the principle of State ownership and control to the whole country, subject to such modification in administration as experience may have shown to be necessary." It is also the policy which the Prime Minister advocates as a permanent solution of a grave social problem. It is, indeed, the only policy which provides a practical solution of the difficulty and at the same time settles it on terms equitable to the Trade.

The *Times* recently referred to the important and silent body of voters—the women. To those whose memories carry them back a few short years, this from the *Times* is not without humour. But let that pass. The *Times* is right, only it omitted to mention another silent force waiting to emerge into political activity—the demobilised men. In pre-war days the ordinary man had few political ideas and no desire for social reform at all. It is a very different thing now. Let the men and women of this country unite in a determination to bring about the State purchase of the liquor trade as a stepping-stone to the more easy accomplishment of many other long-desired reforms. If this is done the new era will be one of such progress as to repay us even for the immeasurable cost of the war. The task will not be easy; but we need not fear failure if we weave into the warp and woof of our national life those lessons of determination and self-sacrifice, taught us during the past years of anxiety and sorrow.

BEATRICE PICTON-TURBERVILL.

MARY ROSE, THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED, AND THE SKIN GAME.

"MARY ROSE! Mary Rose!" The agonised cry of the bereaved husband fades away upon the darkness, and in our throats an unwanted lump rises. Mary Rose! Mary Rose! None who have seen will ever forget the sweetness and grave elfin grace that hangs about her. None will come away from the spectacle of her tragedy without exaltation and the feeling of dross purged from his heart.

"The Lowlands and the Highlands of the unforgotten Islands
The Islands of the Blessed and the rest they cannot find."

Who has not sought for them in dreams and waking hours? Who has not seemed at moments to be on the point of stepping through the veil that surrounds us, and finding at once reality and peace from the turbid phantasmagoria of this world by—by what? By a charm, a formula, a trick, or by the faith that can move mountains or alter a seated outlook on life. The Easterns believe that long reflection and abstinence from fleshly delights bring man to the edge of the great discovery. Europeans and Americans prefer short cuts and pin their hopes on automatic writing and the professional medium's apparatus. The craving that attempts to find an outlet through the planchette is at the bottom of the popularity of all tales of the unknown. Put on the magic cap, and you shall voyage with the winds to Soria Moria Castle. Sit with Sir Purun Dass on a hillside for twenty years, and the veil may be lifted. Alice melting through the Looking-glass is every man searching for the beyond. This is the endless theme which Sir James Barrie has taken for his play, *Mary Rose*, and worked out with a new strength and a nobility that mark a period in a literary career as full of interest as any of our day.

"Peter Pan—or the Boy who Wouldn't Grow Up." That was another facet of the crystal into which all men love to gaze. Eternal youth was the light in which its author then saw the world; youth the all-conquering, that robs homes of their happiness, fathers and mothers of their children, with the carelessness that is its essence. This idea still haunts him; but whereas then it transported life to a boundless playground whence in the end all returned to good cheer, now it comes in the guise of a destructive force tearing souls to pieces, wounding and terrifying in its wild course, and allayed only by deep love and understanding, which yet is powerless to repair the damage wrought. The happiness of the quiet Morland family, immersed in the daily round of fair Sussex, chequered only by the affectionate squabble of old cronies over their hobbies, is no more respected by the torrent than is the boisterous, practical virtue of Simon Blake, the true-hearted sailor who rises to be a great captain in the British Navy. When the call comes, Mary Rose, loving

daughter, wife, and mother, sinks into the infinite, recking not and knowing nothing of the disaster behind her.

The story of the play is by now too widely known to need exposition here. Its action covers over thirty years and, like *Romance* (if the ridiculous may be classed with the sublime) and like *Milestones*, shows us the life of more than one generation. And this is strange: was the author aware of it or not, some thirty years ago the very thing that he relates happened in fact, if credible people may be believed, though the place of the event was not in Scotland, but in Norway. There seems appropriateness in the new scene. There is a kinship between the mystic imagination of the Norse and of the Scotch, and if things beyond our ken may take place, if magic exists, then what has happened in the Norwegian fiords may surely happen in a loch in the Outer Hebrides. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy"; and the audience attest the extent to which they live in imagination the life of the play by their noticeable disinclination to chatter between the acts. I have heard it said that *Mary Rose* is unreal. To me, I confess, what gives the play its peculiarly poignant quality is exactly its reality. For this doubtless the dramatist's art is in the first place responsible. There is no need to believe in enchanted islands, or in "them"—the "they," whom with a touch of universal truth the Highland boatman refuses otherwise to name—in order to feel the reality of Mary Rose's fate. Even before we see her, the note of impending doom is struck. The first sign of her, the voice coming from nowhere, as it seems, like a fairy bell breaking the still air, in answer to the fun her father prophetically pokes at telephones, makes the spectator sit more rigidly in his chair in the theatre than Mr. Morland in the play. He is but mildly surprised, till Mary Rose calls out that she is in the apple-tree outside the window: we take the act of unseen presence as an omen. Dexterously, without emphasis, the impression is given of something about her that is "not chancy," as the boatman later says. Her mother describes her as a flower touched by a late frost; it is not said, but we feel that she is, as it were, apart, withdrawn from the common human tides, a thing marked, almost consecrated. A similar atmosphere hangs round Ellida in *The Lady from the Sea*, to which *Mary Rose* has interesting points of resemblance. The family of neither knows quite, as the saying is, how to take them. There is one subject with them that is taboo, and reticence of this sort always has a warping effect. It makes no difference that Mary Rose is not herself conscious of reticence, or even of the existence of the subject, whereas Ellida knows well; the effect of her surroundings, if more delicate, is none the less deep. The life of the *Lady from the Sea* is warped: of *Mary Rose* it is perhaps more true that a gulf is fixed between her and those who love her. We, who witness through the author's eyes, know that their belief in its having closed is ill-founded, and we await with hearts that almost fear to beat the moment when it will open and swallow them all. In this Ibsen is, kinder than our own

playwright, for his inspiring optimism gives us from the first confidence that, some dreadful accident apart, the mystic tangle in which Ellida is caught will unravel and she escape to life and happiness. Barrie, on the contrary, despite his tenderness and the ripple of laughter that illuminates the surface, never gives us hope of salvation on this plane. In both dramas the sea, symbol of eternal unrest, plays a similar, yet different part.

The moving waters at their priest-like task

Of pure ablution round earth's human shores

form the background of each. It is from the sea that the Stranger comes; it is the sea that haunts Ellida and gives her visions; it is from the sea that the Island came—"people say it was not always here"—and it is to the sea that Mary Rose's boy, Harry, runs away, thus completing the desolation of the family. But with Ibsen, when the weird force of beauty and impersonal cruelty materialises, its charm is spent and avails not against the strength of the human soul. Here it is triumphant: it takes to itself in order to destroy, and it gives back only to fulfil destruction yet more completely. As far as this life is concerned, the inspiration of *Mary Rose* is pessimism.

Nowhere is this more clearly seen than in the opening of the last act. Grief has been smoothed by years. Time, the best medicine, has effaced from the minds of the mother and father the keenness of their loss. We see them, especially him, with minds filled in the sere of life by the small events of day to day; we smile at the pretty little humbugging with which the old lady (though somehow both are older than seventy years make people in life) cajoles the old man into the comforts that an uneasy mind would make him renounce. The picture is exquisite and the truth of the woman's greater constancy is felt. The husband, too, a man in his prime, grizzled with work, has passed beyond his suffering on the path of usefulness and ambition. Mary Rose, who was snatched from their world by "them" who rule the Island of Enchantment, has her place in memory alone. Then suddenly Mary Rose comes back. But what a coming back! Not of joyous reunion, nor of love tearfully renewed. Parents and husband have moved onwards in the world and changed with it. She, type of something finer, unconscious embodiment of the

Aspiration of the creature towards the unity of nature,

has remained as she was, and what she finds is to her as far removed from reason as she herself is to them. Love, hope, devotion, all that man holds best, is shown to be fleeting and defenceless against the march of time and circumstance, but dust and bitter ashes. It would be a horrible scene, were it not unrolled with incomparable gentleness. Very painful is the old man's inability to face the naked fact, his pathetic attempt to seek refuge in his own rooted, slender interests; and most of all, when he is torn from them, the question that is a cry of the very entrails, "Oh, do you think she should have come back?"

If in this scene the audience has need of superlative test on the author's part, in that which follows he has need of it for himself. To handle a real ghost upon the stage is a test for the finest qualities; but to make that ghost almost corporeal, to give it substance and muscles to use a knife, and yet not overstep the bounds of verisimilitude, might well seem to court failure. One word too much or come tardy off, and all would be lost; yet the wand is waved so dexterously that there is no mistaking this strange intermingling of spirit and flesh for anything but truth. The scene rings as true as that exquisite piece of writing, the end of the *Tankerville Ghost*; and if Sir James Barrie cannot quite vie with the magic of Oscar Wilde's language, it must be said that he set himself a harder task, for Wilde's entrance into the garden of beauty from the paradox of farcical ghostland affords a contrast that is a lure to the imagination: the author of *Mary Rose* has to emerge from a moment of exaltation after which the slightest clumsy step would create an irresistible stimulus to nervous laughter. He has done more than avoid it. He has done what perhaps Wilde's lovely fancy suggested but did not carry out, and depicted for us the psychology of the spirit severed from its body. Like the old people in Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*, we see it summoned to converse with the living by the force of thought; like them it lives in memory, but with this difference, that we see it subject to change and decay. Oh, wonder: Mary Rose, who in life was changeless, can grow old after death, and tired, and forgetful of the object for which she was searching. Alas, poor ghost! Thus is the last illusion slain: here is no flattering unction of communion with the dead, but rather a glimpse of portals closed beyond hope. The final call to the island of the blessed and the rest she cannot find comes in answer to the love of her son whom she sought and, having found, could not recognise. And we who have suffered with her find in her departure the catharsis of feelings that have been raised and troubled.

Mary Rose has the acting that it deserves. Where English acting is at its best it would be invidious to discriminate. Mr. Robert Loraine, portraying two generations and three ages, has the lion's share and the hardest part. It is safe to say that no other living English actor could acquit himself so well. There is none who has his gift of simple naturalness combined with strength. He never tries to avoid difficulties by the use of the fallacious diminuendo too common nowadays, but plays out his climaxes for all they are worth, with an ease and a justice that are a testimony to the soundness of his theatrical schooling, and particularly pleasing to those who remember with affection the work of William Terriss on the stage. The unaffectedness of his playing makes every moment live; his sincerity at the crucial point when *Mary Rose* returns, an unearthly immortelle, to her husband, now a middle-aged, successful sailor, might be taken as a model by all actors. Miss Compton, as

she adds an inward conviction that gives promise of serious distinction. Two others of the company will increase their reputation by their work in the play—Mr. Norman Forbes, who is rarely seen in so moving a part, and rendered Mr. Morland with a delicacy and depth of which only a real artist is capable, and Mr. Ernest Theisger. His part of Cameron, the Highland crofter's son and aspirant for the presbytery, is one of its author's peculiarly delightful figures. He has indeed the most telling lines, which cause the house to rock with laughter, but delivers them with a gravity that is delightful in itself.

Only one spot invites the caviller—the part of Mr. Amy. This is no reflection on the acting of Mr. Arthur Whitby, breathlessly charming as always, but rather an expression of regret that the dramatist yielded to the temptation, or felt the necessity, of introducing comic relief not arising out of the plot. True, it is demanded by the picture, but it is impossible not to feel that the hand which makes laughter spring so naturally from the essential components of Act II., instinct though they are with menace and fear, could, had he wished, have produced the same result in other parts of his canvas by means more welded into the substance of the theme. As it is, a feeling is left as though, having overcome its supreme difficulties, he had wearied and thrown in Mr. Amy's pleasant quirks and bickerings, without troubling as to their artificial appearance in a play otherwise conspicuous for absence of artifice. But for that the composition of *Mary Rose* might be pronounced wellnigh perfect. If it may be said without offence, Sir James Barrie has here wholly avoided the taint of mawkishness that discriminating admirers have sometimes found hard to bear. *Mary Rose* is beyond doubt his highest achievement so far. It is, in a way, his *Die Versunkene Glocke*; less deep and less poetic, but not inferior to Hauptmann's masterpiece in emotional power, while *Mary Rose* herself is brought closer than Rautendelein to mankind by an intimacy that yet does not make her less close to the stars. And he has done this noteworthy thing: he has written a tragedy that attracts thousands of after-dinner playgoers and sends them away in laughter and in tears, not knowing whether it pleased them more to laugh with Pan or to weep with the nymphs.

The body of Ohnet's *Le Maître de Forges*,
 A smack of the wit of the classic Berr (Georges),
 A squirt of *Still Waters*, a spice of Sutro
 In the *Choice* that he makes to blow down Jericho,
 Belugin's *Jeniba*, and Marcel Prevost—
 Take of these elements all that is fusible,
 Boil them all down in a pipkin or crucible,
 Then take off the scum and you have, if you need,
 H. M. Harwood's receipt for Faith's *Mustard Seed*.

Political plays, unless they beat the patriotic drum like *King John* or, like *The Critic*, are satirical burlesque, suffer from the disadvantage that their politics are seldom believable. In so far as they are

real, politics owe their reality to their being actual; on the stage or novels they cannot be actual, therefore they seem unreal. Mr. Harwood's Garibaldi of housing reform, courted by a Tory Government in search of a new shirt to cover its nakedness, remains a misty figure despite the considerable amount of detail thrown in to document the political situation. Mr. Belloc's extravaganzas are more real, just because of their extravagance. No one believes Dolly, in *A Change in the Cabinet*, to be an actual person; therefore he carries conviction. The very pains that Mr. Harwood takes to give actuality to Jerry Weston, M.P., reduce him to fantasy, and because there is nothing fantastic about him he never gets beyond being a figment.

The Grain of Mustard Seed takes for its subject the single-minded idealist versus the place politician. Weston, who has made a fortune out of Pongo Patent Pap for infants, is bent on proving the greatness of faith—"patent foods or politics are all the same," he says; "they are both a question of faith." His method is that of a bull at a gate. The middle-class manufacturer, of course, dishes the aristocrats. Victory at the polls over Lord Henry Markham's wire-pulling is crowned by the conquest of Marjorie Corbett's affections, a young lady who steps straight out of *Les Demi-Vierges*, and this synthesis of Georges Ohnet and Marcel Prevost is brought up to date by the author's adoption of Chehov's formula, excluding the use of the climax. Chehov, however, among other assets, has emotional climaxes under the surface to make up for his renunciation of action, and, failing to give us these, Mr. Harwood's calculated incompleteness leaves the mind unsatisfied. Marcel Prevost's heroine besides has a motive for her conduct. She adores Subersaut, and she is poor. Marjorie has no passion for her lover, though her virtue is easier than Maud's, and her family is obviously rich. It would seem that she has no compelling reason to accept the hand of a parvenu, with whom she has nothing in common, unless it be to provide a cloak for her relations with the young man or an excuse for breaking them off. But when both these motives are carefully excluded, the situation, starting from an action that is without cause, lacks the fundamental materials for development into the acute mental struggle that at one moment was foreshadowed. The truth is that in so far as Mr. Harwood's play springs from the theme of maidenhood deflowered, it could not have been written at all but for our fatuously prolonged censorship. Mr. Harwood, too, evidently determined to épater les bourgeois. He intends us to gasp when a young lady of society says that she has been somebody's mistress. Now if the censorship did not still in many cases prevent the discussion of sexual matters in the form of drama, a rising author and genuine devotee of the stage would not have been led to use for incidental purposes a motive that demanded more elaborate treatment. Had he dealt with it thoroughly, it would have strained the slight framework of his play to breaking point. As it is, a combination of artifice and sketchiness results, in which the play is reduced to the level of parliamentary backchat. Many of the epigrams are clever, but a

plethora of epigram is like all salt and no egg. Mixed pickles are good with beef, but taken alone make a windy meal. Moreover, under the direction of Mr. Norman McKinnel, mountainous in sentiment as in person, the acting is anything but epigrammatic. Mr. Fred Kerr, a ripe favourite, could not be other than smooth and neat in the part of Lord Arthur, but even he cannot escape the general stiffness that undiluted flippancy entails. When he is not on the stage, as in Act II, sc. 1, the feeling of "Now, let's all be very faring and witty" evaporates and leaves a dank void. The rest are strenuous in their effort not to be guilty of any acting inconsistent with drawing-room, one, might almost say, back-drawing-room, standards. "Do you really believe," says one of the characters, "that the war has changed us all so much?" One thing it has certainly not changed is Mr. McKinnel's custom of wearing collars that appear too tight for him. This may look a triviality, but it is impossible for a man whose neck is unnaturally confined in starch to deliver spacious sentiments with effect. Mr. McKinnel's one piece of good rant, where Weston denounces the caucus game, seemed as constricted as his Adam's apple; perhaps it was as well, for a genuine explosion might have played havoc with Mr. Harwood's *vade mecum* for politicians. On the social side of the picture, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt is equally unhappy. To an atmosphere of nice dresses and a nice country cottage her habit, apparently inveterate, of using her hand like a poker is uncongenial. The stage is art, not life, and to move on it an art in itself. Juxtaposition with two such elegant movers as Miss Grace Lane and Miss Mabel Terry Lewis is perhaps unkind to Miss Nesbitt; but in any case her favourite "flopping," in Jerry Cruncher's word, is not a compensation for unfledged deportment.

"What was the war fought for?" asks Mr. Harwood's politician painter. "Ah, there you 'ave me," retorts the chauffeur who was in Mesopotamia. If Mr. Harwood had turned his question to the drama he might have done much to perfect a work which contains too many good things for us not to regret its lack of some essential to artistic success. *The Grain of Mustard Seed* pleases the public; but that will not be enough for so genuine a craftsman as Mr. Harwood. His earlier plays excel the present; and I have enough of the faith that he predicates of success in politics to expect him to outdo it by far in the future.

The Skin Game, by Mr. John Galsworthy, is very different metal from the two plays we have been considering. If it resembles *Major Gore* in its deep seriousness, it is unlike both Sir James Barricade and Mr. Harwood by reason of the intense actuality of its theme. Not that it apes the fitting moment by allusions to the post-war period in which we live, but it is of our life as we know it, showing human, English beings at loggerheads, and the result of their struggle and squabble affecting life and happiness. The play is

noteworthy in many respects. It has, for one thing, the great merit of improving as it goes on. Act II. is better than Act I., Act III. immeasurably better than Act II. Then it is unexpected. We are accustomed by a hundred plays, among them Mr. Harwood's, to see the fine gentleman scored off, the old giving way to the new, wealth and native ability besting tradition; here it is the aristocrat who wins. the old traditions that stand up to fast bowling and knock the upstart out of the field. Viewed all round, the aristocrat, type of the county family whom Mr. Galsworthy loves to portray, is a better man than the manufacturing intruder: kinder, less selfish, inspired by a higher standard of charity than his opponent. The final insult, "Hypocrite!" that the beaten Hornblower hurls at Mr. Hillcrist, as he flings out of the latter's home that he tried to make unbearable, and out of the neighbourhood that he wanted to commercialise, is unjust, not only towards the squire, though the taunt moves his soft heart to tears—"I never could hate properly," he explains—but even towards the squire's wife, whose steely determination formed the rampart on which Hornblower's bounce and malicious pushfulness broke. She used a cruel and wicked weapon when she forced his hand by threatening to reveal a shameful secret in his daughter-in-law's past; and had Hornblower's *entreprise* been governed by motives of a business character, there would obviously be nothing to be said for her. It is recognised that to use private weapons in a business quarrel is disgraceful, the more so if they are directed against a woman; but Hornblower's motive in the first instance was to have revenge for the slight Mrs. Hillcrist put on his son's wife, Chloe, in not calling on her. He admits that he could put up his factory in another place than just opposite Hillcrist's windows, and his obstinacy in choosing this site was due to his desire to drive a family who had socially ignored him out of the home to which they had been attached for generations. Mrs. Hillcrist cannot therefore be wholly condemned for the hard, even usurious, want of scruple with which she defends her own, or for riposting with a stroke that deals ruin, perhaps death, to a young woman whose history when known certainly shows her to be dubious company for decent people. For Chloe had in former days frequented "the promenade," presumably at the Empire of ancient fame, and was used by shady solicitors as a professional means for proving misconduct in collusive divorce proceedings. Chance puts the knowledge into Mrs. Hillcrist's hands, and she uses it with devastating effect.

The Skin Game is remarkable also for this, that Mr. Galsworthy has at last found himself as a dramatist. There is still something of his special minor catechism, both in the tiresome harping on the name (do any people really label their own actions and refer every step in them to the label?), and in the moralising Hillcrist girl, who is not saved from being a bore by Miss Meggie Albanesi's breezy personality. The reiterated symbolism of the chimneys and the fields sticks a little in the throat, and there are moments when you

happier than that Mr. Galsworthy is going back to the crude effects of contrast that formed the essentially melodramatic basis of *Sister Bos*, *Strife*, and *Justice*. But, whether consciously or not, the plot has got hold of him, once he is fairly started he cannot stop pure drama and holds you breathless and palpitating in his grasp. Some trammels that restrained Mr. Galsworthy seem to have fallen off, and when we see Chloe at grips with the pursuivants set loose on her by her loving father-in-law's ferocity against her neighbours, we realise with joy that we have to do with an author who will not run away from his big scenes, but will give free scope to the opposing passions that burst forth from the clash of irreconcilable characters and interests. The drama is worked out to the uttermost, with sound logic from its premises, and there is no one in the theatre who does not cry in his heart, "This is right, this is the real thing!"

Curiously enough, there is one point which suggests that Mr. Galsworthy feared to make insufficient use of the materials in his hand. In a powerful scene in Chloe's room, on the evening after the auction where Hornblower has defeated Hillerist in their fight for the property needed to complete his plans, a scene excellently contrived and staged, the terrified young woman appeals to Hillerist's agent, who has collected the evidence against her. She offers him anything to let her off—her money, her pearls, herself. The argument was played with affecting intensity by Miss Mary Clare, who was seconded by Mr. George Elton; but the edge of it was taken off by the knowledge of the lady's-maid being concealed behind the curtain, in whose interest the maid was spying, by whom paid, and to what purpose, was never revealed. She can only have been put in by Mr. Galsworthy to justify the agent's protestation in the last act that he has not split upon Chloe, and that the Hornblowers' establishment and all the village are talking of her shame. But a maid cannot be presumed to spy and risk, and in this case receive, without motive; and the motives here were unexpressed, and Mr. Galsworthy wished to throw in a page from *Mirrored*, or *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre*, just to give atmosphere to the picture of the browbeating nonconformist family. But the scene of Chloe and Hornblower, from their mutually incompatible positions, with Dawker and Mrs. Hillerist, is too poignant for the suggestion of this unsubstantiated reptilian creature, whose existence, unless for the play, was exaggerated by the Mephistophelian of her impersonatrix. Circumstantial touches are not enough to give the fierceness of the dramatic flame. On the other hand, the play might have allowed us more such at the opening of the first act. All we see, the Hillerists and the Hornblowers live in a world, and have no concerns outside scotching one another. We hear of the Duke and of Miss Mullins, but they are mere blackboards: "Here is a Duke; there a spinster," as the Elizabethans set up placards for scenery and informed the audience that

they must imagine forests and ships. It is unnatural that in the acrimoniousness of a struggle involving the wellbeing of the whole neighbourhood, other representatives of county society should not be at hand with sympathy and advice for their champion against so formidable an assailant. The Hillcrists seem only to exist in the single moment on which attention is concentrated. Dumas, say, or Sir Arthur Pinero with a few concise strokes would have drawn a wider picture to show the general interests at stake; the omission to do so suggests that in Mr. Galsworthy the dramatist has not yet quite vanquished the hot gossipier of reform. The deeper though less exciting impression made with far slighter means by Chehov, treating substantially the same theme in *The Cherry Orchard*, is largely due to his inspiring belief in the completeness of his characters' personalities.

In the fierce battle that swings this way and that and seems undecided till almost the end, the protagonists are Mrs. Hillcrist, an intensely vital character, and Hornblower. Miss Helen Haye gave a strong performance of the woman standing not so much for rights of a class as for a standard, albeit a narrow one, of conduct. "We're better people than these Hornblowers; they are not going to stay here, and we are," is her philosophy. Mr. Athole Stewart is a good complement to her, with just the right touch of breeding and consideration for others. Hornblower is Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Mr. Gwenn is Hornblower. No one else with us could have been so good in the part. It is difficult not to compare him with de Féraudy and *The Skin Game* with Mirbeau's *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*. Both for the actor and for the play it is high praise to say that, where there is so much resemblance, both are nevertheless entirely distinct. The French play has wider application and greater brilliance, if less human sympathy. To Mr. Gwenn it is no dispraise to say that neither does he rise to the French actor's level in breadth and subtlety. None other of our time has shown de Féraudy's genius in the composition of middle-class and working-men's characters, and of filling out an impersonation with wealth of detail, so as to create the conviction of rounded individuality. But Mr. Gwenn does very much. His sincerity is great, and his moments of concentrated passion carry us with him. He has the power that Garrick had in the supreme degree of acting with his whole body. When he is triumphant he vibrates from top to toe, and in the lassitude of defeat his muscles give way from mental weariness. He portrays perfectly Hornblower's inability to comprehend the Hillcrists' position, which renders the man's actions natural, while the absence of any trace of degeneracy in them, a remarkable feature in Mr. Galsworthy's conception, lifts the contest between them to be typical of one between distinct types of culture.

These three plays taken together justify an exhilarating view of the state of British drama. If Mr. Harwood's grasp equalled his

It would be an exceptional trio to boast of in one season. It will develop into the long-awaited dramatist of true comedy. Mr. Barrie's achievement cannot astonish anyone, though it delights all to witness the perfection to which he has brought his methods and the wider, deeper interests he is now touching. But Mr. Galsworthy both pleases and surprises. All the drama will hope for his continuance in the path of architectural construction, where his virile emotion and strong character have almost unlimited scope. There is promise in his latest escape for our highbrows from the grey, blank qualities over which the theatrical cliques of ten years ago went into ecstasies. What was to come in the future, there is much to evoke our thanks now. It is rare for critics to offer so warm a tribute of praise to three English dramatists whose works have been produced within the space of

JOHN POLLOCK.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

If we believe in the League of Nations, either as a real and intrinsically desirable force for the betterment of the world, or only as a last straw at which a foundering civilisation must clutch willy-nilly, then we must pray for the early demise of the Supreme Council. For that organisation is slowly killing its own offspring and heir. The offer of the guardianship of Armenia to the League was bad enough, for can insincerity go much further than when three Prime Ministers sit down and make an offer to themselves in another manifestation and then instruct their subordinates to reject that offer? The League was intended for a better purpose than to be the mere waste paper basket into which these three statesmen can hurl their more awkward problems. But our own Prime Minister went even further, and proceeded to use the refusal of the Council of the League to undertake a task, which he and his colleagues at San Remo had failed to empower it to undertake, as an argument against the League and in favour of the Supreme Council. The League, of course, has no power except that the nations comprising it are disposed to invest it with, and as an international authority it cannot exist side by side with the Supreme Council. The proposal to make the Supreme Council permanent is a proposal to strangle the League at birth. It is also a proposal to abandon any hope of a co-operative international order. For the Supreme Council is only an *ad hoc* committee representing the nations successful in the recent war. It possesses for the moment a semblance of omnipotence, though its reputation in that respect has been gravely shaken by its failures in Russia, Poland, Armenia, and the Adriatic. It can never possess the moral authority of an assembly including all the nations.

Moreover, the League when it achieves universality can also begin to hope for immortality. The Supreme Council cannot. It is the organ of an alliance of which no one can guarantee the permanence. At San Remo it became perfectly clear that there was a wide divergence of view between M. Millerand and Signor Nitti. There was certainly not complete unanimity between M. Millerand and Mr. Lloyd George. We must ever remember that alliances, though reinforced by sentiment, are based on a common interest. We have to think in terms not of months but of decades, and we know from past history that as the common interest disappears the community of sentiment begins to weaken. It is already becoming clear that English and French policies differ in respect of the treatment of Germany. It is the traditional Whig policy of this country, when victorious in war, not to press its advantage too far, not to imperil the reality of its success by making a recrudescence of the conflict

tain in the future. That is the view which the vast mass of the British people take of peacemaking, and judged from that angle they find the present settlement bad. French policy is different. When examining it it is one's duty to be scrupulously fair, especially if one has things to say which sound a little hard. France has suffered horribly from Germany; in reality she has suffered more from the war she has just won than from the one she lost in 1870. She is left with a vast belt of her industrial country devastated and out of action, and with an overwhelming burden of debt. And many of her leading statesmen do not believe in a future of peace. They believe in a permanent hostility of France and Germany. They desire to make the most out of the present, and to make themselves as secure as possible in a military sense in the future.

But when all that is said and admitted, they are not going the right way about it. They demand from Germany an indemnity so vast that most people believe she can in no circumstances pay it, at any rate of such dimensions that Germany would have to create so great an exportable surplus of goods that she would become by far the strongest industrial nation. From a nation so strong it would manifestly be difficult to get anything at all. France also desires to see Germany completely disarmed, but she refuses to allow the weak Ebert Government sufficient strength to disarm the half-independent Junker divisions which still exist. She needs desperately her quota of coal from Germany, yet she instantly vetoed the steps taken by the German Government to reduce to order the Ruhr district from which that coal must come. She is, in fact, trying to have it both ways on the very largest possible scale. The gravest danger of all is that there is a strong party in France, supposed to be influential in Government circles, which is quite aware of the impossibility of exacting the fulfilment of the Treaty, and which hopes to make the Germans' failure to perform their obligations an excuse for demanding the Rhine frontier. Then the Watch on the Rhine would begin again with a vengeance, and another war would be inevitable. The Prime Minister seems to be fully alive to the danger, though his position has been weakened by the pledges of the 1918 election and by the Treaty itself. But the gravest possible disservice is being done to France and to the Entente by those papers which would have the French believe that the British public will back them, against our own statesmen, if any disagreement should occur. The British Government cannot, in my opinion, begin to get things straight again until it winds up the work of the Supreme Council, which has its basis in the war and the Treaty, and refers the whole problem of the present to the League of Nations, which should be able to take a more forward-looking view.

Six years ago Sir Edward Carson strode out of the House of Commons, then engaged in discussing Home Rule, and retired to

his Cave of Adullam in Belfast. Now the wheel has come full circle and a Home Rule Bill is going through without the assistance of one single Nationalist member. It is very easy to lay the blame for everything on the impossibility of the Irish, but there must be some real reason for their refusal to accept now what they were clamouring for in 1914. One cause lies in the Bill itself, and to that I shall refer later, but the main cause is the behaviour of the Irish Executive from the moment when it endeavoured to make conscription a condition of self-government down to the present day. In point of fact our attempt at resolute government has been an ignominious failure, as it was bound to be, for a Prussian helmet does not fit the Englishman's head. We do not understand the rudiments of coercion. If we adopted the method pursued by the Germans in Belgium, Ireland would be reduced to order in a few months, if not weeks. But no British Government will adopt those methods, and the public would never permit it to do so even if it wished. The Germans would have taken hostages from among the most prominent Sinn Feiners (in point of fact the Government have got plenty to hand in their various prisons), and would have shot one or two every time a policeman was murdered. If that failed they would have burned a village here and there. But as there is very fortunately no chance of our applying the Strafford, and German, policy of "Thorough" in Ireland, we might just as well admit that coercion is bound to fail. It has failed already. Public opinion has refused to allow untried prisoners to be detained when detention involved their death, and the Government yielded, vociferating its intention to resist while the prisoners were in fact on their way through the prison gate. That decision marks the end of imprisonment without trial, because it means that every man can free himself who is willing to make himself ill. The Government have been compelled to fall back upon the course they ought to have adopted at the beginning, and to agree to submit all these cases to an independent judicial tribunal. That in turn means that they will no longer be able to imprison men simply for their opinions, as the document they tried to force Alderman O'Brien to sign proves them to have done in the past.

There will never be a chance of the better government of Ireland until Dublin Castle is purged of the fanatically Unionist element. Its traditional policy has always been that its duty is not merely to govern Ireland, but also to fight Nationalism. Unfortunately, its theory has involved the superintendence of its activities from London, which has spoiled most, though not all, of its best efforts. It has rejoiced in political imprisonments, and in treating political offenders as if they were criminals. From the famous days when Mr. Balfour was cartooned running away with Mr. O'Brien's trousers, it has been believed that the spirit of Nationalists could be broken by clothing them in broad arrows and making them eat skilly. Now

propositions about the government of Ireland must be admitted as axioms. If Ireland is governed from London, the Executive in Dublin must faithfully carry out the policy of the Cabinet at Westminster, just as any other Department of State is expected to do. It must not have independent ideas of its own. Moreover, if the policy of the Government is one of conciliation and self-government, the policy of the Executive in Dublin must not be one of irritation and infringement of the most elementary rights of the ordinary Irish citizen. As a result of its recent activities, it finds itself "confined to barracks" in Ireland, at cross-purposes with its superiors in London, and distrusted by the British public.

The second essential is that we should seriously settle down to an examination of what the Irish really want. Their demands can be summed up in two words, independence and unity. The Home Rule Bill gives them neither. The Home Rule Act, on the other hand, did at least give them the latter. To my mind the only possible solution is to offer the fullest scheme of Dominion Home Rule, which would go a good deal farther in advance of the present scheme than the present scheme does from complete union with Great Britain. The Ulster difficulty would have to be met, but such difficulties have been met in Canada with very little trouble. It could be met in this case quite sufficiently by giving the Ulster representatives in an All-Ireland Parliament the right to veto, so far as Ulster was concerned, legislation on certain specified points, such as religion, education, and discriminatory taxation. Personally, if Sinn Féin cannot be placated without, I would be quite prepared to throw in a provision that a plebiscite on the issue of total independence should be taken fifteen years after the Irish Parliament began to function, with the saving clause that Ulster would, of course, be permitted to vote herself back into union with Great Britain. That safeguard, together with the obvious economic advantages of theoretical unity with Britain, would, in my opinion, and in that of many others, be quite sufficient to prevent any vote for independence when the present bitterness had passed away, and when substantial independence had been enjoyed for a considerable period. In the meantime, until the Dublin Parliament is in operation, a council should be appointed to advise the Viceroy. It should consist of a majority of Nationalists whom the Irish trust even though they do not for the moment follow.

There is a spectre lurking at the back of the Irish question that is little talked about, especially and for very good reasons, by Sinn Féin, and that is the drift to the Left of the Irish Labour movement. It always has been extreme, and it is now more or less openly Bolshevist. Now many of the most prominent leaders of the Union, like many prominent Nationalists before them, are Conservatives in general politics. Nationalist feeling cuts across all the

ordinary political lines of cleavage, a fact which accounts for its being anathema in many advanced Labour circles. I was told the other day that Irish Labour supports Sinn Féin, partly because it is sincerely Nationalist, but also because it believes that a Soviet revolution would be very easy once a new and rather weak and divided Sinn Féin Government was in being. Moreover, it is beginning to break down the barriers between Ulster and the South. The working people of Belfast are becoming a little tired of their complete political subordination to a small group of Ulster landowners and big business men. This, of course, accounts for a good deal. It accounts, among other things, for the readiness with which the Ulster leaders have abandoned the three Nationalist Ulster counties. They would have been an awkward leaven of Irish Labour in the Ulster loaf. It may even account for the acceptance of Home Rule by the Carson party, for these, on this theory, however much they may dislike division from Britain, would be tempted to leap at the chance of creating a political barrier between the North of Ireland and the South.

I hear that a large section of the Guild Socialists in this country have been led so far astray by the success of the Soviet Government in Russia that they are adopting its tenets of the catastrophic revolution and of minority rule. If they do it will be a pity, because one of the most hopeful of the advanced schools of thought among the younger men will have to be written off by practical reformers. Very few people in England have taken the trouble to find out what Bolshevism really means. They have contented themselves with abusing it for irrelevant reasons. The Bolshevik theory and practice is based on three main propositions. First, it is maintained that an electoral system based on geographical constituencies cannot provide a sound and representative assembly. Secondly, that society has always been ruled, in fact if not in name, by a minority working in its own interests. Thirdly, that the majority is at once too apathetic to overthrow the domination of the wealthy class and too unwieldy to govern, at any rate during the transitional stage. Hence under the name of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" all the Russians have really got is the dictatorship of a small minority of politically active people. This minority subjects the mass of ordinary workers to a rigorous discipline, all, of course, for their own good. This part of the theory is really the old idea of an aristocracy of talent under another name. It has attracted political theorists in every age. It is open to two objections, which to my mind are insuperable.

In the first place the principal reason for the evolutionary success of democracy, by which I mean for the moment majority rule, is not so much its greater fairness in comparison with any other system, but its greater stability. Monarchs may be overthrown by barons

and barons by bourgeois, by sheer force of numbers. Democracy with all its faults and inefficiency, stands on the broad basis that the majority can get their way without upsetting the Constitution. That is so, every acute controversy must expose the State to the danger of revolution. And society has now become so complex that the most justifiable revolution is bound to be a disaster. As a highly complex machine, and every individual must suffer if it is disorganised in any way. Unless, therefore, the circumstances are intolerable it is better to win reforms slowly, than to throw society even temporarily into chaos. Minority rule is a constant temptation to other groups not in power to seize it by the same means as did the ruling group before them, namely, by organising a stronger minority out of the vast reserve provided by the majority. If a group of extremists seized power in this country by means of a revolutionary coup during a general strike, they would be lucky if they retained power for six months. And on their own confessed principles they would have no right to, except that they thought their theories right and that they possessed the power to put them into practice. Everyone else would be entitled to hold a contrary opinion and to meet force with force. The result would be a constant series of upheavals until a saddened and wiser society realised that majority rule is the only safe and stable basis on which to build a modern State, that if the majority like to be misled they are perfectly entitled to be, and that if the majority are apathetic it is possibly because their conditions of life are by no means intolerable. It is not as if minorities need ever despair of convincing the majority. Every opinion is at first advocated by one minority, ridiculed by another, and ignored by the majority. If it is sound it wins through in the long run. Nearly every one of the demands of the Chartist are now accepted commonplaces of our political life.

Another fatal objection to this claim of a minority to seize power by force is that its right to act in the interests of the majority cannot be admitted for a moment. Every tyrant and every group of oppressors in history have made that claim, including the Inquisitors, who burned people for the good of their souls. The answer to the case of Lenin is the pose of Kollontai, as the saviour of Russia, and in such circumstances the first to claim that, the people as a whole must choose freely between the rival parties puts himself in a very strong moral position. Moreover, all this talk about the apathetic majority is really great nonsense. No one is really apathetic who does not vote at all, and those who are so apathetic as not to vote do not influence any issue in either direction. Socialists do not need to convince the majority, they only need to convince more than they antagonise, which is a very different thing. If they do so they will get their way. If they do not they never can get it. Presently, in a country with a political past like ours. Only one can justify a minority's taking drastic action by force, and that

is the suppression by the powers that be of its right to be heard. That I admit it must fight for, and should fight for, at all sincere. In fact, I should say that there are two laws for a stable, democratic society. One is that no minority has right to enforce its will on a majority, however convinced that its doctrine is sound. The other, is that no majority has right to prevent a minority from expressing its opinions, however pernicious it may think those opinions to be. And those are both truths that our fathers discovered for us, and it seems a little absurd that this generation should have to discover them over again. Yet in both instances such is the case. If the Guild Socialists go wrong over the first of them it will be a great pity, for in their theory of functional representation they are putting forward a valuable, interesting idea. A general assembly elected by geographical constituencies does not represent the voter properly, as worker, consumer and individual. Devolution is almost certainly needed in two directions, and not only in one, by which I mean that Parliament should cede control not only over certain areas, but also over certain functions.

H. B. USHER.

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